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MUSIC IN 1881.

The closing year cannot be charged with neglecting the most valuable and most universal of all the arts. At no previous time has so much been done on behalf of music in this country, and, by consequence, never was its outlook brighter than now. The so-called unmusical nation is transforming itself before our eyes, or, rather, as those who read the Duke of Albany's recent speech at Manchester may prefer to put it, is returning to the love from which it was seduced by the business of making an empire whose strong places and fair lands encircle the globe. Saying this we do not so much refer to a multiplicity of concerts, and of public entertainments in which music takes a principal or accessory place, as to the genuine progress of musical education—progress testified in many ways by the records of 1881. Herein lies the best reason for satisfaction. It signifies comparatively little that concerts of a special character multiply in our great towns, and that the alien element amongst us has grown strong enough to conceive and carry through enterprises of its own. We do not undervalue these things, but it is much more to the purpose that musical academies are increasing, that some of them count their pupils by hundreds, that the art, in one form or another, is being taught to the mass of the people, and that the leaders of our social life, headed by the Royal family, are helping on the movement, with wise foresight and just discernment. Concerning all these agencies and forms of development much might be said. As to higher education in music, a need for some great central body, well-equipped and liberally endowed, is more and more perceived. Three Royal Princes journeyed to Manchester on a recent occasion for the purpose of making it known, and the force of their arguments could not be disputed, if only for the reason that, under present circumstances, no means of an adequate nature exist for the discovery and training of native musical genius. Nature, like nature's God, is no respecter of persons, and it often happens that her artistic gifts are bestowed upon those who lie under the frown of fortune. We want an institution able to remove this disability and to see that lack of money is no check upon the culture of talent. The question is how to create such an institution, and hereupon the whole project may wreck itself unless there be great mutual forbearance. Speaking at Manchester, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany and Prince Christian advocated a State-endowed National College of Music at South Kensington, built, as it would seem, upon the ruins of the National Training School established there some five years ago. On the other hand, the Royal Academy of Music appeals, with great show of reason and justice, to its charter, its sixty years' work, its present flourishing condition, and the fact that it is already—though in a miserably small measure—endowed by the State. Unless one or other of these rivals gives way, or both agree to a compromise, the project of a national conservatory cannot ripen, and we must depend for a solution of the question upon the increasing pressure of public opinion. In connection with the general culture of music no such difficulty exists as that just touched upon. The Royal Academy, by instituting local examinations resembling those carried on for some time by Trinity College, London, gave an immense stimulus to a movement already progressing vigorously, while in the same field of labour the Tonic Sol-fa organization, presided over by Mr Curwen, continues to work with increasing energy and success. No music-lover, no well-wisher to the social life of our people, can be sufficiently thankful to the Tonic Sol-fa teachers, who, armed with their simple and philosophical method of notation, are sowing musical knowledge and the means of musical enjoyment broadcast over city, town, and country-side. These agents of culture are everywhere, and everywhere doing good. There remains to add the important fact that the educational authorities at Whitehall have just seen the propriety of a step long advocated by their musical inspector, Mr Hullah, and others. Why the country should ever have paid school-managers a shilling a head for teaching children to sing by ear altogether passes the comprehension of an unofficial mind. True, moral lessons and the mysteries of the multiplication table may be conveyed in the most pleasant manner through the medium of song, but this has nothing to do with music. Mr Mundella's eyes were soon opened to the real facts of the case, and he spoke the simple truth when, addressing a deputation of the National Society, he remarked: "It is a scandal to pay a shilling a head for what is commonly called bawling." The Vice-President of the Council will, no doubt, be firm on this important matter. When the representatives of the National Union of Elementary Teachers complained to him the other day of the high standard exacted by the new Code he replied: "You must know how easily it is to be done, and that it is not beyond your achievement; and that you will do it when it becomes a necessity, and that singing by ear is not enough." We ask only that the educational authorities shall stick to the declaration, "singing by ear is not enough." From that will flow stupendous results, and already it has brought a universal and compulsory system of musical training within a "measurable distance." Objections will, of course, arise. Philistinism will open its wide mouth—perhaps after howling down some proposal to start a public library—and protest against spending the money of the tax-payer upon music. But Philistinism will protest vainly in the ears of the enlightened, who know that the money could not be used to better purpose, if our rough national manners are ever to be softened, if sources of enjoyment other than low and degrading ones are to be opened up, and if the masses are to be reached by the purest of all refining influences. This is the condition in which 1881 leaves us as regards musical education, and we must all acknowledge the reasons it gives for thankfulness and hope.

Looking back upon the year for the lessons it teaches as regards sacred music, we are again struck by the measure in which the religious branch of the art is flourishing in the Church. The great sacred festivals are more and more distinguished by performances of classical works, while the orchestra plays an increasingly important part therein. This is as it should be. We have always looked upon the Church as the proper "nursing mother" of art in all its religious forms, but especially of music, the invariable and essential accompaniment of her services. The oratorio and the sacred cantata, as well as the anthem, should derive nourishment from her bosom, while, as far as opportunity allows, all executive resources should be pressed into service. To these propositions few "nays" are now heard. An opposition, never strong, has dwindled to a mere shadow; and the time cannot be distant when the Church in England will once more rank as a school of composers able, let us hope, to emulate the glories of the past. It would be unfair in this connection to limit our remarks to the Establishment. The Non-conformists, we grant, have no cathedrals wherein to hold high festival with all the appliances of art, but many a time and oft during the past year the excellent organists and well-trained choirs connected with their chapels have done good service to the cause of sacred music. It may be said, indeed, that the oratorio is much more familiar in the conventicle than in the "steeple house"; but, without insisting upon comparisons, let us acknowledge the work accomplished by all the leading religious bodies, who together bid fair to match sacred music from the concert-room. Already some profess to see the influence of revived and enlarged church music in the condition of the societies which once flourished upon oratorio. They may be wrong, but in any case it is better for sacred art to have a champion in the Church than in organizations which necessarily regard it from the stand-point of profit and loss. The closing year has added little to the repertory of religious music in its higher forms. Mr Caldicott's *Widow of Nain*, produced at the Worcester Festival, stands almost alone as the contribution of English musicians, while Cherubini's Mass in C minor, brought out by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, introduced by Mr Charles Hallé, represent the scanty gains from abroad. This is a meagre result; but there are various and potent reasons just now why the energies of composers and *entrepreneurs* should be turned into more exciting and popular, if less exalted, channels.

In the department of opera, recent events clearly show that we are going through a time of transition. Practically, Italian opera no longer exists in this country. The production of Verdi's *Aïda* made it flicker for a while, but the composer of *Rigoletto* is growing old, and has no successor, the genius of Boïto possessing little in common with that of his country. Our so-called Italian opera has for years been mainly supported by French works, and last season its chief hope rested upon the *Il Demonio* of the Russian, Rubinstein. Whither does all this tend? Does it point merely to the giving of opera in Italian under popular as distinct from exclusive and fashionable conditions; or may we expect the advent of lyric drama under new forms? To the first query we tender a decided negative, the experience of 1881 having shown that opera in Italian has a very scanty public outside the limits of "society," and apart from the famous artists whom "popular prices" cannot attract. On the other hand, we find one manager, and he a foreigner, having discernment and enterprise enough to play opera in English, with English-speaking artists. That manager succeeds. He is welcomed in all the great towns, and, when there is room for him in London, the metropolis welcomes him likewise. Putting the steady success of Mr Carl Rosa with the constant and growing favour shown to comic opera in the vernacular, it is not difficult to see ground for concluding that a national lyric stage is within reach. Apropos, the Royal Academy of Music has started an operatic class, and matters cannot go much farther before we shall see English musical drama established as a regular entertainment. It may not be all we could desire, but a great thing will be done for native art when the crass notion that a foreign language is essential has

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evaporated once and for all. Meanwhile, we are at liberty to contemplate the threatened invasion of German opera next season. As to this there is no cause for alarm, The mellifluous tongue of Italy will not be succeeded by the gutturals of the Teuton, nor the melodious phrases of Rossini and his compeers by the harsh progressions of the full-blown Wagner. They are bringing the latest wonders of the Bayreuth master to England for the same reason as that which led Mr Farini to introduce his "tattooed Greek nobleman." Both are curiosities to make a show of, and after a while the showmen will use the second half of a return ticket and take them back home.

In the history of orchestral music amongst us the record of 1881 will long be famous. Never was such a glut of orchestral concerts since Salamon brought hither the "father of symphony" and an opposition pitted Pleyel against him. From Vienna came Herr Hans Richter, from Paris, M. Charles Lamoureux, and from Manchester, Mr Charles Hallé; while the Philharmonic Society made a special spurt, and Mr Cowen, Mr Ganz, and Mr Manns went serenely on. We do not propose to discuss the particular doings and pretensions of these rival enterprises. They may not all have succeeded, but they all did good in some measure by increasing public knowledge of musical works, and supplying materials for the growth of an enlightened opinion. This is especially true of Herr Richter and M. Lamoureux, of whom one raised the standard of executive merit to a pitch seldom attained before, and the other added to work of like character and value the additional service of influencing public taste by means of the graceful genius of his country's art. It is more important, perhaps, to observe how the multiplication of concerts, such as those now referred to, indicates the growing pretensions of the orchestra, which, once a subordinate in the musical hierarchy, now bids fair to rank as chief, with an increasing disposition to elbow its former superiors out of place altogether. We will not stop to insist upon the fact that the musical significance of modern works for voices and instruments lies in the orchestra, as when, for example, Wagner's characters declaim, while the real singing is done on the other side of the "lamps." Enough if we remark the ever-widening scope given to the orchestra by contemporary composers, the nature of the subjects it is made to illustrate—subjects with which music was never before supposed to have any sympathy—and the unscrupulous manner in which the canons of art are violated for the sake of sensuous or purely nerve-disturbing effects. No doubt, these composers are wise in their generation, since artistic discernment and sympathies are rarely necessary for the appreciation of what they do; but in contemplating their action we must see that the place now held by the orchestra has not been wholly gained through legitimate means. Estimate those means as we may, they are, nevertheless, sufficient for the end, and the orchestra is likely to acquire yet greater prominence, especially if opportunities be multiplied for the glorification of devilry, as in Liszt's *Mephisto Walzer;* the depicting of rides to hell, as in Berlioz's *Faust* and Raff's *Lenore;* and the rattling of dead men's bones, as in Saint-Saëns's *Danse Maccabre*. Against the legitimate development of the orchestra none but the enemies of music will contend, and, happily, there are living composers who do not abuse its magnificent powers. At the head of these men stands Brahms; and amongst them our countryman, Mr F. H. Cowen, gained an honourable place when he produced his masterpiece, the "Scandinavian" Symphony. In this connection, note should be made of the favour increasingly shown to the works of Berlioz during the past season, and the discrimination with which, generally speaking, they were received. The French master's *Romeo et Juliette* is likely to remain on the active list, together with the "Symphony Fantastique," but we shall not be often called upon to hear *Lelio* or *Harold en Italie*. For the rest, *Faust* claims rank as the most popular of recently introduced works, and *L'Enfance du Christ*, we may rest assured, is only biding its time. Berlioz, with all his eccentricity, has been a welcome revelation, not only for many beauties and much true poetic feeling, but also because the public have been enabled to trace modern orchestral effects to their right source. The Frenchman was the father of the orchestra as we know it, and Richard Wagner plays second to his lead. "Why this is Brummagem Berlioz!" exclaimed the astonished Sterndale Bennett on first hearing the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and the criticism of surprise was not far from being the criticism of truth.

Within the limits of an article like this it is not possible to dwell upon the circumstances of chamber music, vocal unaccompanied music, and other like forms of the art, during 1881. Chamber music has happily flourished, supported by the well-established Popular Concerts, while purely vocal music, though not making a great public show, was perhaps never so generally cultivated as now. In these facile departments amateurs have full play, and they may safely be left to the care of the vast and growing mass who find in music a comfort and a delight for themselves as well as a means of doing good to those who would otherwise lie outside its beneficent influence.

Standing on the line dividing two years, the music-lover may turn from the past to the future with confidence, even though all he sees in prospective be not assuring. We have faith in the destiny of an art the onward career of which has never yet been seriously affected by vicissitudes arising from extravagances. At present it is surrounded by extravagances, but our belief is that their root strikes no deeper than did that of Jonah's gourd. Any blatant man preaching strange doctrines can get others to believe in him if he only preach loud enough. The musical world contains many blatant men, each with others in his train; but the art of music is not like the wall of Jerusalem which, said its enemies, if a fox run up it shall break down. Hence such people can do little permanent mischief, and whatever good they chance to advocate is sure to be appropriated by a true instinct, while the bad is rejected. The best proof of this appears when we look at the steady advance of musical culture along the lines which the wisdom of ages and the practice of great masters have sanctioned, and note that the conflicts and agitations attendant upon revolution are confined to a comparative handful of mystics and doctrinaires.—*D. T.*

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—On the 12th August, 1879, I had the honour to forward you a communication treating in detail on the urgency of a really substantial Conservatoire of Music being established in England. The Royal Speech at Manchester, on the 12th ultimo, most curiously coincides with all the essential elements of that contribution, inserted in your impression of the 16th August, 1879 (copy of which I enclose), and I am glad to see steps are now about to be taken for the establishment of the proposed conservatoire.

It would be needless to recapitulate my suggestions, for they have lately been sufficiently referred to; but, with your permission, I will just add a few remarks not altogether out of place at the present juncture. We must not for a moment think that once our conservatoire is a *fait accompli* we are on the fair way to style ourselves an independent musical nation; another most important matter will have to be studied simultaneously with the establishment of our national conservatoire, and that is the creation of national taste for real music. We have the repeated assertions of some of our eminent musicians, that we are a most musical nation, but I fear this hypothesis is hardly compatible with facts. I will, in as few words as possible, proceed to these facts beyond any polemic of argument.

Through the pecuniary influence of our aristocracy, who must be fashionable, we manage, and that not without difficulty, to support the opera for three months in a year in a city of nearly four millions of inhabitants, whilst Theatres out of number, and Music Halls are crammed every night during the whole year where operettas, musical burlesques, and songs of the day are provided. The taste of a nation cannot be judged by a few *habitués* alone, the taste of the masses should lead to that judgment. The sudden collapse of the Lyceum series of operas is hardly creditable to our great city. We must all admit the shortcomings in the performances, but are we so very refined that we can make no allowance?

I will now refer to the annual Promenade Concerts, they also have, with the growing taste for the grotesque and sensational, very much fallen off since the days of Mr Alfred Mellon, one of the most earnest musicians of that period, whose memory must ever be endeared to lovers of true music.

In conclusion, why boast of our native talent and tuition when we pay so heavily for foreign artists and send our own abroad to finish their musical education, while in all speeches on musical matters we invariably find that unfortunate element of self-sufficiency that will ever keep us back? In order to generate true musical taste in the masses (and that will take a long time), it will be necessary to elaborate a thorough scheme embracing every important item that tends to the fulfilment of this great desideratum.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

O. L.

London, 2nd January, 1882.

Hans von Bülow, with his orchestra from Meiningen, assisted by Herr Brahms, gave the first of a series of concerts on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4, in the Singakademie, Berlin.

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FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 836, Vol. 59.)

A song of very different expression, but, yet in a perfect sonata form, is the song, in D minor, of the "Queen of Night," in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. The first idea, which takes the place of the first subject, begins:

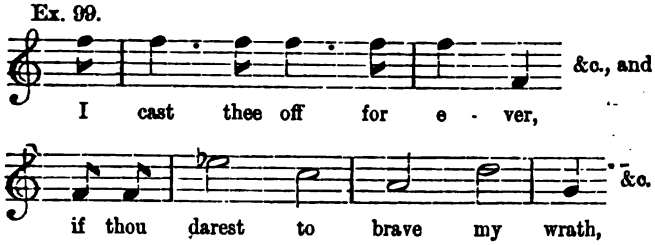
Ex. 97.

Shortly another idea beginning

Ex. 98.

is in F, instead of the usual dominant, and takes the place of second subject. This is carried on with increasing vehemence to its full close, in F, for the half-way rest. After a short interlude for orchestra, fresh ideas crowd in with ever-changing keys as in a second part:

Ex. 99.



From this it returns to D minor; one of the ideas of the first part is transposed:

Ex. 100.

but with this exception it is a recapitulation of key and sentiment, and not of musical idea. A transient modulation into the key of E flat, suggested first by the use of the Neapolitan 6th:

Ex. 101.

makes a short coda, which grows from the principal D minor of the third part, and strengthens the close of the whole:

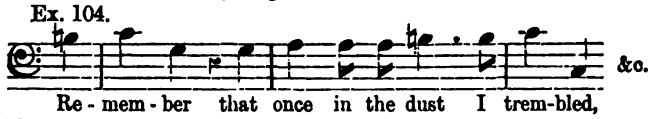
Ex. 102.

Yet another song of revenge cast in a sonata mould is Pizarro's song in *Fidelio*. Some points it has which differ from the most usual type. One of these is the absence of anything to represent a second part; a curtailment which it has in common with many instrumental movements, especially overtures and slow movements, where length of design is not desired. Another point of difference is the avoidance of the dominant key for the second subject, and the use not only of the major key of the mediant as the principal key of the section (as in the song just described, and in Mozart's sonata in A minor and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, pp. 15-16 of this work), but the preceding of this by a short portion in other keys (as in Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," in C minor). In the final part the transposition is made into the major form of the original tonic, instead of the minor, a treatment similar to that of the *Ruy Blas* overture. In Pizarro's song his exulting thoughts of the revenge which he believes now to be in his power, are given to the first subject:

Ex. 103.

His next thought, the recollection of the humiliation he once suffered at the hand of his victim, falls into the beginning of the second subject, with the introductory keys, and with an agitated accompaniment of triplet quavers:

Ex. 104.



Fresh exultation over the anguish his victim Florestan is now suffering, introduces a new musical idea, which is in the principal key of the second subject:

Ex. 105.

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It does not require a great stretch of imagination to feel that these thoughts might go through Pizarro's mind once more, and with increased passion; thus recapitulation of the first part follows naturally, the ideas re-composed, new keys in the beginning of the second subject, and D major, in place of F, in a sort of triumphant climax of revengeful feeling. A slight modification of the words admits of a short extension, leading to an averted cadence and a coda in which the solo is accompanied *sotto voce* by the chorus.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

THEATRES DESTROYED BY FIRE IN A CENTURY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The following list may, I think, interest your readers. It is taken from your contemporary, *Il Trovatore*, who says that, if not absolutely complete, it is *more* complete than any list previously published. In offering it you, I do not vouch for the correctness of some of the English and American names; any slight inaccuracy, however, in this respect, does not materially affect the general value of the list. Your obedient servant,

X.

1780 the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. 1781, the Délassements Comiques, Paris. 1788, Haymarket Theatre, London; and the Theatre at Saragozza. 1789, the Manchester Theatre. 1792, the Falmouth Theatre. 1794, Astley's Amphitheatre London. 1798, the Théâtre Lazari and Cirque Olympique, Paris. 1799, the Théâtre-Français, Paris. 1803, Astley's Amphitheatre, London (second time). 1805, Surrey Theatre, London. 1808, Covent Garden Theatre, London. 1809, Drury Lane Theatre, London. 1811, Richmond Theatre, U. S. 1816, San Carlo, Naples. 1818, the Théâtre-Français, Paris (second time). 1823, the Theatre Royal, Munich, and the Royal Theatre, London. 1826, the Cirque Olympique, Paris (second time). 1828, the Teatro Sutera, Turin. 1829, the Theatre Royal, Glasgow (second time). 1830, Astley's Amphitheatre, London (third time). 1831, the Lyceum, London. 1837, the Gaîté and the Théâtre Italien, Paris. 1838, the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris; and the Teatro San Fantino (now the Fenice), Venice. 1839, the Diorama, Paris. 1841, Astley's Amphitheatre, London (fourth time). 1843, the Grand Theatre, Berlin. 1845, the Theatre Royal, Glasgow (third time). 1846, the Theatre, Quebec, and the Garrick Theatre, London. 1847, the Grand Ducal Theatre, Baden. 1848, the Park Theatre, New York. 1849, the Olympic, London, and the Vaudeville-Theater, Cologne. 1851, Kroll's Theater, Berlin. 1853, Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. 1854, the Amphitheatre, Vercelli, and the Theatre, Philadelphia, U. S. 1855, the Variétés, Bordeaux; Covent Garden Theatre, London (second time); and the Cirque Renz, Berlin. 1856, the Pavilion Theatre, London. 1857, the Arena Acquedotti, Leghorn; the Boston Theatre; and the Theatre, San Francisco. 1858, the Theatre at Palma, Majorca; the Teatro, Santiago, Chili; and the Teatro Alfieri, Turin. 1859, the Imperial Circus, St Petersburgh; and the Stadttheater, Cologne. 1860, the new Theatre, Hamburgh. 1861, the Teatro Nuovo, Naples; and the Liceo, Barcelona. 1862, the Teatro Alibert, Rome; the Theatre, Alexandria, Egypt; and the new Theatre, Namur. 1863, the National, Boston, U.S.; the Plymouth Theatre; the Theatre Royal, Glasgow (fourth time); the Franz Joseph Theater; and the Treumann Theater (both in Vienna); the Teatro Ristori, Barcelona; the Teatro di Fabriano and the Nuovo Politeama, Florence. 1864, the Theatre, Chambéry, and the Theatre, Nijni-Nowogorod, Russia. 1865, the Surrey Theatre, London (second time); the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh (second time); the Stadttheater, Altona; the Sheffield Theatre; the Park Theatre, Stockholm; the Town Theatre, Angers; the Teatro Mondini, Verona; the Variétés, Bordeaux (second time); the Theatre Royal, Breslau; the Theatre at Kostroma and that at Kasan (both in Russia). 1866, the Théâtre des Nouveautés and the Belville Theatre, Paris; the Town Theatre, Brest; the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, U.S.; the Imperial Theatre, Constantinople; the Standard Theatre, London; the Grand Théâtre, New Orleans; Pike's Operahouse and the New Bowery, New York; the Metropolitan Theatre, St Louis, U.S.; the Louisville Theatre, U.S.; the Varieties, Nashville, U.S.; the Phœnix Theatre, St Petersburgh; the Theatre of Varieties, Philadelphia, U.S.; the Academy of Music, New York. 1867, the Town Theatre, Namur (third time); the Theatre of Varieties, Philadelphia, U.S.; Her Majesty's, London; the Grand Theatre, St Francisco; and the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons. 1868, the Teatro Nota, Turin; Butler's Theatre, New York; the Teatro Sociale, Treviso; the Orpheum, Vienna; the Belleville Theatre, Paris (second time); a Music Hall, London; the American Theatre, St Francisco; and the Stadttheater, Leopoli, Galicia. 1869, the Hippodrome, Paris; the Grand Theatre, Pernambuco; Rochester Theatre, New York; Milwaukee (U.S.) Theatre; Theatre Royal, Glasgow (fifth time); the Alcazar, Nice; Hull Theatre; Teatro de la Libertad, Malaga; the Stadttheater and another Theatre, Cologne; Teatro Bellini, Naples; Detroit (U.S.) Theatre; and the Theatre Royal, Dresden. 1870, Alexandra Theatre, Glasgow; Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid; the Theatre of St Jean d'Angely, France; the Varieties, Dantzic; Teatro del Casino, Luchon; the Stadttheater, Strassburg; a small theatre at Melbourne, Australia; and the Philharmonic Hall, Ramsgate. 1871, the Civic Theatre, Gratz; the Grand Theatre, Santiago, Chili; the Adelphi, Boston, U.S.; Griswold's Operahouse, Troy, U.S.; Stadttheater, Breslau; Theatre, Shanghai; the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt; the Stadttheater, Mayence; and four theatres at Chicago, U.S. We do not take into account the Théâtre-Lyrique, Théâtre de la Porte St Martin, and the Délassements Comiques, Paris, because they were set on fire by the Prussian Bombardment. 1872, the Operahouse, Washington, U.S.; the Stadttheater, Königsberg; the Theatre, Cronstadt; Operahouse, Sydney; Niblo's and another theatre, New York. 1873, Barnum's Hippodrome, New York; National Theatre, Odessa; Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York; Grand National Theatre, Washington, U.S.; the Theatre, Reichenhall; the Teatro Reale, Malta; Music Hall, Derby; Globe Theatre, Boston, U.S.; Alexandra Palace Theatre, Muswell Hill; the Alcazar, Marseilles; Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, U.S.; and the Grand Opera, Paris. 1874, Grand Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe; Anfiteatro Babilla, Genoa; Eldorado, Avignon; Sommertheater, Cologne; National Theatre, Tiflis; Kasan Theatre, Russia; and Stadttheater, Augsburg. 1875, Theatre Royal, Edinburgh (third time); Theatre Royal, Leeds; Operahouse, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.; a London theatre; Sommertheater, Posen; Operahouse, Virginia, U.S.; Théâtre Bellecœur, Lyons; and the new Theatre, Düsseldorf. 1876, Theatre, St Brien; Theatre of Varieties, Newport; Royal Albert Music Hall, Leeds; Théâtre des Arts, Rouen: Teatro Mauroner, Trieste; Globe Concert Hall, Bristol; Theatre of Varieties, Louisville, U.S.; Central-Hallen Theater, Hamburgh; Theatre, Sauerbrun; Théâtre-Walter, Metz; Theatre, Lerida, Spain; and the Teatro del Circo, Madrid. 1877, Brooklyn Theatre, U.S. (about 300 persons lost their lives); Theatre Royal, Christiana; Cirque Cotrelly, Marseilles; National Theatre, Sacramento, Uruguay; Academy of Music, Indianopolis, U.S.; Teatro Romea, Murcia; Fox Theatre, Philadelphia, U.S.; Theatre, Galveston, Texas; Teatro Communale, Rapallo; Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh; Academy of Music and Dramatic Lyceum, St John's, New Brunswick; Rotunda, Liverpool; Politeama, Foggia; stage of the Victoria Music Hall, Liverpool; Teatro Alfieri, Genoa; Worcester Theatre; Variety Theatre, Pittsburg, U.S.; Wood's Theatre, Chicago; Théâtre des Variétés, Montpellier; Theatre of the Grand Exhibition, Cape of Good Hope. 1878, Théâtre des Fantaisies-Lyriques, Rouen; Teatro Recreos, Lisbon; Elephant and Castle Theatre, London; Hill's Hall, London; Theatre Royal, Oldham; Bombay Theatre; Plymouth Theatre; Theatre, Frankfort-on-the-Maine; Bradford Theatre; Théâtre Guignol, Lyons; Music Hall, Portsmouth; Star Theatre, Blackburn; Comedy Theatre, Bradford, Pennsylvania, U.S.; Theatre, Constantine. 1879, Teatro Principe Alfonso, Manilla; Theatre Royal, Glasgow (sixth time); Keith's Circus, Derby; Urania-Theater, Berlin; Teatro Carboni, Cagliari; Théâtre de la Perle, Algiers; Theatre, Toronto; Theatre, Besançon; 1880, Sherman's Operahouse, Texas; Theatre Royal, Rostock; Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons (second time); the Petit Théâtre, Lyons; Duke's Theatre, London; and the Academy of Music, Chicago, U.S. 1881, Theatre, Cronstadt (7 lives lost); Concert Hall, Worcester; Teatro Aliprando, Modena; Théâtre Municipal, Nice (about 100 persons perished); Theatre, Montpelier; Faleros Theatre, Athens; Vaudeville Theatre, Ramsgate; Teatro, Bajamonti, Spalato; Bijou Theatre, Fort Wajno, Indiana, U.S.; Belfast Theatre; Theatre of Varieties, St Petersburgh; Politeama Felsineo, Bologna; Circo, Madrid; Operahouse, Syracuse, U.S.; Teatro Principal, Cadiz; National Theatre, Prague (not opened before the 11th of June and burnt down in August); Park Theatre, London; Meyer's Circus, Hertford; and the Ringtheater, Vienna.

ROUEN.—Pezzani, manager of the theatres at Antwerp and Ghent, has been selected as director of the new Grand-Théâtre des Arts. He begins his season in the autumn. By a clause in his agreement with the Corporation *buffo*-opera is excluded.

MUNICH.—Theobald Boehm, Nestor of European flautists, died recently in this capital, where he was born in 1794. He was celebrated for improvements in the structure of the flute, for which instrument he wrote many concertos and other pieces. Boehm also devoted much attention to the pro-mechanical progress of the oboe and bassoon.

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

After a short Christmas vacation, these concerts were resumed in St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when Miss Marie Krebs made her first appearance for the season. The accomplished pianist, who English amateurs have known from childhood, and who from childhood has found in England a second country, was as well received as ever. No lack of cordiality marked the applause that greeted her as she took her accustomed place. It was, on the contrary, a recognition animated by that true feeling which the British public never cease to cherish towards those who have ministered to their pleasure and obtained their favour. In response, Miss Krebs played Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major (Op. 29) with exceptional manipulative skill and artistic capacity. Connoisseurs do not need telling that the career of this pianist is essentially progressive. From the executant, and nothing more, known to us years ago, Miss Krebs has developed into a performer who deals with the spirit as well as with the letter of great works, while at no time has the measure of this expansion been greater than now. Year by year the young lady improves, and, as far as we can see, there is no reason why the movement should stop. To greater command of the keyboard she may never attain—indeed, that would be hardly possible; but, where the faculty of growth in the highest artistic qualities exists, there is always ample room for its exercise. Through the years that are to come, therefore, we may expect to find Miss Krebs more and more worthy of association with the masters to whose genius she has devoted her life. The lady's performance on Monday night was noteworthy for force, brilliance, and sureness, in union with a full measure of the finesse which her theme imperatively demanded. The Sonata in E flat is not one of the most recondite from Beethoven's pen, and its able analyst (Mr J. W. Davison) gives an apt idea of the work when he says, "If a comic opera, with some glimpses of romance, after the German fashion, might, dispensing with words, be represented through the medium of the piano, it could scarcely assume a more genial and dramatic shape than in this very original work." But, although the Sonata does not compel its interpreter to draw resources from the very depths of his artistic nature, it requires, like all its sisters, special qualities which the word finesse may be taken as roughly representing. Miss Krebs was equal to the call thus made upon her, lithely following the master through the rapid turnings and windings of a fancy bent upon being ingenious, and always conveying an impression of completeness and satisfaction. That impression the audience received, and marked their approval by a double recall and encore, responding to which Miss Krebs played one of the most brilliant examples of Scarlatti—a composer whom she seems to hold in high favour. The young lady afterwards took part with Messrs Hollander, Zerbini, Piatti, and White in Goetz's Quintet in C minor; and, with Signor Piatti, in Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise Brillante in C, for piano and violoncello. The opening quartet was Beethoven's, in A major (Op. 18), led by Herr Hollander—who made a very favourable impression—and, during the evening, Schubert's "Through the night" and Blumenthal's "Evening Song" were charmingly given by Mr Edward Lloyd.—*D. T.*

—o—

MUSIC IN LEEDS.

(From a Correspondent.)

A few months ago I bewailed in your columns the low state of music in Leeds, and expressed my belief that the great festivals were doing more harm than good locally, as it seemed pretty clear that the higher and more influential middle classes would scarcely be satisfied with anything short of festival excellence and attraction on ordinary occasions. Several writers have taken up the theme, and I am happy to add that, with decided improvement in trade, we have lately had corresponding improvement in music, and a goodly number of oratorio, orchestral, and chamber concerts, organ and pianoforte recitals, choral gatherings, &c., have been given with a somewhat unexpected and gratifying result. Just now we are overwhelmed with *Messiah* performances, scarcely an important town or village in this great county (especially in the West Riding) omitting to pay its annual tribute to the genius of the mighty Saxon, whose inspirations will continue to delight in spite of every caprice of fashion and every variety of style. Wagner isn't in it here, notwithstanding the success of *Lohengrin* when performed so admirably by Carl Rosa's company a few months ago at our truly Grand Theatre. Handel's rugged force and Herculean power (in chorus especially) appear to suit the vigorous Yorkshire character exactly; and the zest and real enjoyment which the West Riding choralists infuse into their singing of his chief oratorios show the iron grip with which the grand old master has secured their love and admiration.

For the benefit of the Leeds Charities, we had last Wednesday, in the Town Hall, a splendid gathering of singers, players, and people to hear "once again" the ever-green *Messiah;* and although the performance might have been better on the whole, still, there was very much to praise. More particularly was there cause for commendation and rejoicing in the successful first appearance of two excellent bass vocalists, Mr Sugden and Mr S. Webb—both Yorkshiremen, and both possessing fine voices, well trained up to the present time; so that we may expect to have the advantage, in these days of dearth, to hail not long hence two most competent and useful singers. Mr S. Webb has not only a voice of ample register, but equal power throughout; the style in which he declaimed "Why do the nations?" and the enthusiastic encore that followed, will not easily be forgotten by the amateurs of Leeds. Much more will be heard of Mr Webb, or I am greatly mistaken. At any rate, he has my best wishes, as one imbued with true musical instinct.

The Corporation Organ Concerts, at the Town Hall, continue to attract very large audiences. The following was one of Dr Spark's Christmas programmes:—

March, in B flat major (Silas); Song, "Nazareth," transcribed for the organ (Gounod); Selection from *The Messiah* (Handel); Barcarolle, in F major, from Fourth Pianoforte Concerto (Sterndale Bennett); Offertoire, on two old Christmas Carols—"Noël" and "Adeste Fideles" (Guilmant); Overture, *Prometheus* (Beethoven).

A well-varied and unexceptionably interesting selection, as few can reasonably deny.

I WILL SAY "GOD BLESS YOU" NOW! *

(The Reply.)

Dost thou long to hear me speaking
Words of tenderness and truth—
Words thou hast in vain been seeking
Since the dawn of early youth?
All my heart to thee is turning,
Sad regrets my spirit bow;
I to comfort thee am yearning,
I will say "God bless you" now!

Though 'tis true that I have wander'd
Over land and over sea,
On thine image I have ponder'd:
Thou hast dearer grown to me.
Memory has not ceased her mission,
I have proved as true as thou;
Bending lowly, in contrition,
I will say "God bless you" now!

Thou hast said that we must sever
Once again! It shall not be!
For, to be united ever
I have now return'd to thee.
As an earnest of our gladness
When we kneel in marriage vow,
And to chase thy tears of sadness
I will say "God bless you" now!

* *Copyright.* Sarah Ann Stowe.

Savoy Theatre.—At the special morning performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's æsthetic comic opera of *Patience* given at this theatre Dec. 28, the stage was for the first time lighted by electricity, and the experiment proved thoroughly successful. A very numerous audience had the privilege, after the performance, of being admitted behind the scenes to inspect the arrangements, while between the acts Mr D'Oyly Carte demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all, the greater safety secured from fire by the mode of illumination here adopted. Bringing a piece of inflammable muslin in communication with the electric light, and breaking the glass in which the the light was enclosed, it was demonstrated in the clearest manner that no danger existed in the contact, and with the flimsy material employed the lamp was quickly extinguished. The light is produced by heating a filament of carbon in a vacuum, and if a lamp breaks, the air rushes in and the light is instantly extinguished. The stage, similarly illuminated for the first time by electric lamps, was afterwards surveyed by many among the audience, and admiration of the ingenious arrangements, coupled with an acknowledgment of the manifest superiority of the new system, appeared to be unanimous. The scenic effects were in no degree impaired, and *Patience* was once more performed. A temporary variation of cast for the first time presented Mr Frank Thornton as Reginald Bunthorne, and Mr Arthur Law as Major Murgatroyd.

The Teatro Malibran, Venice, has been closed by the authorities, in order that certain structural alterations deemed necessary for the safety of the public may be effected.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quintet, in E flat, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart))—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Lombrosa notte vien" (Hummel)—Mrs Hutchinson; Allegro, Allegretto, and Presto, for pianoforte alone (Scarlatti)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Sonata, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for pianoforte and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti; Song, "O sweet lute!" (Molique)—Mrs Hutchinson (viola *obbligato*, Herr Hollander); Quartet, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, MM. Straus, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 7, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Air, "Nasce al bosco" (Handel)—Mr Santley; Prelude and Fugue, in E minor (Bach), "The Lake" and "The Fountain" (Bennett), for pianoforte alone—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Le Vallon" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

Lost.

This is the hour when she used to pass
Along the meadows of the dim wet grass,
And everything was still and grey and grand
Before the sun had risen o'er the land:
This is the very hour.—Now: the breath
That blows on me is bitter cold, like Death;
The trees are silent, motionless, and bare,
Like columns of some temple of Despair.

This is the place in heaven where she came,
And larks soared far faint-singing-out her name:
She gathered poppies here, and cornflowers,
And twined them with that glorious hair of hers.
—But now my eyes seek vainly for a trace
Of what was blossom, in a barren place.
No star is shining anywhere above,
Not one remotest star to comfort love.

Her face was like a music dear and strange
Made up of chords too utter-sweet to change:
Her look, a little anxious till she smiled,
Was soft with uncertain sadness like a child
Left all alone—My heart is aching now;
My brain is burning blind behind my brow;
I know not which of them is the heavier
For thinking what can have become of her.

Polkaw.

So Charles Hallé does not intend to discontinue his Pianoforte Recitals after all. *Bravissimo!*

THE pianist at to-day's Saturday Popular Concert is Agnes Zimmermann. *Hoch!* But why throw the *Millstream* out of window? Fye! Agnes you ought to be more valiant.

MDLLE SARAH BERNHARDT completed her series of performances at St Petersburgh on Tuesday evening and left on Wednesday afternoon for Warsaw, receiving at her hotel, previous to her departure, a number of handsome presents.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Hoch! Skaal!

Homeward Bound.

(*Board ship—return to London.*)

MANAGER (*suddenly awakening from brown study*).—Lyall!

C. LYALL (*from cabin*).—Here!

MANAGER.—Where?

C. LYALL.—Here.

MANAGER.—Hither then, quick. I want to tell you ——

Enter C. Lyall from Cabin.

C. LYALL.—What?

MANAGER.—I shall give them enough of Wagner till the others come; and then ———

C. LYALL.—What then?

MANAGER.—They shall have *Benvenuto Cellini* for an antidote.

C. LYALL.—Benvenuto Hector!

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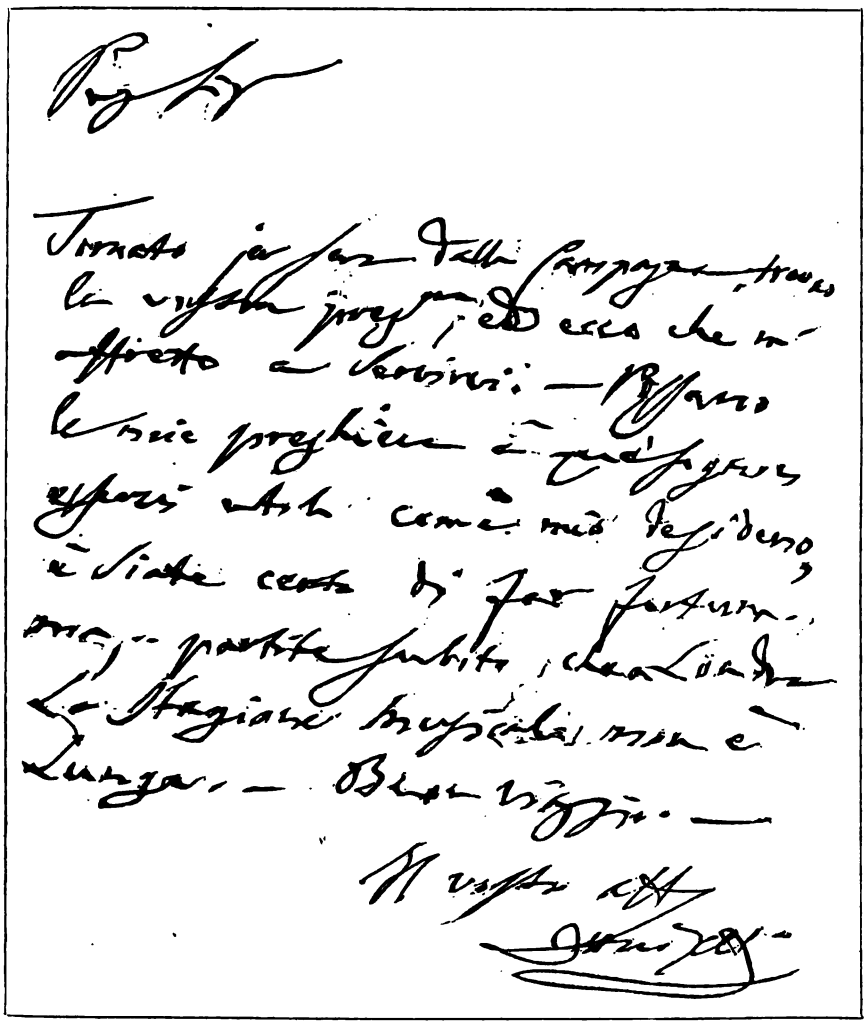
PHOTOGRAPHIC FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM DONIZETTI.*



* Addressed to Professor J. P. Goldberg, of London.

Song.

I met thee in the Spring-time, Sweet,
Walking in a golden street
With daffodils about thy feet.

I sought for thee in Summer, Love;
And, lo, thou fleddest like a dove
Whom a vulture flies above.

I lost thee during Autumn, Mine;
Lost those large delicious eyne,
Uncertain as the blueish brine.

I wait for thee in Winter, Dear,
Vainly wishing thou wert near.
This is the burden of the year.

THOR-THE-THUMBLESS.

MR CHAPLIN HENRY gave a "smoking concert," on Wednesday evening, at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. More than two hundred gentlemen patronised the undertaking and were evidently highly pleased with the music provided for the occasion.

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., have published *Recollections of the Ukraine*, by H. Eisoldt. Founded on national melodies of a very distinctive cast, this piece has sufficient character to command attention anywhere. If well played, even the confirmed talkers at musical parties would cease their clatter and listen. Mrs Mounsey Bartholomew's *Prelude and Gigue* are worthy of her clever and experienced pen. Especially has Mrs Bartholomew caught the spirit of the old-fashioned Gigue; and one almost looks instinctively through these pages for traces of hair-powder. In a day of revivals, amateur pianists will take note of the fact. A *Danse Pyrrhique*, by Brownlow Baker, does not conspicuously justify its name, but is by no means deficient in ability, or wanting in pleasing effect. It has the further advantage of being easy. The same composer's *Bourrée*, in E flat, closely resembles the piece just noticed, and to it the same remarks apply. A quaint and simple *Menuet de Lulli*, by Bentayoux, will please everybody, while many an amateur of culture will be glad to possess the Menuet from Schubert's Sonata for violin and piano (Op. 137), as arranged for pianoforte alone, by H. Eisoldt. This beautiful example of a charming master should on no account suffer neglect in its new form. The *Mademoiselle et Monsieur* polka, by Bentayoux, deserves notice on other grounds. It has a bright and lively theme.

Turning to the songs recently issued by this firm, we find "The Rainy Day," by G. B. Meniers—a setting of Longfellow's well-known words — somewhat ambitious in character, but are bound to add that the composer has hit his mark. No doubt it requires to be well sung and skilfully accompanied; but, this achieved, an effect is sure, and a musicianly effort meets with due reward. C. A. Ranken's "I watched, sweet babe, for thy waking," is marked by appropriate simplicity, and cannot fail to appeal to homely and domestic instincts. The same composer's "As shadows o'er the mountain" has more distinctive features, suggested by uncommon words, and well repays attention. In "The good ship Rover," (words by "Wetstar"), Mr J. L. Hatton comes to the front with a rattling nautical ditty, adapted to stir the blood and make every hearer think himself a hero. The tale it tells represents many an episode in our "rough island story," and the music is in Mr Hatton's best vein. A French serenade, "O ma si douce amie," by C. E. Stuart, will find many to admire its elegance and feeling, while the tender sentiment and unaffected musicianship of F. H. Cowen's "Farewell" are bound to command a large share of patronage.

MR FRANCIS HOWELL—composer of the oratorios *Captivity*, *Land of Promise*, the cantata, *Song of the Months*, and various other works—has, we hear, been seriously ill for the last fifteen months, and become totally blind. The leading inhabitants of Westerham, where he was organist for seven years, out of sympathy for his afflictions have started a testimonial fund, and Mr S. C. Grover, of the London and County Bank there, will gladly receive contributions in aid of same.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the Christmas holidays a number of representations of Donizetti's opera, *Elisir d'Amore*, have been given. Madame Blanche Cole ably sustained the character of Adina. Mr Faulkner Leigh, as Nemorino, sang and acted remarkably well. The other parts were efficiently filled by Mr Durand, Mr Dwyer, &c. Conductor, Mr De Solla.

PISA.—After appearing at Florence as Mignon in Thomas's well-known opera, Nevada was engaged here for a series of performances, including Marguerite (Gounod's), and Amina. She will then sing at Nice, where Marie Marimon, also, is engaged.

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In Earnest.

Let us be clearly understood. The word "Æstheticism" has been perverted from its original meaning; *i. e.* the perception of all that is good, pure, and beautiful in Nature and in Art, and, as now vulgarly applied, it has come in a slang sort of way to stand for an effeminate, invertebrate, sensuous, sentimentally-Christian, but thoroughly Pagan taste in literature and art, which delights in the idea of the resuscitation of the Great God Pan, in Swinburnian songs at their highest fever-pitch, in the mystic ravings of a Blake, the affectation of a Rosetti, the *Charmides* and revoltingly pan-theistic *Rosa Mystica* of Oscar Wilde, the *Songs of Passion and Pain* and other similar mock-hysterical imitations of the "Mighty Masters." Victor Hugo, Ouida, Swinburne, Burne-Jones, have much to answer for.

This Æstheticism, as it has gradually come to be known, is the reaction from Kingsley's Muscular Christianity. Exaggerated muscular Christianity, in its crusade against canting and whining religion, in its bold attempt to show that the practice of true religion was for men, as well as for women, trampled on the Christian Lily, emblem of perfect purity; and what Athleticism trod under foot, Æstheticism picked up, cherished, and then, taking the sign for the reality, paid to it the extravagant honours of a Pagan devotion; and the worship of the Lily was substituted for the veneration paid to the sacred character, in whose hand Christian Art had originally placed it. To this was added the worship of the Peacock Feather. It is this false Æstheticism which we have persistently attacked, and will persistently attack to the bitter end, and henceforward those who misunderstand us do so wilfully, and it may be maliciously.

WALTER MAYNARD TO THE FRONT.—The recent publications of Mr Lamborn Cock include six songs by Walter Maynard. Of these "Jack Ashore" is a right merry conceit, such as would make the grimmest Puritan relax the lines of his visage. Equally humorous, though in a different way, is "A Nineteenth Century Serenade" The gallants of our day are, it appears, not made insensible to cold and rain by the strength of their love. "The Golden Maid" amuses less, but "Comfort Bay" and "Neptune's Promise" are nautical songs of conspicuous merit, having in them the true hearty ring. "Love Described," the last of the set, strikes a more serious chord. On the whole these songs present a strong claim to the notice of amateurs seeking novelties for the coming season.

HANS VON BÜLOW AND G. F. HATTON AT BERLIN.—On Thursday evening, Hans von Bülow, with his Meiningen orchestra, gave his second Beethoven concert in the Singakademie, the St James's Hall of Berlin, which was again crowded with a brilliant audience, the Crown Prince and Princess being present. The master elicited the warmest applause by his wonderful performance, which competent critics say threw quite a new light on some passages of Beethoven. No inconsiderable share of the applause elicited by a concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment, was accorded to the piano player, Mr G. F. Hatton (son of the well-known English lyric composer of the same name) who is a pupil of Hans von Bülow, and Court pianist to the Grand Duke of Meiningen. —*Times Correspondence.*

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Nobly desirous of doing something for the benefit of those who are suffering from the late terrible calamity in Vienna, Mdme Adam called a meeting of the representatives of the Press at her house. They responded with alacrity to the summons, and one result of the initiative taken by the kind-hearted and distinguished lady has been a performance at the Grand Opera. The programme was what the Americans entitle "mixed." The principal features in it were the fourth act from the *Huguenots*, with Mdme Krauss, MM. Villaret, Melchissédec, and Lorrain; Mdlle Mauri in *La Korrigane;* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, by a brilliant contingent from the Théâtre-Français. Mdme Adam, who occupied a box, and was the observed of all observers, must have been greatly delighted with the financial success of the performance.—M. Lamarche, a young tenor, and recent prizeman at the Conservatory, made his *début* as the hero of *Robert le Diable.*—M. Vaucorbeil is preparing to celebrate with due ceremony the centenary of Auber's birth, which will take place on the 29th inst. M. Léo Delibes has been requested to adapt to Auber's music some verses written for the occasion by M. Philippe Gille. The opera will be *La Muette de Portici*. Both Mdlle Mauri and Mdlle Sangalli will appear in the *divertissement*.—The stage rehearsals of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* have begun. Reports having been circulated that the production of this work was, for various reasons, adjourned *sine die*, M. Vaucorbeil has officially denied that such is the case.—Mozart's immortal *Don Juan* has been revived with Mdme Krauss, Mdlle Griswold, Mdlle Dufranc, MM. Lassalle, Dereims, Gaspard, and Caron in the cast. The last-named artist, who played Mazetto, was recently prevented by indisposition from appearing, luckily for M. Lambert, who took the part at the shortest notice, and acquitted himself with an amount of ability for which neither manager nor public had probably given him credit.

Obliged to bring out a certain number of new works every year, M. Carvalho has produced *Les Pantins*, book by M. Montagne, music by M. Hue. The work was well sung and placed on the stage with liberality, but is not likely to remain long in the bills.—M. Faure and M. Ferdinand Poise, the composer, have been created Knights of the Legion of Honour.

BERLIN.—At the "Victoria," *Anaha*, "a humoristic, fantastic, and musical tale in a prologue and four *tableaux*, partially founded on an old Indian legend," libretto "by M. J. R.," music by Hermann Zumpe, is the most recent novelty. It was on the whole favourably received. The management had done everything which could be desired in the way of scenery and costumes, and the performers exerted themselves to the utmost.

MADRID.—*Ernani* has been produced at the Teatro Real, for the *débuts* of Espi and Cardinali. The lady as the heroine, Elvira, was applauded and re-called after her *cavatina*, but there was a general opinion expressed that her voice was not sufficiently powerful for so large a house. In the part of the hero, Cardinali gave satisfaction, as did Uetam in that of Don Silva.—In consequence of an obstinate affection of the throat, the tenor Aramburo (Mapleson again!) is compelled to take a short leave of absence.

MRS E. A. OSGOOD is to divide with Wagner Materna the leading business at the Musical Festivals in New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. She will sing, also, at the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic, at the concerts of the New York Chorus Society, of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, of the Cecilia in Philadelphia, and of the Oratorio Society in Baltimore. (And shall we not have our own Brünnhilde again among us at the Wagner Expositions?—Dr Blidge.)

MILAN *(from a correspondent).*—The season was inaugurated at the Scala on the 26th ult. with Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, the leading singers being Andreef, Colonnese, Mierzwinski (Mr Gye's "tenore robusto" with the high C sharp), Aldighieri. The conductor was Faccio, whose return from Barcelona was right welcome. On the whole, however, the performance was not worthy of such a masterpiece.—The leading concert companies here have announced their intention of giving a concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the calamity at the Ring Theatre, Vienna. It is a fact not generally known that during the last five years there have been at least twenty outbreaks of fire on the stage of the Scala, Milan.—A Musical Museum, one of the results of the late International Exhibition, has been established in this city.—L. C. M.

[Who played Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell?* Was the part cut out? —Dr Blidge.]

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ALBANI AS ELSA.

Madame Albani appeared on Tuesday night at Berlin as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, singing in German. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and extravagant prices were paid for seats. The Emperor and his Court were present, with all the leaders of Berlin society. Madame Albani achieved a triumph greater than any she has won here. After the first and second acts she was called three times, and when the curtain finally dropped the audience cheered enthusiastically.

The criticisms on Mdme Albani's Elsa are full of praise and admiration, but perhaps the general opinion of the English *diva's* artistic talents may be best conveyed by an incident which occurred on Tuesday evening at the end of the second act. Mdme Albani, after having been thrice re-called by an enthusiastic house, was sent for to the Royal box and most highly complimented by the Emperor and Empress, and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess upon her great success in so difficult a German part. They told her they had never seen her *rôle* in the opera so well sung or acted before, and it was a real triumph. The Emperor, too, on the spot appointed her "Court singer." Mdme Albani placed the proceeds of Tuesday's benefit performance at the disposal of the Emperor for charitable purposes. On Wednesday she was entertained at dinner at the Austrian Embassy by the Count and Countess Szechenyj, who have been constant attendants at the opera ever since Mdme Albani's arrival, and who are among her warmest admirers here.—"*Times*" *correspondence.*

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The Morning Ballad Concert given by Mr John Boosey last Saturday was, in every way, successful. The room was crowded, and the singers rendered all the favourite ballads *con amore*, especially Mr Santley, whose "Wreck of the Hesperus" (Hatton) and Mr F. Clay's "Gipsy John" (encored, and "Simon the Cellarer" substituted) were received with every demonstration of pleasure. Mr Maybrick and Mr Lloyd were called upon to repeat "The Little Hero" and "Good Company," Mr Lloyd responding with Balfe's "Come into the Garden, Maud," and Mdme Antoinette Sterling answered the "encore" awarded to "The Long Avenue" (Molloy) with Cowen's "Better Land." Mdme Patey gave a new song by Behrend, "The Old Barge"; and Miss Mary Davies, "The Angel's Call" (Max Silny), the *obbligato* violin part to which was well played by Mr Frank Arnold. The South London Choral Society also met with general approval by the effective way they sang Sterndale Bennett's beautiful part-song, "Come, live with me, and be my love," and Brinley Richards' "Up, quit thy bower." We must not omit to mention with approbation the characteristic style in which Mr Barrington Foote gave Pinsuti's new song, "The Night Watch." Mr Sidney Naylor, the excellent accompanist, was at his post, as usual, and assisted the singers by his musicianly tact and knowledge.

Mr John Boosey has announced another "Morning Ballad Concert" for Wednesday next, and an "Irish Ballad Concert" for Wednesday evening, Jan. 18.

THE COLLECTED COMPOSITIONS OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—We understand that Messrs Metzler & Co. of Great Marlborough Street are, by command of Her Majesty, preparing for publication a complete collection of the Musical Compositions, Sacred and Secular, of H.R.H. Prince Consort, the whole being produced under the able supervision of Mr W. G. Cusins, Her Majesty's "Master of Musicke." We believe we are violating no confidence in mentioning that the first idea was that this collection should be printed for private circulation only, but on its having been represented to Her Majesty that such a work, if publicly issued, would obviously command universal interest, both at home and abroad, a gracious assent to such publication was at once accorded, and the Collection will shortly be issued at the moderate price of One Guinea. This is scarcely the time at which to offer any criticism on the Prince Consort's musical abilities, but the high estimation in which Mendelssohn held His Royal Highness's musical attainments, combined with the great appreciation that is everywhere felt for his high personal qualities, naturally leads to the belief that this interesting memento of the departed Prince will necessarily become an object of eager acquisition to all who admire sterling worth and revere honesty of purpose.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

What a time we are having in the way of music. Music here, music there, music everywhere. One cannot at present get leave to sleep in peace, for do not the "waits" perambulate the streets all night, playing (execrably) our national tunes? Alas! The head centre of attraction to lovers of high class music, however, of course continues in the doings of Mr Manns and his admirable orchestra of about sixty. They have had a remarkable busy week. The programme of the second orchestral concert embraced many fine things, amongst them being Mozart's overture to *Idomeneo*, Gavotte in G, and *aria*, "Zeffirette lusinghieri," from the same opera; Cowen's "Language of the Flowers" (*suite de ballet*); Vieuxtemps' Concerto in D minor, for violin and orchestra (M. Marsick); Schumann's First Symphony (B flat); and Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*. Mozart's *Idomeneo* excerpts, all charming, were quite new to Glasgow. "The Language of the Flowers," by the composer of the *Scandinavian Symphony*, contains many genuine melodies, delicately scored, and throughout bears clear indication of sound musicianship. It was played in perfection, and most of the numbers were thoroughly appreciated. Two of the movements (*larghetto* and *scherzo*) in Schumann's Symphony were exceptionally well rendered, the entire work, however, creating a marked impression. M. Marsick more than confirmed the favourable opinion of his talent pronounced on occasion of his *début*, his execution of Vieuxtemps' extremely difficult concerto displaying both fine taste and wonderful *technique*. Miss Carlotta Elliot was the singer on this occasion.

The Saturday Popular Concert opened with a spirited performance of Meyerbeer's *Marche aux Flambeaux* (No. 1, in B flat), "King of Bavaria," which was followed by a no less striking interpretation of Beethoven's magnificent overture, *Coriolan*. The Symphony was Mendelssohn's A major (the "Italian"), played as may be easily imagined, while Haydn's Serenade in C, for stringed instruments, was so warmly applauded that Mr Manns might have repeated it to general satisfaction. The other orchestral pieces were Weber's overture to *Oberon*: the "Bravura Waltz" of Mr Manns (first time); Pessard's *Minuet des petits Violons du Capitaine Fracasse* (first time)—unanimously encored; Selection from Félicien David's "ode-symphony," *Le Dessert*, which pleased greatly; and Schulhoff's "Bravura Galop," arranged for orchestra by Mr Manns himself. The solo vocalist was Miss Annie Marriott, who sang Verdi's "Ernani involami," and was encored in Molloy's "Great Grandmother."

On Monday (held here as New Year's day) the annual morning performance of *The Messiah* was given, the solo vocal parts assigned to Misses Annie Marriott and Hope Glenn, Messrs Joseph Maas and W. H. Burgon. The chorus as usual was that of the Glasgow Choral Union—Manns, as a matter of course, being conductor. Probably the feature of the day was Mr Maas's singing of the tenor part. He was in excellent voice, and gave forth his music like one who understood and *felt* it. Of this the "Passion music" was a special example; but it was with "Thou shalt dash them" that Mr Maas created the strongest impression. The choral singing was fairly good throughout; while the orchestra, under its experienced chief, left absolutely nothing to desire. In the evening a popular concert was given which was not well attended, nor, indeed, was it of sufficient interest to call for detailed notice.

The next Orchestral Concert (on Thursday) is to be a "Mendelssohn night." Mr Manns is responsible for the programme, which represents the composer's work and progress from 1821 to 1843. Miss Hope Glenn will be the singer, and the pianist, Mdlle Marie Krebs, who, besides other pieces, is to play the second concerto (in D minor).

Dr Leopold Damrosch opened the season of the New York Oratorio Society with Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, the solo singers being Campanini and Franz Remmertz.

VIENNA.—Thomas's *Hamlet*, after an interval of two years, has been revived at the Imperial Operahouse. Bianca Bianchi was much applauded as Ophelia, reckoned one of her best parts. Beck was Hamlet, and Gericke conducted. Among the promised "novelties" are *Mefistofele*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Françoise de Rimini* (Thomas); and *Don Carlos* (Verdi). The *Templer und Jüdin* of Marschner will also be presented.

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SINGERS IN FORMER DAYS.*

(Concluded from page 846, Vol. 59.)

Brigida Georgi Banti, a little street-singer, was heard one day in 1779, at Venice, by De Vismes, who was so enchanted that he engaged her for the Paris Opera. She earned immense sums, which she expended on good living, or rather drink. She died in want.

Elizabeth Weichsel, afterwards Mrs Billington, a vocalist *di primo cartello*, for whom Italy will always envy England, and whose life resembles a romance, asked and obtained, in 1780—she was then fifteen—a thousand pounds for a three months' season at Covent Garden, together with a benefit, making up a total which would now-a-days be equivalent to £2,400. Though very lavish with her money, especially in the cause of charity—such extravagance is sacred—she died doubly a millionaire, in 1818, on her magnificent estate at Naples.

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Shall I speak of Signora Clementina Chiavacci, a pretty singer, whom Amelot, the Minister, loaded with presents, and who, like others, possessed, in 1780, a town mansion, equipages, and millions.

The life of Sophie Arnould is too well known to be told here, even in an abbreviated form; as to writing it in full, I should require a volume, so I will content myself with copying from the *Mémoires Secrets* a page which contains information concerning her official treatment.

"(2nd June, 1769.) The frequenters of the Opera have learnt with regret the retirement of Mdlle Arnoult" (*sic*). "It is customary to give great actors, besides 3,000 livres for bread and wine, 1,000 livres as an ordinary, and 1,000 more as an extraordinary gratification. The last has not been granted the actress in question, in consequence of her frequent absence as well as her continual indisposition and caprices, which prevented her from playing three-fourths of the year. It has been demonstrated to her that every one of her performances cost the Royal Academy of Music more than a hundred crowns. She considered herself above the ordinary rules and such calculations. She took offence and ended by leaving. Her loss, though very great, will be less felt on account of her frequent absence mentioned above, which almost habituated the great mass of the public to do without and forget her; but persons of taste, and those endowed with feeling hearts will long recollect her, and do not think her place can be filled for soul and intelligence."

The fact of her being refused a gratification of 1,000 livres did not prevent her from purchasing, in 1793, the house of the Penitents of Saint-François de Salles, at Luzarches, where she retired after being compelled to sell her other estate. The Opera was not always so scrupulous as to what the absence of its artists cost. Thus, in 1824, it engaged Mdme Demery-Gloslop for three years at the rate of 25,000 francs a year, and she sang once! Her performance cost, therefore, the treasury the trifle of 75,000 francs. As we see, the Government grant was well laid out in those days. I return to Sophie Arnould, to mention that, in 1793, she had still an income of 30,000 livres, but she lost it in two years. Having fallen into a terrible state of destitution, she would have died of starvation, had not Fouché, in 1798, granted her a pension of 24,000 livres, and a set of rooms in the Hôtel d'Angevilliers.

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I said, when speaking of Mdlle Todi and Mdme Mara, that they received 240 livres every time they sang at the Sacred Concert; as I have made an excursion into modern times for Sophie Arnould and Mdme Demery-Gloslop, I will make another for the Sacred Concerts under Napoleon III. The following were the sums received by the artists for each concert: Mdme Patti, 3,000 francs; Mdme Carvalho, 1,000; Mdme Nilsson, 1,200; Mdlle Marie Roze, 500; M. Faure, 1,000; M. Capoul, 600; M. Troy, 500; M. Barré. 500; M. Colin, 500; and M. Bonnehée, 600. None of the above sums come up, as the reader can himself verify, to the salaries and gratifications paid the great artists of the eighteenth century of whom we have been speaking.

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In the Year XI. of the Republic, the following was the scale of remuneration for every performance: Chéron and Lays received 100 livres each; Lainez, 40; and Lafont, 40; while the others were paid amounts varying from 20 to 12. Mdme Maillard, the Mdme Maillard whose speciality it was to figure as Liberty at the Republican festivals, had 60 livres; Mdmes Armand and Branchu, 40 each; and Mdme Chollet, 15. The following year the system of annual salaries was resumed; everyone in the first class was put down at 7,200 livres, plus 40 livres play-money; then there was another thorough change, the leading members of the company being raised to 10,000 livres, with 60 livres play-money. At this period, and since '93, they were reduced to their bare salaries. There were no more Court Concerts, no more Sacred Concerts, no more pensions from great noblemen, and no more profitable trips to foreign countries.

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Once more I repeat it. I cannot open a book or a chronicle relating to the Opera without coming across the names of millionaires. Thus, for instance, there is Mdlle Carton, a simple member of the chorus, with 800 livres a year, celebrated for her princely connections. Then we have Mdlle La Guerra, who was on very friendly terms with the Duc de Bouillon, and who died when she was twenty-eight, after dissipating millions; and Mdlle Levasseur—Sophie Arnould's rival—and Mdlle Liancourt, who brought as dowry to her husband, the Baron d'Aubigny, the mansion now the Mairie of the IXth Arrondissement, Rue Drouot, and Mad. de Saint Huberty, Countess d'Entraigues, and Chevalière of the Royal Order of St Michel of France, who died so tragical a death. At Marseilles, in 1785, the people got up for her *fêtes* which would cause the Americans who organize triumphs in honour of Mad. Patti to die of envy. After a performance of *Didon* she was crowned on the stage.

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If I had to narrate the intrigues of celebrated artists, what a number of pages I should require to recount those of a certain insupportable coxcomb—the most insupportable of all the coxcombs ever produced by all the lyrical theatres in the world. I have named the Sieur de Chassé, Lord of Le Ponceau, who was of good *noblesse d'épée*. He was once exceedingly rich, but his extravagance, seconded by Law's schemes, stripped him of his wealth, and one fine morning he awoke a ruined man. He left his company of Monsieur's Gardes-du-Corps and did exceedingly well. Women risked their lives for him, as is proved by the duel on his account between a Polish lady and a French lady, when the latter was wounded. The anecdote is too well known for me to tell it now in all its details. I will merely say that the puppy (*faquin*), as he was called by the Duc de Richelieu, received as salary, pension, gratification, &c., some 30,000 livres, without including the sumptuous presents made him from all quarters.

I will mention cursorily Chéron's 25,000 livres—I am speaking only of his remuneration at the Opera—and Giuseppa Grassini, who had a salary of 36,000 francs and a gratification of 15,000 at the Court of France, with £3,000 for six months in England; Mad. Mainvielle-Fodor, and, advancing farther into the nineteenth contury, Mad. Malibran, Mad. Pasta, Mad. Sontag, Mad. Damoreau, Mad. Alboni, and Mdlle Couvelli: did not all these marvellous singers count their remuneration by hundreds of thousands of francs?

Though not a rabid lover of art, Napoleon I. treated artists magnificently, like a sovereign who considers nothing too good or too expensive for his country. Mdme Catalani had the honour of singing twice at the Palace of Saint Cloud, and this is how the Emperor thanked her: Firstly, he ordered 5,000 francs to be given her; secondly, he settled an annuity of 1,200 francs on her; thirdly, he placed at her disposal the Opera, with the lighting and staff for two concerts, which brought her in 50,000 francs, the price of a place being fixed at 36, 18, 9, and 6 francs, as the case might be. After she had sung the second time at Saint Cloud, Napoleon went on the stage and said to her: "Where are you going?" "To London, Sire," was the reply. "Stop here and you shall have 100,000 francs and two months' holiday." Mdme Catalani curtsied her thanks and——started for England. The Imperial offer was a very fine one no doubt, but it paled before her terms in London. She had £10,000 a season and her extra engagements were worth as much more. Her remuneration some evenings was £2,000 and she had 200 guineas for singing "God save the King." In corroboration of what we have said respecting Napoleon I.'s generosity towards artists, we may mention one fact

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

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which did honour to the Imperial *impresario*. Every time he went to the Opera, the leading performers received out of his privy purse a special gratification according to their respective merit, the maximum being 6,000 and the minimum 3,000 francs. So, when the words "by order" were inscribed at the head of the bill, not an artist was ill or suffering from cold. In addition to the salaries and presents paid by the Opera itself, the singers received extra pay for the performances at Court, while a further sum was regularly granted to those who belonged to the Chapel.

I think I must stop here, in the first place because we have entered the present period, and then because a journal is not a book, and I intend completing these notes in one which within six weeks will be published by Dentu. As I said on commencing this musico-financial review of our grand lyric artists in days gone by, I did not pretend to write their lives, so well, and so often narrated, from an anecdotal and artistic point of view; I simply wished, from given data, to prove with as little dryness as possible, that our ancestors were as generous as we are, and even more so, in what concerned their amusements; and, if it be a piece of folly to pay a fair singer three or four times as much as, let us say, a general of division, it is one which the dilettanti of all ages and all nations have committed and probably always will. This is a fact we have demonstrated irrefutably with that indisputable and brutal eloquence called arithmetic. But it must be plainly understood that it is not by way of adducing examples to be followed that we have given the history of the Past. While proving that our forefathers paid artists more liberally than we pay them, with all due deference to persons of a bashful disposition in our own time, we have shown that they honoured more than we do lyric artists who rose above the ordinary level. We have seen the greatest sovereigns and the most illustrious statesmen choosing as confidants, friends and ambassadors, singers of both sexes, without troubling themselves whether the person whom they entrusted with a difficult mission, to whom they confided an important secret, or whom they admitted to terms of intimacy in the morning, would be hissed at night. Now we assert that, in acting thus, they did well, when the artist combined honour with talent.

E. M. DE LYDEN.

A CONFUSED DREAM.

(*After Concert and Supper at the Albion.*)

No more, sir! No more, sir!
I beg to say no more!
No more, sirs? No more, sirs?
I ask'd for an encore.
Encore, sir? Encore, sir?
Be off and get to bed!
But, not to be done brown, this child
Went to his club instead. X. Y. Z.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Nothing could be devised more suitable for the season than the lively programme offered by the clever "entertainers"—the term here attains its fullest significance—who show at St George's Hall, Langham Place, how much amusement can be enjoyed when humour is linked with refinement, and vocal embellishments are associated with highly-developed musical accomplishments. Mr W. S. Gilbert's pleasant dramatic legend of *Ages Ago*, enlivened by the tuneful compositions of Mr Frederic Clay, retains too firm a hold of public favour on the occasion of its latest revival to be cast aside yet awhile, and the reproduction of *Our Doll's House*, by Messrs W. Yardley and Cotsford Dick, so happily described as "a fairy vision in one peep," will be heartily welcomed. Four years have elapsed since this amusing little trifle was first brought out, but it has lost nothing of its freshness of fancy or brightness of interpretation. Mr Corney Grain, whose *Master Tommy at Home* was so heartily relished a couple of years ago, now gives a supplementary musical sketch, entitled *Master Tommy's Theatricals*, in which juvenile efforts to attain premature histrionic distinction are most divertingly illustrated. Mr Corney Grain, by his mimetic powers, combining the comprehensive changes of his voice with his marvellous control over the piano, produces in his latest *buffo scena* some exceedingly ludicrous effects.—*D. T.*

TWO FRENCH TENORS.*

(*Continued from page* 790, *Vol.* 59.)

Roger was attracted with irresistible power to the Grand Opera. "Education and natural gifts," he said, complainingly, "marked me for the Grand, and I have fallen on a style that occupies only an insignificant place in literature and none in poetry." His burning desire to appear in great heroic parts rendered him manifestly unjust to French comic opera, the best specimens of which are after all the best things French music has given us. Nay, at this time he hardly estimated quite correctly what he himself had done, for, however admirable he may have been as Raoul, Edgar, and Fernand, his best and most original efforts were in musical comedy, in *La Dame Blanche*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Jean de Paris*, *Le Domino Noir*, &c. To the ill-will and petty jealousies of his colleagues he responded merely by redoubled industry and redoubled courage. "Refusing to be led astray by such scoffers, I will direct my looks on high and think only of the Future. Yes, a man must have ambition! Had Bonaparte been without ambition, we should have had no Napoleon."

Verdi's operas and the new Italian method of singing inspired him with undisguised mistrust. "The Italian school," he says, "never possessed any great stock of ideas, but it wrote well for, and spared, the voice. It now strives after, without attaining, profound significance and ruins the strongest lungs in a few years. I do not know what future there is in store for the Verdi school, but it is ridiculous to see how this music ventures on the highest ideas and undresses poetic creations such as Hernani and Macbeth to cloth them in the uniform of a negro general." Roger's opinion of the reciprocal influence of the latest Italian singers and composers is exceedingly just. "Why," he asks, "should the composer be less idle than the singer? If the latter can produce an effect more easily by his voice than by the thought, the *maestro* will save his thoughts and employ again and again a particular phrase which has a hundred times secured the singer's success." Roger was justly proud of never having sacrificed the poet to vocal effect. He himself, he tells us, worked slowly and perseveringly, always with confidence in the Future, though with continuous distrust of his own powers. His attention was unceasingly devoted to elocution and pantomime. It is characteristic of him that he once witnessed a drama from the prompter's box in order to study minutely and in close proximity the action of that admirable actor, Bouffé.

In the summer of 1847 Roger, having obtained permission from the Opéra-Comique, went to London for the Italian season. He now kept his diary with especial zeal and good results. In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, under the most magnificent trees and on the fairy-like sward, he saw assembled all that was rich and aristocratic. It struck him, notwithstanding, that the English amused themselves somewhat after the manner of cockchafers, with a straw sticking behind them. "These people must certainly have something about them which hampers them and which we do not see. Where? They do not tell us that." There was a warm patriotic feeling in Roger's breast; he loved France above aught else. Consequently he was seized with a fit of indescribable rage when, on going to a concert, he beheld Wellington seated close before him. "I heard the voice which commanded at Waterloo; I looked into the eyes which beheld the Emperor's back. The idea of my singing, of my delighting a man whom I should have liked to annihilate!" Still, he sincerely admired the English as a great nation, who knew how to honour their heroes, such as Wellington. France, on the contrary, says Roger mournfully, troubles herself neither about her Past nor her Future. He was not without prophetic instinct when he here exclaimed: "O, France, the worm which is gnawing at you and will prove your destruction is your *esprit*, or, to express it without disguise, your flippant chaff (*blague*). You believe in nothing, and ridicule everything."

In London Roger heard for the first time two of the most famous singers of the day—Viardot Garcia and Jenny Lind. Both failed to please him much at first. Mad. Viardot as Romeo produced on him the effect of a fair amateur who, after thoroughly studying her part, had noted down every gesture and every sigh. He calls her "a mask without life, a camelia condemned to dream of per-

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

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fume." Still he readily admitted that her performance would have impressed him very differently had her voice and face equalled her artistic conscientiousness. Subsequently she gained over him the magical fascination from which no one brought into contact with her could free himself. He calls her "a specimen of knowledge without pedantry, and of the most perfect musical organization." He was somewhat disappointed the first time he heard Jenny Lind as Norma. "She sings 'Casta Diva' very well; the appeal to the moon harmonizes with her dreamy German nature; but the loving and betrayed mother's outburst of rage—No! a thousand times, no! It is pretty and prim. The voice, too—how worn!" But his admiration for her increased with every fresh part he heard her sing, and with his usual honourable frankness he confesses in his diary the error of his first impression. Thus he writes of her as Lucia: "One of the greatest artists it has been my good fortune to hear. Her voice, so fascinating in the high notes, is unfortunately weak in the middle register—but what intelligence, what power of imagination! She imitates no one, but incessantly twists and turns the dramatic situation about, as she does the musical phrase. There are bits of hers filled with the odours of woods and moss. This refreshes one amid all the talented individuals who can boast of only one good quality—neat execution. They possess the voice but not the inward fire." A tour he made in Scotland with Lumley's company delighted him chiefly on Jenny Lind's account. "What a piece of good fortune to be able to study so rare a woman! Feeling how true she is inwardly, she is full of confidence, and does great things without thinking of the critics. Her belief in herself constitutes her strength; she respects herself and lives like a saint. One might almost think she considers she is sent by God to render nations happy by the religion of art." On the 3rd November, 1848, he sang with her in *La Fille du Régiment*. In the last act, during the prelude to the final rondo, she whispered to him: "Listen carefully, Roger, for these will be the last notes you will ever hear from me on the stage." Utterly astounded, he could not believe that, in the midst of her triumphs, she really intended suddenly to retire. Yet so it was. "She has led the life of a saint. But people speak of a bishop who, despite this, has filled her head with scruples. May God judge him!"

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Transcriptions of Pinsuti.—Among Mr Lamborn Cock's publications for the pianoforte are transcriptions of "Sowing and Reaping" and "The Unfinished Song," by Ciro Pinsuti. The adaptation is cleverly done, and a good effect secured without heavily taxing the performer's resources.

Mdme Albani has been created a Royal Prussian Chamber-Singer.

The subscription for twelve performances announced by the great Italian tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, in Alexandria, amounted to nearly £1,360.

The Messiah was to be performed at Cincinnati on the 28th ult., with Mdme Adelina Patti, Miss Anna Louise Cary, Messrs Toedt and W. Whitney, vocalists, and Mr Theodore Thomas conductor. "Absolute perfection is the only term applicable to Patti," says the Boston *Musical Record*.

Miss Francesca J. Ferrari is passing the vacation at Cowes (Isle of Wight), and is occupied daily in giving musical instruction to her Royal pupils at Osborne.

New York has founded a Tonic Sol-fa Association.

Petrella's *Jone* has been performed at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Massenet is created knight of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

Emil Sauret, the violinist, has been playing in St Petersburgh.

There are above thirty *Patience* companies in the United States.

Gayarre, one of Mr Gye's tenors, has been singing at Palma, Majorca.

Desirée Artôt and her husband, Padilla, have taken up their residence for the winter in Berlin.

The Municipal Council of Trieste have rejected the proposal to impose a special tax on the theatres.

Lilli Lehmann, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, has been singing with great success at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

The season at the Teatro Apollo, Madrid, was brought to a premature conclusion, after lasting only a fortnight.

Casanova De Cepeda, one of Mr Gye's most recent "dramatic sopranos," is engaged at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt joins the Strakosch Opera Company in New Orleans, to sing on Mdme Gerster's off-nights.

A new musical society, "La Chambre Musicale," has been founded at Avignon, for the performance of classical works.

After the conclusion of the season at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, there were four extra performances of *La Traviata*.

V. E. Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln* is being translated into English, for performance (according to report) in London.

Arrigo Boïto's *Mefistofele*, recently performed by Mr Mapleson's company in New York, has not been very favourably received.

A series of seven pieces by Carl Reinecke, bearing the collective title of *Sommertagsbilder*, has been well received in Hamburgh and Leipsic.

At a concert given by the Ducal orchestra in Meiningen, Dr Hans von Bülow played the first Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, by Johannes Brahms.

The Musical Association of Gera, under the direction of W. Tschirch, recently gave a performance of H. Hofmann's *Märchen von der Schönen Melusine*.

Beethoven's birthday was celebrated at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, by a performance of the Ninth Symphony, under the direction of Herr Dessoff.

Some of the members of the company at the Liceo, Barcelona, were, after the premature closing of that theatre, engaged for a short operatic season at Valladolid.

The San Carlo, Naples, is to be lighted with oil lamps and candles as well as with gas. The opening, announced for the 18th ult., had to be postponed in consequence of the illness of the leading bass, Jamet. (They must, indeed, be in a fix!—Dr Bridge.)

A Sunday school teacher gave a little girl a lesson to learn. At the next meeting of the school, she asked the little girl to repeat the lesson. As the child hesitated, the teacher recited it, and then said: "Now what is it?" "That is it," replied the child innocently, "just as you said it."

National Melodies.—Messrs Boosey & Co. have done good service not only to amateurs but to art by including in their series of volumes of national melodies the *Songs of Italy*, the *Songs of Scandinavia*, and the *Songs of Eastern Europe*. The first named contain fifty-four examples; the second, eighty-three; and the third, 100. We need not insist upon the importance of collections like these, whatever the country they represent; but we must say that no musical library is complete without the songs of Scandinavia and Eastern Europe. The editor, Mr J. A. Kappey, has taken great pains to secure melodies of a genuinely representative character, and at a time when attention is becoming more and more directed to folk-tunes as a source of new thematic ideas, the volumes in question are of peculiar value. They have our most hearty commendation, the *Songs of Eastern Europe* more especially, since the volume contains, besides examples of Liszt, Chopin, and other masters, a very valuable collection of *Volkslieder* from the hitherto untouched wealth of the Austrian provinces.—*D. T.*

Royal Albert Hall.—At the grand morning choral and orchestral concert, which is to be given to-day (Saturday), in the Albert Hall, in aid of the funds for the relief of the sufferers by the burning of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, the chorus and orchestra will number 1,000, the former composed of singers from the Philharmonic and other vocal bodies, and the latter consisting of eminent musicians, the services of all being volunteered. This is likewise the case with all the solo vocalists, instrumentalists, and conductors, of whom the chief is Herr Hans Richter. We are asked to state that half of the net proceeds of the concert will be given, by special desire of his Excellency, Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, to an English charity.

Advertisements.

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O. D. RAY.
Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

Dear Sir,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with over-work and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor." I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong, healthy lad. Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last, I am, Sir, yours truly,
GEORGE A. TYLER.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
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"Messrs Boosey & Co. have published two additional volumes of their National Songs, which appear likely to be the most interesting of the series. We know little of the rich repertory of Scandinavian Songs, and Mr and Miss Kappey, the editors of these books, are to be thanked for introducing some of the best specimens to public notice. Five of the Russian songs are so old as to be traditional; and in the series are to be found a beautiful Cossack lullaby by one Bachmetieff, a gipsy song by Lvoff, and several songs by Warlamoff. These and the Polish songs (all of which are traditional) may be considered among the most interesting items of a small but acceptable collection. Two ancient Lithuanian songs, a couple of Finnish, and four ancient Norwegian melodies, will likewise be found in the book. The majority of the Swedish songs are by Lindblad, that prolific song writer, who died in 1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mdme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and the peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro.*

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, January* 7, 1882.

The Musical World.

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VOL. 60.—No. 2. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—OPENING NIGHT, SATURDAY, January 14th.—RICHARD WAGNER'S Grand Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

MONDAY, January 16th, WAGNER'S "FLYING DUTCHMAN." TUESDAY, January 17th, VINCENT WALLACE'S "MARITANA." WEDNESDAY, January 18th, "LOHENGRIN." THURSDAY, January 19th "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN." FRIDAY, January 20th, AMBROISE THOMAS'S "MIGNON." SATURDAY, January 21st, BALFE'S "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Doors open at 7.30. Opera at 8.

Subscription for the Season received by, and seats for any performance may be obtained from, the principal Librarians and the Box Office of the Theatre, from Ten till Five daily.

MR BARTON M'GUCKIN will make his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on FRIDAY, January 20th, as Wilhelm Meister, in Ambroise Thomas's Opera, *Mignon*.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.—IRISH SONGS and BALLADS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY Next, at Eight o'clock.—IRISH SONGS and BALLADS. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Ambler, Mrs Hutchinson, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, and Mdme Isabel Fassett; Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley. The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will contain the following popular Irish Songs and Ballads: "Terence's Farewell," "Come back to Erin," "Barney O'Hea," "Rich and Rare," "Shule Agra," "Meeting of the Waters," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Kitty of Coleraine," "Oft in the stilly night," "Molly Bawn," "The Harp that once," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "The Legacy;" also Part Songs, "The wine-cup is circling," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Believe me if all," "St Patrick's Day," "A place in thy memory," "The Fairest Flower." The following old Irish Melodies, arranged by C. Villiers Stanford, with new words by Alfred P. Graves, will be sung for the first time in public on Wednesday next: "A Sailor Lad," by Miss Mary Davies; "'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry," by Mrs Hutchinson; "The Foggy Dew," by Mr Edward Lloyd; and "Father O'Flinn," by Mr Santley. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT of Operatic, National, and Miscellaneous Music will take place, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY Evening, January 24th, at Eight o'clock. Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Spenser Jones, Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr Barrington Foote, Mr H. Pyatt, and Mr Sims Reeves. The Anemoic Union (under the direction of Mr Lazarus). Flute—Mr H. Nicholson. Oboe—Mr Malsch. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Horn—Mr T. E. Mann. Bassoon—Mr Wotton. Pianoforte—Mr S. Naylor. Messrs Broadwood's grand pianofortes will be used on this occasion. Programmes now ready. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s.; Admission, One Shilling; at Austin's Office, St James's Hall; and usual Agents.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Mr Carl Rosa has issued the prospectus of his forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre, and a very interesting and attractive document amateurs find it to be. The year upon which we have just entered will rank as memorable in the musical records of the metropolis because of the revelation of Richard Wagner in his full-blown, or, as many contend, in his over-blown, condition. We are promised a display of the master's middle state at Drury Lane, and another of his latest phase at Her Majesty's; but the thing would not be complete without Mr Rosa, who intends to round off the grand "cycle" by producing the earlier works of the same bold and indefatigable pen. He, therefore, who can endure to the end may, between now and next July, know all there is to know of Richard Wagner, and finish up by forthwith journeying to Bayreuth for the unveiling of *Parsifal*. We do not pretend to forecast the mental and physical condition of the student, or, rather, patient, after such a course. Perhaps it would be as unique as the opportunity. Mr Rosa, we observe, begins at the beginning with *Rienzi*, and then goes on in order, to *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*. Here, when the time arrives, Herr Francke will take up the "wondrous tale" with *Tristan and Isolde* and *The Mastersingers of Nuremburg*, Herr Neumann following on with the *Nibelungen Ring*. As this arrangement is not the result of an understanding amongst the managers, observers given to looking behind the phenomena of life have ample room for speculation as to the cause of so fortuitous and fortunate a state of things. Has the providence that shapes our musical ends resolved upon enlightening this dark island without more delay? Or is it that the same providence, being anti-Wagnerite, is bent upon enlisting against the master the feeling that comes of satiety? Whatever the conclusion of curious minds, the result will be watched with interest, and, whatever the result, we ought to esteem ourselves favoured in the enjoyment of so splendid an opportunity for deciding, each on his own account, one of the greatest art-questions of the day.

Although all the Wagner operas promised by Mr Rosa are well known to his patrons, the prospectus does not lack novelties of interest. It bids us look for Balfe's *Painter of Antwerp*, an English version by Mr C. A. Barrett of *Pittore e Duca*, produced at Trieste in the autumn of 1854. The late Mr C. L. Kenney, in his memoir of the composer, remarks as to the early fortune of *Pittore e Duca*:—

"*It was produced, but not with that amount of success which Balfe had reckoned on, or those who had previous knowledge of the work and could judge its merits, had anticipated. It had been regarded by these as his highest achievement up to that time, but from a change in the cast originally intended the opera was inadequately executed, and, after a few representations, Balfe withdrew the work and declared it should never again see the light until it could be executed in a thoroughly fitting manner.*"

As far as we can ascertain, *Pittore e Duca* has never been performed from that time to this; and it is pleasant to be assured that its revival by Mr Carl Rosa will occur under the conditions upon which the composer resolved to insist. That a "thoroughly fitting manner" awaits *The Painter of Antwerp* belongs to the order of facts which reason, upon ample premises, determines beforehand. The fate of the opera we cannot venture to prophesy, but should the work be found rich in the qualities that made Balfe famous, it is bound to succeed. Our public have not yet lost their love of gracious and graceful tune. It may be accounted a simple and a lowly taste by those who make bouquets of diminished chords and "live up to" them; but it exists in strength sufficient to carry through the opera which gratifies it.

Mr Rosa's second novelty is Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, the only work of the French master produced at the Grand Opéra and at our own Covent Garden. Fortunate to some extent in Germany, *Benvenuto Cellini* had a hard time both in France and England. The Parisians condemned it, as the composer himself tells us, "with admirable unanimity and energy," while in London an unscrupulous Italian cabal managed for it a prompt and decided catastrophe. *Benvenuto* will have a fairer chance now. The public ear is open to Berlioz; there is no fear of intrigue, and upon nothing save its merits is the opera likely to be accepted or rejected. In any case, the performance will add to our knowledge of a remarkable composer, and Mr Carl Rosa will prefer another undoubted claim to public gratitude. Turning to the ordinary repertory of the company, we find that it consists of thirty-eight operas, of which seven are by British composers.

Among the artists engaged for the season are six *débutants* on Mr Rosa's London stage—namely, Misses La Rue and Eugenie Kemble, Messrs Barton M'Guckin, Ben Davies, Herbert d'Egville, and, last in order but first in importance, Mdlle Alwina Valleria—an artist whose services cannot fail to prove of the highest value. Misses Gaylord, Yorke, Warwick, Warren, and Burns return to their many metropolitan admirers; and with them come Messrs Packard, Lyall, Thomas, Turner, Ludwig, Bolton, Pope, Crotty, with others more or less well known. Finally, Mr Rosa has once more secured the services of Herr Anton Schott, whom Dr von Bülow does not love, being, presumably, no great judge of manly beauty and dexterous stage equestrianism. The orchestra will comprise sixty-five performers, with Mr Carrodus as leading violin; Mr Pew again acts as chorus-master, and Mr C. Betjemann as stage manager, while the supreme musical direction falls to Mr A. Randegger, than whom, it is safe to say, no one more efficient could have been obtained. We need scarcely add that the prospects of the season are good and even brilliant. Mr Rosa will have the field to himself, and every amateur will support a manager who not only keeps faith with the public but always strives to put before them of his very best, doing so, let us emphatically add, in the language "understanded of the people."

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The opening of Mr Rosa's season of operatic performances in London is always looked forward to with interest, no matter in what house it may occur. This year the theatre elect is (for the third time) Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket. The subscription list is to comprise fifty representations, the first being announced for the 14th inst., and *Lohengrin* being the opera selected for the occasion—with Mr. J. P. Jackson's English version of the drama. A special feature in Mr. Rosa's programme is the conspicuous place assigned to Richard Wagner, three other works from whose pen are included, viz., *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Flying Dutchman*. With English adaptations of the first and third (also by Mr. Jackson), the enterprising manager has already made his patrons acquainted; but *Tannhäuser* in this shape will be new to them, and it is hoped, for the sake of all concerned, acceptable. Mr. Rosa has in his company artists capable of undertaking any and all the characters belonging to these operas (*Lohengrin* not excepted—as was proved some three years ago); while with his orchestra of sixty-five practised experts, led by our great violinist, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, and conducted by Mr. Alberto Randegger, fresh from his artistic successes at the Norwich Festival, no less efficiency is expected in the occasionally over-elaborated instrumental accompaniments. Be this as it may, the preponderance of Wagner's music in the general scheme will possibly be found by many well-wishers somewhat excessive; but whether they argue for the best, or the contrary, the result alone can show. What with the Wagner operatic performances under Herr Richter's direction, and the "cycle" of the *Ring des Nibelungen* tetralogy—*Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* (all in a breath, and three times over), at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Prophet of Bayreuth will have to undergo a severe ordeal, through which if he pass triumphantly, without exhausting the patience of London amateurs, the forebodings as to the speedy dissolution of Italian opera (so called) will find ample justification, and the "advanced school" (promoters of "higher development") henceforth have matters all their own way. We profess no fear on the subject, and think the time still far off when absolute melody, which is the pith and marrow of absolute music, is likely to be heard with indifference, or the genuine charm of a simple ballad-tune have passed away. As if the four Wagner "dramas" were not sufficient, Mr. Rosa promises a formidable and unanticipated addition—no other than the *Benvenuto Cellini* of Hector Berlioz, whose recent vogue, both in France and in England, would have astonished no one more than himself. *Benvenuto Cellini* was originally produced at Paris nearly forty years since, and about ten years later was given (in Italian) at Covent Garden, failing in each instance on account of supposed "cabals." In Paris the "cabal" (as in the case of Wagner's *Tannhaüser*) was charged to the "lions" of the "stalles d'orchestre," in London to Italian artists connected with the late Mr. Frederick Gye's establishment. Germany, however—more especially Weimar, under Franz Liszt, and Hanover, under Hans von Bülow—have appreciated *Benvenuto Cellini* at its worth. The English version is the work of Mr. W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, an accomplished scholar, and just the sort of man for the task. Another advertised novelty is the late Balfe's Trieste opera, *Pittore e Duca*, the only work of that popular composer unknown to us. An English version, from the highly competent pen of Mr. W. A. Barrett, whose knowledge of music will have served him

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in good stead, has been prepared. The English name for the opera (originally intended, by the way, for our own stage) is to be *The Painter of Antwerp*. Many hope that Mr. Rosa will make London audiences (as he has already made country audiences) acquainted with the *Promessi Sposi* of the much talked-of Italian composer, Ponchielli, and that he will not overlook the *Taming of the Shrew* of the regretted Hermann Goetz, especially if he can find in his company so emphatically shrewish a Katharine as Minnie Hauk. Further details there will be opportunities enough to discuss. Meanwhile it must suffice to add that most of the old favourites of the Rosa Company are again in the ranks, with the addition of Mr Barton M'Guckin—that deservedly popular artist, Mdlle Alwina Valleria being re-engaged, as also Herr Schott, the last especially for the Wagner operas and the *Benvenuto* of Berlioz.—*Graphic*.

A GLANCE AT THE OLD MASTERS.

Strolling through the rooms of the Royal Academy, now set with pictures of the old masters, may be undertaken in a different frame of mind to that employed in visiting the May exhibition; for the critical faculty is not called upon for judicial activity—only a state of passive receptivity is absolutely needed to enjoy works sealed by the approving judgment of years reaching far into centuries. Whilst, at the present day, science is seen undermining and toppling over theories and dogmas propped up by the piety and learning of countless generations; whilst the jade Fashion is ever restlessly engaged in turning things upside down and inside out; still, in this age of revolution, many of the old masters, from the fifteenth century downwards, manage to hold their own, or, at least, that considerable part left from the crushing onslaught of Ruskin's eloquence. To enjoy the interesting collection at Burlington House, there is little need to trace the connection between the skill and morality of the painters. Beauty of performance and loveliness of character do not always go hand in hand, for the morality of the singing nightingale, where a worm (Darwin's latest pet) is concerned, differs little from that of the croaking raven. In the first gallery there are some excellent specimens of Sir Joshua Reynolds' work; indeed, the great Englishman is fully represented in this winter exhibition. The likeness of "Lady Wray" (No. 2) reveals, in many respects, qualities seldom absent from his portraiture. It is natural in look and feature, and yet everything about it speaks of Reynolds; it bears such a distinguishing stamp that, used by a lesser genius, would certainly have been a mark of conventionality. Reynolds, however, never sacrificed the individuality of the "sitter" to manifestations of his peculiar genius; he always managed to throw a certain something of heart and temper, as well as the features of the person, upon the canvass; but they were just the points that he alone could see and express. Callcott is seen at his best in a "River scene" (No. 7) that deals cleverly with shadows, formed by foliage overhanging cottage and stream. In the "Sea piece" (No. 14), by Cotman, the light, breaking through dark clouds, falls upon a bark struggling through surging waves, and steering out from land into a sea hugged by blackest of clouds. Collins' "Fisherman's farewell" (No. 21) scarcely realizes the merit indicated in the well known engraving of that picture—colour has not aided design. Turner liked surprises, and in "The unpaid bill" (No. 30) he threw one at the public. Leaving for the moment the glories of earth, sea, and sky, in calm and storm, at morning, noon, or eve, he placed for view a chemist's laboratory, with light streaming in through the window upon shelves and tables laden with glass bottles of every size and shape, glowing and sparkling with varied hues. In the shade a young couple are receiving a lecture from the parent, turning from his occupation to speak of other matters than science. In cannot be said that the tale is well told, nor are the figures effectively drawn; but if this great painter failed, where smaller men succeeded, he took his revenge, notably in "Sea coast: Hastings" (No. 179), and demonstrated that he was far away the greatest of all landscape painters. The second gallery, containing works of the Dutch school, affords ample illustration of the merits, as well as the weaknesses of that distinctive class. On entering the room are found side by side two pictures, "The marriage feast at Cana" by Jan Steen, and "An interior with a dead pig" by Lelienberg. The latter (No. 56) is remarkable for perfection of workmanship, every detail of the darkened kitchen is wonderfully drawn; indeed, labour has been lavished upon such common things as poker, tongs, candlestick, birdcage, and flagon, and all so coyly done as not to distract the eye from the principal subject, the dressed carcase of a pig, which positively glows in the dark room, even like to the fabled jewel in a swine's snout. In (No. 55) Jan Steen has shown that cleverness or even perfection in technical art can never make amends for poverty, commonness, or ribaldry in the treatment of sacred subjects. It is somewhat repulsive to see a representation of the Divine Person, surrounded by tipsy Boers, in the act of supplying the rabble with liquor by the working of a miracle. The patient Dutchmen did great and beautiful work, but it is a pity they ever laid hands upon holy themes, demanding for delineation lofty ideality. The "Young Lion" (No. 77), by Rubens, is a marvel, for the skill shown in depicting the big kitten rolling and stretching out his lithsome limbs in sheer wantonness of supple strength. "Le Chapeau Rouge" (No. 85), by David Teniers, is one of the most agreeable pictures painted by the renowned master. Amongst many excellent works in the third gallery Van Dyck's "Portraits of the Lords Stuart" (No. 126) must be noticed for its nobility of subjects and treatment. There are also three embodiments of Murillo's genius, the one (No. 151) shining the brightest, is the least pretentious; a "Female figure" (No. 139), by Leonardo da Vinci, with face as fresh as the flowers that deck her beauty; a "Triumph of Pan," by M. Poussin; a glorious "Venus and Adonis," by the all-embracing genius of Titian; an unsatisfactory work attributed to the "divine" Raphael; "The Cottage Door" (No. 177) that tells of the tenderness of Gainsborough; and "The Lock" (No. 181), that testifies to a vigour of brush possessed by Constable. The fourth gallery affords examples of that branch of the art classified by Sir Frederick Leighton in a recent address to the students of the Academy, as the "didactic." Notwithstanding the undoubted good to be gotten by study of those works, still the eye will dart off to rest gratefully upon such mundane subjects as Rembrandt's "Cook," and Ruysdael's "Waterfall." In the fifth gallery Romney gets full justice done to merits conspicuously declared in the "Portrait of Lady Hamilton," (No. 247); Wilson's conventional charms are spread over the "Landscape," (No. 279); Wilkie's command of character, sense of humour, and skill in composition are proclaimed in "School," (No. 255); and Morland's thoroughly English art has seldom been witnessed with such satisfaction as in the "Hunting Scene," (No. 267) and the "Wreckers," (No. 270). This thirteenth winter exhibition, without being sensational or extraordinary, is one of well-sustained merit, and worthy of the Royal Academy of Arts.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

D'OYLY CARTE ELECTRIFYING HIS NEIGHBOURS.

In view of the probable extension of the system of lighting theatres with electricity, it is intended to provide engine power on a very large scale upon the piece of land immediately adjacent to the Savoy, where the two engines now at work are placed. The scheme includes the supply of the electric current to hotels, shops, and private houses in the neighbourhood of the Strand. The spot, which is the vacant ground between Mr D'Oyly Carte's new house and the Embankment, has the advantage of being somewhat retired. One of the principal obstacles to the extension of electric lighting in London is the circumstance that neighbours within reach of the sound of working engines find themselves, as a rule, wholly unable to sleep of a night save under the soothing influences of substantial compensation.—M.T. (*Daily News.*)

[That "substantial compensation" will doubtless be supplied by Mr D'Oyly Carte with the aid of MM. Gilbert and Sullivan.—Dr Blinge.]

A NEW PIANOFORTE TUTOR.—Messrs W. Morley, jun., & Co. may be congratulated on the issue of a common-sense Pianoforte Tutor, by G. B. Allen. We call it a common-sense book because the learner is not confused and disheartened at the outset by a lot of introductory matter having no special relation to the instrument. Just as in our best manuals of language the pupil begins translation as soon as he begins grammar, so here the keyboard is reached at once, and instruction in written music is conveyed only as it is required to facilitate progress thereon. Knowledge thus advances side by side with practice in the pleasantest companionship.—*D. T.*

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THEOBALD BÖHM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I notice in your contemporary, the *London Figaro*, charges brought against the late Theobald Böhm, of Munich, which are, as I think, both inaccurate and misleading.

The *Figaro's* correspondent seems to consider that the main feature in Böhm's improvement of flutes was a system of fingering generally, erroneously, he says, attributed to him, but in reality "annexed" from one Captain Gordon. This it was, says the *Figaro's* correspondent, which made Böhm's name famous. Gordon, we are told, invented and perfected this fingering; and after vainly advertising it throughout Great Britain, France, and Germany, he died of a broken heart, maddened by his failure to sell his invention, and by Böhm's "annexation" of it. We are not told why, what in the one case failed so signally, succeeded in the other so completely.

In justice to Theobald Böhm, whom I knew very well for nearly forty years, I venture to suggest an explanation:—He was a man of very considerable scientific, as well as technical attainments. Originally a gold worker, he subsequently became an Inspector of mines; besides being for many years first flute in the principal orchestra of Munich. Whether he did or did not borrow ("annex" if the *Figaro's* correspondent prefers that term), the first notion of what Sir H. Bishop in his 1851 Exhibition report calls a system "for reaching and stopping the flute holes at great distances," is not very material. Böhm always claimed the invention of fingering known by his name; and I am not aware that it has ever been proved that Gordon's fingering was identical with it. The question which the *Figaro's* correspondent begs, and on which he founds very serious charges has, as he admits, been debated very "fiercely," but not conclusively settled. Be that as it may, Böhm soon perceived that the really essential points to be determined with a view to the improvement of his instrument, were: (1) The shape and proportion of the tube, more particularly of that part known as "the head" where sound is generated; (2) the exact position and proportion of the "embouchure" and finger-holes. In order to solve these problems, Böhm set himself to study acoustics, under the well-known Professor Schafhäutel, and after several years labour produced as a result: (1) "a cylindrical tube with conical head;" (2) "a geometrical diagram (I now quote from Mr Pole's report, 1862), with explanations by which makers of tubular instruments can with the greatest accuracy construct their instruments according to any of the recognized pitches."

It is upon these calculations, and upon their practical application, that Böhm's fame rests. It is no exaggeration to say that their publication produced a revolution in the manufacture of wind instruments. So little did the merit of Böhm's invention depend on any one system of fingering, that it was applicable not to flutes only, but also to oboes, clarinettes, and bassoons, which are fingered quite differently. At the Exhibition (1851) competent and impartial musical judges pronounced it to be "an *entirely new* and scientific system of construction, which has done more than anything else to lift this class of instruments to their present degree of perfection, both of intonation and of timbre."

If Böhm, originally like Captain Gordon, a poor man, had, like him, relied solely on a novel system of fingering, he would, probably have been as unsuccessful. In our day, nearly every flautist has his own pet system of fingering, of which he proclaims the superiority, and which, at all events, suits *him* best. Several of these have been adapted to Böhm's tubes, with more or less success. That Böhm did not "annex" his scientific knowledge may easily be proved. His letters, of which I have still a considerable number, prove it conclusively. The head of the Pulteney Street firm—whose intimate practical knowledge of everything connected with the manufacture of pianofortes will be contested by no maker, whether English, French, or German—has repeatedly and ungrudgingly acknowledged the assistance afforded him years ago by Böhm when calculating what is termed the scale of grand pianofortes. He told me that he found Böhm very well versed in the acoustical bearings of that subject. But, to quote the *Figaro's* correspondent's words, "it is an old tale," that of disputed inventions. A crude idea occurs to one man; it is developed and carried out, perhaps, by another. The former may have had neither the knowledge, nor the perseverance necessary to mature his notion into practical utility; yet, he eventually claims, or his friends claim for him, all the merit of the invention.

The French point triumphantly to Papin, the inventor of steamboats, as they assert, in Louis XV.'s time. My friend, Mr Hipkins, in his very able and interesting paper (see "Grove's *Musical Dictionary*"), shows, with more probability, that Cristofori invented pianofortes. For the sake of argument, let us associate with them Gordon, as the alleged inventor of the Böhm fingering: originator, if I rightly understand the *Figaro's* correspondent, of the most material modern flute improvement? What would any of these, in their very different degrees of importance, say to their bantlings now full grown? Would they even recognize them? And what are *we* to say to those—if such, indeed, there be—who would claim for the putative progenitors all the merit?—I am, sir, very obediently yours,

WALTER STEWART BROADWOOD.

Cabalva, Radnorshire, Jan. 1882.

—o—

LIST OF NEW ITALIAN OPERAS

Produced in 1881, *with, in each case, the composer's name, date of first performance, and theatre in which it took place.**

1. *Lola,*† buffo, Ant. Orsini, Jan. 15th, Olympic Theatre, London; 2. *Dora,* serious, N. Guerrera, Jan. 24th, T. Dal Verme, Milan; 3. *Ercole III,* comic, 3 acts, A. Buonomo, Jan. 29th, T. Nuovo, Naples; 4. *Don Chisciotte,* serio-comic, Luigi Ricci, Feb. 4th, T. Rossini, Venice; 5. *Giordano Bruno,* serious, 4 acts with prologue, A. Bartolucci, Feb. 9th, T. Manzoni, Pistoja; 6. *L'Ereditiera,* buffo, 3 acts, C. Domineceti, Feb. 14th, T. Dal Verme, Milan; 7. *Il Partigiano,* ballet-opera, 4 acts, Conte d'Osmond, Feb. 14th, T. Municipale, Nice; 8. *Ugo e Parisina,* serious, 3 acts and prologue, G. B. Bergamini, Feb. 23rd, T. Municipale, Ferrara; 9. *Hermosa,* serious, 4 acts, Gugl. Branca, March 6th, T. Bellini, Naples; 10. *Le Nozze in Prigione,* buffo, 3 acts, Emilio Usiglio, March 23rd, T. Manzoni, Milan; 11. *Simon Boccanegra,* serious, 3 acts with prologue, G. Verdi, March 24th, Scala, Milan: 12. *Nella,* serious, 3 acts, F. P. Frontini, March 30th, T. Comunale, Catania; 13. *Ericarda di Vargas,* serious, 4 acts, M. Michielli, April 16th, T. Nuovo, Pisi; 14. *La Perla del Villaggio,* semi-serious, 3 parts, A. Gambaro, April 28th, T. Avvalorati, Leghorn; 15. *Giorgione,* serious, 3 acts, Giov. Magnanini, May 25th, T. Municipale, Reggio (Emilia); 16. *Lo Starnuto di Giove,* buffo, 2 acts, O. Scarono, May 26th, Circo Nazionale, Naples; 17. *Il Rinnegato,* serious, Baron Bodog d'Orczy, July 9th, Her Majesty's, London; 18. *La Rosa di Perona,* semi-serious, 3 acts, Teresa Guidi, July 26th, T. Rossini, Naples; 19. *Jella,* serious, 3 acts and prologue, Giov. Bolzoni, July 30th, T. Municipale, Piacenza; 20. *I Burgravi,* serious, 4 acts, C. Podestà, Aug. 17th, T. Riccardi, Bergamo; 21. *Il Caporal Fracassa,* buffo, L. Cameroni, Sept. 3rd, Politeama, Casale (Monf.); 22. *L'Amico di Casa,* "giocosa," 3 acts and 4 parts, F. Cortesi, Oct. 13th, T. Niccolini, Florence; 23. *Zuma,* serious, 4 acts, V. Fornari, Nov. 24th, T. Bellini, Naples; 24. *La Congiura di Chevreuse,* serious, Paolina Thys, Dec. 3rd, T. Nuovo, Florence; 25. *Cordelia,* serious, S. Gobatti, Dec. 6th, T. Comunale, Bologna; 26. *I Burgravi,* serious, A. Orsini, Dec. 10th, T. Costanzi, Rome.

To the above must be added the following operettas, &c.:—

27. *Capitan Fracassa,* operetta, Giov. Valenti, Jan. 3rd, T. Varietà, Naples; 28. *Il Segreto della Duchessa,*‡ operetta, G. Dell' Orefice, Jan. 4th, T. Nuovo, Naples; 29. *I due Possidenti,* operetta, Cavagnaro, Jan., Circo. Filarmonico-drammatico, Rome; 30. *Alla Caccia dei Fiori,* operetta, Giov. Varisco, Feb. 7th, T. Filo-dramm., Milan; 31. *I Guanti Gialli,* operetta, Nic. Spinelli, March 1st, Collegio di Musica, Naples; 32. *Un Telegramma,* operetta, Cesare San Fiorenzo, April, T. Nazionale, Genoa; 33. *La Jettatura,* operetta, Goudron, April, T. Quirino, Rome; 34. *Gilberto,* operetta, Enrico Abate, April, Collegio di Musica, Naples; 35. *Orgoglio di Nascita,* operetta, Deschamps, May, Scuola di Declam., Florence; 36. *Montevirgine,* operetta, various composers, June 19th, T. Varietà, Naples; 37. *Isolda,* (?), Addi, October, T. Beretta, Bellagio; 38. *Il Padre della Figlia di Madame Angot,* operetta, L. Zandomeneghi, October, T. Goldoni, Venice.

* From *Il Trovatore* and *La Gazetta Musicale.*

† English libretto by Frank Marshall.

‡ Previously performed by the Philharmonic Society, Naples, in May, 1879.

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FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

The Rondo.

(Continued from page 6.)

It has been pointed out that both the sonata and rondo forms have their origin in the repetitions of a dance tune, such as the minuet, gavotte, and others, and that the alternative minuet or trio is represented by the second part or free fantasia in the sonata, and by the episode in the rondo. We have already spoken of the simplest kind of rondo when we described that variety of the Scarlatti form which has a principal subject and an episode; but we have yet to speak of those more elaborate kinds which have more than one episode. They also have the resemblance to the dance tune and its trio; but it is with more than one trio, or with the trio used more than once. In Handel's first opera, *Almira*, there is a dance which he calls a *rondeau*, and this consists of a principal subject, and two trios or alternatives. The first trio is to be played by two hautboys and a bassoon; the second by the violins without hautboys; and after each trio the principal subject is repeated.

Handel's song, "Lascia ch'io pianga," which is in his later opera, *Rinaldo*, bears a great resemblance to this in its plan; the only difference being that the first episode is used a second time as if it were a third trio. Each of the three ideas is distinct in key from the others. The principal subject ends with a full close (*d*); the episodes, as is generally, though not always, the case in instrumental rondos, end with chords or passages (*e*) that are not final, but lead into the repetition of the main key and idea.

Ex. 106.

The opera, *Almira*, in which is the rondeau mentioned just now, contains a *sarabande*, of which the first strain is the same as that of "Lascia"; there is but one episode or alternative, and this differs from both of those in the song. It seems as if Handel, in appropriating the music of his earlier dance tune to a later song, had kept the feeling of the *sarabande* dance in his mind while extending it to the length and rhythm necessary for the song.

The final allegro of Beethoven's "Ah, perfide" is a free rondo. Coming as it does after a movement in E flat, this, which is also to have E flat as its main key, does not begin with its principal subject, but with the first episode.

Ex. 107.

This is in C minor, and thus becomes a sort of introduction to the principal subject. The latter, as is generally the case with the principal subject of a rondo, is a complete rhythmical idea, or *ballad sonata*, with a half-way rest on the dominant chord (*a*) and a full close (*b*) at the end.

Ex. 108.

The two bars for instruments (*c*) at the beginning are introductory to the voice; but those which occur after the half-close must be considered as part of the rhythm which is continued by the voice. The close at the end of four bars (*d*) is not quite final, and a *codetta* of two bars brings the final full close (*b*). Immediately following this is the second episode:

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Ex. 100.

which is as it were a recomposition of the first in other keys and with more modulation. A half-close ends this, which goes with a repetition of the principal idea (see Ex. 108). After this is a long coda with the words of the principal subject, but beginning with the time and accent of the foregoing episodes—the ideas differing and incomplete, always working up to a climax, and the closes always averted in one way or another, until a sudden stop and half-close leads to a portion of the principal subject. This is also broken off short, and the quick time of the episodes resumed for a few bars to bring the song to an end.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

MUSIC IN NATAL.

(From a special correspondent.)

The Philharmonic Society of this town, which has been in a moribund, if not actually defunct state for many months past, has again been resuscitated, and, a few days ago, gave its second performance. The new conductor, Mr McColl, is not a professional musician, but has that true love for the art which covers many deficiencies. Under his sway, the Society—numbering sixty members, with an orchestra of about twenty—bids fair to do much good work in the future. The subject of this second performance was the "antiquated" *Messiah*, and I must say it was creditably rendered. The chorus had evidently been well drilled, and the soloists came with some success out of the trying Handelian ordeal. The lady who sang the contralto music—notably the number, "He was despised"—threw an amount of religious pathos into it that surprised me, even though accustomed to oratorio performances in England.

That the Durban people are musical cannot be denied, though one would not think so to judge from a *critique* of this performance which appeared in the *Mercury*, the leading paper of the town. Some of the phrases are "rich," and deserve reproduction. The reporter was evidently more accustomed to race-meetings than oratorios, to judge by the following inimitable passage: "With the exception of the orchestra once *getting very slightly across* with the vocalists, all went very well until near the end, when there was apparently a *little lagging;* but the stroke of the conductor's *bâton* brought them all up to *a triumphant finish!*" With regard to "He was despised," we are told that "each semibreve was held its proper length, whilst due regard was given to the *amoroso* (!) parts as well as those requiring *expressivo*" (*sic*). It is also consolatory to know that in "He is the King of Glory" the "*canto* was sung with *brillante*," and that the basso had one of his airs "well under his comprehension!" Mrs Wheeler, an "old singer," sang that "*sweet* air," entitled "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "humoured her voice with good taste"—furthermore being successful in "*securing the triplets!!*" But it would take up too much of your space to give you all the plums of this *critique*.

It would not be fair, in speaking of music in Natal, to omit mention of Maritzburg, which is, if anything, a-head of us in musical matters. Maritzburg, which is the capital, is seventy miles inland by rail, and has about 8,000 of a population, while we have nearly 9,000. It is a pretty lively place, though, and has a Philharmonic Society of about eighty members, with a capital orchestra, as regards numbers. The "city" is favoured by the presence of a professional musician, Mr Charles Lascelles, who has done good service in the way of introducing English opera to the Maritzburg public, assisted by local talent. But he has been getting himself into hot water lately, as I see by the papers up there. It appears that the Purists of Maritzburg have been objecting to the manner in which he has been mutilating the sacred works he has been producing. As I happened to be in Maritzburg on business, I stayed over night to hear the Society's recent performance of *Samson*, and I must say I was considerably shocked at the liberties Mr Lascelles had taken. The solo, "Ye men of Gaza," as far as regards the runs, was almost entirely re-written; and that fine air, "Thy glorious deeds," was equally mutilated. Imagine, too, that sublime chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," taken in indecent haste *with cymbal accompaniment!* To crown all, "Let the bright seraphim" had fully *thirty bars* of a concluding *cadenza*, entirely written by Mr Lascelles, the bald commonplace strains of which were accompanied by cornet *obbligato*. After that, I cannot wonder at our Maritzburg friends being so wroth with "Charlie," as they call him in their colonial playfulness.

The Durban Society has a number of good works in prospect—Bennett's *May Queen* and Gade's *Crusaders* amongst others; whilst the Maritzburg Philharmonic is studying Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht* for Christmas.

C. B. S.

Durban, Dec. 10th, 1881.

THE BORDER RAID.*

The red sun set o'er moss and fell
In a stream of burnished gold,
And the curfew rang its parting knell
From the belfry quaint and old;
Through the distant haze the Warden's gaze
Swept up to the Border Pass,
In the twilight gray concealed there lay
A foe mid the tangled grass.
"Tis a Border raid," the Warden said,
"Of a hundred men and more;
"By the Holy Mass, this night the Pass
"Shall reek with the raiders' gore."

"To arms, to arms," cried the Border chief,
"To death alone we yield;
"For the bold Buccleuch rides not to sue,
"When Douglas takes the field."

The moon rides up the azure steep,
And it gleams down Tinto's side,
As the troopers sweep from the Border keep,
Like the Solway's heaving tide;
'Mid the tangled grass that skirts the Pass,
Where the rebel tartans wave,
The challenge floats from a hundred throats,
Who'd die their chief to save.
By the pale moonlight they close in fight,
And fierce is that Border fray,
On the fatal field Buccleuch doth yield,
Ere the dawn of morning gray.

"To horse, to horse," cried the rebel chief,
"To might alone we bow,
"For the Douglas bold his own can hold
"Though branded traitor now."

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H. HOFFMANN'S "CINDERELLA."—Among the numerous publications of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. are several that call for particular notice. In this special list we include *Cinderella*, a setting of the popular legend by H. Hoffmann, whose music, we need scarcely add, is rapidly attaining popularity amongst us. *Cinderella*, is a work of considerable dimensions, but it never outgrows its interest, and did space allow, we could easily give proof of this assertion. Choral societies, on the look out for a really attractive novelty, cannot do better than turn their attention to this cantata, since, by its means, they are certain to please if not all, at least a majority of tastes.—*D. T.*

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2, for two violins, viola and violoncello (Brahms)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Canzone, "Ritorneral fra poco" (Hasse)—Mdme Fassett; Sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte alone (Schubert)—Mr Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Trio, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé, MM. Straus, and Piatti; Song, "The Willow Song" (Sullivan)—Mdme Fassett; Pensées Fugitives, for pianoforte and violin (Heller and Ernst)—MM. Charles Hallé and Straus.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 14, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in A major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," by desire (Handel)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in E minor, for pianoforte alone (Weber)—Mr Charles Hallé; Nocturne and Siciliana, for violoncello (Piatti)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Medjé" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Charles Hallé, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPPS OF IPSWICH.—No. Sir Suppinabiles was a spy from the court of King Howell of Little Britain, whose rebellious vassal, "An Earl which hight Grip," having vanquished in battle, Sir Tristram was compelled to marry the King's daughter, Isonde les Blanches Mains. Hence the wrath of Sir Launcelot, who was living with Queen Guenever (King Arthur's wife) at his castle, "La Joyeuse Garde," and could not tolerate the idea of Sir Tristram's forgetfulness of his vows to "La Belle Isonde," wife to King Mark of Cornwall. About Mark, Elias the Harper sang a "villanous lay," composed for him by Sir Dinadam, the common friend of Sir Launcelot (who played him many tricks) and Sir Tristram (who played him none).

Sketch.

He vainly sought her in a crowded house,
From which he went away the latest guest,
And walked about beneath the foggy moon.
And long ago the city was asleep,
What time he trod the pavement everywhere,
And heard the echo of his pacing feet
Start from the houses on the other side,
And saw his shadow lagging now behind,
Now gliding forward as he passed a lamp.
And when he lay him down to rest awhile,
Strange heavy dreams arrived, like gloomy birds
That perch upon a corpse and pick its eyes:
Till hard pain woke him in the morning hours,
A pain slow-burning, fearful to the head,
So fearful that he could not say a word
But rose and chose a road that led far off.
And after many miles of deep despair
He found himself, towards the end of day,
In the beloved and blessèd glimmering
And soft fresh coolness of a great green wood.
And there, bareheaded, thinking of her face,
He wandered. And the birds were never loud.
And all betokened the kind hand of God.

Pelkan.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

MDME ALBANI IN BERLIN.

ORIGINALLY for four nights only, Mdme Albani's engagement at the Royal Operahouse was extended to eight. Seldom has a "star" taken such a firm hold on the public. She has achieved a triumph in every one of her characters, more especially in the last one, Elsa. The *Berliner Zeitung* says:—

"It may certainly be denominated an important event in the domain of dramatic vocal art, that an artist like Mdme Albani, who, as being a born American, was brought up to use the English language, first embodies before the Berlin public, with a perfection all her own, various creations—musically never to be forgotten—by means of the Italian idiom, and, finally, in German opera and in the German tongue, conjures up the character, most rich in poetry but likewise most difficult, of Elsa in *Lohengrin* with such consummate mastery that the audience, though spoilt, are roused by her to enthusiasm. Mdme Albani, as was once more proved the day before yesterday, is an artist 'by the grace of God.' Her performance was another high victory of art; the great art of classic and good singing, ennobling and embellishing Nature when rendered by it, for the daughters of Nature are the Muses and the Graces, and Mdme Albani combines them all in her art. The Elsa whom she created for us on Tuesday was an impersonation which, though full of character and noble womanhood, was yet thoroughly *poetical*. There was no ranting, no striving after effect, either in her essentially plastic and æsthetic acting, in her gestures, or in her singing. How easy it was to perceive, nay, to feel convinced by her performance that the 'beautiful singing' (*bel canto*) of the Italian classical vocal method suits even 'Wagner-Music' when that method is so brilliantly exemplified in all its rules and laws as in the case of Mdme Albani, by whom, besides other things, the pronunciation had to be treated as an important study. It was further seen that Wagner-Music, though certainly only in its first epoch, where we have still to do generally with music without chaos, can very well bear the *Portamento di voce*, the *Legato*, nobleness of tone, *piano*, and, in short, all the attributes of the classical vocal school. Mdme Albani's voice is free from the throat notes, the nasal and palate sounds, with which the majority of our German singers are so often chargeable. How beautifully effective, too, was the admirable evenness of her vocal register, and her management of the breath, as well as the free and correct manner in which she takes the note.

"Were we to endeavour to specify the separate brilliant points in Mdme Albani's Elsa, we should find the task somewhat difficult, for she was equally successful in elegiac, gentle and affectionate, as well as in highly dramatic and passionate moments. This celebrated artist, who perhaps, by word and deed, deserves more than any other the title of a Royal Chamber-Singer, fascinated the public in such a degree that she was re-called three times after the first act . . . ."*

The *Berliner Tageblatt* admires the gifted vocalist no less than does its contemporary. Here is what it says:—

"Signora Albani, as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, achieved a success as brilliant as well merited. Although the part is one of those which most strongly command the sympathies of the public, and therefore, a highly favourable one for the singer, still in Signora Albani's case it was apprehended that, having previously played Italian parts in which her vocal art was exhibited to the greatest advantage, she might not always feel at home as Elsa, for in this part there is not a moment in which pure vocal art can assert itself; on the contrary, the great requisites, in addition to unfailing correctness and absence of fatigue in the voice, are a homogeneous style of execution and characteristic impersonation. Combined with this apprehension was another fact of very great weight, namely, that Signora Albani sang the part in German, and even the most superficially educated musical layman can appreciate the unusual difficulties which beset a fair artist who has sung only in Italian when she undertakes in German a character which we cannot conceive as properly rendered without distinct enunciation and appropriate elocution. Signora Albani not only proved all fears

* The conclusion of this extract has not come to hand.—ED. *M. W.*

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to be groundless, but completely satisfied in every respect the high demands made upon her. Not even the sharpest observer could discover a tone in her singing or a movement in her acting which bore an Italian impress and belied the German character of the music. Her very first entrance, her appearance before the King, her dumb gestures, and her sorrowful exclamation: '*Mein armer Bruder!*' afforded proof of perfect intelligence; the narrative of the dream, the prayer, the dialogue with Lohengrin, and the cry of joy after his victory, left no longer room for doubt as to the genuine artistic nature of the performance; a storm of applause burst forth from all sides of the densely crowded house. The second act was given with the requisite elevation of feeling. For ourselves personally, the duet with Ortrud before the church was especially interesting. The varying feelings of indignation at the sneering reproaches; of pain at discovering she had been deceived, and at ingratitude; and of secret fear at the possibility of truth in the hints of Lohengrin's false magic power, were admirably given. The whole performance was the more admirable because Signora Albani, as we know for a fact, is by no means a mistress of the German language, and Elsa, which in London she always sang in Italian, was not studied by her in German till she came here. To this expression of our great admiration we beg to add that Signora Albani should now learn German thoroughly. An artist who can pronounce it so plainly, and sing German parts so beautifully, is, as it were, morally bound to appear in the master-works of German song, and cause her light to shine brightly in them as it shone the day before yesterday."

PROFESSOR MACFARREN AND MR CORDER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical Times.")

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me space for a few words concerning Professor Macfarren's recent address to the students of the Royal Academy?

Being myself a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and possessing a copy of his address exactly as it was delivered to the students, I should like to correct one or two misunderstandings of which Mr F. Corder has availed himself somewhat freely. Professor Macfarren distinctly said that he desired no wilful disregard of present art, but merely that students should be *cautious* in accepting innovations upon established principles. Surely this is only the mild and natural advice which every wise and discreet artist of every age would give. He also stated that in order to arrive at a just appreciation of present art, and to understand *thoroughly* the productions of modern times, we need a sound knowledge of bygone masterpieces. Truly if any man has the ambition to compose an oratorio, we expect that he possesses also the ability to carry out his intentions; and if Mr Corder wishes specially to impress on our minds the fact that we cannot compose a modern oratorio merely on the strength of our acquaintance with such works as *The Messiah*, *Creation*, *Elijah*, &c., I may remind him, or perhaps inform him, that still more impossible would all our attempts be if we relied solely on our knowledge of present works.

If Mr Corder so soon grows weary of such a master as Mendelssohn, he may indeed soon get to the end of art, even before he has reached the beginning.

FREDERICK K. HATTERSLEY.

48, *Fitzroy Road, N. W., December* 3, 1881.

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs Chappell and Co. have contributed to the social resources of the approaching season by issuing the Christmas number of their *Musical Magazine*, which, as heretofore, contains a choice selection of compositions for the ball-room. It is needless to praise work of this class when done by such favourites as Messrs D'Albert, Waldteufel, Kinkel, &c. Enough that the *Olivette Quadrilles* and *Olivette Lancers*, besides being fresh, are admirable examples of adaptation, while the original pieces have all needful attraction in the shape of good tune and well-marked rhythm. It may be useful to add that the music exacts little from the pianist. *Nellie's Song Book*, by T. Crampton, contains twenty-five ditties of a kind well suited to young people, both as regards words and music. Mr Crampton is so well known as a caterer for little folk that his name will be accepted in this case as a guarantee of merit. We may state, however, that there is nothing in the collection which displays other than perfect, though, of course, simple good taste. *Nellie's Song Book* is a valuable addition to the nursery *répertoire*, and handsomely got up withal. Messrs Chappell and Co.'s dance music contains some special features this season, not the least noticeable being quadrilles, "Lancers," and a Polka, based upon themes from *Patience*, and named after that popular operetta. In all these Mr Charles d'Albert displays his usual judgment and skill, while each is recommended by a humorous title-page printed in colours and made quite "too-too" by lilies, sunflowers, peacocks' feathers, and other paraphernalia of æstheticism. The *Cigarette Polka*, by John Coote, jun., if not particularly original, dances well; while the *Venetia Waltz*, by Caroline Lowthian (dedicated by permission to Lord Beaconsfield), has points of obvious merit, though it cannot be said to reveal any new method of dealing with the now almost exhausted waltz form. Among pianoforte music issued by this firm for the drawing-room are a characteristic piece, *Old English Revels*, by Oliver Cramer, and a sketch, *A Doll's Frolic*, by Percy Reeve. The first is lively, pleasant and easy; the second, which might have been called by a thousand other names with equal propriety, will serve a useful purpose as an exercise in the smooth execution of prolonged and flowing diatonic phrases. A song "My Prince," by the composer of this sketch, has an expressive melody, but is disfigured here and there by chromatic harmonies of little significance, and, as treated, of less beauty. The subject of "The Haven of Rest" should have inspired Mr C. H. Marriott with ideas farther removed from commonplace than those the song contains. "True to the Core," by S. Elliott, is a stirring outburst of patriotic feeling, which comes like an echo of the warlike past; and "To Arms," by C. E. Tinney, constitutes a fitting pendant, with its tale of sacrifice in the cause of duty. These songs have little value as music, but their theme affords recommendation sufficient. The publication, with dialogue, stage directions, &c., of Mr. G. Grossmith's operetta, *Uncle Samuel*, will not be overlooked by those who are arranging for private theatricals at Christmas. As the work was produced at the Opéra Comique in May last, there is no need to enlarge here upon its vivacity and its amusing qualities generally. The music, never difficult, is always light and pretty; only four characters are introduced, the one scene is "a drawing-room," and the piece plays no more than half an hour. These should be recommendations sufficient for the introduction of *Uncle Samuel* to many a home circle.—*D. T.*

ALBANI AT BERLIN.

Mdme Albani completed her engagement in the opera here on Friday evening, Jan. 6, by appearing for the third time as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, her newly-conferred title of "Königliche Kammersängerin," or Royal Court Singer, being added to her name on the bills. The Emperor and his Court were again present, and a full and brilliant house again enthusiastically cheered the "Canadian Nightingale." On Sunday Mdme Albani sang at a morning concert for the benefit of the victims of the Vienna disaster, and then left for London, previous to repairing to Monaco to fulfil an engagement similar to her Berlin one.—"*Times*" *Correspondence.*

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF has made a great sensation in Copenhagen. She gave five concerts, and played twice at Court. The Queen presented her with a medallion set with pearls and containing her Majesty's portrait, and the King conferred on her the medal for Art and Science. [The Frou Frou of the piano enchants all nations alike.—DR BLIDGE.]

A MUSICAL society has been instituted at Avignon, under the title of "La Chambre Musicale," with the object of performing works by the "classical" masters. Such institutions, happily, seem to be growing up in a large number of the principal towns and cities of Europe. The more the better just now, for evident reasons; a great deal, nevertheless, depends upon how, and to whose compositions the conventional, if not altogether explicit, term, "classical," is applied.

MR EDWARD SCHUBERTH, the indefatigable director of the Schubert Society, has been playing with success, both in Paris and Lyons, his own fantasia, for the violoncello, on airs from Gounod's *Faust;* a transcription of Schubert's "Ave Maria"; and a concerto by Goltermann. The press write in most favourable terms of his performances.

MR CHARLES OBERTHÜR has gone to Paris, where he will give an evening concert on Jan. 27th at Erard's rooms, and play his Second Trio, as well as his Concertino for the harp, neither of which has been heard in Paris. He will be assisted by Mdlle Doré Desvignes (who will sing his romance, "Je voudrais être"), MM. Valdec and Hollmann, as well as by M. Hasselmans, who will play, with the composer, Mr Oberthür's duet, for two harps, on *Les Huguenots.*

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CONCERTS.

MR NICHOLAS MORI introduced on Jan. 8th, before an audience of connoisseurs, his new compositions, the 137th Psalm, containing a chorus, "By the rivers of Babylon"; an *aria*, admirably sung by Miss Bertha Foresta; and a trio for female voices, sung by Misses Foresta, Cosford, and O'Brien. Besides which, Miss Foresta rendered with great animation Mr Mori's "Shipwright's Love" (words by Wellington Guernsey); Miss Cosford "Midnight Chimes," (words by Maria X. Hayes), and "The Two Hearts," both by Professor Bergson. Miss O'Brien (pupil of the late M. Roger), a lady endowed with a fine contralto voice, gave Schubert's "Das Mädchen und der Tod," and "The Better World," by Bergson (words by Mrs M. A. Baines). Mdme Napoleone Viarino played, with Mr Ryal, a Sonata for pianoforte and violin, by Fesca, Mr Mori terminating the *soirée* with a graceful *Morceau de Salon*, for the violin, of his composition.

MR AGUILAR has commenced his annual series of recitals of pianoforte music, at his residence, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, and as usual has been favoured with large audiences. His programmes are judiciously selected from the works of "classical masters," and interspersed with new and old compositions from his own pen.

MR JOHN CROSS gave a concert in the Holborn New Town Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 9, in aid of the funds of the St Alban's (Holborn) Parochial Schools. The singers were Mdme Touzeau, Misses Belval, and Clara Myers, Messrs John Cross, Henry Knott, Florian Horner, Auguste Carree, and a small choir; the instrumentalists, Mr Collingwood Banks (organ), Mr Luigi Carozzi (flute), and Mr F. Sewell Southgate, R.A.M. (pianoforte). The programme consisted principally of songs by modern composers, among the most successful being Wilford Morgan's "My sweetheart when a boy" (Mr John Cross), Pontet's "Big Ben" (Mr Auguste Carree), "Meet me by moonlight alone" (Mdme Touzeau). Lucantoni's duet, "Una notte a Venezia" (Mdme Touzeau and Mr John Cross), Leslie's trio, "O Memory" (Mdme Touzeau, Miss Belval, and Mr John Cross), and Mendelssohn's part-song, "Farewell to the forest," Rossini's "Carnaval," and Pinsuti's "Good night, beloved" (by the choir). Mr Collingwood Banks played on the organ Suppé's overture, *Poet and Peasant*, and Mr Sewell Southgate accompanied the songs like a thorough musician.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—A large number of persons attended the concert given in the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the sufferers by the burning of the Ring Theatre, and, as all concerned gave their services gratuitously, there can be no doubt that the purpose of the undertaking was achieved. This is the main statement we have to make in connection with the affair, since it would be ungracious indeed to treat the performance as matter for criticism. At the same time, to pass over the work of the artists without recognition of its merit and acknowledgment of its generosity would be almost equally improper. Professionals and amateurs, natives and foreigners, were alike represented in the little army of volunteers conducted by Herr Richter, who, as highest in place, made the greatest sacrifice by coming all the way from Vienna for the occasion. The principal vocalists were Mdlle Valleria, Mdme Marie Roze, Mdme Liebhart, Mdme Rose Hersee, and Mdme Patey; Mr Barton M'Guckin, Mr Burgon, Mr Egbert Roberts, and Herr Friedmann; the organist was Dr Stainer; the accompanists announced to appear were Sir J. Benedict, Mr Cowen, Mr Kuhe, and Herr Frantzen; the orchestra numbered 126 instruments, played by, musically speaking, all sorts of people; and a huge chorus, comprising the Philharmonic, Faust, Carter, Hackney, Liederkranz, Deutscher, Turnverein, and Richter Choirs, was drawn from all parts of London. These individuals and associations, no doubt, made up a miscellaneous body, the control of which even Herr Richter might have hesitated to accept; but it was pleasant to see in its variety a proof of the widespread interest excited by the object of the gathering, and of the universal disposition to help so good a cause. The concert began with "God save the Queen," as arranged by the late Vincent Novello, solos by Mdlle Valleria, Miss Wilmers, Mr M'Guckin, and Herr Friedmann; after which the orchestra had the field to itself for some time, playing in succession the sublime Funeral March from the *Eroica*, and the entire "C minor" of the illustrious musician from whom Vienna derives so much of its artistic glory. The fitness of these selections for the occasion could no more be disputed than the skill with which Herr Richter conducted the performance, or the zeal with which his efforts were supported. The second part began with the Austrian National Hymn, "God preserve and bless our Emperor," specially arranged for chorus, orchestra, and organ by Mr F. H. Cowen. Then Mdme Roze sang "Softly sighs"; Mdme Patey, the "Creation's Hymn" of Beethoven; and Mr M'Guckin, "Deeper and deeper still"; these individual efforts preceding the Prayer *ensemble* in the combat scene of *Lohengrin*. Mdlle Valleria next gave Cowen's song, "Who knows?"; Mdme Rose Hersee, the song of Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*; Mdme Liebhart, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer"; and Mr Burgon, "The Lord worketh wonders"; after which the *Tannhäuser* overture brought the proceedings to an end. The audience, we are bound to say, were somewhat cold, but that is not unusual amid the chilling influences of the vast space in which they gathered. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and a goodly number of distinguished persons graced the occasion.

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PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—Mr Edward Lloyd was unable, through hoarseness, to appear at Mr de Jong's "Popular Concert" last week. In his absence, Mr de Jong had secured the services of Mr Abercrombie, whose contributions were "Angels at the window" (Berthold Tours), "Once Again" and "Sweethearts" (Sullivan). Mr Abercrombie has a pleasing tenor voice of moderate power, and a cultivated style which we have before had occasion to commend. He was an acceptable substitute for the popular singer whose place he supplied. At the same concert Signor Foli gave the "Drinking Song," from *Der Freischütz*, and Stephen Adams' "Vikings," meeting with his usual success; and Miss Hope Glen won applause in Pinsuti's "Shadow Land," and other well-known songs. The band played the overture to *Die Felsenmühle* (Reissiger), and *Martha* (Flotow), as well as several popular waltzes and marches, in their well-known efficient manner. The concert, altogether, went off with *éclat*.

PLAISTOW (Kent).—The first concert of the present season of the Plaistow Choral Society took place at the Town Hall on December 20th, in aid of the funds of the Bromley Cottage Hospital. Although started a comparatively short time ago—says the *Bromley Record*—the Plaistow Choral Society has taken firm root, and numbering, as it now does, over a hundred members, it bids fair to become by far the best Choral Society in the neighbourhood. The programme consisted of "Hear my Prayer" (Mendelssohn), solo by Miss Jessie Jones. Later on Miss Jones introduced a new song, "The Child's Quire," the composition of the conductor, Mr F. Lewis Thomas, and gained for it a unanimous encore. We believe this was its first time of performance in public, and, judging by the loudly expressed approval of the audience, it is likely to become popular. Mr Parkins sang Gounod's "Guardian Angel" in an artistic manner, and in the second part joined Miss Jones in the duet from *The Bride*, "Why droops thy head?" Mr Lewis Thomas gave the air "Arm, arm, ye brave," and the celebrated buffo aria, "Non più andrai," in his best manner, the last-named being re-demanded. The second part of the programme consisted mainly of Mackenzie's new cantata, *The Bride*. Produced last September at the Worcester Festival, this work has received considerable attention from the musical public, and its early introduction into the Plaistow Choral Society shows praiseworthy anxiety on the part of the committee to keep pace with the current of modern musical thought. All the numbers were most admirably given by the choir; each gradation of tone being observed, and, even what is more rare in a chorus, there was a distinct and intelligible dramatic reading of the music. The conductor, in conjunction with his brother, played two duets for two pianos, by Saint-Saëns and Weber. Mr F. W. Partridge and Mr W. Henry Thomas proved themselves most able accompanists, and Mr F. Lewis Thomas conducted with zeal and discretion. It only remains to add that much of the success of the concert was due to the Hon. Sec., Mr Edward Latter, who worked most indefatigably in its behalf.

IPSWICH.—Mr Lindley Nunn acted wisely when he selected the opera of *Martha* for one of his winter concerts. Miss Gertrude Nunn, who sang the principal soprano part, is the daughter of Mr John Nunn, of Penzance, niece of Mr Lindley Nunn, and younger sister of Miss Henrietta Nunn, who took the part of the Widow in *Elijah* last year. Miss F. Robertson (contralto), and Mr Bernard Lane are both known to Ipswich audiences, while Mr Albert M'Guckin and other professionals were equal to the occasion. The chorus consisted of 23 basses, 8 tenors, 25 altos, and 53 sopranos. The band numbered 19, including several artistes from London and elsewhere, among whom was Mr John Nunn, of Penzance. The opera was sung throughout in a very satisfactory way. Miss Nunn, in the well-known air, "The last Rose of Summer," was heartily applauded. Mr Bernard Lane acquitted himself admirably in the part of Lionel, his rendering of the opening bars of the quintet, "May heaven above forgive thee," being particularly good. Mr Fletcher (Plunkett) has a fine bass voice, and was quite at home in the well-known "Beer song." The spinning-wheel quartet was given with spirit, and the quartet, "All good angels,"

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with due solemnity. Mr Nunn must be congratulated on the eminently successful way in which the performance was carried out. In conclusion, we may add, that the concert was satisfactorily heard at the residence of Mr E. Packard, jun., at Bramford (a distance of three miles), by means of the Gower-bell telephone. The choruses were heard distinctly, the solos also, the higher notes of Miss Gertrude Nunn making their way to Bramford with marvellous effect. Another part which went splendidly in the estimation of the distant hearers was the quintet and chorus, "Ah, may Heaven above forgive thee." The result of Mr Packard's highly successful and interesting experiment proves that a scarcely dreamed of future awaits the telephone.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey gave the second of his Morning Ballad Concerts on Wednesday, at St. James's Hall, and was again successful in obtaining a large audience. The first part of the programme was devoted to compositions by Mr Arthur Sullivan, rendered by vocalists who have often obtained for them the unanimous approbation of the ballad-loving public, and two new singers, *i.e.*, new to Mr John Boosey's concerts—Mrs Hutchinson (mezzo-soprano) and Mdme Isabel Fassett (contralto). Both made a favourable impression, Mrs Hutchinson in "My dearest heart" and Mdme Fassett in "Golden days" and "Will he come?" In the second part the usual enthusiasm was manifested by the audience after Stephen Adams' "Viking's song" (Signor Foli); Sullivan's "Sweethearts" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "The wedding day," by Blumenthal (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "The Barkshire Tragedy," by Behrend (Mr Santley); and "The miller and the maid," by Marzials (Miss Mary Davies). Mrs Hutchinson's sympathetic rendering of an Irish melody set to Tom Moore's beautiful words :—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last,"

must not be passed over without record. Mr Sydney Naylor, as usual, was a most efficient conductor. Mr Boosey announces a concert of Irish songs and ballads for Wednesday evening next, and for the following Wednesday evening (January 25) "The Burns' annual Birthday Concert."

Mr Walter Macfarren purposes giving, during his series of Orchestral Concerts (the first of which is announced to take place on Saturday evening, Feb. 25th), the following interesting compositions :—Beethoven's Symphony, in C minor (No. 5), and his overture to *Leonora* (No. 3); Weber's overture to *Oberon;* Spohr's symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne* (*The Power of Sound*), and his Dramatic Concerto for Violin; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (Op. 64), his overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as well as the Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March, from the same work; Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, in A minor; Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto, in C minor; Alfredo Piatti's "Fantasia Romantica," for violoncello (first time in London); G. A. Macfarren's overture to *St John the Baptist*, and his own Symphony, in B flat (MS.), his Pastoral Overture (MS.), his overtures to *Hero and Leander* (MS.) and *King Henry V.* (MS.), first time in London, as well as his Pianoforte *Concert-stück*, in E. Mr Walter Macfarren has engaged a band of seventy as well as the following artists, who will appear in the course of the series of concerts :—Herr Joachim and M. Sainton (violin), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Misses Cantelo and Margaret Gyde, and Mr Charlton T. Speer (pianoforte). The vocalists will be Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuell, and Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Santley.

Mr Edward R. Terry, on Wednesday evening last, was presented, by the choir of St Peter's, Paddington, with a handsome testimonial, on his resigning the post of organist and choirmaster at the above church, which he has held for eight and a half years The presentation took the form of a beautifully illuminated address, expressing esteem for him as a friend, and admiration of his talent as a musician. This was accompanied by an ebony and gold cabinet, containing bound volumes of all Handel's and Mendelssohn's oratorios, and works by Bach, Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, Barnby, Guilmant, H. Smart, Spohr, &c. Mr Terry returned his acknowledgments in an appropriate manner, and the vicar and churchwarden expressed their appreciation of and regret at losing his valuable services.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At the Grand Opera, everyone concerned is actively working away at M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini*, which will probably be produced somewhere about the end of February. M. Lalo's new ballet, too, will shortly see the light of the float. It is said that M. Vaucorbeil intends reviving Gluck's *Armide* for Mad. Krauss, but it is not stated when he will do so.

At the Opéra-Comique, the programme has been agreeably varied by the revival of M. Salomon's *Aumônier du Régiment* and Adolphe Adam's *Toréador*. The part of Caroline in the latter work was sustained by Mdlle Merguillier, a young lady who, unknown before the curtain went up, "sang, and found herself famous," to parody a well-used quotation. Whether she is destined to be as successful in other characters is something the Future alone can decide, but at present all Paris is talking of her. She has only lately left the Conservatory, where she studied under MM. Archaimbaut and Mocker. It may be said that she really owes her triumph to Mad. Christine Nilsson, because, but for that lady, her career might not have taken its present course. Having heard her some years since at Cannes, the celebrated Swedish *prima donna* gave her a letter of warm recommendation to M. Ambroise Thomas, who forthwith received her into the institution over which he presides, and where she remained for four years. In 1880, she carried off the first prize for singing. She possesses a very agreeable voice, a good presence, and decided histrionic talent. The other two parts in *Le Toréador* were confided to MM. Taskin and Bertin, who acquitted themselves admirably, and, like the new star, were frequently and warmly applauded.

It would be premature to predict a long run for the new three-act opera, *La Taverne des Trabans*, although the libretto is the joint production of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and Jules Barbier. It is possible that two gentlemen, like the first two mentioned, may be admirable novelists, and even write a successful piece for the Théâtre-Français, and yet need sufficient knowledge of the stage to make them good librettists. Such has been the case in the present instance. The libretto furnished by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and set to music by M. Henri Maréchal, was, on being put on the stage, found so weak, that the assistance of M. Jules Barbier was invoked. His long experience and great tact worked comparative wonders, but could not well make much out of nothing, and that is about what the libretto was in its original shape. The public can scarcely be blamed—especially in this age of sensational dramas both on and off the stage—for not taking an all-absorbing interest in the quarrel of two old friends—even though they may be Alsatians—which prevents two fond lovers, the daughter of one friend and the nephew of the other, from becoming man and wife. It is not surprising that the composer has not displayed much inspiration in his score; there was nothing to inspire him. However, he has written some very pleasing numbers, foremost among which may be mentioned the majority of those in the first act and a burlesque symphony in the third. The cast includes Mesdes Nicot-Vauchelet, Vidal, MM. Fugère, Belhomme, Grivot, and Nicot, who sing their music well and exert themselves most conscientiously to stir up the public to enthusiasm—*mais à l'impossible nul n'est tenu.*

M. Herold, Senator and Prefect of the Seine, is dead. His proudest boast was that he was the son of the gifted composer to whose pen we owe *Zampa* and the *Pré aux Clercs*. Though not one himself, he was always doing something to advance the interest of musicians, and his loss will be long and deeply felt by them. Another celebrity in the world of art who has departed this life is M. Jean Chéret, the famous scenic artist. For four days previous to his decease he suffered greatly.

Hamburgh.—A new comic opera, *Zwei Wittwen* (*Two Widows*), has been produced with more than ordinary success at the Stadt-theater. The libretto, adapted from the Bohemian original, is by Roderich Fels. The music is from the pen of F. Smetana, concerning whom the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* contains the following information :—

"This composer was born on the 2nd May, 1824, at Leutomischl, and when only six years of age appeared in public as a pianist. His master was J. Proksch. After acting for a long time as conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts in Gothenburg, he was, in 1866, appointed conductor-in-chief at the National Theatre, Prague, and retained the post till compelled to resign, in 1874, by deafness."

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MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.*

(From our own Correspondent.)

The second of a series of concerts to celebrate the opening of a new organ in the Presbyterian Church, Toorak, was held on the 16th ult., under the direction of Mr T. H. Guenett, organist. A chorus of forty voices assisted.

The Catholic Young Men's Societies of St Patrick's, St Kilda, and Emerald Hill gave a concert on the 20th ult., at the Athenæum, in aid of the funds of the Irish National Land League. M. H. Kowalski, the eminent pianist and composer, consented to assist, but, after the programme had been printed, requested his name to be withdrawn, as when he promised to play he was unaware that the Land League possessed any political significance. The promoters assured Kowalski that they never intended he should identify himself with the objects of the League, and consequently struck out the reference to the organization. Kowalski, however, at the last moment, wrote to say that owing to physical incapacity resulting from laborious rehearsal for the production of his lyrical drama, *Vercingetorix*, he would be unable to attend. This was produced at the Town Hall, in the presence of the Governor, the Marquis of Normanby, and a large audience. The drama is founded on the story of Vercingetorix, the Gallic general and patriot, related by Cæsar in the eighth book of his *Commentaries*. It was the first occasion of the work being presented in English. The libretto is from the pen of Mr J. Lake, A.B. The various parts were distributed as follows:—Vercingetorix, Signor L. Coy; Luctera, Mdme Gabriella Boema; Ambrokind, Signor Riccardi; Ambiorix, Signor Luisetti; A Country Lass, Mrs Kingsland; A Young Peasant, Mr Thrush; An Old Peasant, Mr Moyle. There was a large and efficient orchestra, with a chorus 250 in number, including the Melbourne *Liedertafel* and delegates from the Melbourne Philharmonic Society. The "drama," full of martial fire and passion (a love story being interpolated), was thoroughly well represented, and both performers and composer received the hearty plaudits of the audience.

La Fille du Tambour Major was presented on the same evening at the Bijou Theatre, the performers being all juveniles. It is played night after night. The bi-weekly organ recitals by Mr David Lee (City organist) in the Town Hall, continue to be attractive. A concert in aid of the Union Library and Building Fund of All Saints, Church of England, was given in the Town Hall, Prahrom, on the 27th ult. The singers were Misses Kate Thayer and Christian, R.A.M., Mr F. Lineker, and a quartet party consisting of Messrs Simmons, Davies, Lake, and Andrew. Mrs Lupton performed on the harp, and a string quartet was played by Messrs Curtis, Sutch, Jäger, and Gompritch. Mr. Summers acted as conductor.

At the first of a series of six farewell concerts at the Town Hall, given by August Wilhelmj, the eminent violinist, there was a mixed chorus of 150 voices, with an orchestra of fifty, conducted by Herr Max Vogrich. The orchestra performed the overture to *Egmont*, and pianoforte selections were introduced by Herr Vogrich. Wilhelmj played the concerto of Max Bruch, an air in D by Bach, and his own paraphrase on Walter's "Prize Song" from the *Meistersinger von Nurnberg*. Miss Marie Conran, an accomplished mezzo-soprano, sang the "Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*. The second part consisted of selections from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, comprising the overture, "Sailors' Chorus," "Spinning Chorus," "Legend of the Flying Dutchman," and *Finale*. By general request the same programme was repeated at the second concert. These concerts are under the direction of Mr J. C. Duff.

J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, Oct. 11, 1881.

VIENNA *(correspondence)*.—Thanks to the fact of Pauline Lucca and Bianchi appearing as Valentine and the Queen respectively, the *Huguenots* has proved more than usually attractive at the Imperial Operahouse. The Beethoven Prize of 500 florins, offered by the Society of the Friends of Music, has been awarded to R. Fuchs for a Pianoforte Concerto in C minor. The adjudicators were Hellmesberger, Richter, Fuchs, Brahms, Goldmark, Gericke, and Krenn.—A morning concert, organized by Pauline Lucca, for those who had relatives killed in the disaster at the Ringtheater, produced 2,044 florins, after payment of all expenses.

* *Delayed in transmission.*

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The third Subscription Orchestral Concert of the season was entirely devoted to compositions by Mendelssohn, presented in chronological order. These began with an "Introduction and Allegro" from Symphony No. 9 (in D), for full orchestra (MS.), written in 1822, at the age of thirteen. Next, came an *adagio* in E, for "strings," from Symphony No. 10 (C major), also MS., composed in 1823. Both selections were interesting, as showing the wonderful precocity of one who, in late years, fully confirmed the impression made in boyhood, and whose matured productions now rank so high in the estimation of the musical world. The third number was the well-known and universally popular "programme-overture," *A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* (1828), to which, it may be taken for granted, Mr Manns and his orchestra brought a reading to satisfy the most critical ear. Next followed the Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, in G minor (1828)—the "Munich Concerto," as it is generally styled—splendidly executed by Marie Krebs. The quantity of tone this young lady produces may not be specially powerful; but there is no mistaking the refined quality and artistic feeling that invariably distinguish her performances. In short, Miss Marie quite "carried away" her audience, and loud and long was the applause at the end of the concerto. Nor must I omit to record the able and careful manner in which the accompaniments were given (at times, to be sure, *just loud enough*)—but——&c.

The "Scotch Symphony," in A minor (1842), commenced Part II. At one or two points I felt, as it were, a degree of unsteadiness in the otherwise very striking interpretation of this great masterpiece; but we are so accustomed to something not far off perfection from Mr Manns that whenever things do not go absolutely according to the ideal entertained and so frequently realized by the accomplished conductor who has raised up a temple to music in the Crystal Palace, we may safely look out for a grumbler or so. I should add, at the same time, how admirably well the opening *Andante con moto* was rendered, as well as the truly Orphean *adagio*, than which nothing could have been more exquisite and satisfying. Marie Krebs chose for her solo displays two *Songs without Words* and the ever-popular *Rondo Capriccioso* in E major, again captivating all hearers. The *Scherzo* and "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1843) brought this most delightful and memorable concert to a close. During the evening Miss Hope Glenn sang "But the Lord is mindful of His own" (*St Paul*),* "The First Violet," "By the Cradle," and "In Spring"—all gems, cabinet pictures indeed, and of the most refined.

At the last Saturday Popular Concert the selection included Schubert's *Marche Militaire*, in D (arranged for orchestra by Mr Manns); Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 2 of the Salomon series); Lachner's Variations and March from *Suite* No. 1, in D; Rossini's Overture to *Robert Bruce;* and Gounod's Ballet Airs from *La Reine de Saba*. Miss Hope Glenn was once more the vocalist of the evening—and once more universally acceptable.

EXIT CLOWN.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—I have read so much recently of the decay of pantomime and the loss to the Christmas stage of what was once recognized as a genuine art, that I am tempted to claim your indulgence on behalf of the members of the time-honoured harlequinade. The question is not whether the art of pantomime has degenerated, but whether the Christmas clown is wanted at all, and will not in a short time cease to exist altogether. Costly extravaganzas, elaborate scenery, interminable processions and ballets, music-hall singers, political songs, and questionable parodies have succeeded in diminishing the harlequinade to a shadow of its former self; the more favoured artists eat up the lion's share of the long hours allotted to the performance, and "Hot Codlins" is never called for by the boys in the gallery. The children—bless them—still laugh, and I believe enjoy the harlequinade as much as ever; but it is difficult to persuade a young clown to study his art or his legitimate business when he is hurried on to the stage close upon midnight amidst a flutter of departing people.—Yours obediently.

AN OLD CLOWN.

* "But the Lord is mindful," &c, should never be publicly sung apart from the oratorio—for reasons no one knows better than Mr Manns.—Dr Blinge.

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FIRES IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—The dreadful loss of life caused by the burning of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, has naturally caused great alarm, not only to the frequenters of theatres, but to the community at large. A great deal has in consequence been written of late about the necessity of improving the present modes of exit from our theatres, so as to insure, as far as possible, safety to the public in the event of a fire or panic. Little or nothing, however, has been suggested for the reform of the present unsatisfactory condition of the mode of lighting the stage, dressing-rooms, &c., of theatres, and also to further guard against fire by steeping the scenery and other inflammable materials on the stage in a liquid now used extensively abroad, whereby the material so steeped chars without bursting into a flame when under the action of fire; also to compel theatres to provide proper exits and the same appliances for fire on the stage as in the auditorium.

When the fact is borne in mind that nearly all the fires in theatres have been caused by accidents or negligence on the stage, too much importance cannot be attached to the necessity of a thorough reform in this department. Of course, we who are "behind the scenes" soon get used to the reckless manner in which the gas and lights are used on the stage, but whenever friends come "behind" to see me during a performance, they invariably express their astonishment at the alarming manner in which the lighting is carried out. Candles are frequently used and left burning in dressing-rooms, and matches left lying about anywhere. Then, again, for reasons I never could discover, the stage doors to theatres are of the narrowest and most inconvenient kind, which necessitate "Indian-file" when entering or leaving. The approach to the stage door during a change of scene is often completely blocked up either by scenery or properties, so that in the event of fire during the performance, when the stage is crowded, there is but a slender chance of escape for those on the stage. This being the season for pantomimes and other spectacular performances, when hundreds of people are frequently on the stage grouped in the "transformation scenes" and many girls and children in flimsy petticoats are suspended in mid-air, I hope I shall not be thought an alarmist if I advocate the greatest caution being enforced; as in the case of fire, with so much material of an inflammable nature, with so many people crowded together, with such narrow exits, often blocked up, and with such confusion as would ensue, the loss of life would necessarily be very great. In all the leading cities of Europe (excepting in Great Britain) the most stringent reform is being carried out, resulting in the closing of many theatres until the alterations have been effected. In Rome alone four theatres have been closed—viz., the Apollo, Metastasio, Argentina, and Capranica, the latter theatre being ordered to be entirely rebuilt on account of its exits being deemed by the Government inspector as "irreparably deficient." In Vienna every one knows that the Emperor has been compelling all the theatres to immediately provide additional exits, &c., while in Paris, Berlin, &c., the Police Commissioners have issued the strictest regulations for all public places of amusement.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

MARIE ROZE MAPLESON.

Hawthorn Lodge, Finchley New Road, N. W.

BALFE'S *Painter of Antwerp* is announced for early production at Her Majesty's Theatre. *The Morning Post* in a notice of Mr Carl Rosa's prospectus has the following remarks:—"A special amount of pleasure is in store for the admirers of Balfe's music in the opera *The Painter of Antwerp*, to be produced for the first time in England. It was written at the best period of his career, and contains a wealth of melody of that peculiar haunting quality for which his music has ever been, and still deservedly continues to be, popular. The present generation of operagoers knows so much that is favourable of the labours of Balfe, even through the medium of isolated ballads, that it is therefore with peculiar fitness that Mr Carl Rosa seeks to make the music-loving world acquainted with an opera which is full of those characteristic attributes which won for the composer so much admiration abroad as well as at home. Balfe was the first Englishman who was commissioned by the directors of the Opéra in Paris to write a work for their theatre. He also was honoured with a like compliment from the managers of the Opéra Comique. In Germany likewise his genius was held in high estimation, as was shown by the production of *The Bondman*, as well as of versions of *The Four Sons of Aymon*, and *The Bohemian Girl* (in the German language); and in Italy he received commissions to write works for the lyric stage, one of which, *Pittore e Duca*, produced at Trieste, Mr Carl Rosa intends to bring out in its English form as *The Painter of Antwerp*."

ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

(From the "Boston Post" and "Chicago Times.")

Annie Louise Cary dutifully writes weekly letters to her step-mother and sister in the little town of Durham, Maine. One of the letters came dated at a city in Ohio. She writes that her throat, which has been troubling her of late, is now much better. She occasionally alludes to her approaching marriage with James Lorillard, in New York. The wedding will occur early next fall. The last time she will sing in public will be in June next at City Hall, Portland. The age of Annie Louise is 41 years, and that of the bridegroom elect is 35. They will reside in New York. A Durham gentleman who was one of Miss Cary's neighbours and schoolmates, said recently: "There wasn't a boy or girl in the whole school that could climb a tree or jump over a fence so well as Annie Louise. Bareheaded and bareshouldered, she once took a wild colt to break, and he ran with her to the borders of Auburn before she stopped him. She came back laughing."

[Why did Colonel James Henry Mapleson, the operatic stagyrite and latest initial noviciate in the Eleusynian mysteries of Bayreuth, allow Annie Louise to slip through his fingers?—Dr Blinge.]

WAIFS.

The statement that Mr Charles Hallé intended henceforth to discontinue his pianoforte recitals in St James's Hall is unfounded. So much the better; we cannot just now afford to be deprived of entertainments at the same time so instructive and delightful. The oftener the imperishable models bequeathed to art by the truly great masters are brought before us by so ardent and unflinching an advocate the farther off is that decay of the musical art which pessimists are constantly deploring before it can be fairly said to have begun.—*Graphic.*

The Pergola, Florence, remains closed this season.

Bees think there is no place like comb (honeycomb).

A new theatrical journal, *Ariele*, has been started in Naples.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been well received at the Fenice, Venice.

Genée's latest buffo opera, *Rosina*, has been produced at the Carl-theater, Vienna.

After three performances of *La Favorita*, the Politeama, Trieste, was suddenly closed.

Orsini's new opera, *I Burgravi*, was but coldly received at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

The Popular Concerts, under the direction of Pedrotti, have been a great success in Turin.

La Juive, with Mdlle Turolla as the heroine, has proved attractive at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Mr T. B. Whitney, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's future husband, is a rich widower, aged forty.

Mr Ambrose Austin completes to-day the twenty-fifth year of his management of St James's Hall.

The opera which Mancinelli is now writing will be produced next Carnival at the Apollo, Rome.

The young and much lauded violinist, Teresina Tua, after leaving Milan, has proceeded to Florence.

The Marchese Capranica del Grillo, husband of Mad. Ristori, is recovering from his serious illness.

H. de Ahna, hitherto simply *Concertmeister*, has been created a "Royal Prussian Court Professor."

Poliuto (Donizetti's) has been a great success in Malaga, with Tamberlik, and Bonetti, the baryton.

The Becker Quartet were recently giving concerts in Milan. They not long since gave a concert in Trieste.

It is rumoured that Italian opera, under the management of Tamberlik, is to be re-established in Paris.

Joseph Wieniawski took part in the second concert of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, Brussels.

Johannes Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem* was recently performed, under the direction of Pembaur, at Innsbruck.

For the greater security of the public, the authorities of Naples have prohibited the use of fireworks in theatres.

Rubinstein is expected in Berlin to confer with Roderich Fels, who is writing a comic operatic libretto for him.

Ere these lines appear in print, Serrano's opera, *Mitridates*, will have been produced at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

M. Maurel has been engaged by M. Campocasso for a short round of performances at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

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Tidvadar Nachèz, one of the young generation of violinists, has been playing with success in Wiesbaden and Brunswick.

A two weeks' season of German opera, with Mdme Geistinger as the "star," will probably be given in Philadelphia, U.S.

The King of Bavaria is said to have witnessed incognito M. Massenet's *Hérodiade* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

The Municipal Council of Königsberg have rejected, by 57 votes to 22, the proposal for granting a subsidy to the Stadttheater.

Paul Geisler, the composer, is engaged by Neumann as second conductor at the Wagner performances in Paris (?) and London.

Sig. D'Avanzo chose the part of Genaro in *Lucrezia Borgia* for his *début* at the Teatro Real, Madrid, but created little impression.

Gustav Walter and his daughter, Mina Walter, have been singing as Faust and Margarethe (Gounod's) at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Mr F. H. Cowen and Herr Max Bruch are candidates for the conductors of the Gentlemen's Concerts at Manchester, in place of Mr Charles Hallé, resigned.

The students at the Guildhall School of Music number 1,150. There are upwards of eighty professors, with Mr Weist Hill as principal.—*London Figaro.*

H. Franz Mannstaedt, of Berlin, being raised to the dignity of professor, will succeed, next September, as Ducal *Capellmeister* in Meiningen, Büchner, who retires.

Oliver King, who accompanied the Princess Louise as pianist to Canada, has left Ottawa for New York with the intention of producing several of his orchestral works.

The Teatro Regio, Turin, besides being lighted by electricity, is connected with the offices of the Municipality by an automatic telephonic apparatus, for use in case of fire.

According to the Vienna papers the contributions for the benefit of the surviving sufferers by the calamity at the Ringtheater amounted some time since to 1,017,000 florins.

The list of artists at the first concert given this season by the Cercle Musical, Ghent, included Jules de Swert and Mary and Ella Lemmens, daughters of Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington.

The Teatro Comunale, Trieste, has been closed by the Podestà, in order that certain precautions considered necessary for the public safety in case of an outbreak of fire, may be forthwith taken.

One of the first violins in Theodore Thomas's orchestra, New York, has been tried for having six or eight wives, all living. He cannot be classed among musicians who are wedded to art alone.

The Vogls, man and wife, have been refused permission to take part in the *Lohengrin* performances in Paris, on the ground that their absence would interfere with the arrangements at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Mr Barton M'Guckin will make his first appearance in opera in London, next Friday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Wilhelm Meister, in *Mignon*, a character he has played successfully during the provincial tour of Mr Carl Rosa's opera company.

—o—

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs Ashdown & Parry may always be depended upon for a good supply of new pianoforte music at Christmas time. Their recent issue of pieces for the ball-room includes an excellent *Cavalry Galop* by Carlo Volti, having melodies largely based upon bugle calls, and therefore appropriate and characteristic. The same composer's *Clar de Lune Waltz* and *Æsthetic Polka*, if less distinctive, are easy to play, of decided rhythm, and recommended by title-pages that, in their way, are works of art. The *Polka des Siffleurs* of Michael Watson justifies its name by introducing passages to be whistled. Whether this device enhances its merit or not depends upon taste; but the Polka is otherwise a good thing, and likely to win the suffrages of dancers. The *Herzenshebe Waltzer*, by Joseph Labinski, may be praised almost without reserve. The themes are in nearly every case graceful, and the resources of the waltz rhythm often ingeniously displayed. Of pieces for the drawing-room Messrs Ashdown & Parry offer five by Paul Beaumont. *Con Amore* is a simple theme variously treated, but not so as to present any difficulty. It will, no doubt, find many admirers. A serenade *Sous le Balcon* is also simple and easy, a pretty theme, representative of the lover's song, being accompanied by chords and arpeggios, more or less imitative of the guitar. The good taste of this little effusion cannot be questioned. Mr Beaumont's caprice, *Souvenir de Seville*, strikes a lighter chord; but this, likewise, keeps within the ordinary means of amateurs, who will find it very agreeable both to play and hear. Another composition of the same character, *Caprice Espagno*, is somewhat more difficult and not quite so grateful, while in his *morceau de salon, Sang Froid*, the author assumes a bolder and more vigorous tone with considerable success. None of these works, though all are obviously meant for popular use, show a leaning towards vulgarity, and therefore we commend them. A batch of pieces by Victor Delacour next claims attention. *Menuet Melodique*, if not particularly new in theme or treatment, is graceful and pretty, which may also be said of the *pensée musicale, Viens à moi*, despite the conventional passages in which it abounds. A caprice, *Zephyrs de Mai*—the character of which may be inferred from the title—needs true and agile fingers, and provides capital exercise in scales and arpeggios. We can recommend *Cœur Joyeux* as a drawing-room piece at once unpretentious and pleasing, and with it "Loin de toi" may safely be ranked. An easy "Tyrolienne" and a bluette "*Jeunesse d'Amour*" are other pieces by the same author deserving mention.

Messrs Ashdown and Parry's latest pianoforte pieces include several things worthy of particular note. A "Tambourine Dance," by Frank Austin, is as bright and spirited as need be, and by no means unadapted for use as an exercise; a gavotte, *Air de Ballet*, by Lizzie Hartland, may also be commended, as may, for different reasons, Vincent Adler's *Styrienne*. The last-named is decidedly fantastic, and does credit to its composer's fancy. In his *Suite de Pièces*, Mr Edwin M. Lott shows that he has made a careful study of the antique. The fugue, *à 2 voci*, is well written, and flows with ease through its brief course; but the more attractive movements are an *Allemande*, *Courante*, and *Air avec trois Doubles*. These are excellent in their way, and will accord nicely with the rage for everything old-English. *Spring Time*, a *rêverie* by Haydn Mellor, will find admirers among the lovers of prettiness *per se*, nor will the claims of *Day Dream*, an idyl, by E. Aguilar, be passed over. It is true that these pieces tell an old story in a somewhat familiar way, but of the story and the way amateurs do not easily tire. On the other hand, Mr J. Storer's *Nocturne Poètique* is scarcely worthy of its name, and Mr A. Klitz's *Woodnymph's Revel* is a showy piece of the most conventional type. The vocal music of this firm includes a setting by Mr Walter Macfarren, of Longfellow's "O Hemlock Tree," in which we note a good deal worthy of praise. Favourable mention is also deserved by Mr E. M. Lott's "Two White Roses;" Mr J. Storer's "The Flower that smiles to-day;" and Mr W. A. Cruikshank's "My true Love hath my heart" a very commendable, if not entirely adequate, setting of Sir Philip Sydney's well-known lines.

Verviers.—The Municipality of this town, where Vieuxtemps was born, have ordered of the French sculptor, Godebsky, a bronze statue of the celebrated violinist. Godebsky is the sculptor who executed for Halle, another Belgian town, a statue of his father-in-law, Servais, the violoncellist. He also executed Theophile Gautier's monument in Paris.

Brussels.—The Correctional Tribunal has just sentenced a bookseller, for selling scores of *Guillaume Tell* and *Faust* smuggled into Belgium, to pay 216 francs to the poor of the town, the cost of the action, and 1,000 francs damages. This sentence is the first of its kind here, and there will, says the *Guide Musical*, be numerous other actions for infringement on literary property.

Darmstadt.—Carl Brandt, the celebrated stage-machinist, to whom operatic representations in Germany have for some years been so deeply indebted, died here in Christmas week. He had a large share in the mechanical marvels which distinguished the *Nibelungen* performances at the Bayreuth Festival-Stage-Play-House, and the plans of the machinery and mechanical effects in Wagner's new work, *Parsifal*, are also his.

Berlin.—Another musical treat was afforded on Saturday, Jan. 7, by Hans von Bülow, who, with his Meiningen orchestra, gave a Mendelssohn concert in the Singakademie, which was attended by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess and others of the Court. The Scotch Symphony was received with much applause, and Mr G. F. Hatton, a young Englishman, elicited warm praise for his *capriccio brillante* on the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment. Herr Rubinstein, who was present, was an attentive listener. What between Mdme Albani and Mr Hatton, the musical reputation of England is beginning to find defenders here.—*Times Correspondence.*

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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

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LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
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Mr Coleman.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, January* 14, 1882.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE BURNS' BIRTHDAY CONCERT.—ST JAMES'S HALL.

THE BURNS' ANNUAL BIRTHDAY CONCERT.—ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY Next, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies and Miss Edith Santley, Mdme Patey, Mdme Mary Cummings, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Frank Boyle, and Mr F. Barrington Foote. The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will contain the following Songs, &c., by Burns: "O, wert thou in the cauld blast?" "Mary Morrison," "O, open the door." "Ye banks and braes," "Robin Adair," "Gae, bring to me a pint o' wine," "Afton Water," "A man's a man for a' that," "O' a' the airts the win' can blaw," "Scots wha hae," "Duncan Gray," "Highland Mary," "Green grow the rashes, O!" "There was a lad was born in Kyle," "Auld Lang Syne;" also the following popular Scotch Songs: "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" "An' ye shall walk in silk attire," "We're a' noddin'," "Bonnie Dundee," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Land o' the Leal," "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Grumlie," "Jock o' Hazledean." Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr Carl Rosa showed his usual shrewdness in determining to open the season at Her Majesty's Theatre with *Lohengrin*. For better or for worse, this is a Wagner year, and, since the later works of the master are to be given under other auspices, it was an excellent idea to promise the earlier ones, thus rounding off the greatest "cyclus" of performances that ever did homage to a living composer's genius. The appearance of the house when the curtain rose on Saturday night favoured a notion that our public are earnestly bent upon availing themselves of a unique opportunity. Although *Lohengrin* was presented by Mr Rosa last season, and has been familiarized by Mr Gye and Mr Mapleson, amateurs flocked to her Majesty's Theatre with the eagerness of those who seek the gratification of a burning curiosity. The galleries, and, indeed, all the cheaper parts of the house, were crowded, only the stalls showing here and there a vacant place. Moreover, the audience thus gathered was Wagnerian to such an intense degree that we shall not be far wrong in calling it for the most part Teutonic. When Mr Randegger, after acknowledging a cordial reception, raised his *bâton* amid a hush of expectation, and the curtain rose on the chorus drawn up to sing our national anthem, alien impatience of English loyalty manifested itself in sounds of annoyance and cries of "Shut up!" When, also, there were attempts at applause as the artists entered, and at other times during the progress of the music, a stern mandate from the "gods" quickly restored silence and attention. We care not who teaches English audiences to keep quiet while the composer is speaking. The lesson is a good one, and the sooner it is learned the better. An end was put some time ago to the bad habit of applauding every solo in a concerto, and drowning the *tutti* in noise. Now, let us take a hint from the new operatic *cultus*, and perceive that the custom of applauding while the curtain remains up is Philistine enough to be of Gath itself. We shall not waste time and space by a renewed discussion of *Lohengrin*. In a little while, when examples of Wagner's latest development challenge comparison with his earlier phases, there may be need once more to talk of the most beautiful of his "romantic" works. For the present let us deal only with Saturday night's performance, the main personal interest of which gathered around Herr A. Schott and his embodiment of the hero. The German tenor appeared this time under advantages which were not his on the occasion of his *début* amongst us; the pitch having been lowered to, presumably, that of the French diapason normal, and he himself having become more familiar with the English language. Undoubtedly the lowering of the pitch was a great gain, and so might have been Herr Schott's philological studies, only, as a matter of fact, it did not obviously appear what language he was using. This, we are bound to add, cannot be said of the tenor alone. Mr Ludwig, as Telramond, spoke with distinctness, and his example was followed by Mr Crotty, as the Herald; but the rest were in most cases so hazy of utterance that no person ignorant of the story could possibly have made it out from what was heard of the dialogue. Artists on the English lyric stage should be reminded, whenever necessary, that the advantages of opera in the vernacular are lost when pains are not taken with enunciation. Reverting to Herr Schott, it can hardly be said that he is an ideal Lohengrin. For that part we want an archangel Michael in silver armour, and Herr Schott is much too burly and hirsute to suggest anything archangelic. But, concerning the Hanoverian tenor's conception and working out of the character, we think—*pace* Dr von Bülow, who does not love Herr Schott—that dispute is hardly possible. The farewell to the swan, and the whole business of the championship in the first act were excellent, both in a dramatic and musical sense. In bearing, the actor was noble and dignified, and in delivering the music the singer was intelligent and expressive. We do not contend that Herr Schott is a vocalist. Indeed, it is impossible to see how a vocalist can exist on the now representative German stage—a place abandoned to mere declaimers. But, waiving this point, Herr Schott did exceedingly well in the first act, fully deserving a large share of the liberal applause that followed the fall of the curtain. Subsequently he appeared to tire, and in the important bridal-chamber duet, where the best effect should have been made, he fell away very considerably. There may have been special and temporary reasons for this. We only record the fact, adding that the curtain came down amid silence. Herr Schott's effort must, nevertheless, be spoken of as a whole, with great respect. His Lohengrin deserved the honours of a well-considered, poetical, and impressive embodiment. Like her most distinguished colleague, Miss Gaylord (Elsa) was not in full possession of her vocal powers. She sang as though fatigued—which is hardly to be wondered at, looking back upon the work she has recently done in the provinces—and there were times when the calls upon her physical resources were not met to the extent desired. But the charming character of Elsa lost little or none of its proper interest in her hands It was clear that experience of the part had widened and deepened her perception of its dramatic meaning, and if, in the crisis of the third act, some sense of power were wanting, the embodiment as a whole was more than creditable to the young American. Miss Josephine Yorke (Ortrud) made her mark, not only by judicious and, therefore, unobtrusive acting throughout the opera, but by excellent singing in the duet with Telramond, and subsequently with Elsa. The part of Ortrud is, in many respects, so ungracious that specially good qualities are needed in its representative to make it even tolerable. These to a large extent Miss Yorke exhibited. The Telramond of Mr. Ludwig was both picturesque and forcible. Parts of decided character suit this artist, as we shall see to-night (Monday), when he plays the weird skipper of the Flying Dutchman, and the connoisseur must be exigent indeed who, all things considered, demands a better Frederic than Mr Ludwig. The Herald of Mr Leslie Crotty was also good, if only because he sang the music in tune. For this he could be easily forgiven the absence of an heraldic costume. Mr Henry Pope, as the King, completed a cast of very considerable merit, and when we add that the chorus knew their work and did it carefully, and that the stage effects were good, enough has been said to prove a successful opening of the season. Some of the wind instruments in the orchestra were, it is believed, new on account of the lowered pitch, and this had an inevitable effect on the intonation. A graver fault might have been pardoned for the sake of so admirable a reading of the music under Mr Randegger, whose complete acquaintance with the opera, and whose coolness, judgment, and tact could not have been more conspicuously demonstrated.

The revival of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* on Monday night was a distinct success, and no other result, assuming an adequate performance, could have been expected. The story so neatly compounded of materials gathered from ancient legend and modern fancy, is one that takes a firm hold upon popular imagination, as much on account of its mysticism as because of the striking individuality of its principal characters; while the music, notwithstanding frequent coarseness, powerfully attracts by its union of new and vigorous or graceful ideas with the old forms which Wagner has since thought proper to discard. All must admit that the Bayreuth poet has given a crowd of masterful figures to the lyric stage, but it is open to doubt whether any of his later creations, or, perhaps we should say, adaptations, transcend in interest the Dutchman and Senta, which stand so close to our humanity. Fiction of the supernatural though he be, none of us fail to comprehend and to sympathise with Vanderdecken, since it is within us to feel, somewhere or other, the power of retribution and the need of a redeeming influence. As for Senta, the representative of woman's saving love, she is but a poetic exemplar of that which every day works for good around us. The "world's grey fathers" would have elevated her to the rank of a deity, and worshipped her as an embodiment of the power which now we symbolise by a cross. As it is, although we do not even stop to think upon the significance of her character, a true and powerful instinct draws us to her, as one who attracts by the radiance of more than earthly light. Only the Dutchman and his redemptress exist in the drama. The rest—Daland, sordid and garrulous; Erik, the every-day lover; and Marie, the house mistress—are but as lay figures, separated from these two by the immeasurable gulf that divides death and life. Let us admit, however, that the man and woman owe much to the dramatic propriety of their surroundings. We may regard the prosiness of Daland, when introducing the stranger to his daughter, as intolerable, but, on the one hand, the wanderer's ship, "built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark;" and, on the other, Daland's home, with its groups of maidens singing while they spin, are representative of the varied dramatic skill which here gives us almost a perfect picture. It may be assumed that, even were the music of the *Flying Dutchman* by an ordinary hand, the story would keep the opera alive. As it is, Wagner's first recognized work will probably last longer than some of those in which he now takes greater pride.

The *Flying Dutchman* emulates its successors in laying a heavy load upon the manager who produces it. Not alone are there scenic effects in which the sublime and the ridiculous lie so close together that even a slight slip might bring catastrophe, but the two principal parts are hard to fill. In England, however, we have been somewhat fortunate as regards artists. No one who witnessed the first representation of the work at Drury Lane, in 1870, can have forgotten the remarkable success achieved by Mdlle Ilma di Murska and Mr Santley. Senta has also had excellent representatives in Mdme Albani and Mdlle Torriani, and now it becomes our duty to record that Mr Rosa was fortunate when, on Monday night, he put forward Mdlle Valleria and Mr Ludwig. The lady was expected to make a "hit" as the devoted Norwegian maiden, although she had never sung opera in English before, nor previously essayed the character. Mdlle Valleria's career during the last few years has been marked by so much intelligence, and such artistic feeling, that

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the public now place confidence in her powers, even when, as last Monday, great issues are at stake. Her Senta justified this attitude more than ever, because, without being specially elaborated, it was thoroughly sweet and sympathetic. The character is one which must be played from the artist's soul, or it had better not be played at all. No amount of "taking thought," no studied application of histrionic resources, can avail without the incommunicable quality which transforms the person representing into the person represented. In a measure this may be said of all characters, but it especially applies to Senta, because the part is not an intellectual creation, but rather a pure embodiment of one form of the spirit of humanity; in other words, a personified feeling, impulse, instinct—call it what you will, from the vocabulary of psychology. Mdlle Valleria was successful because she met the requirements arising out of this. She was in the character, and the character was in her, with a blending that gave us, not perhaps the Senta of technical perfection, which could only be developed on the stage of pure drama, but the far better Senta of the soul. Interesting in the earlier scenes of the second act, and admirable in that of the catastrophe, Mdlle Valleria made her greatest mark where the fullest power was demanded—we refer, of course, to Senta's interview with the man she is destined to redeem. The astonishment of the maiden as the Dutchman appears before her eyes, while her mind is charged with his fate; the fascination his presence exercises over her; the pity his appeal intensifies, and, by a natural sequence, the devotion that would redeem him by any sacrifice—all this was expressed with a simple directness which the audience recognized as true, and applauded as good. Mdlle Valleria's singing of the music seemed a part of her embodiment of the character in its unaffectedness and straitforward purpose. Nothing could have been better, for example, than her delivery of the opening phrases of Senta's part in the great duet, "Dwell I in worlds with wondrous fancies teeming?" or than her utterance of the maiden's supreme resolve, "Then know my woman's feelings call me." In fine, the entire effort was a success, and the audience, by applause and repeated re-calls, celebrated the advent on the English lyric stage of an English-speaking artist capable of doing it honour. Mr Ludwig may be congratulated in large measure upon his embodiment of the Dutchman. The part is a very difficult one, and calls for many qualities not often found united in the same person. Hence, it was no more expected that Mr Ludwig would satisfy every requirement than it is that we shall find in the next representative of Don Giovanni an ideal of that accomplished libertine. Nevertheless, Mr Ludwig did well in many important respects. He conveyed to the eye a striking picture of the man pursued by a remorseless fate, and his singing of all the Dutchman's gloomy music was in admirable taste. On the other hand, we missed in him the tremendous revulsion of feeling which comes with Senta's assurance of devotion. From that moment till he overhears the words of Erik in the last act the Dutchman should appear as a transformed being, and Mr. Ludwig hardly intensified the contrast sufficiently. But, shortcomings notwithstanding, the assumption was worthy of much praise. We rejoice to add that the audience both recognized and met its call upon their favour. The small part of Marie was safe in the hands of Miss Josephine Yorke; Mr. J. W. Turner sang the Steersman's music with acceptance; Mr. Packard, as Erik, obtained considerable applause for his delivery of the pretty cavatina, "Is that fair day no more by thee remembered?" and Mr. Hervet d'Egville, though apparently a novice on the stage, did fair justice to the important musical part of Daland. Little fault could be found with the chorus, while the stage effects, particularly in the first and last acts, showed that a great difficulty had been overcome. Mr. Rosa's ships are capital specimens of marine architecture, as applied to theatrical purposes. The orchestra was good on the whole, but there were slips, for which those who made them could hardly have given sufficient reason to their excellent conductor, Mr. Randegger.

A few words will suffice to record the performance, on Tuesday night, of Wallace's *Maritana*. The English opera proper is not yet out of favour, for the house was full, and the applause enthusiastic as each well-known song or ballad struck the popular ear. For the most part the cast was familiar, Miss Georgina Burns again acting and singing, as Maritana, in sprightly and agreeable fashion; Miss Josephine Warren playing the Marchioness; Mr. Turner, Don Cæsar; Mr. Brooklyn, the Marquis; Mr. Crotty, Don José; and Mr. Snazelle, the King; while Miss La Rue, a lady not unknown on the stage of comic opera, appeared as Lazarillo. Miss La Rue was naturally nervous, but she won an encore for "Alas, those chimes," and, generally speaking, made an impression which will secure for her careful notice in the future. Among the pieces repeated were the trio, "Turn on, old Time," and "Let me like a soldier fall," vigorously sung by Mr. Turner.—*D. T.*

ARCHDEACON DUNBAR'S SERVICES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It has only just been brought to my attention (or I would have written before to your columns) that an announcement appeared in the *Musical World*, at Mdme Isabel Fassett's request, to the effect that, unknown to her, and "without the slightest authority," I had inserted her name among the list of artists to sing in the services at my church, St Barnabas, Ferndale Road, Brixton. I shall offer no opinion, but merely quote Mdme Fassett's letter.

This lady, writing to the gentleman who made all the engagements (he is at present abroad), says it will give her pleasure to assist in the oratorios, and continues (I quote from Mdme Isabel Fassett's own letter, which lies before me): "I must, however, stipulate that I shall be provided with a brougham for all performances for which I *give* my services. I shall be prepared to sing *any* of the oratorios, though, of course, I cannot promise for any without knowing the dates. In case you should use my name in any of your announcements, kindly see that it is printed *Madame Isabel Fussett.*—I am, yours sincerely (signed), ISABEL FASSETT."

After a very wide and costly advertisement had been given to the name at my expense, Mdme Isabel Fassett wrote, requesting that her name might be taken out of the list, which was done, and appears to have obtained an almost equally wide advertisement without expense, by writing to, it appears, a whole round of papers, to say she was not going to sing, and that I inserted her name unknown to her, and "*wholly without the slightest authority.*" Mdme Isabel Fassett wrote to *Society*, a paper that had not, I believe, ever announced that she was going to sing at St Barnabas, requesting the paper to state that she was not going to do so.

Madame Isabel Fassett is a great artist, but certainly not greater nor so popular and well known as others who have sung, and promised to sing, at my services. Miss Hope Glenn, for instance, has sung in my services before. Miss Jessie Royd is engaged as permanent soprano soloist at my church. Beyond question neither of these artists are second to Madame Isabel Fassett. They are both more widely known and popular, and certainly not less favourites at the Albert Hall, and other places where they sing. I never heard such applause as that which saluted Miss Hope Glenn one night when I heard her as contralto soloist in the *Stabat Mater*, at the Albert Hall. Miss Jessie Royd's clear, bright, and youthful voice seems to outshine all sopranos in popularity.

I find that certain persons—even *musical* persons—seem to think my services theatrical. They cannot have attended them, or they would never think so. True, I have the harp morning and evening (Mr John Cheshire is the harpist); but is not the harp the most religious of all instruments? and is it not a great oversight that in church music it is so seldom heard? In the Jewish Church, and in all representations of Heavenly worship, the harp stands out pre-eminent. I have entered into a permanent engagement with Mr John Cheshire to play at every service; for I feel it is the presence of the harp, as well as style of music, which especially distinguishes that of the sanctum, and that of the theatre or concert room. Gounod's use of the *harp* adds religious deep devotional feeling to his music. Mr Cheshire holds the same opinion, and expresses it in the most devotional tones on his instrument.

Some persons think an orchestra "theatrical." But what is an organ? An imitation orchestra; a bad imitation if without harp and violins—for those it cannot produce. It has its trumpet, clarionet, flute, trombone, &c., &c., but surely the genuine article must be superior to the imitation. An organ is an apology for an orchestra, just as an harmonium is an apology for an organ.

If any of your readers who consider my services must be "theatrical" will attend St Barnabas on Sunday next, though the music is unusually bright (Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" in the morning, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* in the evening), I think they will quite alter their opinions, and will allow that the services are dignified, solemn, and devotional.

Apologizing for the length of my letter, believe me to be, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES E. C. DUNBAR,
Archdeacon.
Incumbent of St Barnabas Church, Ferndale Road, Brixton.

ST PETERSBURGH.—A programme forwarded from this capital to Jules Prével, of the Paris *Figaro*, runs thus: "Brilliant success yesterday of *Le Roi de Lahore* at the Italian Operahouse. Irreproachably put on the stage; public in raptures; several calls for the director, Vizentini," &c.

BRUSSELS.—Pierre Benoit, previously corresponding member, has been elected regular member of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts, in place of the late Henri Vieuxtemps.

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A FRANTIC GAUL.

(From "L'Express de Paris.")

I do not treat here of the musician whose works I had occasion to discuss in Belgium and Germany. Beyond our frontiers, I could be impartial; in Paris, I cannot. Is it possible that we have become a people so utterly degenerate, and so thoroughly despised by our enemies, that a German should have the audacity to announce the performance here in GERMAN of M. Richard Wagner's works? What! Ten years ago, a third of France felt the heel of the Prussian on it; the territory was not then set free; it was afterwards—but with what sacrifices, and we already think of forgetting and forgiving! In the presence of this weakness, of this enervation of heart, I fancy it would be well to remind people what M. Wagner is and what he has done. From a curious work by M. Tissot, *Les Prussiens en Allemagne*, I extract what refers to the musician of Bayreuth:

"The defeat of the French armies, together with the bombardment and fall of Paris, naturally threw Wagner into a state of savage jubilation. He saw in the disaster the just chastisement of the Parisians for failing to appreciate his music, and, in his gratitude to him who accomplished the decrees of God, he composed the 'Hymn to the Emperor,' and resolved to celebrate trebly, in prose, in verse, and in music, the capitulation of the modern Babylon. 'About the end of the year 1870, during the bombardment of Paris,' he says in the preface to the ninth volume of his *Complete Works*, 'I thought our dramatists would be inspired to write popular pieces on the embarrassment of our enemies.' But the inspiration was wanting, and M. Wagner, seeing nothing done, had to set about the job himself. He informs us that he wrote in a few days the 'old style' comedy, *A Capitulation*, to be found at the commencement of the ninth volume. In the pages of this comedy, he shows himself in a completely new light. Wagner, the comic poet, Wagner, the solemn and wearisome, Wagner, the Luther of music, imitating the light and incisive Aristophanes! A goose running after and endeavouring to fly like a wasp!"

All M. Wagner saw in the heart-rending fall of Paris was the subject of a comedy!

"And what a comedy!—a stupid, brutal farce, without taste, without wit, without spangles, without sparkle. It does not contain even one of the coarse vulgar crackers that young urchins let off on market days between the country people's legs; it is a series of cock-and-bull absurdities, a long medley of French and German words; something so stupid that, instead of feeling angry, we laugh and involuntarily ask ourselves whether Gagne is not greater than the great Wagner himself, as far as extravagance goes. 'Trochu' rhymes with 'parapluie;' 'Turcos' with 'sauce;' and 'MacMahon' with 'Sedan;' such are the poetic licenses in which M. Wagner indulges. He moreover turns Blondin into Blondel, to make it rhyme with 'Gondel' ('Gondola'). This piece of serious extravagance runs to fifty pages, including the versified prologue (to the German Army before Paris) and the preface, which is a regular exposition of Teutomanic belief."

Some years ago M. Pasdeloup conceived the notion of performing fragments of Wagner, but it was not carried out quite smoothly: people were willing enough to listen to the composer, but at each performance they vigorously hissed the *Gallophobist*. M. Pasdeloup has persevered; thinking, no doubt, he was doing right, and from an absolute want of moral feeling, he has succeeded in causing Wagner's name to be accepted in the programmes of the Popular Concerts. His example has been followed by others, and is now an admitted thing. In pursuing the course adopted by them, our worthy conductors have, unconsciously of course, been guilty of a nasty piece of business. They have placed the artist above the patriot, and thereby justified the reproach brought by the enemies of music against its fervent admirers "of softening men's morals." Ah! how much better national education is understood on the other side the Rhine! Since Jena, all the children have been brought up with a hatred and horror of everything French; no opportunity has been neglected of rendering odious those whom they style the "Erbeund,"* and consequently the Germans had their turn in 1870. Can we possibly have renounced the idea of having ours? Politicians may say we have and statesmen may allow the statement to be believed. That is their business! But, as regards all of us who have to answer only to ourselves for our sentiments and words, we must preserve in our hearts a ferocious and implacable hatred of everyone and everything German. The Germans do not merely disarm, they tyrannise over Alsace and Lorraine; they forbid the use of French there, and close the frontier against our newspapers and books! Let us, then, know how to hate as they do, and let us not allow, in this Paris which they insult every day, which they starved and bombarded, a number of Teutons to acclaim to our face one of themselves.—In the presence of such a scandalous proceeding, of so violent an outrage to the conscience of Frenchmen, everyone must follow, with a difference, the decree dated by our great poet from Jersey.

JULES LERMINA.

* Thus in the French. Query: "*Erbfeind*," Hereditary Enemy.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey provided on Wednesday evening a treat both "rich and rare" to the lovers of Irish songs and ballads, whose name, we need hardly remark, is "legion!" The whole of the programme was devoted to the glory of the Emerald Isle, and gloriously it came out of the ordeal. With such singers as Misses Mary Davies and Ambler, Mesdames Antoinette Sterling and Isabel Fasset, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maybrick and Santley, how could it be otherwise? Our readers versed in the beauty of old Ireland's melodies (and Moore's poetry) will say "of course, of course," Mdme Sterling was called upon to repeat, "Shule Aroon" (Is go de tu mo murnin slàn)—the ballad referring to an event in the early part of the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France—as well as "The meeting of the waters;" that Mrs Hutchinson ought to have repeated "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," so decided was the applause at its conclusion; that Mr Santley repeated "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," as well as the old song, "Father O'Flynn," (indeed so delighted were the audience with the genuine humour Mr Santley exhibited in the last named that roars of laughter burst forth from the audience after each verse;) that a hearty encore was awarded Mr Maybrick for "The low-backed Car," and to the South London Choral Association for their spirited rendering of "St Patrick's Day." We might fairly name with praise every number in the programme and expatiate on the enthusiasm with which each was received, but we wont, recommending instead our readers to go and judge for themselves when Mr John Boosey gives them an opportunity of passing so pleasant an evening with "Erin." Mr Sidney Naylor had a hard night's work, having to accompany nearly every song twice over; he acquitted himself admirably.

COLOUR-HEARING.—This expression has been applied to a phenomenon of which some few people are conscious, viz.: an appearance of certain colours accompanying the perception of notes or noises. In 1873, Nussbaumer described (in a Vienna medical paper) this double perception as he and his brother had it, and Herren Bleuler and Lehmann, in Zurich, have recently made a more systematic study of the subject. The colours associated with particular notes differ in different individuals. As a rule, the higher notes are accompanied by lighter colours; the lower, by darker. Chords either cause the colours which correspond to their notes to appear side by side, or give a mixture of those colours. A thorough musician who was examined perceived a distinct colour with each key—*e.g.*, C major, grey; G flat major, reddish brown; A major, blue; A minor, lead colour; F sharp major, yellow; and so on. The same note in different keys changes in colour according to the colour of the key in which it is found. To many persons, too, the same piece played by different instruments appears in different colours. Noises, again, are generally accompanied with colours, these being generally of a grey or brown hue. Increased intensity of sound affects the colour perceived, and more so in the case of noise than in that of musical notes. In the latter, the intensity of colour is increased; in the former, a transparent effect observed gives way, in some measure, to opacity. The authors pursue their studies into the colours some minds perceive on hearing consonants, vowels, dipthongs, words, &c., some of which cases seem to be explicable by direct "association." By four persons sound was perceived as a result of sensations of light and colour—*e.g.*, a broad, quietly-burning gas flame led to perception of a sound constructed of *w* and a light vowel like *e*. When the flame flickered, the sound grew similar to *l*. In colour-hearing no essential difference between the two sexes has been demonstrated. Of 76 "colour-hearers," 59 per cent. were males and 41 per cent. females. The percentage of "colour-hearers" in 596 individuals examined was only 12·5. The phenomenon is, to a great degree, hereditary.—*Times*.

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A JUVENILE AUDIENCE.

(By a Spectator.)

A scene was enacted at Covent Garden Theatre, on Thursday afternoon, January 12, which bears evidence of a generous disposition and a kindly heart. It was an original scene; it had never been done before; it was not adapted from the French, or, indeed, from any language but that of our common nature, and, as it turned out, the one prompt action of a benevolent man gave endless delight to no less than four thousand children. I happened to be passing the great portico of Covent Garden Theatre at the very busiest time of the day, when my attention was not attracted, but riveted, by what, I suppose, was the most curious scene that even London has ever witnessed.

Morning performances at pantomime time are apt to create some little confusion in the neighbourhood of Bow Street; but here was something altogether abnormal, and a merry medley which at once amused and occupied the attention of the active police force. Bow Street was invaded by processions of schools, and thick with miscellaneous vans, greengrocers' carts, and omnibuses. Charity children, in their white caps and prim quaker dresses; boys from the Foundling Hospital, preceded by a brass band; soldier boys, sailor boys, youngsters from the Newport Market Refuge; cripples hobbling gleefully with their crutches from the Euston Road; deaf and dumb children gesticulating and nudging one another with painful vehemence; all sorts and conditions of children, from all sorts and conditions of poor and neglected parishes; children professing every creed in the long category of religions—Protestant children, Nonconformist children, children from the Jewish schools, children from Catholic Brompton, all poured into Bow Street when the clock struck half-past one. When I saw the greengrocers' vans coming along in a merry file with the gladsome urchins cheering on the roof, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting as only London children can shout, I began to think that the kindly genial weather had been playing one of its accustomed pranks, and that the springtime had come with its envied holiday at Epping Forest or Hampton Court. What could it all mean? Surely the liberal tendency of the age had not induced the authorities of the School Board to include a visit to a Christmas pantomime as one of the elements of a thorough English education, and it was not within the bounds of reason that each individual child had been permitted to expend its pocket-money on a theatrical entertainment. I was quickly enlightened when I studied the programme setting forth the object of this singular festival.

It had occurred to Mr W. H. Ingram, the spirited and kind-hearted proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, that it would be the happiest of happy thoughts if he could cram Covent Garden from roof to ceiling with the poor, orphan, neglected, and afflicted children of London who had never seen the inside of a theatre in the whole course of their lives. Sitting one evening at the play during the holiday season, Mr Ingram had noticed how few children after all were there compared to the grown-up folks, and he thought what pleasure he might happily give if he could hire the theatre for an afternoon, employ the artists for one grand and special occasion, and issue invitations to those sad little ones who are passed by and neglected when Christmas time comes round. The idea had no sooner flashed across Mr Ingram's mind than it was instantly put into execution. Volunteers came forward to assist him, the organization of this great children's treat became the fruitful result of many brains, and when the most deserving and miscellaneous schools had been selected, the founder of the feast made only one stipulation, and that was that the children were to be specially chosen, not for their intrinsic worth or excellence alone, but chiefly because they had never seen a theatre or pantomime.

All who have ever visited a theatre at Christmas know the effect of the shrill delighted treble of but one excited child. Magnify that one silvery laugh by three thousand and more, and even then you will not understand the strange sensation caused by this vast congregation of children. It was a scene I shall never forget, for it was a scene that no one ever beheld before. It was not so much the sense of a sea of little faces that struck me as the sense of boundless exhilaration and delight. As far as the eye could travel from the floor to the roof, piled one upon another, tier upon tier, in galleries, circles, pit, boxes, from skylight to basement, I could see nothing but children. There seemed to be a poem in every face, a story in every row of benches. The orphans forgot their sorrow, and the poor cripples their pain, when, during these long and never-to-be-forgotten hours, they were indeed in fairyland, and indulged their imaginations with scenes, pictures, colours, and beauty such as no description can give or story-books can suggest at all. As it happens, the Covent Garden pantomime is essentially one for children. It has children's scenes in abundance, it appeals to the childish fancy, children dance and gambol in the farmyard, they swarm out of the shoe of the little old woman who didn't know what to do; they bolster one another, and play pranks, and steal the school birch and belabour the schoolmistress, and intermingled with the elaborated ballets and processions, somewhat over the heads of a baby audience, are interludes of pure pantomine which I suppose never "went" before in any theatre as they did on Thursday week at Covent Garden. It may naturally be asked what was the impression given to the mind by this sudden revelation to four thousand children sitting at a play and enjoying it, shouting at every song, and recognizing every pantomime jest, not with thunders of applause, but literally with shrieks of delight. The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the effect was one of very touching and tender significance. There was a note of such supreme pathos in the satisfaction, a suggestion of such relief from pent-up misery and joylessness, that I saw the eyes of some of the women present streaming with tears. How it was that this note of satisfaction and cry of content were so essentially in the minor key, I cannot say; but it is nevertheless true that when the voices mingled the effect was absolutely sad and almost reproachful. Gradually, however, the first impression wore away, the mind became accustomed both to the scene and the sounds, and we were able to observe more closely individual faces and special idiosyncracies.

I happened to be placed near the children of the Deaf and Dumb School, who occupied two or three rows of the stalls, and I was specially interested in noticing the effect of a pantomime upon those sad little ones, who have no language. It was very curious; not hearing a word of what was said on the stage, or of the applause that was so constant and complete, they still clapped their hands at the right moment, at the end of a song, or at some gymnastic feat; but I observed that the attention of these afflicted children flagged at the spectacular portions of the play. In procession and show they were uninterested; and for ballets they had apparently no sympathy, but directly the acting was in dumb show the dumb children woke to intelligence. Those agile artists known as the Girards, whose entertainment is purely pantomimic, delighted the deaf and dumb children more than anything else, and these afflicted little ones were the best possible audience for the harlequinade, seeming to awake from a lethargic slumber. But even here there was an exception, for I retain upon my mind the picture of one little deaf and dumb girl, leaning on the stall in front of her, straining her eyes, and with her little hands occasionally beating her brow, as if to ask for the language to express all that imagination pictured.

The liberality of Mr Ingram and the active co-operation of Mr Bayley, Mr Gibbons, Mr Gwyllym Crowe, Mr William Younge, and others were not allowed, however, to pass without some special feature to mark this memorable and very successful occasion. One good turn invariably deserves another, and when it was whispered about that Mr Ingram had hit upon a Napoleonic idea in the way of amusement for poor children it naturally suggested itself to certain good friends of the little ones to supplement the play with such creature comforts as cakes and oranges, which are not unacceptable between the fairy opening and the harlequinade of a lengthy pantomime. So a generous fruiterer from Covent Garden, a cake-maker of renown not a hundred miles from Oxford Street, and a purveyor of crackers who flourishes in the Strand, sent in good things enough to feed the whole of the 4,000 children, and to crown with success this day of delight. Just before the transformation scene there was a dim suggestion that some new pleasure was in store, for at the head of every row of stalls was stationed an active volunteer with a very business-like look on his face. All was explained when the good fairy, Queen Flora (Miss Trevellyan), came forward and recited some neat, clever, and appropriate verses, written for the occasion by Mr Horace Lennard, and told the children what was coming, promising that, if they were very good, they were all to be invited again next year. No sooner said than done. This pretty fairy Queen—related, so I am told, to the famous family of Brough—who was herself specially remembered in the shower of Christmas gifts for her courtesy and condescension, touched the stage with her wand, and up came such a store of cakes and oranges as to send a cheer round the house that expressed exactly what was felt. In less than a second the bags of provisions were passed to the amateur almoners, and in one second more every child in the theatre seemed divided in opinion as to the relative merits of a Bath bun and a juicy orange; and, as it turned out, the children were decidedly of opinion that the best part of the fun had yet to come.

The old clown who aired a legitimate grievance the other day was perfectly right; for, if I may take the experience of yesterday as proof positive, there is nothing the little ones enjoy so much after all as the harlequinade. There had been sleepy eyes during the dancing, and a hiatus in the applause until the Girards came on; but when the clown belaboured the pantaloon with a cricket-bat, and the policeman was thrust into the big drum, keen attention re-

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vived again, and it was with reluctance that Mr Ingram's little guests received their marching orders when the curtain finally fell, and all was really over. The organization for exit was as complete and admirable as for entrance: boys and girls seemed to scramble instinctively to their vans and omnibuses; processions were marshalled and marched forth into the darkness, to the astonishment of the Bow Street cabmen; and, if good Mr Ingram could only have heard the cheers of the children as they drove home, still munching the the treasured remnant of cake and orange, he would be convinced that his happy thought has for one short moment brightened the dark and desolate hours of four thousand little lives.—*D. T.*

CONCERTS.

Albert Hall Choral Society.—*The Martyr of Antioch* was given by this society on Wednesday evening last, and the attendance, notwithstanding the wintry state of the weather, was by no means inconsiderable. The popularity of Mr Sullivan's "sacred musical drama" is not likely to diminish while opportunities are given, from time to time, for making acquaintance with it; and it is already in the enjoyment of that sort of "request" among choral associations which betokens the probability of unbroken permanency. That its musical pretensions are of unequal value has been pretty well settled by public opinion, which has accorded unequivocal panegyric to the lyrical portions, while lamenting, though condoning, the comparative feebleness of the dramatic. But, taken as a whole, *The Martyr of Antioch* is a work replete with high and absorbing interest, and will always command the respect of the connoisseur, no less than the admiration of the listener, who derives his pleasure from sensation rather than from knowledge. The cast of solo singers upon the present occasion was sufficiently strong, in all the leading essentials, to render satisfactory justice to the work. Miss Anna Williams was the substitute for Mdme Albani, with whose name the music belonging to Margarita (the Martyr) has hitherto been chiefly associated, and no possible exception could be taken to the intelligently conceived manner in which she delineated the character, so far as she could convey, in the prosaic limitations of the concert-room, the varying emotions incident to a state of spiritual fervour, so supremely ecstatic as to crush all the natural instincts and yearnings of humanity. It need not be said that the weight of the solo-singing fell to her lot and most adequately and charmingly she discharged her responsibilities. Mdme Trebelli, in the small contralto part (Julia), it may easily be assumed, left nothing to be desired, and her delivery of the incidental verse in the Chorus of Sun-worshippers ("The love-sick damsel laid"), and the lovely air, "Io Pœan," in the fourth scene, was in each case an instance of vocalism, to the technical perfection of which no one could be insensible. Mr Frank Boyle, as Olybius, must be credited with all the praise due to a tasteful rendering of the melodic gem, "Come, Margarita, come," and he was fairly entitled to the encore that was awarded him; but, in other respects, the faint and somewhat unpleasing quality of his voice, deprived the Prefect of much of his dramatic significance. The other vocalists were Mr F. King and Mr Brereton, and the subordinate parts fared well in their hands. The choruses were given by Mr Barnby's Choral Society with exemplary precision throughout, especially those emanating from the Pagan element, which prevails so largely in the libretto, and in the conception and construction of which Mr Sullivan has shown an amount of picturesque fancy and dramatic application which few composers have surpassed. Dr Ferdinand Hiller's "Song of Victory" preceded the performance of the *Martyr of Antioch*, the treble solos of which were consigned to the able hands of Miss Anna Williams.

H.

Miss Bessie Waugh gave her first evening concert on Tuesday, January 17. The singers were Mdme Edith Wynne, Mrs Hutchinson, Miss Hope Glenn, Messrs Bernard Lane, Percy Blandford, Thurley Beale, Arthur Oswald, and Lewis Thomas. The harpist was Mr John Thomas (harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), and the pianist, Miss Bessie Waugh. Miss Bessie Waugh, known as a pianist of exceptional talent and a thorough artist, selected for her first performance two pieces by Raff, a "Lullaby," and a Caprice (Op. 95). So highly were the audience gratified that Miss Waugh was unanimously called upon to repeat the Caprice, and afterwards return and acknowledge the hearty applause awarded her. Miss Waugh also contributed an Entr'acte, and Valse de Concert, by Henry Parker, besides joining Mr John Thomas in a duet for harp and pianoforte, the joint composition of Mr Thomas and Sir Julius Benedict, on themes from Gounod's *Faust*. These pieces were rendered so satisfactorily that the audience would willingly have heard them again. Mdme Edith Wynne was in capital voice, and gave "She wandered down the mountain side" (F. Clay), and "There be none of Beauty's daughters," one of Mr John Thomas's most elegant songs, in her most engaging manner. Mrs Hutchinson is rapidly gaining public favour. Her singing of "My dearest heart" (Arthur Sullivan) and the Irish melody, "Oft in the stilly night," pleased immensely. Miss Hope Glenn was also "to the fore," singing "The Bailiff's Daughter" admirably. Mr Thurley Beale gave M. Duvivier's "Pirate" (accompanied by the composer) and Barri's new song, "A gallant heart" (encored), with decided effect. The other singers were quite up to the mark, Mr Lewis Thomas winning golden opinions for his delivery of "I'm a roamer" (Mendelssohn) and the old English song, "The Mermaid." The performance of Parish Alvars' characteristic piece for the harp, "The Mandoline," was so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they unanimously called upon Mr John Thomas to repeat it. The accompanists were Mr Lowe and Mr Sidney Naylor, the last named kindly undertaking the duties of Mr Henry Parker, "unavoidably absent." The room was well filled, and the concert gave entire satisfaction.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Sir,—We have much pleasure to inform you that, besides the series of Symphony Concerts which we have announced for May and June next, Mr Charles Hallé has also kindly consented to undertake the artistic direction and conductorship of the series of Symphony Concerts which we shall give at St. James's Hall on Saturday nights during the winter 1882-83, beginning with the month of October and ending with the month of June. On some occasions, when Mr Hallé will be compelled to be absent owing to his engagements in the country, we intend to invite other conductors of eminence to take his place as guests. Mr Hallé has shown us his book, full of musical treasures, which would be laid open to the public by such an arrangement for permanent Orchestral Concerts of a higher class in London proper, yours faithfully,

Schulz Curtius.

174, *New Bond Street, Jan.* 17.

TO EPPS OF IPSWICH.

Honoured Sir,—Vultures don't prey upon doves. Moreover, there is a *v* in vulture, and a *v* in dove, just as there is a *v* in moreover (and a *v* in love). Add to this, the critics (or compositors) of the London press were used, "promiscous," to spell the name of the distinguished conductor of the Worcester Festival—Dove, Dore, and Done; whereas he has neither a *v* nor an *r* in his name, which is simply and emphatically Done. Whereby—to his credit be it said—his method of conducting (ask Prospère Sainton, and Mr Halfpenny) is never, at any juncture, either over, or under, done (*Happy thought*—under Done).—I am, sir, yours humbly,

Thomas Noon Gadd.

Flea and Weather,
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Jan. 17.

Breslau.—A new comic opera, *The Lady of Gretna Green*, has been produced at the Stadttheater. Music by Baron Tschiderer.

Cologne.—*Der Zug des Dionysos*, an orchestral composition by Humperdink, formerly student at the Conservatory, was performed at the last concert of the Musical Society.

Berne.—Dr Mendel, organist at the Cathedral, died on the 22nd ult. He was a friend of Max Schneckenburger, author of "Die Wacht am Rhein," and was the first to set that patriotic song, so popular in 1870 with Carl Wilhelm's music.

Pesth.—Herr Carl Heymann has been giving some highly successful concerts. His playing was greatly admired. Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Spohr, Schubert, Liszt, and others, all contributed something to his programmes. He was much applauded at each concert, the only complaint being that his visit did not last longer.

Cincinnati.—A grand Operatic Festival will be held here next month. The Italian Opera Company, New York, together with members of the Conservatory and Vocal Associations, take part in it. The operas selected for performance are *Lohengrin*, *Fidelio*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *L'Africaine*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Minnie Hauk, Campanini, and Galassi, will be the leading singers, and Max Maretzek conductor.—Camille Saint-Saëns and Carl Reinecke having examined the manuscript scores sent in to compete for the Festival Association Prize of 1,000 dollars, have returned them for final judgment to Theodor Thomas, who will not know, until he has given his own decision, to which competitor his foreign colleagues have given the preferences.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Ottet, for four violins, two violas and two violoncellos (Svendsen), first time—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Wiener, A. Gibson, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "Blanche Colombe" (Gounod)—Miss Santley; Lieder ohne Worte, in E major and G major, and Con Moto, in A major, Op. 7 (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for pianoforte and violin (Bach), first time—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Herr Straus; Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Sullivan)—Miss Santley; Trio, in E minor, Op. 199, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, MM. Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 21, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in G major, Op. 33, No. 2, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Spohr)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Il Monaco" (Meyerbeer)—Mr Barrington Foote; Sonata Pastorale, in D major, Op. 28, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs; Stücke im Volkston, Op. 102, for pianoforte and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti; Song (Henry Smart)—Mr Barrington Foote; Sextet, in F sharp minor, Op. 8, for pianoforte, two violas, viola, violoncello, and double bass (Bennett)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, White, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

Lines.

Sing of you?—Is this singing time,
When never a sound among the boughs
Will help me to complete the rhyme;
When all is noisy, thick, and foul,
And—look how Heaven's muddy brows
Are being covered, with their scowl,
By winter twilight like a cowl?

Sing?—Wherefore sing?—My heart and brain
Are conscious only of a dull
Yearning to see your eyes again.
Fool's faces pass me everywhere,
Shutting out yours, the beautiful;
Until I hardly seem to care
For anything except despair.

And yet—Because I waited long,
But had at last one moment's glance
Of you ere night; I risk this song,
Weary, and dreary, and out of tune,
(O help me with your countenance)
A smile that is a sigh too soon,
A January dream of June.

Pelham.

BALFE'S *Painter of Antwerp* is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre next week.

DR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is at Cairo; Christine Nilsson is in Paris; Mr F. H. Cowen is at Vienna; and Mr Carl Rosa (without *Pauline*) is in London.

MDME ALBANI is to sing the principal soprano part in Gounod's new oratorio, *The Redemption*, written for the Birmingham Festival.

DEATH.

On January 15th, at Oakley Square, N.W., EMMA, wife of JOHN ALLISON, of Wardour Street, aged 51.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BETOKENED HUMPH.—By no means. We hunger and thirst for more, like the two daughters of the horse-leach, which cried "Give! give!"—Think of the "heavenly length" of Dussek's *Plus Ultra*, about which Schumann was ignorant, and had he not been ignorant would have been just as ignorant, whatever Ebenezer Prout, C. E. Stephens, or Richard Wagner (whose sonatas are by no means as lengthy, or as heavenly as some of Dussek's), may say.

GUY OF THE GLACIERS.—Read the *Chronicles of old Liverpool*, and you will find that Lancret the hirsute held Speke. Hence the revered puddlian adage (ask Joe Nightingale) "*Lancret held Speke and speech.*" Does our correspondent remember an Italian tenor hight Carrione? If not, let him ponder. Fancy Hector and Astyanax addressing each other in mystic telephone. Homer could never have imagined, Bacon could hardly have inducted, it. *Vive les Mages!*

GLASGOW.—Do you remember the interview with the King of Hammer-Music? Whiskey! Whiskey! Whisky! O Gemini! What joy to have been with you! Yule time and our young friend, 1882, explain all. Sympathetic greetings to A. M.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

MANAGER.—Well, my good friends and patrons!
PUBLIC *(unanimous).*—Bravo! Bravissimo!

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—A meeting was held at Clarence House on Tuesday of the Committee for promoting the establishment of the Royal College of Music. The committee consists of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Albany, Prince Christian, Lord Charles Bruce, M.P., Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.M.G., Mr George Grove, Mr Charles Hallé, Mr John Slagg, M.P., and Mr Charles Morley. Prince Christian and Mr Slagg were unavoidably absent. The committee decided to recommend to the Prince of Wales the holding of a meeting in the early part of February to consist of representative persons throughout the country, and especially of all branches of music, with a view to aid him in the foundation of the college. The committee came to the important decision that the education of the college should be entirely free.—*Times.*

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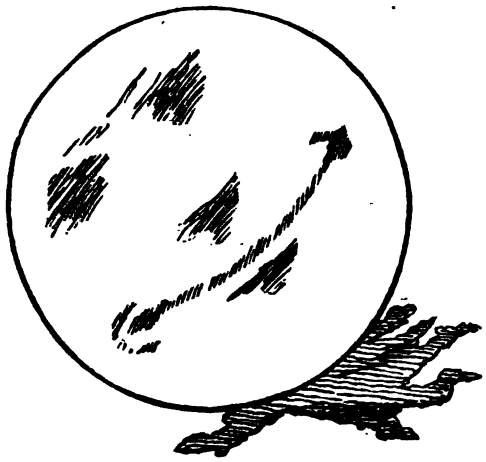

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE attention of our readers is earnestly invited to the following correspondence, addressed to a contemporary:—

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—In the summer of 1875, certain illustrious and distinguished persons, interested in carrying out a design to make South Kensington a great national art centre, brought to the front a proposal for the establishment there of a School of Music. No scheme could have been more influentially recommended at its source; but, unfortunately, when a preliminary meeting was held in Marlborough House, nearly all the dignified speakers, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Lord Mayor, had to confess that, though they were present to advocate the subject in hand, they knew little or nothing about it. At that meeting, as some may remember, musicians were conspicuously absent, and an impression seemed to prevail that it had been called to invent a new order of music, or perform some equally striking feat. However, there was little outside disposition to indulge in ridicule. The circumstances were impressive rather than mirth-provoking, and musical people of all sorts and degrees thanked God and took courage because the great and noble of the land, led by Princes of the Blood, seemed bent upon advancing the cause of their favourite art. For a time after the Marlborough House gathering, the cause of the new school prospered, as might have been expected in a country where wealth and position are a real power. Mr Freake generously defrayed the cost of a building contiguous to the Royal Albert Hall; private individuals and corporate bodies founded scholarships for a period of five years; a staff of professors, headed by Mr Arthur Sullivan, was appointed, and, in due course, the "National Training School for Music" entered upon its career under circumstances adapted to secure all the good flowing from brilliant prestige. Five years have elapsed; the scholarships have expired; there is, it appears, no disposition to renew them; and the National Training School for Music—which, by the way, Mr Arthur Sullivan left some time ago—is moribund. So much for one picture; and now, sir, let me show you another.

In the summer of 1822, a meeting of noble and dignified persons took place at the Thatched House Tavern for the very purpose which caused the assembly, on nearly the same spot, fifty-three years later. The Earls of Fife and Belmore, Lords Burghersh and Ravensworth, and several honourables, knights, and esquires, having remarked the entire absence in England of provision for a systematic musical education, determined that this state of things should exist no longer. Out of their councils sprang the Royal Academy of Music, established by Royal Charter, patronized by his Majesty King George IV.—who was graciously pleased to nominate a scholar in the person of the, happily, still living Mr W. H. Holmes—governed by a body of well-born, blue-blooded directors, and having among its professors such men as Crotch (principal), Attwood, Smart, Cramer, Clementi, Dragonetti, Lindley, Loder, and Potter. So far there seems a curious parallel between the genesis of the National Training School for Music and that of the elder institution. Both owe their origin to aristocratic initiative, and were launched upon an active career surrounded by all the advantages that lofty patronage and lusty trumpetings could secure. But the parallelism goes only a little way. The Royal Academy of Music entered upon an unoccupied field of labour. That field was ready for harvest and had no reapers in it, or, at best, only a few individuals working for their own hand, destitute alike of organization and enthusiasm. The National Training School, on the contrary, became one of several candidates for public favour. Especially did it find the Royal Academy still existing, still under Royal patronage, still chartered, capable of indefinite expansion, well-governed, flourishing, and endowed by the state (revenue £80,000,000) with £500 a year. Under these circumstances it must be evident that the respective promoters laboured in somewhat different ways. The one body founded an educational institution where it was wanted; the other set up rivalry and divided interests just on the point where there was not, is not, and never can be, room for two. Here a question naturally arises—Why did not the promoters of the South Kensington School, being animated with a sincere desire for musical good, rally round an institution actively at work, and, after a half-century of chequered existence, enjoying a considerable share of public trust? This pertinent query does not seem to have been put at the Marlborough House meeting. Indeed, it would appear from the remarks of the speakers on that occasion, that the very being of the Royal Academy was unknown to them. The Lord Mayor drew quite a fancy picture of the domestic happiness to flow from the unheard-of operations of the new school. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke as though the Universities had, up to that time, enjoyed a monopoly of high-class musical teaching, and the Archbishop of York congratulated everybody on the fact that "music will now have a good school in which it might be taught." But if the exalted personages just named illustrated in this particular manner the general ignorance they so frankly confessed, the promoters of the scheme could easily have enlightened them had they chosen. South Kensington, by no means overlooking Tenterden Street, so far recognized it as to open negotiations for an amalgamation of interests. The Training School would gladly have absorbed the Royal Academy, with its charter, its pupils, its professors, its subscription list, and its amazing Government grant. But the Royal Academy wanted something in return, and there was nothing—absolutely nothing, save, indeed, a prospect of sharing the doubtful fortunes of an untried institution. It was asked to sacrifice its identity, abandon an assured position, and incur serious risks for what?—the honour of a residence at South Kensington, and of being directed by high-placed governors during, possibly, a very short period. South Kensington tried upon Tenterden Street a sort of "confidence trick," and when Tenterden Street declined to "hand over," South Kensington said no more, but went its way alone.

Returning to the question of parallelism between the two schools, let me point out that while there was no exact parallelism in their origin, there is none at all in their present condition. The Training School cannot exist without the endowments which nobody seems disposed to renew, and unless help come from some place as yet unknown, it must expire. Whereas, the Royal Academy never flourished as now. Its class-rooms are crowded with students, its professors deem their posts an honourable distinction, and its public concerts have taken rank among the best musical features of the metropolis. How are we to account for this difference—the difference between success and failure, prosperity and ruin? By ascribing it, no doubt, to several causes, but mainly to one which will appear if again we look back upon the past. Not many years have elapsed since the fortunes of the Royal Academy were, to all seeming, as low as now are those of its western rival. Students were few, the treasury was empty, and from the very council-board arose a cry of despair. An offer was even made to return the Royal Charter to its august

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source, as a first step to dissolution and nothingness. At that crisis, the professors took the tiller into their own hands; the dilettante directors were relegated to purely ornamental functions, and the ship, sailed by men who knew a mainmast from a marlin-spike, weathered the storm. It is the old story. You cannot by however much taking thought make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; neither can an institution of a highly technical character like a school for music be managed by amateurs, since they only bring to the task a partial knowledge and apply it in the intervals of other and personally more important occupations. This, at any rate, is the lesson taught by the history of the Royal Academy, and in its light we can to some extent understand the collapse at South Kensington.

I have dwelt upon these incidents of the past for a reason which must be sufficiently obvious. The events of 1875–6 are now repeating themselves in an accentuated form. Once more the South Kensington wire-pullers are at work, and to such purpose that they have presented three Royal Princes on a Manchester platform in the capacity of advocates. I am not surprised at their straining every muscle, because they have to retrieve a failure and, if haply they may, avert confusion of face. Defeat now means final ruin, and they know it. By the way, these astute managers have not been above taking a hint from practices most often met with amid the strain and stress of the commercial world. The collapsed man of business sometimes attributes his fall to lack of daring, and straightway proceeds to make a more brilliant *coup*. So, the comparatively modest National Training School for Music having come to grief, there rises, phœnix-like, out of its ruins a magnificent scheme for a great national State-endowed College, incorporated by Royal Charter, and governed by an imposing array of dignified and, of course, disinterested friends of the art. Pray understand, sir, that I am not making light of this proposal *per se*. All of us, amateurs and professionals alike, dream of an English Conservatorium, managed by the wisest musical heads of the country, and wealthy enough to keep its gates always open for the admission of gifted youth. The arguments of Prince Leopold in support of such an institution were as convincing to every reader as they must have been to the Manchester people who were privileged to hear them. That the musical genius of our country deserves ample provision for its culture, that great good would result were the required means forthcoming, and that it behoves the nation to remove a just cause of reproach as quickly as possible, are facts beyond dispute. I, therefore, trust that the Royal Princes will persevere with the work upon which they have entered. The defects in our present machinery for higher musical education require to be known, while the public mind needs to be familiarized with the idea of supporting a great central institution both by private donations and grants from public funds. This work can be accomplished by none better than by the illustrious individuals who spoke at Manchester. They have the ear of the nation, and where they lead thousands are prepared to follow, with eyes shut if need be. It is when the practical part of the question comes up for consideration that the public should exercise caution, and keep their eyes open. There must be no blind confidence here, for we have catastrophe under our very noses as a warning. It seems to me, indeed, that nothing could be plainer than the course marked out at this initial stage by the logic of events. Failure asks to be reinstated with ampler means and a heavier task, but where is the ground for confidence that should accompany the demand? It is not in high rank, or exalted patronage; it is not even in money and good intentions. There must be wisdom in council, experience in management, and, outside, wide-spread confidence. I say frankly that, in musical matters, South Kensington cannot command these essential things. It would be as reasonable for a pilot who has just run his ship on the rocks to expect the reward of skill and judgment as for the managers of the National Training School to demand the control of a great Conservatorium. The marvel is—to those, at least, who look no further—that the ardent lovers of music in the western suburb do not recognize this fact, and, overcoming their predilections for mere locality, rally round the Royal Academy, under the gracious patronage of her Majesty the Queen. It signifies little whether music be fostered next door to the Art's Club or within hail of the Albert Memorial; but it signifies a great deal whether its fortunes be entrusted to those who bring success as their testimonial, or to those who come worse than empty-handed.

The purpose of this letter is served if it suggests a cautious reception of the scheme now being put forward. On another occasion I shall, with your leave, point out the line along which public action should run towards the end of a music school worthy of the nation, and of our place as a music-loving people. Meanwhile, being one whose only interest in the matter arises from an interest in art, I can truthfully subscribe myself

London, Jan. 11. AN AMATEUR.

SIR,—I have no wish to enter into any discussion with your correspondent "Amateur" on the delicate subject of the relations between the supporters of the Royal Academy of Music and the distinguished promoters of the new "Royal College of Music." I merely wish to point out to your readers that the uncomfortable relations which exist between them are entirely owing to the action of the Royal Academy itself; and, also, that the National School of Music has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the question. The real facts of the case, which I defy anyone to gather from "Amateur's" letter, are these: The National School of Music was founded for five years only, and merely as an experiment, while the Royal College was being brought into existence. At the end of the five years the Royal College was not ready; the founders of scholarships were then asked to renew the scholarships for another year, and they did so gladly with scarcely an exception. This year of renewal expires at Easter, and no further request of help is to be made to the founders. It does not require a very large amount of common sense to see that this sort of death, at the close of a definite period of successful work, is a very different thing to the death of failure and ignominy to which "Amateur" suggests that the National School of Music is about to succumb. The tragic attitude of your correspondent would be very amusing if it were not somewhat mischievous; he comes forward and cries look on this picture and on that—the National School of Music is a failure and dying, whereas the rooms of the Royal Academy of Music are crowded with students. If "Amateur" knew a little more about the working of the National School he would find that it has in its short career sent forth a group of singers who are to be heard on every platform where high-class music is to be found, violinists who are beginning to be highly valued as orchestral and solo players, organists who fill very high positions, and many teachers of music in "high schools" and other places of education. The exact numbers of scholars who have thus taken a good position in their profession will be given to him with pleasure by our Registrar, on application. Is this the failure of which so much is said? I can only say that our results will be found to rank higher than any other institution, not excepting the Academy itself, if the returns are limited to the last five years, and the relative number of students in the two places are duly considered, the students at the Academy being numerically four or five to one of those at the National School. Perhaps "Amateur" may not care to be reminded that the late principal of the National School and a large proportion of the professors were and still are among the most successful teachers at the Royal Academy. How very curious that men who are so talented and able when giving lessons in Tenterden Street should prove so utterly imbecile when teaching at Kensington Gore! In conclusion, I will only say that I do think that the public will rightly demand some explanation of the conduct of the Royal Academy of Music in setting itself in opposition to the splendid scheme of musical education now being matured; but I hope "Amateur" will not be angry if I say that he is evidently quite unequal to the task of defending his beloved institution in Tenterden Street, and I shall be much surprised if the public will not at once see that the existence or non-existence of the National School of Music will not in the smallest degree influence the real struggle going on between the Royal Academy and the proposed

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Royal College. It is a mere ruse thus to point to the "moribund" National School as a justification of the lamentable action of the Royal Academy, or as a proof that that body has acted wisely in declining to form the nucleus of the Royal College. All who can get at facts know better.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN STAINER,
(Principal of the National School for Music.)

SIR,—Dr John Stainer is a distinguished professor, but I can have no personal controversy with him on the basis of the letter which appeared in your columns to-day. For this there are several reasons. In the first place, Dr Stainer evades the gist of the whole question—as far as it is a question of dispute—namely, the "delicate subject" of the "relations," elsewhere termed "uncomfortable relations," between the ordinary folk who are "supporters" of the Royal Academy and the "distinguished promoters" of the new Royal College. It is precisely that which I challenge.

While declining to notice Dr Stainer's sneers at myself, and refusing to treat his letter as a personal communication, I may accept it as an official deliverance from South Kensington, since it is signed by one who describes himself as "Principal of the National School for Music." The major part of the letter is devoted to the past and present of the National Training School, which, we are asked to believe, has lived a flourishing life, and, not only that, but a life longer by one year than was originally intended. As regards the successful career of the School, I have no wish to be ungenerous. Let South Kensington claim and enjoy all the honour of having produced young D'Albert and a few vocalists and instrumentalists of good standing. Indeed, I am disposed to insist upon this, because it strengthens the position it will be my duty to take up by and by—namely, that the best musical talent of the country can only be brought under cultivation by a system of free education. If, as we are now told, the results of the School training "rank higher than any other institution," there is no cause whatever for surprise. The "other institutions" have taken, as a rule, only such students as, inclining to a musical life, could afford to pay for education; whereas South Kensington opened its doors six years ago to pupils chosen by the founders of scholarships on account of proven ability or great promise. That the results in the second case surpass those in the first is not necessarily a consequence of superior teaching. It may more reasonably be regarded as flowing from a better method of selection. Passing from this subject, let us hearken to the cry raised by South Kensington for the purpose of drawing public judgment off the right scent. The National Training School has only three months to live, but it is not dying of disease or inanition. On the contrary, it has survived nine months longer than its founders intended. In their eyes it was never more than a grub destined, after five years, to change into a glorious butterfly. It was the egg out of which was to come the chicken, Royal College of Music, and it was only "an experiment" in cautious recognition of the fact that the most carefully laid ova are liable to addling. All this we are now required to believe; but, sir, I have vainly called upon my memory to corroborate the statement, and I have as vainly looked through the journals of the time for any record of specific and authoritative assertions to the same effect. I find, however, traces of a good deal of tall and vague talk respecting possible future developments, including branch schools in our chief provincial towns at the end of five years, which led a Liverpool paper to observe that meanwhile the Liverpudlians would be subscribing money for the benefit of London lodging-houses. On May 25, 1875, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wrote to the Lord Mayor, in terms which certainly did not convey an idea that he was interesting himself on behalf of an "experiment" to be abandoned or continued, according to circumstances, after five years. The Prince said: "Your lordship is doubtless well aware that efforts have been made for some time past by the Society of Arts to *establish* a National School of Music." In this quotation the italics are mine. After referring to what had been done in the provinces for the purpose of founding scholarships, and expressing a hope that London would emulate the example, his Royal Highness went on to say: "I address myself virtually, in the first instance, to your lordship, to request you to afford me your valuable assistance and experience, so that the Conference may have successful results, and may contribute towards giving to musical talent a free music school worthy of the country, and equal to those which are *established* in so many parts of the Continent. This was an object in which my father took a great interest, and it is my great desire to help to carry it into effect." We have nothing about an "experiment" here. The Prince, who knows how to express his meaning clearly, had in view an *establishment*. The matter is not worth arguing further; and I shall speak much more to the purpose if, since I am referred to "Our Registrar," I ask that official to supply me with a list of the individuals and corporate bodies who towards the close of the first term of scholarship showed the slightest disposition to enter upon a second. Is it true or not that, with utter collapse in view, South Kensington begged the founders to subscribe for another year in order that time might be given for starting a fresh scheme? If true, what becomes of the plea that the school was only set going for five years? If not true, what are we to think of managers who, with sixty months before them wherein to prepare for a great change, are, at the end of the sixty-ninth month, only beginning to agitate for means?

Sir, I crave your pardon for dwelling so long upon matters that are simply adjuncts to the main question, and I hasten to point out with what dexterity South Kensington now seeks to hold up the Royal Academy as an offender worthy of punishment. Says Dr Stainer, "I merely wish to point out to your readers that the uncomfortable relations which exist between them (the 'supporters' of the one school, and the 'distinguished promoters' of the other,) are entirely owing to the action of the Royal Academy itself." Again: "In conclusion, I will only say that I do think that the public will rightly demand some explanation of the conduct of the Royal Academy of Music in setting itself in opposition to the splendid scheme of musical education now being matured." Was ever such an example of manifold begging the question? South Kensington, in the first place, points to wickedness which nobody can see, "because 'tis not in sight." I boast no connection with the Royal Academy, and am not in its secrets, but I shrewdly suspect that the managers of that institution would be very glad to have particulars of their criminality made public. Will South Kensington oblige them, just for once? Then how does it appear that the Royal Academy has opposed the "splendid scheme" advanced from the West—unless, indeed, a duck can be said to oppose the institution of dining when it rejects the invitation, "Dilly, dilly come and be killed?" The Royal Academy, as far as I know the circumstances, refused an offer which was deemed unfair and injurious. Will the public demand an explanation of this conduct without first having the particulars laid before them? I trow not.

While squabbling goes on—and it is likely to go on unless by mutual concession a *modus vivendi* can be established—the country remains without the free conservatorium it so much needs. This is the main fact, standing out bright and clear against a hazy background of controversy. That free conservatorium we want, and must have. The public, let me add, are very likely to "demand an explanation" of its delay. Are those to blame who, for private or local reasons, have resolved that it shall be established in a certain spot and after a certain fashion, or not at all? Is the Royal Academy to blame because of unreasonable susceptibility? Are both to blame because influenced on a great question by little motives? These are the questions music lovers will ask, and these I shall keep before me when, in a third and closing letter, I endeavour to show how all parties may honourably combine towards an end that, without union, can never be reached.

Jan. 13. AN AMATEUR.

SIR,—Surely your correspondent "Amateur" is making an ingenious change of front. His first letter described the miserable failure of the National School for Music, as contrasted with the prestige

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and success of the Royal Academy, and he marvelled that lovers of music did not rally round the latter institution. He now tardily and ungraciously admits that we have turned out "a few vocalists and instrumentalists of good standing;" and, strangely enough, promises a scheme of his own by which "all parties" can be brought into combination. If this is really what he desires and aims at he will meet with universal sympathy. I cannot, however, in the smallest degree follow his argument that the National School was intended as a permanence and not as an experiment. Corporations and individuals were asked to subscribe for five years; does this mean for ever? I wonder if "Amateur" would take the same poetic view of the length of this term if one of his friends were to borrow a large sum of money from him "for five years." It may be quite true that the promoters of the school hoped that a Government grant might be obtained for its support at the end of this period. But does "Amateur" seriously believe that our admirable professors are responsible for this compulsory stoppage? I only wish we might have this question put to the test by being permitted to carry on the school on our own responsibility with free hands. I think I might safely prophesy, if this were done, that other schools and academies of music would soon be making much more genuine lamentations over our survival than they are now making over our death. Considering the high position of our Kensington teachers, and their close connection with many other important institutions for musical education, it certainly surprised me to find their six years' labour and anxiety described in an offhand way by an anonymous amateur as resulting in a "failure," and I do not think that he has any reason to complain of the tone of my former letter.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN STAINER, Principal.

SIR,—Before coming to the proper subject-matter of this letter, I ask your indulgence while I notice, in few words, the latest communication from South Kensington. The Principal of the National Training School does injustice to his own perceptiveness when he says: "I cannot, however, in the smallest degree follow his (my) argument that the National Training School was intended as a permanence and not as an experiment." Cannot he? Last Thursday, Dr Stainer wrote: "The real facts of the case, which I defy anyone to gather from 'Amateur's' letter, are these: The National School of Music was founded for five years only, and merely as an experiment, while the Royal College of Music was being brought into existence." In his second letter, penned after acquaintance with my "argument," or, as I should prefer to call it, statement of fact, I read: "It may be quite true that the promoters of the school hoped that a Government grant might be obtained for its support at the end of this (the five years) period." Comment is needless. The South Kensington Principal further remarks in his second letter: "Corporations and individuals were asked to subscribe for five years; does this mean for ever? I wonder if 'Amateur' would take the same poetic view of the length of this term if one of his friends were to borrow a large sum of money from him 'for five years.'" Your correspondent will, I hope, permit me to urge that his illustration is most unfortunate. Were one of my friends to come to me and say, "I have 'established' myself as a borrower; lend me so much for five years," I should certainly expect him to repay me at the end of the term, but not to cease business as a borrower. His "established" functions would survive as a matter of course, and he would borrow of someone else, or of me again. The South Kensington borrower, it is now allowed, hoped to dip his hand into the national purse. Dr Stainer appears to be really aggrieved that I should charge the professors of the school with failure. It happens, however, that I never did anything of the kind. If the Principal will read my first letter more carefully, he will see that, while I spoke of the institution as moribund, the character of the teaching was never in question. On the other hand, I devoted a good deal of space to reflections upon *dilettante* management, which, as was pointed out, had nearly ruined the Royal Academy. Here, indeed, the estimable Principal may accuse himself, with some justice, of inability to follow an argument. Dr Stainer charges me with "making an ingenious change of front." Why, Sir, he did not give me time to put my forces in line of battle. For that, however, I hope you will now afford me space.

Leaving the field of controversy, not again to re-enter it, let me ask those of your readers who take a lively interest in musical matters for their impartial and dispassionate attention. We may have many minds on details, but if we can agree on fundamental principles the great good of harmonious action becomes not only possible but probable. I assume entire agreement as to the need in this country of a conservatorium, analogous in all essential respects to those which have so long done good service on the Continent. In view of this necessity, what are the circumstances affecting the probability of its being met? I answer, that we have two factors already in existence, each essential to the solution of the problem. These factors are the Royal Academy of Music and the great social and artistic influences represented by the term "South Kensington." Neither of these—I am speaking practically, not theoretically—is itself equal to the establishment of a conservatorium. The Royal Academy cannot do it, because it has little, if any, power outside its own walls and beyond the limits of the profession. It would seem, moreover, that the Tenterden Street school does not care to occupy a larger sphere. Like the late Pope, it is ever crying, "Non possumous," and shutting itself up in its Vatican. I am not sure that this is wise policy in the presence of active enemies. The army that always fights on the defensive is virtually beaten before the campaign begins. Now the question arises: Can South Kensington give us a conservatorium? Here the conditions are entirely reversed. South Kensington is a great social power. It sends Royal Princes into the field, and it commands the support of classes who hold wealth in one hand and influence in the other. But South Kensington has scarcely any following among the professionals and amateurs who constitute our great musical public. It is regarded, if not with profound distrust, at any rate with extreme want of confidence, the legitimate and foreseen effect of which appears in the present condition of its musical enterprise. Sir, I contend that no conservatorium is possible in this country apart from the sympathy and support of those who constitute our musical public. Princes and peers, bishops and mayors, are not to be despised, even as fitful helpers of an artistic movement, but they cannot supply the breath of its life. That must come from the sympathy and aid of those to whom art is almost life itself. If I have here set forth facts, it must be evident that we need union between the Royal Academy and South Kensington—each institution being, as regards essential elements, the complement of the other. Surely union is not impossible on the basis of mutual concession, and to work this out let knowledge of actual circumstances determine, first, that which cannot be conceded. We are all perfectly well aware that South Kensington cannot accept the idea of a conservatorium other than as an addition to its own group of art institutions. There are reasons, unnecessary to point out, which definitely place the notion of such a sacrifice among impossibilities. Turning to the Royal Academy, it is no less unreasonable to ask that this institution shall forfeit its name and identity, cut itself loose from a past of sixty years, and become merged in the existence of a new body under a different, untried, and doubtful system of government. The "non possumus" on these points is not, however, an insurmountable barrier to union, provided, of course, there be a desire on each side for the good which union may secure. Does South Kensington really wish for a national conservatorium? Then it will not refuse to ally itself with the Royal Academy for the purpose of developing it into the thing required. Is the Royal Academy of the same mind? Then it will not refuse to go to South Kensington and make whatever reasonable concessions may be necessary, while demanding guarantees in return. Here, then, are the obligations of the case: the place must be South Kensington; the institution must be the Royal Academy of Music under that name, and continuing there the life spent for more than half a century in Tenterden Street. The great difficulty ahead is that of government. South Kensington

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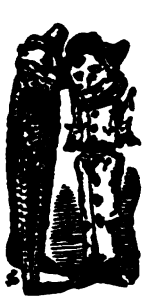
affects the control of "distinguished" amateurs; the Royal Academy, guided by experience, prefers that of professionals, and neither, perhaps, is likely to yield on a matter so personal to the negotiators. At this point, however, a third factor comes in—the State, which is concerned because it rests with her Majesty in Council to determine whether, if South Kensington, acting independently, press its application for a Royal Charter, the prayer shall be granted. In one contingency, therefore, the State has a potent voice, and in another it is master of the situation, since no national conservatorium can be properly carried on without its aid. I trust that the Government are prepared to take a large view of its duties in this matter. The principle of grants from the public purse in furtherance of musical education was conceded long ago. It enters into the economy of governmental relations with primary schools, and it is illustrated by an annual vote of £500 to the Royal Academy of Music. With the principle admitted, and with a consensus of public opinion as to the need for a great national conservatorium, there is nothing in the way of a liberal annual grant in aid, say, in a certain proportion to the amount subscribed from private sources. Observe how this bears upon the vexed question of governing the amalgam of South Kensington and the Royal Academy. In the representatives of the State overlooking the expenditure of public money we should have a power above the suspicion of cliqueism or of narrow motives, a power to which all might look up, and that would rightfully be paramount because embodying the nation's present and prospective interest in one of its institutions. Taking in the State, I can conceive a form of government for the enlarged Royal Academy that would conciliate all parties—a Board of Professors charged with its artistic direction, and responsible to the Lord President or whoever may act as Minister of Fine Arts; a Council of Directors, upon whom might devolve the control of outward relations, and who might represent the institution before the public; and, lastly, the Minister armed with "constitutional" powers.

It may be said, sir, that all this assumes too much—too great a spirit of conciliation on the part of the rival schools, and too great liberality and zeal for art on the side of the State. I know, however, that it does not demand more than must be granted if the Royal Academy for the free training of our musically-gifted youth is to become a reality. The public know this also, and are waiting to see whether the zeal so loudly vaunted in our midst is powerful enough to overcome party, local, and personal feeling. I shall be surprised, also, if they do not treat coldly all mere factional attempts at setting up an institution that, because it is the offspring of a faction, cannot meet a national want. At the same time, they will resent the supineness which simply blocks the way. Thanking you, sir, for the liberality with which you have given so much valuable space to a discussion of this interesting subject, I remain yours, &c.,

AN AMATEUR.

Jan. 16.

Elenchus.



The cost of placing Massenet's *Hérodiade* on the stage at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, is said to have been 80,000 francs!

"Money spent and time as well,
Now, this little book shall tell."

[Read Goethe's *Epigrams from Venice*. Try the same experiment with time and money upon Rossini's immortal masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, to be given (bear in mind) precisely as Rossini wrote it, with no cuts or "improvements"—but simply *Tell*, the whole *Tell*, and nothing but the *Tell*. Then we shall see what we shall see, and hear what we shall hear. Until that is done the incessant rehearsals of Wagner's operas cannot be taken into account.—Dr Blinge.]

COLOUR-HEARING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—*The Times* of the 12th inst. gave room to a paragraph, under the above heading, which provoked the subjoined extra-extraordinary retort from an enthusiastic Wagnerite:—

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—I have just read the paragraph on the subject of "colour-hearing" which appeared in *The Times* of to-day. The discoveries made explain what most people have regarded as a mad eccentricity in the composer, Richard Wagner—that is, his custom, when composing, of sitting in different rooms in which everything is of one colour, and of donning coloured garments on the same occasions. I have not specially investigated the accounts of these habits of his since reading the paragraph, but it seems to me very probable that Wagner selects these colours according to the key in which he is writing. At any rate, I think the fact has an important bearing on the subject of "colour-hearing," and this is my reason for calling your attention to it. I hope that some one more intimate with Wagner's habits than myself—I have only read of them casually—may throw fresh light on this interesting question. I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

W. H. S.

January 12.

An "interesting question," indeed; as if it mattered a farthing candle whether Wagner composed the overture to *Tannhäuser* in a green suit or a yellow, with a red cap or a black, in a brown room or a blue! If the Prophet of Bayreuth puts on robes "according to the imaginary keys in which he may be casting his inspirations," he ought, like Joseph, to wear a "coat of many colours"—seeing that it is not his fixed habit by any means to stop in one particular key during the space of more than half a minute. He certainly should have a room papered with diminished sevenths, and another papered with *tremolandi*, with no fire to restore his equilibrium. Are we all in training for Colney Hatch?—Your obedient servant,

LONG.

[Lord Long—not the first time has it been urged in these columns—is a harmless, if not a dangerous, lunatic. Mr T. Duff Short is still on his traces, and will follow him next August, to *Parsifal*. On quitting Bayreuth, Long, with a ticket for Bamberg, will slope to Frankfort-on-Maine, where he is likely to encounter Dr Cheese and Alderman Doublebody, who have already arrived so far on their foot-walk to the "Festival Stage Play Theatre." Short, who cares nothing about *Parsifal*, will meet him there—unless the valiant and estimable brothers Drexel, of the magnificent Hotel de Russie, have already given him the tip, and warned him off. Long owes the Drexels a heavy bill; but they are fine fellows, and will not ask him to liquidate. On the contrary, they are more likely to pay his expenses back to London, where Duff Short has been hunting him up these ten years and more. Jolly boys ("Our boys") the Drexels.

Otto Zeard.]

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

PENZANCE.—A concert was given on Friday, January 13th, at which the vocalists were Miss Clara Dowle (student at the Guildhall School of Music, London), Messrs Sampson (tenor), and Wills (baritone); solo violin, Mr Pardew, of Plymouth; organ and pianoforte, Mr R. White, Jun. The concert hall was very crowded. Miss Dowle is an established favourite in the West of England, and her two songs, "The Watchman and the Child" and "It was a dream," were loudly encored and repeated. Mr Sampson gave "Madoline" (Nelson), and "The love of long ago" (Cummings). Mr Wills, "In the cloisters" (Barri), and "The King's Highway." Mr Pardew contributed two violin solos, a *barcarolle* by Spohr and a *tarantelle* by Vieuxtemps. Mr White played on the organ Handel's overture to *Scipio*, a grand offertoire by Batiste on a theme from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata; "In the chapel by the sea," by Barnett, and a grand Festival March by Passmore.—*(Communicated.)*

PLYMOUTH.—At the Plymouth Guildhall a "popular concert" was given on Saturday, Jan. 14, at which the vocalists were Miss Clara Dowle (of the Guildhall School of Music), Miss Dwelley, and Mr Moon, both of Plymouth. Miss Dowle had previously sung to Plymouth audiences, and had become a great favourite, in con-

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sequence the Plymouth Guildhall was crowded. Over 4,000 persons were present, and the doors had to be locked long before the commencement of the concert. Miss Dowle was received with an "ovation" on each time of appearing. She sang "Let me dream again" (Sullivan); "The Watchman and the Child" (Cowen); and the recit. and aria, "Let eternal honours" and "From mighty kings" (Handel), and was enthusiastically encored. For the first she reappeared twice, and bowed her acknowledgments. After "The Watchman and the Child" the applause was so great that she was compelled to return and repeat the last verse. Miss Dwelley was encored in the "Miller and the Maid" (Marzials), and Mr Heard was favourably received in "The little hero" (Adams), "Polly" (Molloy), and "The village blacksmith" (Weiss). Mr Elford played two solos on the cornet, and had to repeat one ("The Lost Chord"). Mr W. H. Hannaford presided at the organ, and gave in an effective manner Rossini's overture to *Tancredi* and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Both musically and financially this concert was the most successful of the series; probably there never were so many people in the hall at any previous concert.—(*Communicated.*)

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Daily Review* that the second of five new lectures on "Vocal Culture," by Signor Alberto Bach, was given in the Masonic Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14, in presence of a large audience. The subjects discussed were "Portamento di Voce," "Legato," "Shakes," and "Recitativo," treated in an interesting and instructive manner, technical monotony being relieved by occasional illustrative reminiscences of great artists. Dr. Moxey, the well-known teacher of elocution, read the lecture on behalf of Signor Bach, and added much to its enjoyableness by his free and masterly delivery; while the first branch of the subject was vocally illustrated in a study for a tenor voice, by Rubini, excellently sung by Mr Stevenson. Miss Helen Hopekirk was also present, and varied the proceedings with a performance of pieces by Schumann and Schubert.

ST LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—A more than usually interesting concert was given here on Tuesday in aid of the organ restoration fund of St Paul's Church. Mdme Rose Hersee and Miss Annie Butterworth were the lady vocalists, the former, though suffering from a sore throat, giving the greatest satisfaction in all her songs and concerted music; the latter gaining a hearty re-call for Berger's sympathetic ballad, "After all." Mr Maybrick sang his own "Little hero" with marked success, and Mr Ernest A. Tietkens in both his songs vindicated his claim to rank as one of our best amateur tenors. The instrumental music was exceptionally fine, including Beethoven's trio in B flat, admirably rendered by Messrs Francesco Berger, Lazarus, and Albert, as well as solos by these well-known artists which were thoroughly appreciated by a fashionable audience. The concert was under the patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Rt. Hon. Lady Alice Nevill, the Viscountess Combermere, the Lady Anne Murray, the Ladies Mary and Anne Marsham, &c. The whole of the programme was conducted with his usual taste and judgment by Herr Francesco Berger, and you will be glad to learn that it was financially as well as musically "a success."—(*From a Correspondent*).

WAIFS.

Verdi's *Aïda* has been produced in Geneva.

A new theatre has been opened at Cherbourg.

Joseffy, the pianist, has returned to New York.

It is proposed to erect a large concert-hall in Milan.

Mad. Geistinger will visit San Francisco in February.

Adelina Patti's two concerts in Philadelphia were a triumphant success.

Herr Feld has been appointed chief conductor at the Stadttheater, Breslau.

Mdme Marie Roze is engaged for the ensuing Birmingham Festival.

Tati, manager of the Teatro Apollo, Rome, has been seriously indisposed.

Gayarre has been singing at Valencia in *La Favorita*, *L'Africaine*, and *Lucia*.

Mr Joseph Bennett is writing a new cantata for Mr A. C. Mackenzie.

The Fisher Operahouse, West Bay City, Michigan, U.S., has been burnt down.

Le Tribut de Zamora, of Gounod, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Mad. Gerster's first appearance in New Orleans (in *Lucia*) was a great success.

Galli-Marié is fulfilling a successful engagement at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons.

Rheinthaler's *Kätchen von Heilbronn* has been given in Brunswick and Hamburgh.

Mr A. C. Mackenzie's cantata, *Jason*, is to be given at the Bristol Festival this year.

Lohengrin, under the direction of Usiglio, has been well received at the Fenice, Venice.

Stigelli, the tenor, was lately in Milan engaging an operatic company for Monte Video.

H. Ordenstein is appointed teacher of the piano in Kullak's New Academy of Music, Berlin.

Orfeo Livi is appointed extra professor of the pianoforte at the Academy of St Cecilia, Rome.

Mdme St Germaine has been appointed one of the teachers of singing at the Guildhall School of Music.

The spring programme of the Sociedad de Conciertos, Madrid, will include Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Mdlle Bianca Bianchi is re-engaged for three years, with increased salary, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* was recently performed, for the first time, at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, and well received.

The annual Eisteddfod was held on the 30th ult. at Chickering Hall, New York, by the Welsh residents in that city.

L. Massenet, brother of the composer of *Roi de Lahore*, is getting up a joint-stock company to give buffo opera in Buenos Ayres.

August Cauthal, a once popular flautist, afterwards conductor and composer at Hamburgh, has died in that town, aged seventy-five.

Owing to the illness of the tenor, Stagno, the performances of *Les Huguenots* at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, have been temporarily suspended.

The Preston Guild Festival (held at intervals of twenty years) is to be given this autumn, and, we hear, is to be conducted by Sir Michael Costa.

Mrs. Benton, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, whilom king of Spain, is now teaching music at Watertown, in the State of New York.—*Graphic.*

Molinari has become the lessee of the Teatro del Fondo, Naples, for five years, while Sig. Frascione has taken the Teatro Nuovo for a stipulated period.

August Wilhelmj, will, it is expected, return to Germany from the Antipodes in the summer, taking China, India, Egypt, Greece, and Italy on his way.

During the present carnival season in Italy, *La Forza del Destino* will have been played at 11 different theatres; *Faust*, at 7; *L'Africaine*, at 5; *Aïda* and *Ruy Blas*, at 4 each.

Carl Gramman has added a second *finale* to his *Thusnelda*. It was introduced for the first time when the opera was revived (on the 1st inst.) at the Theatre Royal Dresden.

Vera-Lorini, once well known as a *seconda donna* at our Royal Italian Opera, died at Leghorn on the 8th inst. She made her first appearance in 1845, at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, as Adina in Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*.

About half an hour previous to the performance in the large room of the Kurhaus, Aix-la-Chapelle, on New Year's Eve, the centre chandelier fell; but, as it happened, luckily, no one was injured—no one having arrived in time for that distinction.

Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, has apportioned the half of the proceeds of the concert given at the Albert Hall on January 7th, on behalf of the sufferers by the Vienna catastrophe, in three equal shares of £91 14s. 10d. each, to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the Hospital for Sick Children, and the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem and St Elizabeth, both in Great Ormond Street.—*Charity Record.*

BERLIN.—People are still talking with rapture of Mad. Albani. It almost seems as though they will continue to do so till next year, when she will return and sing several of her characters in German.—A great feature of the last two concerts given by Hans von Bülow and the Ducal Orchestra from Meiningen was the appearance of Johannes Brahms as pianist and conductor. In the first capacity, he played his new Pianoforte Concerto, as he intends doing shortly in Holland as well as at Kiel and Hamburgh.—It is proposed to hold here, in 1883, an International Exhibition of Musical Instruments, and a committee for carrying out the scheme has been formed.—Mad. Paul Taglioni, *née* Amélie Golster, formerly *danseuse* at the Royal Operahouse, and sister-in-law of the celebrated Marie Taglioni, died a short time since, aged 78.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

A better all-round performance of *Mignon* than that given on Friday night has never been witnessed in this country. We say so deliberately, and with a full knowledge of all that the statement involves. Something excellent was, of course, anticipated. *Mignon*, in the English shape corresponding to the opéra comique of France, plays exceedingly well; lending itself graciously to occasional dialogue, and at the same time deriving brightness therefrom. Besides this, Mr Rosa's people have so frequently performed it in the country that, as well as feeling at home in their respective characters, they act up to each other in a manner essential to a good *ensemble*. Artists individually less able, but with the same knowledge and discipline, could not have failed in securing a good result. How much more those actually concerned in a representation which had every part well filled! The effect upon such of the audience as care at all about an English lyric stage must have been very encouraging. Here was the performance of a high-class opera, entrusted wholly to English-speaking artists, and able to challenge victorious comparison with the same work as given with the means and appliances of our Italian houses. If this can be done once, it can be done again and again—it can be made the rule, and so demonstrate to the most prejudiced believer in foreign excellence and native demerit that we are able to set up a lyric stage for ourselves.

Miss Gaylord, an artist of bright intelligence, has much improved her Mignon since last she played it in London; and now it is hard to say what the embodiment lacks of that which all agree as necessary to excellence. The interesting heroine of MM. Carré and Barbier—she belongs more to the French dramatists than to Goethe—has had some admirable representatives in this country; witness Mdme Christine Nilsson and Mdme Albani, the light of whose creations is not likely soon to be eclipsed. But with all due recognition of previous efforts, we doubt if the best has presented a Mignon of greater pathos and charm than the Mignon of Friday night. Miss Gaylord looked the character to more advantage than most of her predecessors, and played it with a delicacy of touch and a nice gradation of shading which were altogether a surprise. The child's fear of her cruel master; her instinctive clinging to Wilhelm at first purely for the unaccustomed warmth of human sympathy; the dawning of love; and the power of jealousy over an untrained nature, were all shown with a refinement of manner and truth of expression that cannot be too warmly praised. In Miss Gaylord's singing there was an occasional lack of power, but in the more tender and pathetic passages she gave great satisfaction. It suffices to indicate, by way of example, her delivery of "Knowest thou that dear land?" and of the prayer which, in the final scene, Mignon recalls from the past of her earliest years. We need scarcely add that the young lady's success with the audience was decided throughout. Abundant honours fell also to Miss Georgina Burns, who entered thoroughly into the spirit of Filina's character, and made the conquest of Wilhelm by that professional coquette seem not only natural, but inevitable. Miss Burns sang always with fluency, rising to absolute brilliancy in the polonaise, "I am Titania," which had to be repeated. On her part, Miss La Rue was a handsome Frederic, and something more. By many a touch she showed that the comedy of the scene was not lost upon her, while her singing had the merit of neatness and point. The Wilhelm of the evening claimed the attention which is always the right of a *débutant*. It will be remembered that Mr Barton M'Guckin joined Mr Rosa's company some months ago, but months under a year count little towards making a stage artist. Hence it was probably expected that Mr M'Guckin would show more or less of the rawness of a novice. But, as a matter of fact, the Irish tenor semed quite at home with his work. Signs of experience were, of course, wanting. On the other hand, Mr M'Guckin carried himself so well and entered so easily into the business of the various scenes that his new line of artistic work appeared to be also his vocation, in the true meaning of the word. Added to this was singing marked by real ability. The famous "Adieu, Mignon"—one of the most tasteful of French romances—lost nothing in Mr M'Guckin's hands, and was sung twice by general desire, while the other important tenor numbers were so given as to suggest that the artist possesses genuine dramatic feeling. In short, the *début* was a decided success. Mr Leslie Crotty's Lothario took a somewhat novel form. We have seen Lothario ever pushing himself to the front in loud self-assertion, but that of Mr Crotty was self-restrained and quiet, obviously bearing the burden of some great sorrow. The music of the part proved none the less effective because given without boisterousness. Mr Lyall's Laertes, an impersonation finished to the last degree, amused the house as much as ever. Yet there was no trace of exaggeration in the part, and herein lies the value of Mr Lyall's talent. He knows how to make the most of nature without overstepping its bounds. Mr Brooklyn played Antonio, and Giarno fell to Mr Betjemann, the Admirable Crichton of the company, who is conductor one night, stage villain the next, and stage manager always. The chorus did their work well, while the orchestra, very ably presided over by Mr Pew, seemed to revel in the delicate and delightful orchestration of the French composer. There was hardly a fault in its playing which may stand, therefore, as representing a general performance of singularly high merit.

The public's very old friend, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, occupied the stage on Saturday night—how, and with what results, can be imagined without word from us, and was repeated on Wednesday (in place of *The Painter of Antwerp*), when Mr Ben Davis made a very favourable *début* as Thaddeus, Balfe's new opera being postponed till this (Saturday) evening.

MR SIMS REEVES'S CONCERT.

There was a very large number of people gathered together on Tuesday night in St James's Hall, attracted by the announcement that Mr Sims Reeves would appear, and take part in the first of a proposed series of concerts of operatic, national, and miscellaneous music. The expectations of many were at first chilled by the papers distributed through the room, announcing that the great singer was "unable entirely to fulfil his duties," in consequence of the recent trying weather. But the confidence of the assembly was restored when it was explained that Mr Reeves, in claiming the kind indulgence of his patrons and friends, only proposed to omit the first song set down for him. When he did appear upon the platform, a most enthusiastic demonstration awaited him, and when he had sung Bishop's song, "My pretty Jane," in his own most perfect style, the plaudits were repeated again and again, and acknowledged, but the *encore* was not given, as the majority hoped it would have been. The extraordinary hold the great artist possesses upon the judgment and the affections of his countrymen was easily explained by his unapproachable vocalization, his power of expression, and the grace and artistic polish with which he sings, and which makes him the model which younger men may imitate, but can never surpass. His admirable vocalization was not the only pleasure offered on this occasion. There was a programme of unusual variety, remarkably well rendered by the talented band of artists associated with Mr Reeves. The first part of the programme included a selection from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, in which Mdme Marie Roze sang the great scena, "Softly sighs," with great dramatic power, as she did also later in the evening the selected pieces from Sir Henry Bishop's compositions. Miss Spencer Jones, a young lady, a comparative stranger to London, exhibited a beautiful, sympathetic voice of mezzo-soprano quality and a good style of singing. Mr Herbert Reeves, by his excellent and artistic delivery of "Sigh no more, ladies" (Stevens), delighted his hearers; and Mr Barrington Foote, with Mr Pyatt, contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. A novel and distinctive feature was contributed by the Anemonic Union, a small band of players upon wind-instruments—whence their fanciful title—composed of some of the best known players in London, namely, Mr Nicholson, flute; Mr Malsch, oboe; Mr T. E. Mann, horn; and Mr Wotton, bassoon; the whole body being under the direction of Mr Henry Lazarus, perhaps the best, certainly the most highly esteemed, performer upon the clarinet. These artists, with Mr Sydney Naylor as accompanist *hors ligne*, "discoursed most excellent music," and helped to make the concert additionally noteworthy. Mr Sims Reeves promises for his next concert a selection from Macfarren's opera, *Robin Hood*, with Mdme Sherrington and himself to sing certain of the pieces in that opera, which helped its wide and permanent popularity.—*Home Journal.*

MILAN.—Marzagora's new ballet, *Daï-Natha*, despite the large sums expended on the scenery, dresses, and decorations, and despite the excellence of the *corps de ballet*, hangs fire somewhat at the Scala.

NICE.—A Massenet Festival was to be given yesterday at the Cercle de la Mediterrannée, when *Ève*, the overture to *Phèdre*, and various smaller works from the same pen were to be performed. Massenet had consented to conduct *Ève* himself. There were to be a hundred and thirty executants, the vocal solos being sung by Mdme Brunet-Lafleur, MM. Bosquin, and Giraud. There is some talk of another Festival, to be devoted to *La Tempête* by Duvernoy. (Juste ciel! What next?—Dr Blitz.)

CINCINNATI.—The prize of 1,000 dollars offered by the Musical Festival Association for the best original choral and orchestral composition, to be performed at the Grand Festival next May, has been awarded to the setting of the "Forty-Sixth Psalm," by Mr Gilchrist, of Philadelphia. The judges were Carl Reinecke, of Leipsic; Saint-Saëns, of Paris; and Theodor Thomas, of New York. The competition was open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of birthplace, and there were nineteen competitors.

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FORM OR DESIGN IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 23.)

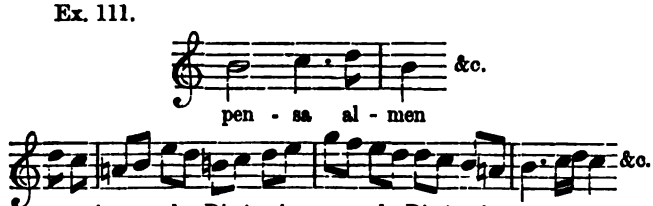
In this movement* the rapid agitated music of the episodes is an expression of horror at the perfidy of the lover, the slow entreating music of the main subject is expressive of yearning for the renewal of his love; and the whole is a struggle for mastery between the two feelings. Now horror is foremost, now love, and yet again love is foremost, but mingled with the tumultuousness which horror has brought to it, as in the coda. The episodes always end with a half-close, the main subjects always with a full; thus suggesting the greater strength of the love than of that which disturbs it but yet cannot undo it.

Mozart's "Non temer," the setting for soprano with pianoforte *obbligato*, which was written, as his private list says, "for Mdlle Storace and me," is a rondo of somewhat extended and free form. Both the slow and quick movements are included in the plan of one rondo. The slow part contains a principal subject, in E flat:

Ex. 110.

an episode, in B flat:

Ex. 111.



followed by the principal subject again, in E flat, and a second episode in mixed keys:

Ex. 112.

This closes the slow part with the dominant of E flat, and thus brings *round* the original key, E flat, with a new idea in quick time as principal subject and as commencement of the quick movement:

Ex. 113.

Following this is a short episode, in B flat:

Ex. 114.

and the second principal subject again. After this is the second episode of the quick movement, which is long, with a good deal of modulation and many ideas:

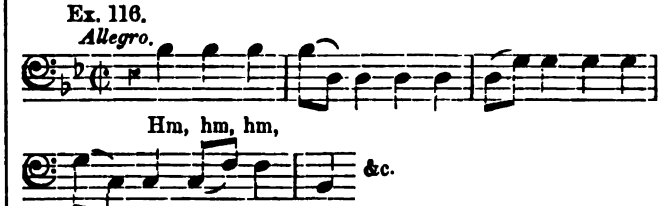
Ex. 115.

* *Finale* of Beethoven's "Ah perfido."

falling again into the second principal subject. The music following this is chiefly in E flat, and of the nature of coda; its tonic pedals, transient modulations to sub-dominant, alternations of tonic and dominant chords, and of tonic, dominant, sub-mediant and super-tonic, all pointing onwards to the end.

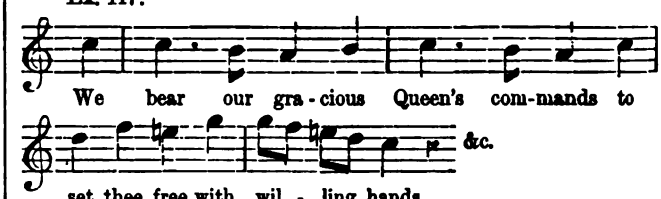
The quintet in the *Magic Flute*, between the three ladies, Tamino, and Papageno, is a rondo in its key form but not in its ideas, either poetical or musical. In point of idea it follows the madrigal plan, for each idea is completed before the next is touched. This is in harmony with the constant change of ideas in the words, which, when said, are not alluded to again in the course of the piece, and do not touch any deep emotion which may be interpreted as recurring in the minds of the speakers again and again. Musical consistency is attained by the rondo form in which the keys are laid out; the first idea is in B flat, the second in F, the third is in B flat, the fourth goes abroad again, the fifth is B flat, and the sixth B flat, as a sort of coda. It will be felt that the constant return of the main key joins the different ideas together as separate links in a chain, as in far grander style did the singleness of key of the "Hallelujah Chorus." The appropriatness of thus linking the ideas together is apparent, for though distinct, they are of the same tendency, and carry on the events of but one situation in the plot. 1st, Papageno sings with locked lips, and Tamino pities him:

Ex. 116.



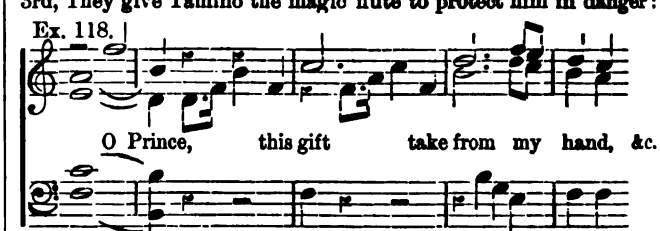
2nd, The three ladies say that this locking of his lips was done for his good, and proceed to unlock them, telling him to beware of malice and lying:

Ex. 117.



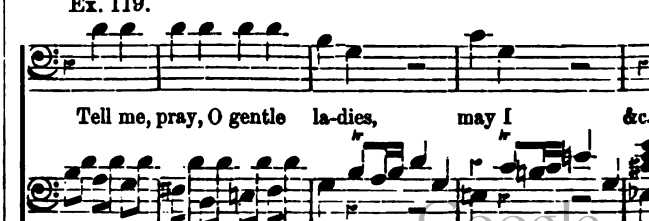
3rd, They give Tamino the magic flute to protect him in danger:

Ex. 118.



4th, Papageno receives a command to go with Tamino to Sarastro, and demurs because Sarastro is a tiger:

Ex. 119.



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5th, The magic bells are given to Papageno for his protection:

Ex. 120.

6th, Tamino and Papageno are told of the three spirits who will always be at hand to help them:

Ex. 121.

Andante.

The plan of the keys is carried out to such perfection, in this movement, that each separate idea is in complete form of some kind; the first, second, fifth, and sixth are miniature sonatas, the third and fourth, rondos, with sometimes a passage to connect one idea with the next. By this treatment, the whole is made like some statue, of which not only the large outlines, but every feature and every detail has been finished with the utmost care and minuteness by the master's hand.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

O Son of Man, by lying tongues adored,
By murderous hands of slaves with feet red-shod
In carnage deep as ever Christian trod;
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred
And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,
Brute worshippers or wielders of the rod,
Most murderous even of all that call thee God,
Most treacherous even that ever called thee Lord;
Face loved of little children long ago,
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,
If thou see this, or hear these hounds of thine
Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,
Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow
In thy death's hour the works of Christian men?

Jan. 23, 1882. A. C. SWINBURNE.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—I am one of many persons who are moved by your denunciation of the lawless cruelties perpetrated on the Jews in Russia, and the apparent connivance or apathy of the varnished savages who misgovern those barbarians. If the latter persist in that course and so make that a national crime which might otherwise remain the crime of numerous individuals, some great calamity will fall on them, or history is a blind guide; and by the same rule you give friendly advice when you urge our Government and people to protest and wash their hands before God and man of this terrible crime. I fear, however, that a mere Government protest will be slighted or evaded by Russian mendacity. Fortunately, our nation can speak and act by other organs besides our Government, and now is the time to show ourselves men, and men whose hearts are horrified at the cowardly cruelty of this Tartar tribe to God's ancient people.

Let us take a wide view of this situation, since it is so great and so new in our day; for wholesale persecution of the Jews is not of this epoch, but "a reversion" to the dark ages. One of the signs that distinguishes a true Christian from a sham one is that the former studies the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures with care and reverence, and there learns the debt his heart, soul, and understanding owe to historians, poets, philosophers, prophets, preachers, and teachers, some writing Greek, some Hebrew, but every one of them Jews; and also learns to pity and respect the Jewish nation, though under a cloud, and to hope for the time when they will resume their ancient territory, which is so evidently kept waiting for them. This, the hope of every Christian, is the burning and longing desire of many for another reason—because the prophecies we receive, though obscure in matters of detail, are clear as day on two points: That the Jews are to repossess Palestine, and, indeed, to rule from Lebanon to Euphrates; and that this event is to be the first of a great series of changes, leading to a vast improvement in the condition of poor suffering mankind and of creation in general. Now we have here in prospect a glorious event as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow. The only difference is that the sun will rise at a certain hour, and the Jews will occupy Syria and resume their national glory at an uncertain day.

No doubt it is the foible of mankind to assume that an uncertain date must be a distant one. But that is unreasonable. Surely it is the duty of wise and sober men not to run before the Almighty in this thing; but, on the other hand, to watch precursory signs and lend our humble co-operation, should so great a privilege be accorded to us. This sudden persecution of the Jews in the very nation where they are most numerous—may it not be a precursory sign and a reminder from Providence that their abiding city is not in European Tartary? I almost think some such reminder was needed; for when I was a boy the pious Jews still longed for the Holy Land. They prayed, like Daniel, with their windows open towards Jerusalem. Yet, now that the broken and impoverished Saracen would cede them territory at one-tenth of its agricultural and commercial value, a cold indifference seems to have come over them. I often wonder at this change of sentiment about so great a matter and in so short a period, comparatively speaking, and puzzle myself as to the reason. Two solutions occur to me: 1, Dispersed in various nations, whose average inhabitants are inferior in intelligence and forethought to themselves, they thrive as individual aliens more than they may think so great a multitude of Jews would thrive in a land of their own, where blockheads would be scarce. 2, They have for centuries contracted their abilities to a limited number of peaceful arts and trades; they may distrust their power to diversify their abilities, and be suddenly a complete nation, with soldiers, sailors, merchants, husbandmen, as well as financiers and artists.

If I should happen to be anywhere near the mark in these suggestions, let me offer a word in reply to both objections. In the first place, they both prove too much, for they would keep the Jews dispersed for ever. It is certain, therefore, they will have to be got over some day, and therefore the sooner the better. As to objection one, it is now proved that sojourning among inferior nations has more drawbacks than living at home. True, the Russian yokel has for years been selling to the Jews his summer labour in winter, and at a heavy discount. But the silly, improvident brute has turned like a wild beast upon them, and, outwitted lawfully, has massacred them contrary to law; and truly Solomon had warned them there is no animal more dangerous than a fool and a brute beast without understanding. Besides, they need not evacuate other countries in a hurry and before the resources of their own land are developed. *Dimidium facti qui bene cœpit, habet.* Palestine can be colonized effectually from Russia alone, where there are 3,000,000 Jews trembling for life and property; and the rest would follow. As to the second objection. History is a looking-glass at our backs. Turn round and look into it with your head as well as your eyes, and you shall see the future. Whatever Jews have done Jews may do. They are a people of genius, and genius is not confined by Nature, but by will, by habit, or by accident. To omit to try is not to fail. What have this people tried heartily and failed in? Warriors, writers, builders, merchants, law-givers, husbandmen, and supreme in all!

When they will consent to rise to their destiny I know not, but this I do know, that, whenever they do, not excessive calculations, but some faith, will be expected from them, as it always has been, as a condition of their triumphs, and they will prove equal to the occasion, and be great in the arts of peace and war, and their enemies melt away before them like snow off a dyke. Should they seem to require help at starting from any other nation, blessed will be the nation that proffers it; and the nation that persecutes them will be made an example of in some way or other. Therefore, if by any chance this recent outrage should decide the Jewish leaders to colonize Palestine from Russia, let us freely offer ships, seamen, money—whatever we are asked for. It will be a better national investment than Egyptian, Brazilian, or Peruvian bonds. Meantime, I implore our divines to separate themselves, and all the souls under their charge, in all the churches and chapels

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of the land, from the crime of those picture-worshipping idolators and cowardly murderers, by public disavowal and prayerful humiliation, since the monsters call themselves Christians.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

3, *Bloomfield Villas, Uxbridge Road.*

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

These concerts pursue the even tenour of their way, and for some little time past have found their interest in presenting to a crowd of faithful patrons the masterpieces which become more welcome as they are better known. On the last occasion, however, the programme contained an important novelty—to wit, an Ottet in A major, for strings, by Mr Svendsen, a Swedish composer whose abilities do not now require to be proclaimed as wanting recognition. In his very admirable analysis of the ottet, Mr J. W. Davison informed the audience that it is one of Mr Svendsen's earliest efforts. Internal evidence speaks loudly in support of this statement. The work exemplifies what Mr Davison calls the "irrepressible impulse to create something" so characteristic of youthful composers nowadays, and hence it has a style, a method, and to some extent a form of its own. This would alone serve for interest, since the most conservative amateur must look with approval upon an "irrepressible impulse," which, while it may create something beautiful, is willing to accept the responsibility of an exactly opposite effect. Our young musicians do well to give their impulse free play when once, as Professor Macfarren lately counselled, they have ballasted themselves with knowledge of what the masters did before them. Ignorant impulse is worthless. In music it only spoils paper, spreads irritation, and gives an opportunity of looking foolish to a lot of silly people, who think to show themselves wise by acclaiming whatever is new and strange. Mr Svendsen's ottet is not a product of ignorant impulse, but the work of a man who knew what he did and why he did it. Hence, for all its "independence of accepted models," it deserves respectful consideration. The opening *allegro* is, to our mind, much the best movement, not because it most nearly approximates to classic form—though that is an advantage—but on account of its intrinsic merits as an expression of musical thought and an evidence of technical skill. It is long, but not diffuse, in the sense that the composer has a great deal to say of an irrelevant nature. Indeed we hardly know where to find among modern works an example of greater economy of theme. Having lighted upon two good subjects, Mr Svendsen has here treated them with inexhaustible ingenuity and uniformly good effect. He shows what a master of his craft can do in the way of exposition, and how little need there is for him to be dragging in episode after episode to spin out the required length. Such work undoubtedly demands the highest talent—which is why we see so little of it—and should the art of doing it vanish in course of the growing revulsion against old fashions, true music will receive a heavy blow. The harmonic structure of the movement is decidedly free, but exceedingly rich, while in dexterous use of the resources furnished by his eight instruments Mr Svendsen leaves nothing to desire. Though marked by great variety, the prevailing character of the scherzo is fancifulness carried almost to exaggeration. In a scherzo, that which is *bizarre* finds a natural place, but the force of eccentricity can go too far, and we are by no means sure that examples are wanting here. It would, however, be rash to speak positively after a single hearing. The slow movement is less interesting and scarcely worthy of the work. Not so the finale, a movement constructed upon themes distinctive enough to be suspected of a "national" origin. Here Mr Svendsen is heard at his best, both ear and mind being gratified, the one by pleasant melodies and ever-varying harmonic effects, the other by a perception of natural development and symmetry. To sum up, the ottet in A is a welcome addition to Mr Chappell's repertory, and will remain, unless we be greatly mistaken, on the "active list." It was capitally played by Messrs Straus, Ries, Wiener, Gibson, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti. Another novelty proceeded from the exhaustless store of Sebastian Bach, Miss Marie Krebs and Herr Straus introducing the old master's Sonata in C for piano and violin—one of a set of six, of which two had previously been heard at these concerts. The two allegro movements were played to perfection, and much appreciated for their ingenuity and ceaseless flow of melodic figures. Miss Krebs' solos were the Lieder ohne Worte in E major (Book 6) and in G major (Book 5), together with the Study in A by the composer of those beautiful "songs." Her playing of the study was a masterpiece of execution, the ever-rushing semi-quavers continuing without a single fault to the end. No wonder that the audience acclaimed so fine an example of real virtuosity. Spohr's trio in E minor (Op. 119) ended the concert, which derived interest also from Miss Santley's very charming singing of songs by Sullivan, Gounod, and Schubert, Mr Zerbini ably accompanying.—*D. T.*

TWO FRENCH TENORS.*

DUPREZ AND ROGER.

II.

(Continued from page 14.)

It was by a strange accident that Roger first came to play Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. That opera was announced in London for Mad. Viardot's benefit. At noon, Mario sent word to say he was hoarse and could not appear. The manager entreated Roger to undertake the character. But Roger had never played or even rehearsed it—though, it is true, he knew the opera by heart. He was aware he was staking his future. If he were unsuccessful he jeopardised his position at the Paris Grand Opera before he entered on it; if he succeeded he should achieve a triumph. He closed his eyes like a man going to jump into the water, and—consented. The only stipulation he made, that he should sing in French instead of Italian, was conceded, and the bold venture was most fortunate. The result of the general admiration gained by the extemporised Raoul was that Meyerbeer, always hesitating and always seeking, resolved on entrusting Roger with the part of John of Leyden in *Le Prophète*. The colossal work was studied and rehearsed from December, 1848, to April, 1849. Roger and Mad. Viardot obtained in it their greatest triumph. In 1849 Roger visited Germany professionally for the first time. He learned his parts in German, a feat his countrymen thought impossible. He discovered he had a talent for foreign languages, and asserted, not without good grounds, that every musician with a proper organization must possess the same. He mentions several little expedients for helping the learner, and warns the latter above everything not to be frightened by the printed characters, "the pointed Gothic ends of which are always running into one's eyes." The first visit to Germany was soon followed by a second, third, and fourth. Roger was in raptures with the warm appreciation he found in Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, and Hamburgh. He was as pleased as a child with any mark offered him of respect and enthusiasm. The mania of the Germans for albums, however, was hateful to him. In Dresden he received from an unknown—but, naturally, female—hand, a nosegay with a long high-flown poem. He took the trouble to translate the latter into French. He really turned it into very neat verse; then he became a little ashamed of such vanity, and at last comforted himself with the charming remark, "Mais bah! On n'est pas ténor pour rien!"

In May, 1854, Roger, as Fernand in *La Favorite*, appeared for the last time at the Paris Grand Opera. The diary does not clearly explain the cause of his leaving, but, celebrated and spoilt, he appears, like so many of his colleagues, to have claimed more money and laurels than should fall to the lot of any artist, even the best, if permanently engaged. He preferred, at any rate, wandering about from theatre to theatre abroad. "Je suis mon maître!" he says with proud satisfaction.

"After the Day's Shooting," is the inscription at the head of the last chapter in the diary. The day's shooting in question is that when his gun unfortunately went off by accident, shattering his right arm. He behaved with marvellous firmness and courage under the calamity. The maimed limb was amputated, and an artificial one had to take its place. A few months only after the operation he wrote in his diary, "Do not let us think any more of the lost arm," and started to fulfil fresh starring engagements in Germany. Though possessing only half the proper number of arms, and only half a voice, he still delighted his hearers with the warmth and delicacy of his singing and the charm of his acting. When, at length, the remains of his voice failed him, he devoted himself with thorough zealousness to teaching others, and, during the ten years he was connected with the Paris Conservatory, formed many a sterling singer. He was ailing only a short time and awaited death with composure. He died in Paris on the 12th September, 1879. In him dramatic vocal art lost one of its greatest and most amiable masters.

As a pendant to Roger's book, though somewhat more slender in bulk and purport, we have the autobiography of Duprez. It will doubtless be greeted by his numerous admirers as a welcome gift. Nevertheless it is very far from possessing the charm of Roger's work. Behind the account of the writer's joys and sorrows, behind the narrative of what he did, and what he did

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

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not, do, we do not find so exciting, clever, and cheery an individuality as Roger's. Duprez calls his book *Souvenirs d'un Chanteur*. But what reminiscences can be more important and dearer to a singer than those of his theatrical triumphs? So Duprez delights in telling them, though with a simple good nature with which we cannot be angry. But his *Souvenirs* will find a full response only in the breast of those readers who have themselves heard the celebrated tenor and contribute valuable recollections of their own. I unfortunately have not been so lucky; I have seen and spoken to, but never heard him. I met him in 1867, the year of the Exhibition, at a brilliant party given by August Wolff, head of the first piano-manufactory in Paris, when he was in vain besieged with requests to sing some trifle or other. The hoarseness with which he apologised for his refusal was no empty excuse, for the old gentleman was fond of hearing, in a friendly circle, his own voice and the applause of the company, both echoes, as it were, of former happy days. But he would, he said, give us something else in the musically-dramatic line: he would exhibit a Marionette Theatre, which, originally conceived and carried out for his own children, had gradually obtained an astounding celebrity in Paris. In a recess of the saloon, Duprez's son, Léon, and his daughter, that admirable singer, Caroline Duprez-Vandenheuvel, set up a little show with scenery and three or four movable puppets which they worked very skilfully from above by means of strings. On the evening in question they selected the fourth act of Donizetti's *Favorite;* Fernand and Leonore executed the most diverting gestures, strictly in keeping with the words, while the brother and sister behind the scenes performed their part of the exhibition in a vein of delicate parody. Nothing could possibly be more droll; the most jaded faces brightened up with merriment, and the most solemn backs were bent with laughter. The joke thus carried out with incredible talent, though at first represented only among most intimate friends, soon got so much talked about, that the Duprez family had to perform it before Napoleon III. and his Court. Papa Duprez, who had retired even from this smallest of lyric theatres, witnessesed the entertainment with much satisfaction from his easy chair—a short, thick-set man with blackish-grey curly hair, a low forehead, and a broad mouth; an individual so uninteresting and homely in appearance, that we should have taken him for a wine-shop keeper who had made money, or a cheesemonger. He himself told us good humoredly how a celebrated *danseuse* of the Grand Opera called out after him at the general rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell:* "What! is that the new tenor engaged on such high terms instead of Nourrit? A toad like that? Impossible!" I myself on first seeing him could hardly believe that so insignificant an individual with so thoroughly prosaic a face, could, as Raoul, Edgar, or Fernand, have completely carried away his public, a public, be it remembered, accustomed to an artist of such poetic appearance as Nourrit. Yet we know that he did completely carry them away. Let us hear what Roger—certainly not a person likely to be over-partial—writes of Duprez as Othello, the last year Duprez was on the lyric stage (1849): "This evening, Duprez electrified all of us. What boldness! What a great soul! A terrible old lion! How he hurls his very entrails into the face of the public. What we hear is no longer notes but something like the explosion of a human breast crushed beneath the feet of an elephant; it is his blood, his own life, which he lavishes to extort from the public one of those shouts of applause with which the Romans used to greet their dying gladiators. It reminded me of a picture of the Spanish torture, frightful and sublime. Yes, sublime! for, despite the inequalities of a voice corroded by passion rather than time, he still shows he belongs to a great school and finds, even in his shortcomings, the means of preserving a grand style. When he has disappeared—the world will hear no one like him. I was really amused in the saloon by the art-critics and little musicians. They are of opinion that he drags too much, that he opens his mouth too much, and Heaven knows what else. Suppose he does? It is, at any rate, molten bronze that he pours into his widely-extended rhythms, and, if he opens his mouth too much, he at least shows us a heart."

Gilbert Duprez was born in Paris in 1816. Exhibiting as a boy precocious musical aptitude, he was lucky enough to have lessons of Choron, the celebrated director of the Institute for Religious Music, who received him into his own house and predicted a great career for him. This career was, however, not destined to be achieved as speedily as was imagined. Gilbert fell in love and became involved in all sorts of ideas about marrying; that he might fling them off, he was sent by his father for some months to Italy. But the desired result was not attained, and, scarcely had the young man returned, than, to enable him to marry, he accepted a wretched engagement at the Odéon, where, at the time, opera used to be performed. At the age of nineteen, he made his first appearance in Rossini's *Barbiere* (1825). The first criticism (by Charles Meurice) written on him, stated that anyone wishing to hear his voice must sit in the prompter's box, and that all who look edat him through their opera-glasses fancied at first they must have turned the latter the wrong way. The manager was soon afterwards a bankrupt, and Duprez, who had married in the interim, was left, with a wife and child, without bread. He gave concerts in provincial towns, but they scarcely paid their expenses. At last he obtained an engagement at the Opéra-Comique. On his losing this position likewise, he went to Italy, where, after waiting a long time, he was engaged by Merelli for second parts. His wife, also, sang second parts, but did not subsequently rise to first ones. The mighty Pasta, as *prima donna*, looked like a giantess by the side of the little tenor. This fair and popular artist, whose dramatic talents Duprez rated far higher than her vocal proficiency, never had a word of encouragement for the indefatigable young artist. It was in small towns such as Como, Varese, and Bergamo, where he was allowed to sing first parts, that he began to attract more attention. In Bergamo, he became acquainted with Donizetti, who was helping his old master, Simon Mayer, to get up one of his earlier works again. This was *L'Amour conjugal*, the libretto of which is exactly the same as that of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Concerning the good Bavarian Italian, Simon Mayer, whom we always imagined to be a highly staid personage, we learn from Duprez that he came regularly much the worse for liquor to rehearsal and that he was faithfully imitated in his virtuous course by the other musicians, the result always being a "*spectacle burlesque.*"

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—The Philharmonic Concert given on the 14th, at the large hall of the Conservatoire of Music offered an unusual attraction. For the first time the work of an English composer was to be performed before the eminently fastidious *dilletanti* of Vienna. Hans Richter, after acclimatizing Wagner's music in England, has introduced Mr F. H. Cowen to the Viennese. Indifferent to the rooted prejudice—existing here as all over the Continent—that nothing really artistic can be produced by an Englishman, Richter put Mr Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony" before the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. The custom is to ballot any composition submitted to them, and Mr Cowen's symphony was accepted by a unanimous vote, an exceptional case with the music of composers not well known to the public of Vienna. The programme consisted of the overture of *The Bride of Messina*, by Schumann, Fuch's "Serenade," and Mr Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony." It was evident after the first movement (*allegro moderato*) that our compatriot had won the sympathy of the audience. But when the orchestra had played the *molto adagio* ("Summer evening on the Fjord,") Mr Cowen was the object of an ovation, and, led by Hans Richter, was called four times before the conductor's desk, personally to acknowledge the applause. "*It might have been written with a swan's quill, on lace,*" said my neighbour, the musical critic of one of the great journals of Vienna. It was clear that Mr Cowen had not only scored a success, but a complete triumph. He was again repeatedly called before the audience after the last two movements, and when the concert was over the whole orchestra applauded with the public. Mr Cowen had won the day. The execution, under Richter, was faultless.

GENERAL BATAILLE.—The unexpected death of this valiant officer, struck down by apoplexy, has painfully affected not only the military world, of which he was so justly considered one of the glories, but likewise the amateur and artistic world with which he was connected through his wife, one of the greatest artists of the day. The deceased, like Generals de Sparre, Millinet, Cambriels, Parmentier, and numerous others, really worshipped music. The ovations paid his wife in the drawing-rooms of Paris touched him doubly. He liked to listen to her and to hear her applauded. He took a great interest, also, in our large musical gatherings, though he was not a musician. Affable and kindly towards artists, he made real friends in the world of art, where his wife shone brightly as much for his sake as her own. A very large number attended his funeral. Marshal de McMahon headed the representatives of the army, and Faure those of art.—*Le Ménestrel.*

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet, in G major, Op. 36, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "In questa tomba" (Beethoven)—Miss Spenser Jones; Nocturne, in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2, and Scherzo, in B minor, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Ries), first time—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Adina" (Schubert)—Miss Spenser Jones; Trio, in B flat, Op. 5, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Davenport)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 28, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in B flat Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Suspicious terrors, vanish" (Handel)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Miss Emma Barnett; Sonata, in D minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Rüst)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Songs, "Der lenge Tag" (Halfden Kjerulf), and "Die Lerche" (Rubinstein)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Serenade Trio, in D major, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven), by desire—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Hollander and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

Down the muddy, noisy street
Came little pale-face
Looking wonderful and sweet:
But her quickly pacing feet
Took her out of sight *so* soon,
At the end of afternoon.

Aoi.

And the wretched human river,
Shivering and shaking,
With its everlasting fever,
Towards a sea it dreams of never!
And the miserable skies!
And the dreary day that dies!

Aoi.

And the branch without a bird,
Winter or Summer!
And the brain that finds no word!
And the heart that isn't heard!
And the night about to come!
And the midnight, dull and dumb!

Aoi.

Polkaw.

MDME NORMAN-NÉRUDA is to play at the Popular Concert on Monday. *Hoch!*

ALBANI AT BERLIN.—On the day before her departure for London, the Emperor sent his portrait to Mdme Albani, with his autograph underneath, a mark of high and rare consideration on his part.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S husband, M. Rouzaud, has been so affected by the financial excitement of the past week, in France, that it has been found necessary to remove him to a private asylum. He had recently bought a share in a stock-broking business, which, however, it is understood, has not been injured by the panic.—*Daily Telegraph.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDAX RERUM.—Yes; but, unfortunately, the infuriate London Wagnerites only attend the first performance of Wagner's operas, and then tyrannize over the rest of the house. Their despotic verdict thus asserted, they leave subsequent performances to their inferiors—the public in general, who, perhaps, not quite convinced, are forthwith ignominiously anathematized. When will this pompous twaddle cease? Mr Carl Rosa, after all the labour and money he has expended, can hardly be satisfied with *one* paying house for *Lohengrin*—especially remembering that on Saturday in the same week, "Th' old Girl," as Balfe used familiarly to style his *Bohemian*, brought just as crammed a house as that which assembled on the first night of *Lohengrin*—a fuller house than on the second occasion; and again, again, a fuller than on the first night of the *Flying Dutchman*. *Be chesm!*

CORK CITIZEN.—Next week. Please only write on one side of the paper.

A HATER OF SET FORMS.—Ask your grandmother to ask Liszt to re-write the overtures to *The Caliph of Bagdad* and *Ma Tante Aurore*, and see if he can make them better. Ask the Prophet to compose a quartet like No. 1 of "Papa Haydn," or No. 1 of "The infantile Mozart."

GLASGOW.—Again too late; but shall appear next week. Remember that the editor is not within a thousand miles of London, and that thus a day is lost in transmission. Also take pity on our fagged compositors.

SITÔT.—Cito.

BIRTH.

On Jan. 20th, at 5, Blomfield Crescent, Westbourne Terrace, W., the wife of MARMADUKE H. ST JOHN ROBINSON, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Jan. 20th, at 13, Coverdale Road, Shepherd's Bush, J. H. NIGHTINGALE, Esq., late of Liverpool, in his 55th year.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE stream of eloquence flows on from either source; but apparently without bringing conviction. We must, therefore, entreat our readers to follow the argument with us, and, if agreeable, help us now and then with opinions of their own. Here are more letters, addressed to the same contemporary:—

SIR,—The visit of the Royal princes to Manchester has, it may be hoped, inaugurated a new era in English music. Hitherto music as an art has been practically monopolized by the rich. Here and

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there sporadic efforts have been made to raise the standard of the divine art among the people, but no attempt has been made to nationalize it or to render the English what we are told by the best of all authorities, Mr Hullah, we are capable of being made—a musical people. Again, music occupies amongst the arts of England a lower place than its importance demands. Look at her sister, Painting! What institution has Music which can be named in the same day with the Royal Academy? What office can it show to compare with the chair so ably filled by Sir Frederick Leighton? Go to Paris, and all is changed. If painting be represented by the Museum of Painting, music has its conservatoire, its Government grant, its Government director. Nor is this confined to Paris alone. Take Vienna, take Berlin, take Dresden; in all these cities you will find a conservatoire worthy of the nation, and deriving assistance from the Government—even in little Stuttgart there will be found a conservatoire, an orchestra, an organized system of musical education, aided by Government, and representing, so to speak, the people to which it belongs. In England excellent schools exist for music; the Royal Academy has a great number of pupils, but its funds will not allow of any extended gratis education, and its influence may fairly be said to be confined to its former pupils and its present teachers. Surely, then, this comparison shames us, since England is wealthier, more artistic, and more really musical than any other country. All it requires is to have the ball set rolling, to be shown how beneficially to do what is wanted, how to foster art in the best manner. Abroad, every movement begins with the Government. Monsieur the Minister of Agriculture teaches farming, and Monsieur the Minister of Arts does likewise for painting, &c. Happily, the reverse is the case in England. The people move the Government, and not the Government the people. For this we have no less than archiepiscopal authority, for the Archbishop of York said at Manchester: "If the inhabitants of this country said they thought the time had come when musical education should be carried higher, the Government would assist in carrying it higher. We," added his Grace, "are the Government of this country, we, the people of this country—that is to say, enlightened sober public opinion governs this country, and not the Prime Minister and his colleagues alone." And now to the important subject connected with these remarks. A plan has been formed for the establishment of a Royal College of Music. Its object is the creation of an institution on a wider and more extended basis than any one now existing. It proposes to give free education, and in many cases, it is hoped, maintenance, wholly or in part, to a number of scholars, the scholars to be in every case elected by competition. The Prince of Wales is at its head; its supporters number many of the most eminent in music, as well as those who command social power. What the Prince of Wales seeks, I venture to affirm, is a declaration by the country that it cares for music, and will stand by those who have its true interests at heart. To elicit such a declaration he proposes to call a meeting, on Feb. 14, of representatives from every county and important place in the United Kingdom. An opportunity will thus be offered to the country to express its opinion on the promotion of music, and all persons who wish to extend the best, the purest, the most civilizing of arts, should aid in the effort about to be made.

The resources at the disposition of the Prince of Wales are in themselves very great. He is Chairman of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and the commissioners have under their control a site unrivalled for a college which is to educate and maintain a number of young persons. The requisites of such a site are space, pure air, and ready access. Space is the great desideratum in London, where the price of a square yard of ground is measured by the number of sovereigns which would cover that area with gold. This space is to be found in the site of the commissioners, and nowhere else. They have the Albert Hall, the Horticultural Gardens, and the vacant annexes. Let the commissioners for once be generous. Let them grant the corridors of the Albert Hall for dining rooms, for recreation rooms, let them give the gardens for exercise, let them concede a site for the additional buildings required by the side of the Conservatoire. Grant that this would amount to a gift in value of £20,000 or £30,000; but how can the site be better applied? Add to this, the building so munificently erected by Mr Freake, and we will challenge Europe to show a site in a crowded city equal to the one here suggested for the college. The means of communication are railways present and railways expected, besides the ordinary facilities afforded by the spot abutting on all the great routes of communication.

Everything, then, favours this public-spirited effort; and the one thing which will ensure success is cordial support on every side by those who teach, by those who hear, and by that large mass of people who wish to extend throughout the kingdom the influence of music. Let all sincere lovers of music pledge themselves to support by every effort in their power so grand a movement, and call upon all friends to assist us. Away with private interests, away with "cliqueism," away with jealousies. Let all give a vigorous and united aid to the generous Prince who presides over the effort, and to the gentlemen who have devoted so much time and so much labour in promoting an institution from which they can derive no advantage but the reflection that to the utmost of their power they are serving their country and the beneficent and civilizing art of music.—I am, sir, yours &c.,

TREU UND FEST.

SIR,—Dr Stainer's letter affords a striking illustration of the unfair way in which the supporters of the proposed college endeavour to hoodwink the public. Dr Stainer confidently asserts the superiority of the South Kensington School over the Royal Academy of Music, because a group of singers from the former have attained to prominent places in public performances; but he forgot to say that the Kensington School received the pick of the musical youth of the kingdom, who, as such, were admitted to free scholarships. I submit that, considering the superior natural musical capabilities of the pupils selected by the Kensington School, the wonder is not that a few have distinguished themselves, but that the majority have failed to achieve anything approaching a prominent position. If the Royal Academy had enjoyed advantages similar to those hitherto exclusively held by South Kensington, namely, a large money endowment extending over five years, the test proposed by Dr Stainer would be possible, but up to the present time South Kensington has had a monopoly of wealth, whilst the Academy has been permitted to exist in decent poverty.—Yours, &c.,

Jan. 13. OBSERVER.

SIR,—As one of the professors of the National Training School of Music, I can speak from my own experience as to the advantages of the system upon which that institution was founded. At the commencement of the school, nearly six years ago, every student was admitted through having passed a competitive examination, whereby the average standard of talent was necessarily higher than would have been the case by any other mode of admission. The scholarships by which this was effected being dispersed all over the kingdom, and being moreover free of expense or unnecessary restrictions to the scholar, the advantages they offered were within the reach of any one possessing the requisite musical talent. As these scholarships were for five years, the students who had gained them undertook to serve what might be described as a musical apprenticeship for that period. At the end of the five years, with few exceptions, the list of students was the same as when the school commenced its labours. In the history of musical education in this country, the fact of nearly 100 students, selected by competition, studying together during the space of five years, is without parallel.

The advantages of such a system must at once be evident. When the professors of the National School commenced their classes at the opening of the institution, they knew that the pupils placed under them would remain for certain during the space of several years. Hence they were able to unfold the principles of the art to those entrusted to their care in a more systematic manner than would have been possible had the pupils had the liberty of entering for a few terms and leaving when they thought fit. To these causes is no doubt due the fact of the school having been so successful in adding to the list of well-known artists in the musical world. As the system I have described will, in the main, form one of the principal features of the proposed College of Music, it is satisfactory to know it has worked so well, and, moreover, justifies the most sanguine expectations as to what may be done with the resources that a Royal College of Music would have at its command.

JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

January 14.

SIR,—Your able correspondent, "An Amateur," has rendered good service to the public by his lucid statement of the facts connected with the movement for a "Royal College of Music." To-day, however, I see an announcement that the committee of the new college have arrived at a most important decision, namely, that the whole of the education at the Royal College will be free. Now, if this be so, I am inclined to think that no existing institution will be unfavourably affected by the new scheme. The Royal Academy of Music provides for one class of students, Trinity College, London, for another, the Guildhall School of Music for a third. All three institutions are well attended, and neither has suffered from the success of the other. Therefore, if the proposed Royal College should, by the establishment of a system of entirely gratuitous instruction to persons of exceptional promise complete the economy of

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musical education in this hitherto musically-neglected land, much of the difficulty naturally experienced by your correspondent, and by others with him, would disappear. But the real promoters of the embryo college must change their attitude towards existing institutions if they would wish to disabuse them of the suspicion that the new scheme really means a monopoly for a few professional men. When we find one of these promoters speaking of the Royal Academy as a mere "association of professors," we cannot but deplore the spirit in which he has advocated the new scheme.

I await with much interest the further communication of "An Amateur." I trust his remarks will have the effect of promoting a little more kindliness and unity of feeling in the musical world, as well as a better understanding between already existing corporations. Such a result, sir, would be greatly beneficial, not only to the musical profession, but also to many

ANOTHER AMATEUR.

IAMBLICHUS.—Well?
DEMOCRITUS.—Well?
IAMBLICHUS.—We have got thus far. Now let us go further.
DEMOCRITUS.—*Cancriz'ans.*
IAMBLICHUS.—You're a sceptic.
DEMOCRITUS.—*Il en faut.* [*Exeunt severally.*

Allegorical.

I see an ugly, sallow, haggard face
Craned forth, stock-still and speechless,—into gloom,
For nothing now is left to it for eyes
(Thine are so infinitely beautiful)
But two things shrivelled up. The woman's blind;
And sits upon the chilly stone and begs;
And suckles a baby (what strange destiny);
And holds, in the hand left free, the little can
For passers-by to drop their pennies in.
Money gets food, and food brings milk to the breast.
That woman, then, is like a poet I know:
That child, a poem written from his heart:
And Charity is Thou, O mine adored.

Polkau.

Robert Stœpel, brother to Helen Stœpel (Mrs Vincent Wallace), having returned to America, after an absence of about eight years, is now conductor at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Only two new operas will be given this Carnival season in Italy: *Bianca di Cervia*, by Smareglia, at the Scala, Milan, and *La Contessa di Chatillon*, by Nicola Massa, at Reggio (Emilia).

DRESDEN.—A new opera, *Hagbar und Signe*, music by Mihalovich, book by Dr Adolf Stern, is in preparation at the Theatre Royal. The composer, Edmund von Mihalovich, a Sclavonian by birth, studied in 1864 under Hauptmann at Leipsic, and then under Hans von Bülow at Munich. Compositions from his pen have already been performed on various occasions.

LOHENGRIN NOT IN PARIS.

The following is translated from a Berlin art-paper of high consideration:—

"The projected performances of *Lohengrin* at the Théâtre des Nations, Paris, will not be held. The Intendant of the Theatres Royal, Munich, has refused the three artists selected" (The couple, Vogl and Reichmann), "the leave of absence solicited, and Antony Neumann has not been able to find others capable of replacing them. The most interesting feature in the matter was the difficulty experienced in getting them to renounce the idea of going to Paris to play in a German piece. Advice has been received from high personages. Even Prince von Hohenlohe, the German Ambassador in Paris, has declared himself unable to prevent a disturbance and protect the artists against a theatrical cabal."

To the foregoing sensible remarks, the fiercest and most polemic of Paris musical hebdomadals retorts, fiercely and polemically:—

"This news, which all the daily press of Paris has reproduced, does not require any comment. It is evident that the Germans of Munich appreciated the situation better than Herr Neumann and the French Wagnerites. We beg to offer our very best compliments to the said worthy Germans of Munich who, in this case, have shown themselves more reasonable than the Germans of Paris, which, by the way, was not enormously difficult, judging by what has taken place for some years."

[*Quels enfans de la patrie!*—Dr Blidge.]

CONCERT.

Mr Aguilar, at his third and last recital on (Jan. 18), played Wagner's "Album Sonata" in A flat, dedicated to a "Frau M. W." This piece is a curiosity of its kind, Wagner affecting to despise the pianoforte as a conveyer of musical ideas. Mr Aguilar also introduced three dance movements from Sacchini's opera, *Le Cid*, (given at Versailles and Paris, 1783-84), his own sonata in A minor and several "fugitive pieces" which greatly pleased the audience.

PROVINCIAL.

GLOUCESTER.—Mrs Ellicott, wife of the Bishop of Gloucester, is known as a patroness of art, and a distinguished vocalist at the classical concerts of Cambridge; for Cambridge, unlike Oxford, cultivates music *con amore*. The "Gloucestershire Philharmonic Society" was founded by Mrs Ellicott, and at the first concert of the season, held at the Shire Hall, Gloucester, on Jan. 17th, the Bishop's lady sang two charming German *Lieder*, composed by her accomplished daughter, Miss Ellicott, both of which, but for the lateness of the hour, would have been repeated. Miss Ellicott also sustained the leading soprano part in Sir Julius Benedict's cantata, *St Cecilia*, which occupied the first part of the concert. Sir Julius conducted, and his reception by the good Gloucester folks may be reported as enthusiastic. Mr A. Barnett led the band, and Mr C. H. Lloyd officiated as organist and conductor of the second part of the concert. Miss Ellicott sang the trying music of St Cecilia so well as thoroughly to satisfy a critical audience. Excerpts from *Lohengrin* tested the quality of a capital band. The Hall, well known to visitors at the Triennial Festival, was crammed. —*Communicated.*

BERLIN.—W. Taubert, Royal Prussian *Oberkapellmeister*, who has acted since Hitzig's death as Vice-President of the Royal Academy, has been appointed President of that institution.—Mdlle Tagliana, whose engagement expired on the 31st December, has consented to remain at the Royal Operahouse till the 1st April. Pauline Lucca will fulfil an engagement in April at the same theatre.—Johann Strauss has been here, superintending the rehearsals of his new buffo opera, *Der lustige Krieg*.—There is a report that Marianne Brandt, the favourite contralto, intends throwing up her engagement at the Royal Operahouse. Commenting on this report, the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* remarks: "Let us hope it may not be true, for, if it were, the Royal Opera would lose one of its most distinguished members. With the dearth of contraltos now existing on the German stage, the loss of Marianne Brandt, whose original impersonations of Leah, Ortrud, Fides, Amneris, &c., cannot be excelled, would be irreparable."—The Victoria Theatre reverts to Herr Emil Hahn, the present manager, Herr Ernst, having exhausted his resources. Herr Hahn intends opening his season with Italian opera at the commencement of February.

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SOUVENIRS D'UN MUSICIEN.

PANSERON.

DR BLIDGE—SIR,—You probably knew in Paris the late Panseron, Professor at the Conservatoire, who was so celebrated for his famous "Vocalises" as for the smallnes of his nose. One day Heinrich Heine said to him—"My dear friend, how I envy you?" "Why?" —(Parceque Votre femme ne peut pas Vous mener par le *nez* Vous *n'en avez pas!*)—(Try dear Dr to translate, I find it impossible!)

This very Panseron met a few days afterwards Rossini, who was an intimate friend of his, since his sojourn as a "Grand Prix de Rome," where both lived togheter. Rossini who had just finished the *revised edition* of his Stabat Mater for the publisher Troupenas and was very tired of having scored more than 400 pages in a few days said to him: "How much I envy you?—"Tu quoque Brutus, You also my friend You envy me for the smallness of my nose? No, dear Panseron, but for the smallness of your Compositions, *You are never obliged to turn the page!* (Tu n'es jamais obligé de tourner la page?) Allusion to the then famous *Romanze*-Composer Panseron's little Songs, published on *one Sheet* (of two open pages as used by the french publishers in that Time.

Panseron was also very amusing when after a good dinner having eaten well and drunk *still better* he related to his friends (one of whom I had the honour of being) he related his famous anecdotes of which the following is a Specimen.

"My friend Meissonier, who as You all know, Gentlemen (is so *great* it's the SMALL) one day received the visit of the Menager of a provincial theatre, who came to ask him the price of a Scene-painting, a new background for the Lac des Fées by *Auber* which he intended to have *mounted* (Not Auber, but the Lac des Fées, dear Dr). Meissonier surprised at the simplicity of the provincial Menager reflected a moment and asked him "How many yards of scene-painting do you want for the Theatre of Angers?" Well, 180 or 185 yards will be sufficient. Meissonier took out his pocket-book and became absorbed in a complicated arithmetical calculation, then turning to the good man, slily said to him: Sir, as I charge from 80 to 100,000 frcs. *one foot* of my painting You will have to pay me the Bagatelle of *122,361,960* frcs.! (Don't trouble *your learned head*, dear Dr, it makes in figures: *One hunedert twenty tree millions free hundert sixdy one fausend 9 hundert 60 frcs. allhogeter!*

The poor manager in a fright ran away as fast as his legs could carry him—He is running still. M——L B——N.

[There was a frontispiece to an edition of Panseron's *chansons*, in which his portrait was surrounded and mixed up, any how, with their various titles. This was in the *foyer* of the late Opera-house. Looking at the frontispiece, I said to Berlioz—"*Hein!—voilà Panseron sauté dans ses propres œuvres.*" Berlioz smiled, as always—grimly. (F. C. B. was hardly born then; it was in the winter of 1847). Vivier, chuckling as he was wont to chuckle, when a right-minded son of the people, told it to Auber, who was talking to Arethusa Natalie, with whom he liked to talk, dear old boy (he was an old boy then—of 65), who smiled serenely (as he was wont to smile). But none of them caught the gist (*geist*) of it until Auber told Rossini, who promptly said—"Ah!—oui—ce Blidge farceur s'il en fut."—Dr Blidge.

—o—

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

If it were not for the enterprise and perseverance of Mr Carl Rosa, "operas in English" might at the present day be but a recollection and a dream. Satisfied that the public will patronize meritorious performances, this gentleman has created (more particularly in the provinces) a taste for operatic music in our own language, and attracted an audience in every place he has visited. It used to be a bye-word that Manchester loved music but Liverpool only patronized it, and I don't think that later years have seen much increased enthusiasm, but Mr Carl Rosa can always depend upon having crowded houses there, and, indeed, the box sheet is filled before the evening arrives. I have personal experience of the attendances at concerts at St. George's Hall, and have been present at a Saturday afternoon's organ recital by Mr W. T. Best, when out of a scanty audience no less than nine visitors were fast asleep, but a hearty welcome is given the London Opera Company in most provincial towns. This success has been the result of years of conscientious work meriting a recognition in the metropolis, and whatever may be said to the contrary, I emphatically assert that operas in English will have their permanent home in London, and that before long. The experiment has been tried at the Opera Comique and at the Savoy, and it will be followed sooner or later in a higher branch of art at another house. The attempt has only to be made *efficiently* and the chances are not remote. It has been the fashion of late years to speak of English opera as a total failure, but success attended Mr Bunn at Drury Lane, *when he merited it.* Mr Maddox realized a fortune by operas in English. Jullien was hopelessly involved before he took Drury Lane, and English opera is not to be blamed for losses resulting from speculations in other quarters. Even Mr Harrison, though he ended life a ruined man, made money as long as he contented himself with small houses and moderate companies. To speak of such attempts as that of the Limited Opera Company at Covent Garden is simply to record the fact that the expenses were greater than full houses could make profitable; but at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere English opera has received its fair share of patronage. I hope, at no distant day, to be able to record the permanent establishment of a house devoted to opera in our own language, and if Mr Carl Rosa is at the head of such an undertaking, so much the better for the public, who will have no cause to find fault either with the principals, the orchestra, or the production.—PHOSPHOR *(Brighton Guardian.)*

—o—

THE GUILDHALL ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

No hearer of the performance given by the above society in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House last Saturday afternoon, could have any reasonable doubt left in his mind as to the actual cause of the sudden rise and spread of the laudable institution sprung into life under the splendid patronage of the City, and called "The Guildhall School of Music." To those with an intimate knowledge of amateur struggles and amateur studies, the interpretation of works such as the *Eroica Symphony*, and Mendelssohn's overture (*Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*), by the 100 amateurs trained and directed by Mr Weist Hill, seemed little short of a miracle. The Guildhall amateur orchestra is unlike other orchestras that are composed of paid players. While lacking the routine and habit upon which salaried, and oftentimes badly remunerated, professionals come to depend—players whose love for art has been not seldom killed by the actual unkindness to them of the mistress they adopted—these executants, who work and exhibit their work with equal enthusiasm, endue whatever they undertake with a fervour, a passionate strength which rouses and satisfies the hearer as no effort of the jaded and worn-out could possibly do. In tone they could vie with even the much to be regretted orchestra of the Alexandra Palace; probably because each man plays as he has been told to play, and, because, in most cases, the instruments are of a better quality than those ordinarily used in orchestras. Tone and enthusiasm are explicable. But the unity, the nicety of effect, the spontaneity of the sudden chords are matters inexplicable. How these effects came about, Mr Weist Hill would doubtless be as unable to explain as the critic is unable to guess. For no one is more astonished at a work of inspiration than its progenitor.

Reflecting that the society is in its infancy, it may be confidently predicted that the time is not far distant when admission to the city concerts will be as eagerly sought for by ardent amateurs (and as unattainable) as were the tickets for the famous concerts of the late eccentric Niçois, who kept an orchestra on his premises. As it is, the audience, composed of the privileged invited, is too large for the limited space.

After the symphony (1st movement) and Mendelssohn's overture, the orchestra distinguished itself in a *largo* (Handel), a *gavotte* by Bourgault-Ducoudray, and the delicate "Sérénade de Mandolins" (Desormes). Miss Marie Schumann, a young violinist for whom a bright artistic future may be safely predicted, played the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, particularly distinguishing herself in the slow movement. Young, and of an extremely delicate *physique*, patience will be needed for her executive development, and she should be cautioned against the overstudy which defeats its own object—the overstudy which has wrecked many a gifted artist.

The vocal portion of the programme was satisfactorily supplied by the Misses Isabelle Stone and Ellen Marchant, and the Messrs Chilley, Henderson, Blower, and Pierpoint. Mr Henry Blower has a magnificent bass voice, and his delivery of "O ruddier than the cherry" was worthy of an experienced artist. In the song "Phyllis is my only joy," Mr Dalgetty Henderson delighted the audience with as sweet and sympathetic a vocal organ as they perhaps have ever heard. Little more need be said, except that soloists shared with the orchestra in inducing the impression that there is a stronger, more vigorous life in the city music than anywhere else in the amateur world of musical London. Time will prove. ASTUR.

Smetana's stringed quartet, "Aus meinem Leben," received with favour at the Musicians' Association, Magdeburgh, will shortly be given by the Musicians' Union, Dresden.

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CHERUBINI.*

His Life, his Works, and the Part played by him in Art.

While certain musicians become greater after their death, and assume in the estimation of their compatriots a place refused them during their lifetime—and of this we have a striking and recent proof in the person of Berlioz, and in the prodigious re-action which has taken place in his favour during the last ten years—others, on the contrary, find themselves the objects of inexplicable neglect and oblivion, which the grandeur of their works, the power of their genius, and the great part they once played is incapable of conjuring. Many instances might be cited of this injustice of fate. One of the most prominent is indisputably that furnished by Cherubini whose influence was, for half a century, so powerful and so legitimate on French art; who enjoyed till his death such high renown, and yet whose works are at the present day so disdained in the countries where they first saw the light, that, whether it be from the theatre, the church, or the concert-room, they have disappeared in the most complete and absolute manner.

Singular fact! The memory of Cherubini, still deep-rooted and radiant in Germany and England, where he appeared only at rare intervals of short duration, has almost died out in his real native land, Italy, and in his adopted country, France, which latter witnessed the most brilliant and longest portion of his career. And while his two greatest dramatic works, *Médée* and *Les deux Journées*, have never ceased to be stock pieces of the great theatres in Germany, and of the Italian operahouses in London; while his finest sacred compositions are performed every year in the countries on the other side of the Rhine and on the other side of the Straits of Dover, France seems to have forgotten the very name of the eminent master, on whom she once showered glory with full hands. In a country where Cherubini held a sort of artistic regal sway, where his great natural powers took their highest flights, and where for twenty years he was at the head of a musical school which is the first in the world, his genius is unappreciated to such an extent that not one of our theatres performs any of his virile masterpieces, and there is not one of our temples the roof of which resounds with the noble strains of his sacred music. This is far from all: the Society of the Conservatory Concerts, which ought to keep up the reverence of such a reputation, which ought jealously to preserve the memory of the great artist, by whom it was at the beginning so powerfully assisted, and which ought not, moreover, to forget the lustre that for so long, thanks to his skilful guidance, he cast on the school of which it is proud to bear the name—this very Society appears deliberately to neglect the works of one to whom it partly owes its existence, since it was he who obtained for it the use of the room where, for more than half a century, it holds its incomparable gatherings.

The moment appears to have arrived for rising up against such regrettable indifference, for repairing so flagrant a denial of justice, for once more bringing forward a noble physiognomy, too soon overtaken by unmerited oblivion. Such is the aim of the present essay. Cherubini now belongs to history, and history is bound to avenge him for the silence which has gathered round his name, as well as for the small account in which his works seem to be held. This great artist has, it is true, been, on various occasions, in France, Germany, England, and Italy, the subject of a certain number of biographical essays, but most of them have been very cursory and brief, and all of them incomplete, so that, despite the real interest to be derived from some of them, they do not harmonize with the importance belonging to the life and career of the master whose manly form they were meant to endow with new life. One only of the publications concerning Cherubini, that of Mr Edward Bellasis,† is conceived in proportions which render the frame worthy of the portrait. But it came out in England, and the reader will experience no difficulty in believing that it must be very imperfect, despite the research and care it displays on the part of the author. It will, indeed, easily be conceived that a complete biographical study of the author of *Medée* and *Lodoïska* could not possibly be produced except in France, because it was there the composer accomplished his militant career, and there that he achieved his genuine successes, and that, consequently, it was only there that the elements necessary for reconstructing his artistic existence could be found and collected.

In the series of articles—which, if possessing no other recommendation, is very complete—now offered to the public, I have endeavoured to render Cherubini more intimately known, to trace his life with a greater number of details than has ever been done before, to increase the respect due to an austere life entirely devoted to labour and honour, as well as to a collection of works meriting both sympathy and admiration. Patient research has enabled me to bring to light a number of facts previously unknown, while important unpublished documents, and highly interesting letters, kindly communicated by the family, have put it in my power to bring a greater amount of certainty to various phases in the Master's career. It was not, I confess, without some apprehension that I undertook so difficult a task—that I endeavoured, by disposing of various ridiculous legends, to revive the physiognomy of a great artist, of whom Italy and France are justly proud. But I have reason to hope that the kindness, which never failed to encourage me in my preceding labours, will be extended to me on this occasion likewise. It is this kindness that I invoke, at the outset of my narrative, which, I trust, by the way, will not fail to offer some interesting details connected with the general history of music in France.

I.

Cherubini's Birth. Indecision and Obscurity respecting it.—First Studies with his Father.—He is then placed under the direction of several distinguished masters: the two Felici, Pietro Bizzri, and Giuseppe Castrucci.—Empiricism and Barbarism of the Methods of Musical Instruction at that Period in Italy. Juvenile Compositions of Cherubini. Their Success.—The Patronage of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany enables the young Artist to enter for Improvement Sarti's School at Bologna, whither he goes accordingly.

In the very centre and heart of Florence, not far from the Cathedral Square, there is a small street called the Via Fiesolana; on a house of modest appearance, now numbered 22 in this street, the following inscription may be read:

HERE WAS BORN ON THE XIV SEPTEMBER MDCCLX
LUIGI CHERUBINI
WHO FAMOUS IN THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY
CREATOR OF SUBLIME RELIGIOUS MELODIES
REFORMED EVERY KIND OF MUSICAL STYLE
AND IN THE REGIONS OF ART
PRESERVED INTACT AMONG FOREIGNERS THE GLORY
OF ITALIAN SUPREMACY.*

It was in Florence, the cradle of the Italian Renaissance, which the memory of Michael Angelo and so many other incomparable artists still envelops as if in a luminous cloud; it was in the noble city which makes those who have been fortunate enough to behold it once only regret that they cannot look upon it always; it was in this city, valiant, intelligent, and magnificent among all cities, that Cherubini was born. But, strange to say, it is not very long that people have agreed (if, indeed, they have done so definitively even now) as to the exact and precise date. The Italians, as we see, make it the 14th September, 1760, but for a considerable period it was, through Cherubini himself, believed to be the 8th September. The two Italians who have more particularly devoted their attention to their celebrated fellow country-

* By Arthur Pougin. From the *Ménestrel*.

† *Cherubini; Memorials illustrative of his Life. By Edward Bellasis.* London: Burns and Oates, 1874; 8vo.

* The little Via Fiesolana, lying nearly equi-distant from the Piazza d'Azeglio on the right and the Piazza Sancta Maria Nuova on the left, runs from the Via Pietra Piana to the Via de' Pilastri. Florence has bestowed the name of Cherubini on another street, situated at the southern extremity of the town, not far from the Piazza Cavour and the Barriera del Ponte Rosso. This street extends from the Via Michele to the Viale (Avenue) Principe Amedeo. These streets are not all that his native town has consecrated to the illustrious master, to whom it feels proud of having given birth. In 1869 a monument was erected in the beautiful church of Santa Croce to the memory of the composer of *Médée*, *Les Deux Journées*, and *Lodoïska*. Of handsome appearance and considerable size, it is the work of a highly distinguished artist, Sig. Fantacchiotti, and is near the Bardi Chapel. I must not forget to say that the house in which Cherubini was born, and which is now No. 22 of the Via Fiesolana, was, in 1842, when he died, No. 6886.

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man, Luigi Picchianti,* in the first place, and afterwards M. Baldassare Gamucci,† have reproached the French biographers, their predecessors, for choosing the latter date, and for the reason assigned by them for so doing. In their *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*, Choron and Fayolle state that Cherubini was born on the 8th September. So do Raoul Rochette, Miel, and Denne-Baron, in their notices of him, and the two latter, when stating that he was not baptized before the 15th, affirm, as a justification for the delay, that the ceremony was postponed from prudential considerations suggested by the extremely delicate state of the child when he came into the world and his parents' fear that they should not be able to rear him. Now, if the French biographers have committed an error, I must state in my turn that, as I have just said, the error is due to Cherubini himself. Fétis asserts, in his *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, that Choron and Fayolle's notice was based on a communication from Cherubini himself, who, there can be no doubt, believed for a very long period that he was born on the 8th September. Among the papers obligingly placed at my disposal by the composer's relatives to assist me in my present task are two manuscript notes about him: the first, written by him in his memorandum-book has, it is true, the date of September 14th, but it is easy to see that this date was written after a former one had been erased by scratching; the second dictated by Cherubini to his Secretary (*Notice biographique sur M. Cherubini, écrite sous sa dictée par M. de Beauchesne, son secrétaire, en* 1831) admits of no misinterpretation. It commences with the words: "Cherubini (Louis Charles Zenobi Salvador Marie) musical composer, was born at Florence (Tuscany) on the 8th September, 1760." The number 8 was subsequently scratched out but not effaced, and the number 14 substituted in the space above it. This is not all; the notice continues thus: "He was so weak when he came into the world that his life was despaired of; but his condition improved in a few days and rendered it possible for him to be baptized on the 14th September of the same year in the church of St John, where the General Baptistery is, opposite the Cathedral." We see how very precise this is. It proves, too, that down to the year 1831, when he dictated the Notice, that is, when he was actually seventy-one, Cherubini believed that the 8th September was the date of his birth. By what fact, in what manner, and when was he undeceived and led to adopt the 14th as the proper date? I have been unable to find the slightest thing bearing on this in his papers. At all events, it now seems clearly proved that the 14th is the correct date, and the evidence published on this important point by Luigi Picchianti, and M. Baldassare Gamucci scarcely leave any room for doubt.

(To be continued.)

* *Notizie sulla Vita e sulle Opere di Luigi Cherubini, raccolta da Luigi Picchianti. Milano, Ricordi*, 1843; 8*vo*, 80*pp*.

† *Intorno alla Vita ed alle Opere di Luigi Cherubini, Fiorentino, ed al Monumento ad esso innalzato in Santa Croce, Cenni di Baldassare Gamucci. —Firenze, Barbera*, 1869; 8*vo*, 60*pp*.

* I confess, however, that as regards myself the matter is not absolutely certain. It is true that Picchianti and M. Gamucci have each published an attestation derived from the baptismal registers of Santa Maria del Fiore, but this double attestation, while giving the 15th of September as the date of the baptism—about which there cannot be any doubt—appears to fix on the 14th as the date of the birth only by natural induction, and the general custom which requires children to be baptised on the day they are born or the day after. Now the tradition so clearly set afloat by Cherubini himself and preserved by him in the notice dictated to de Beauchesne, can hardly have sprung up spontaneously in his mind; it must have been based on family report—on the assertion of his father, or something of the kind—and I cannot help asking myself why and how it was that Cherubini subsequently abandoned it. I will, however, cite here, as documentary evidence and in the original version, the attestation published by M. Baldassare Gamucci:

Opera di Santa Maria del Fiore,
Firenze, li 30, *Giugno*, 1869.

Fede per me Ministro nell' Uffizio dell' opera suddetta qualmente in Registri dei Battezzati nell' Insigne Basilica di San Giovan Battista di questo citta che si conservano in questo Uffizio; apparisce essere stato battezzato a quel Fonte il di 15 *Settembre milleseitte centososs essanta un Bambino figlio del Sincre Bartolommeo (figlio) di Marco Cherubini, e della Signora Verdiani (figlia), di Filippo Bosi, nato il di di* 14 *Settembre, dello* 1760, *al primo minuto della mattina nel Popolo di San Pier Maggiore, a chi sono stati imposti i nomi di Luigi Carlo Zanobi Salvadore Maria.*

Il Ministro, L. Bocci.

BURNS' NIGHT AT ST JAMES'S HALL.

The annual Burns' Birthday Concert at St James's Hall, on Wednesday night, was a comparative success, under the circumstances. As the hour approached for "the gathering of the clans" so dense was the fog, total eclipse seemed to predict total failure. Omnibuses, cabs, and broughams, in the suburbs, were not to be had for love or money; but, one way or another, the enthusiastic Northerners found their way to St James's Hall through the thick darkness. A noticeable feature of the "canny Scot" is, it seems, that he comes money in hand—the exact money—whereas upon the ordinary Ballad Concert nights much gold is presented, and, as a consequence, much time is occupied in giving change. On Wednesday, we are assured, only one sovereign was presented! That may, however, be accounted for upon this especial occasion. Thick as was the fog, the countrymen of Burns no doubt refused to find in it both "meat and drink," so, possibly, changed their gold on the way for sundry wee draps o' "Scotch." One thing is certain, the audience was in good "*speerits*". Encores and re-calls were, as usual, the order of the night. "I cannot sing the old songs" is never dreamt of upon such occasions. Mdme Patey sang, as upon many previous Scotch nights, "The land o' the leal" and "Scots wha hae" (the same melody, by the way, differently barred), and, in response to enthusiastic encores, "My boy Tammie" and "The Laird o' Cockpen." Mdme Sterling deserves credit for having added one more to her accustomed Scotch ditties in "We're a' noddin'," and so well was it rendered that, in response to hearty applause, she gave "Here's to the year that's awa'." She was no less successful in "A man's a man for a' that," which was encored as a matter of course, when Sir Walter Scott's lullaby, "Hush thee, my baby," was given. A welcome addition to the artists on the "Burns night" was our popular favourite, Miss Mary Davies. Surpassingly beautiful was her rendering of "And ye shall walk in silk attire" (encored and repeated) and "Robin Adair" (followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye"). This artist was equally successful in "Duncan Gray," which she was called upon to sing again. The rising contralto, Miss Hope Glenn, was no less fortunate in "Logie o' Buchan," and in the duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast," with Miss Santley, and "Ye banks and braes" was so sweetly rendered by the latter lady as to be re-demanded. Miss Santley also created a very favourable impression in "Jock o' Hazeldean." How well Mr Edward Lloyd can sing "Mary Morison," "Oh, open the door," and "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," every amateur knows. The same may also be said of Mr Frank Boyle in "Highland Mary." Mr Boyle was deservedly re-called for his faithful rendering of "Afton Water." To Mr Barrington Foote was allotted "Bonnie Dundee," "Gae bring to me a pint o' wine," and "Green grow the rashes, O," in all of which Mr Foote was so successful as to be called upon to repeat them. It only remains to mention the South London Choral Association under Mr L. C. Venables. Various popular part-songs were given by the choir in a spirited and expressive manner, more especially "John Grumlie," which was re-demanded. Mr Sidney Naylor was the conductor.

—o—

A GRIEVOUS PLAINT.

To the Editor of the "Brighton Guardian."

Dear Sir,—Although it is undoubtedly the first duty of every newspaper proprietor to support those places of amusement established in their own locality, yet some account of the proceedings of our Metropolitan theatres, and other places of entertainment, is very interesting even to those living away from London. Your contributor, "Scribbler," has called attention to the invariable correctness of the local critic in his reviews of passing musical and theatrical events, and I have no doubt that the managers of such places of amusement give him every opportunity of judging of the character of these performances. The London critic, as a contributor to the Provincial papers, meets with no such consideration, although, in many instances, these papers circulate also in the metropolis. The place where the paper is issued may, by its connecting rail, be but a suburb of London, and its residents can run up to town frequently. Still, considered as a country paper, these metropolitan managers (with few exceptions) look coldly upon the correspondents' efforts, and seldom seek his good opinion or criticism. When contrasted with the favour shown to the smallest print issued by the Metropolitan Press, their position is one that discourages them in their efforts to give publicity to that which they consider worthy of favourable comment and support.

It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to learn how London places of entertainment have been treated in the *Brighton Guardian* during the past year by your correspondent "Phosphor," and he thinks that these figures will prove that their interests

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have not been neglected. Ninety-seven notices have been written about twenty-four theatres, and eighty-four criticisms of concerts, including those at the Crystal Palace, the Philharmonic, the Richter concerts, and many of these notices have been of considerable length. Twenty-three articles have also appeared on subjects more or less connected with music and the drama, so that in all 204 original reviews have been published, many of which have found their way into other papers in London and the provinces. After these figures comment is hardly needed, as they fully illustrate the task undertaken by your correspondent.

"PHOSPHOR."

7, *Montague Place, Russell Square.*

—o—

WAIFS.

Romeo and Juliet is in active rehearsal at the Lyceum Theatre, and Messrs Hawes, Craven, Telbin, Walter Hann, and Cuthbert are adding the finishing touches to the scenes—more than twenty in number, and comprising some singularly beautiful specimens of scenic art—which are in themselves destined to render this revival memorable. That Mr Irving will play Romeo and Miss Ellen Terry Juliet has long been known. The play has been arranged by Mr Irving from the text of Shakspere specially for this revival.

The performances by Mr Toole and his company at Sandringham were of an impromptu character—the popular comedian who happened to be at Bury St. Edmunds, receiving the invitation of the Prince of Wales only the day before; while the bijou theatre was being fitted up so privately that not even the Princess of Wales, it is believed, was in the secret of the preparations. The performances, consisting of *The Steeplechase, Our Clerks, Ici on Parle Français,* commenced about ten, and terminated a little after midnight. In the second of these Miss Roland Phillips played Ned, it being her last appearance prior to leaving for Australia. After each piece there were loud calls for Mr Toole, and at the conclusion the entire company were called before the curtain. About two hundred spectators were present, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales. The general arrangements were under the able direction of Mr George Loveday. The company were entertained at supper by the Prince of Wales, who himself proposed the health of Mr Toole.

Mad. Wilt is singing with success in Bucharest.

The Jean Becker Quartet are making a concert-tour in Holland.

A lady "serialist" in America has adopted the name of "Aïda."

Pandolfini is engaged by Mr Gye for next season at Covent Garden.

Cäsarine, by Max Wolf, has been successful at the Gärtnerplatz-Theater, Munich.

Luigi Mancinelli has been appointed President of the Quartet Society, Bologna.

It is said that Anton Rubinstein intends to give up public playing.—(Oh!—Dr Bl[illegible]ge.)

The composer Romualdo Marenco has been created Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Paladilhe's *Suzanne* has been put in rehearsal at the theatres of Tournai, Bruges, and Verviers.

Freudenberg's *Cleopatra* was produced for the first time on 12th inst., at the Stadttheater, Magdeburgh.

Pedrotti's *Ruy Blas*, with French libretto, is announced for production at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

Angelo Ferrari, manager of the Italian-opera companies in Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro, was lately in Milan.

The concert of the Brussels Conservatory, with Gluck's *Armide*, is postponed in consequence of a Court mourning.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed on the 11th inst. in Brünn for the first time. Better late than never.

The National Academy, Paris, has presented its large silver medal to Ernst Kaps, of Dresden, for the manufacture of pianos.

Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* reached its one hundredth performance at the Standard Theatre, New York, on the 5th inst.

Mdlle Elly Warnots, who sang so successfully last year in Brussels, is engaged as "*chanteuse légère*" at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons.

Should Massenet's *Hérodiade* be performed at the Milan Scala, Turolla (Mr Gye's discovery) would probably enact the heroine.

A fire broke out recently at the Grand Theatre, Bucharest, but was fortunately extinguished without doing any serious damage.

Pasini, manager of the Italian operahouses at Bahia, Pernambuco, and Parà, has been to Milan for the purpose of engaging a company.

A joint-stock company opens the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, in the spring, with a first-rate operatic *troupe*, and Bottesini as conductor.

The dramatic soprano, De Cepeda (once with Mr Gye), has made a highly successful *début* at the San Carlo, Lisbon, as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*.

At a recent performance of Handel's *Messiah* in Cincinnati, U.S., the solo singers were Mad. Adelina Patti, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Messrs Theodore Toedt, and M. W. Whitney.

The year just past was not a very productive one, from a musical point of view, in France. The following is the list of new works: at the Grand Opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*; at the Opéra-Comique, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann, Les Pantins*, and *La Taverne des Trabans*; at the Bouffes, *La Mascotte* and *Re-Mascotte*; at the Renaissance, *Janot* and *Le Sais*; at the Folies Dramatiques, *Les Poupées de l'Infante* and *Les deux Roses*; at the Nouveautés, *Le Jour et la Nuit*.

The number of Italian operatic companies now performing in foreign countries is, according to the *Gazzetta Musicale*, 29. The following are the places where they are located: Agram, Bucharest, Caracas, Corfu, Cephalonia, United States (company on tour), South America (ditto), Australia and India (ditto), Las Palmas (Canary Islands), Helsingfors, Lisbon, Malaga, Mexico, Madrid, Malta, Monte Carlo (from the 1st February), Nice, St. Petersburgh, Patras, Palma (Majorca), Shanghai, Sira, Trieste, Valencia, Valladolid, Zante, and Corunna.

A German musical contemporary publishes an anecdote, the humour of which will be specially appreciated by tenor singers on the look-out for transatlantic engagements. Five singers engaged by a well-known operatic impresario for a tour through South America, met on board the ocean steamer in which their berths had been taken and made the discovery, greatly to their surprise, that they were all tenors and members of the same company. Unable to conjecture what the impresario could have had in view in providing five tenors, they went to his cabin, und demanded an explanation. "Don't trouble yourselves, gentlemen, about my arrangements," replied the manager; "I know what I am about. I shall want you all five. Soon after you get across, three, if not four, of you will die of fever, and I shall be dependent upon the survivor for all my first tenor parts. Experience in tropical and sub-tropical tours has taught me the necessity of providing against accidents. Consider what a splendid professional prospect I am opening out to at least one of your number. Good morning, Gentlemen."

GOOD-NIGHT, BELOVÈD, GOOD-NIGHT.

(NEW SONG.)

Oh, love, my own love, must we part once more?
See, the silver moonbeams play on your door!
You will enter, and then all the world will be
But a starless, a desolate night to me.
For you are my glory, my star, my light;
Good-night, belovèd, good-night, good-night!

Ah, dearest, are not we twain as one,
Like streams that each into each have run?
And has not God bent from His throne on high,
To link our hearts with a holy tie?
My spirit to yours shall in dreams take flight;
Good-night, belovèd, good-night, good-night!

One kiss, which a seraph himself might see,
The parting pledge of our truth shall be!
And soon may that morning of gladness shine
When the world shall know that my love is thine.
Smile on me again, through your blushes bright;
Good-night, belovèd, good-night, good-night!

* *Copyright.* SARAH ANN STOWE.

MR VERNON RIGBY is engaged to sing at the Paisley Musical Festival next week.

THE Royal Academy of Music has been presented with £50 (third donation), by the Goldsmith's Company.

BRUSSELS.—*La Dame Blanche* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and, alternately with *Die Zauberflöte*, is played on the off-nights of *Hérodiade*, which still continues to draw. Albert Grisar's fairy opera, *Les Amours du Diable*, is in rehearsal. There is some talk of *Oberon* and *Jean de Nivelle* to finish the season.—The already rich collection of musical instruments of all ages and nations at the Conservatory has been considerably augmented by the addition of a complete collection of Chinese instruments, sent by the Belgian Consul in China.

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O. D. RAY.
Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

Dear Sir,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with over-work and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor." I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong, healthy lad. Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last, I am, Sir, yours truly,
GEORGE A. TYLER.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Granspound, February 25th, 1881.

Mrs Coulson thanks Mr Coleman for the book and stamps, and she has no doubt but that "the tonic" is a good one. Mrs C. encloses twelve stamps for basket.
Mr Coleman.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, January* 28, 1882.

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VOL. 60.—No. 5. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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Balfe's twenty-first opera, *Pittore e Duca*, called *Moro* in the English version of Mr W. Alex. Barrett, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night before a crowded house, and, although twenty-six years old, for the first time in England. Concerning the author of the story, history is silent—silent absolutely, refusing even to mention his name. But as Balfe, after superintending the performance in Italian of his *Bohemian Girl*, at Trieste, settled down on the shores of Lake Como to compose *Pittore e Duca* for the same city of "Italy unredeemed," it is likely that he associated himself with one or other of the many dramatists who in that country enjoy such a large experience and write with such fatal facility. Concerning the literary merit of the original libretto this is no place to speak, since the question does not arise. We must give a word, however, to the structure of the plot and its incidents, and that word must be one of praise. It is almost amusing to note with what ease the librettist has contrived to link together a series of events and scenes more or less familiar as subjects for operatic treatment. Pompous ceremonials, feeble virtue in the grasp of vicious power, religious hymns, popular festivities, combats, and love episodes follow each other in uninterrupted succession. We have witnessed them all before, but not in this order and under these circumstances, nor does their familiarity affect the interest which they call forth as the story unfolds itself. It should be observed, on the other hand, that only a portion of the actual chain of events is brought forward. A good deal is supposed to have taken place when the curtain rises and the audience are assumed to have made themselves acquainted with it. This last is an excellent arrangement. In opera we are happily spared the two chairs in front and the words of terrible import, "It is now some twenty years ago," &c. The exemption, it is true, may not last long, for is there not in Wagner's *Nibelungen* Wotan, the "All-Father" of long-windedness, for ever going about like a mythological Ancient Mariner in search of a Wedding Guest? Let us show, as briefly as possible, how matters stand when the action of *Moro* begins. The Duke of Alba, coming from Spain to rule the Netherlands, had brought with him a young painter, Antonio Moro. This Moro fell in love with Olivia Campana, daughter of a powerful noble, and found his passion returned. But the course of their true love ran in the usual rough channel. The father of Olivia became a rebel, and was driven into exile, while the hand of his daughter was bestowed upon a certain Count Aremberga. To escape the misery of this union, Olivia obtained permission to retire into a convent, whence she caused reports to be spread of her death. Meanwhile Aremberga, having fallen into disgrace, died in exile, and so, as the old chroniclers say, "he goeth out of the story." At this point the curtain rises upon a prologue, the main object of which seems to be the spectacle of laying a foundation stone and glorifying the Duke of Alba. Only a single incident belongs to the drama, and it is this: Moro is sketching the scene, when a veiled lady hands him a letter, and whispers of a friend whose days were shortened by hopeless love and grief. Moro demands, "What means this fateful pressage?" but the lady goes off, and the painter, neglecting his work, goes after her, leaving the crowd to sing, "Long live our bold commander," till the curtain falls. At the beginning of Act I. we hear Moro read the letter, which contains the news of Olivia's death and an assurance of her devotion to the end. Being in his studio, he forthwith uncovers a portrait of the supposed departed one, sings to it, and "throws himself on a couch," where he is found by a band of students, who hail him Court Painter. Moro is surprised, as well he might, after running away from his work, but he is not elated, and exclaiming, "Ah! evermore are dead the fair hopes which bright joys might restore," he departs hastily. The scene here changes to Olivia's convent, at a time when the Superioress demands her guest's motive for giving herself out as dead. In response the lady reveals her enforced marriage and her love for Moro. Trouble forthwith descends upon the peaceful retreat. Alba's soldiers surround the house, and the nuns counsel flight, since, as they timorously observe, "No ruthful contrition moves his heart, nor his mind will deploy." It is too late, however. The Duke comes down like a wolf on the fold, and makes prisoners of all the flock on suspicion of treason. But with Olivia he incontinently falls in love, talks significantly of the "headsman's knife," and implores "In this fair land, in love to dwell, give me thy heart so tender." Olivia spurns the suit, going off undauntedly with her fellow prisoners, and then the act ends. The curtain rises once more upon Moro's studio, while he is thinking of his dead mistress and consoling himself as best he may with his living art. To him comes the terrible Duke, apparently for the purpose of singing a song, "Bold knight his armour wearing, his prowess proud enhances." Moro, listening with respect, gathers that some lady despises Alba's love, and he is naturally astonished thereat, taking occasion to say as much in the course of a duet which may, perhaps, be best described as the martial "Suoni la tromba" in mufti. The Duke then bids Moro take the implements of his craft and follow him to the "Grand Hall of Judgment," which is next shown. By the way, a suspicion of humour attaches to Moro in the course of the duet. "Tell me, Prince," says the painter, "is the maid of noble lineage?" "Yes, truly." "Of gentle mien and beauteous image?" "Yes." "Mind duly ordered of cultured fashion?" "What then?" naturally demands the catechized, upon which the catechizer simply remarks, "Forego unwilling passion." One would expect the Duke to roar "Off with his head" after such a *sequitur*, but he is satisfied to protest, "Thy sentence said, inflamed does my heart beat more firmly." In the Hall of Judgment we presently see Olivia and the nuns confronting their accusers, while Moro sits at his easel ready to sketch the features of the principal victim. At first the painter does not recognize Olivia, but when lights are brought to enable him to execute his task he does so, and appeals for mercy. After a long and stormy scene the Duke, who vaguely hints at a sinister purpose, pardons all the culprits; while the judges are very much disgusted, and the rest exclaim, "Each spirit free from sadness, with joyful accent rings." So ends the second act. Act the third opens in the port of Antwerp upon the songs and dances of sailors and people, with whom Moro, who has escorted Olivia to a neighbouring inn, presently fraternizes, ignorant of the fact that Vargas, a servant of the Duke, is at his heels. Nor is the Duke himself far off, for he obtains an interview with Olivia, and renews his vows of love. In the nick of time Moro enters—there is a quarrel, swords are drawn and about to be used, when messengers appear, and hand "a parchment" to the Duke. The "parchment" settles everything. Olivia is free to marry; Moro may accept an offer from Queen Elizabeth of employment in England—by the way, the Virgin Monarch sends two banners and a detachment of Beefeaters as escort—the Duke "bows with dignity and retires," while the people, mistaken as usual, sing "Long live Alba, who has righted lovers parted, now united." Here, naturally, is an end of the story.

With reference to the music written by Balfe for this drama, we should not forget that the composer had in view an Italian audience, for, in a musical sense, Trieste still belongs to what the librettist calls the "land of the sonnet and the song." Balfe, who had taken the measure of his public when producing *The Bohemian Girl*, did his best to fit them. In such matters he was of an accommodating disposition, while his talent was hardly less elastic. He would probably have written in opera in the style of Wagner had occasion called for it, and have done so with the chances in his favour of succeeding quite as well as most of the people who, looking anxiously emulative on the giant of Bayreuth, are illustrating the proverb of the frog and the ox. At any rate, Balfe determined to be as Italian as possible in *Pittore e Duca*. Hence a crowd of musical characteristics for which, at the present time, and even in England—so long under the domination of Italian opera—there is little public sympathy. Upon those characteristics we do not propose to waste words. They belong to the old order which changeth, and giveth place to new. Sentence of death has been passed upon them, and they sit, like the gods in Walhalla, waiting for the torch that shall kindle the funeral pile. But while Balfe's music in *Moro* illustrates a fashion which is passing away, it exemplifies, not less but even more, that which cannot vary while nature continues to operate as now. It is with our art as with the great ocean, whose upper waters change their aspect as light and shade and blowing winds pass over them, but whose depths are eternally the same. In the higher regions of music we shall always see new theories advanced and made the bases of new practices, and it is well that this should be, since, though much may deserve rejection, much may prove of value. On the other hand, the day will never come when a simple and gracious melody shall lose its power, or when the expression of a poetic thought through the medium of natural and unforced song shall fail to move the heart. To say that Balfe had no command of these abiding resources is to utter pure nonsense. Much more reasonably might the same be predicated of some composers who make far greater pretensions, and are better known in the sublimated regions where incoherence often passes as a kind of divine communication. The question, therefore, is whether in *Moro* we have music—none the less true because intelligible—that goes by a direct natural channel to the public soul. The question is answerable by reference to some of the numbers in nearly every act. The first act proper, for example, contains a song, "Is it then in vain I've waited?" illustrative of Balfe's purest melodic style, as well as of the ease with which, when in proper mood, he could ably wed the tone to the word. With this may be bracketed Olivia's air in the convent scene, "As by the river straying," despite certain passages wherein the singer is studied more than truth of expression. Portions of the duet for Olivia and Alba are marked by strong dramatic

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purpose, even where the means employed are conventional; but it must be confessed that the first act is far from the best in the work. It drags considerably, and would gain by a free use of the knife. The musical interest of the second act fairly begins with Moro's song, "Farewell thoughts of joy and gladness." Here the well-known Balfe melody asserts itself, and the audience on Saturday night gave it all the welcome implied by a vociferous encore. A like reception awaited the Duke's air, "Bold knight, his armour wearing," which is also in the composer's best vein; nor did the somewhat noisy duet for the personages just named pass without a cordial recognition of obvious merit. In the third act attention is challenged by some capital concerted pieces for the sailors and the people, and by charming dance music of a Spanish character. In agreeable sequence comes a duet for the lovers, opening with a slow movement only to be described as, in its way, a gem; but the attraction of the duet is surpassed by the real beauty of Moro's barcarolle. "On my gondola so lonely." No number, perhaps, has a better chance of taking first honours than this song, which, with its lively choral refrain, appeals irresistibly to all who have any soul for fresh and spontaneous tune. Finally, there is a bravura air for Olivia, "Joy fills my heart," most happily expressive of the sentiment of the text. If we pass over the rest of the music without specific notice it is not because notice is altogether undeserved. Much in the opera is rococo, much must have been lingering in Balfe's memory, and a good deal bespeaks blameworthy haste or carelessness. At the same time hardly a number lacks indications of talent equal to greater things had it been allowed fair play. We cannot rank *Moro* among Balfe's best works, but it contains a good deal of music that the public will gladly hear, and that has a right to live.

For the manner in which Mr Rosa has placed this opera on the stage we have nothing but praise. The scenes are elaborate, and the accessories many; but no expense or trouble has been spared. Indeed, each "set" is a masterpiece of arrangement and colour, while in the last act Mr Emden's view of Antwerp, with its cathedral and shipping, belongs to the triumphs of scene-painting. The stage management, we may add, is careful and efficient, reflecting much credit upon Mr Betjemann; and, generally, the most fanatical zeal for an English operatic enterprise cannot but be satisfied. This might be said with almost equal emphasis regarding the performance of the music, which Mr Rosa, who was received with tremendous applause, conducted in first-rate style. Mr Barton M'Guckin, as Moro, followed up the success he made in *Mignon*, and won new laurels by the excellence of his singing and the propriety of his bearing. Having to "create" the part, he was not so fully at his ease as in M. Thomas's work, while we need not insist that his dramatic education is as yet incomplete. But Mr M'Guckin seems to have an instinct that guards from serious mishaps. He plays his part modestly, and even where he satisfies least he does not offend. His singing, especially of the songs in the first and second acts, was quite acceptable. We must also praise Mr Leslie Crotty's Duke—a vigorous conception carried out in a corresponding manner, but at no time overstepping the bounds of good taste. The part is an arduous one, yet it cannot fairly be said that Mr Crotty comes short of its requirements, though there are passages, both dramatic and musical, which give opportunities not yet fully comprehended by this clever artist. Miss Julia Warwick (Donna Ines), Mr Dudley Thomas (Vargas), and Mr D'Egville (Orsini) filled their parts sufficiently well, and so did—to speak last of that which should be first—the accomplished lady (Madame Valleria) who assumed the trying *rôle* of Olivia. An apology was made at the beginning of the evening for Madame Valleria on the ground of cold and hoarseness, which at one time, we believe, threatened to cause a postponement of the performance. Her indisposition was occasionally obvious, and enlisted sympathy for her state, as well as commanded admiration for her "pluck," but she fairly conquered circumstances, and achieved a triumph. Her impersonation of the character was interesting from first to last. By means the most simple and direct she contrived to express in look, movement, and bearing, all the heroine's changing emotions, while her singing of music capable of trying an artist in the best health was distinguished by vocal and expressional merit of a high order. Madame Valleria will do better still, when in full possession of her means, but her effort on Saturday night confirmed—assuming confirmation to have been required—the impression that Mr Rosa has in her a prima donna fitted to sustain and augment the reputation of his enterprise. We have only to add that the general performance deserved all the applause bestowed upon it by an obviously well-pleased audience.—*D. T.*

Moro, or the Painter of Antwerp, produced for the first time in England on Saturday night by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was written by Balfe at the request of the famous house of Ricordi in Milan, and was originally performed at Trieste in 1856, under the title of *Pittore e Duca*. The libretto was written by Piave, the author of *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and other operas, and the *finale* was, like that of most of Piave's books, a sad and melancholy one. This *finale*, as altered by Balfe after the first representations of the opera, is now adopted in the English translation by Mr W. A. Barrett. Some misunderstanding between Balfe and the house of Ricordi stood in the way of the publication of the music, so that it was not until after the death of Balfe, and also of that of the chief representative of the publishing firm, that a copy of the score was obtained, and this being shown to Mr. Carl Rosa, he, recognizing its merits and its likelihood of winning popular favour, determined to produce the work during this present season. This he has done on a scale of magnificence which betokens his own appreciation of the work, and his desire to serve the interests of his friends and patrons—the British public. How far his foresight was correct the reception accorded to the opera bears ample testimony. The grace and beauty of the melodies, their freshness, and spontaneity of character show Balfe in his happiest mood. The scoring for the orchestra is admirable for the skill and judgment displayed, and the dramatic expression of many of the numbers fits the situations, creating a series of good impressions in the minds of the spectators. The opera having been written for the Italian stage is Italian in style. It is provided with recitatives in the places where otherwise the action would be maintained by ordinary speech. These recitatives are in no way modelled after old conventional forms, but are marked by the like originality and vigour which distinguishes many of the other numbers. The music is full of those characteristic qualities of melody which made Balfe the idol of the British public, and it has also much of that sterling artistic value which secured for his works a welcome in every European country. It should be remembered that it was written more than a quarter of a century ago, and must be judged after the standard of taste accepted at that time. Had Balfe been alive now he might possibly have seen reason for making certain other alterations to fit it to modern fancy; but taken as it is, the opera of *The Painter of Antwerp* has many excellent points, not the least being the number of fascinating and catching melodies in which it abounds. It may not be written upon the plan which connoisseurs of the present would dictate, but it was written for the public, and, judging from its reception, the public is willing to accept and give it a hearty welcome.—*Morning Post.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday evening, January 28th:—

Introduction and Fugue, from Sonata in G minor, No. 2, organ (Gustav Merkel)—Mr Rowland Briant, pupil of Dr Steggall; Canzonet, "Fidelity" (Haydn)—(accompanist, Miss Ethel Munster)—Miss Ada Morris, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Lieder ohne Worte, Book I., Nos. 1 and 3, and Book VI., No. 4, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Elson, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Aria, "Ah rendimi quel core," *Mitrane* (Luigi Rossi)—(accompanist, Master Septimus Webb)—Miss Lilla Reynolds, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Characteristic Suite, MS., "All's well that ends well," pianoforte (W. H. Holmes)—Mr Courteney Woods, pupil of W. H. Holmes; Song, MS., "The Reaper and the Flowers" (Annie Cantelo, student)—(accompanist, Miss Cantelo)—Miss Hilda Wilson, Westmoreland scholar, pupil of Dr Steggall and Mr Shakespeare; Lied ohne Worte, Book VI., No. 6 (Mendelssohn), and Second Scherzo, pianoforte (Walter Macfarren)—Miss Marian Davis, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Etude de Concert, in D flat, pianoforte (Liszt)—Miss Cox, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Duetto, "Qual Anelante" (Benedetto Marcello)—(accompanist, Mr Alfred Izard)—Miss Florence Norman and Miss Charlotte Thudichum, Parepa-Rosa scholar, pupils of Mr Garcia; Phantasiestücke, Op. 12, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Balfour, pupil of Mr F. Westlake; Aria, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Miss Warburton, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Scherzo—Canzonetta (F. W. Hird), and Finale, from Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Ellen Jacobs, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Recitative and Air, "Behold at last" and "Ah! when the wanderer," *The Building of the Ship* (John Francis Barnett)—(accompanist, Mr R. H. Cummings)—Miss Hilda Wilson, Westmoreland scholar, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Three Musical Sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," Op. 10, pianoforte (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Burghess, pupil of Mr Wingham; Quartet, "All good angels," *Martha* (Flotow)—(accompanist, Mr Alfred Izard)—Mrs Buntine, Miss Augusta Arnold, Mr Hulbert H. Fulkerson, and Mr A. H. Jarratt, pupils of Mr Fiori.

The second fortnightly meeting takes place this (Saturday) evening.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

The Glee.

(Continued from page 53.)

The word glee is derived from the Saxon *gleo*, or *gligg*—music; and its first application, in *gleemen*, or music-men—the singers and players of Saxon times—has already been described in these pages. They were the musicians who performed rather than those who composed, and, in consequence, the gleemen took rather the lighter side of the matter—the amusing rather than the instructive. We find the word glee used for mirth, joy, and merriment, in general from very early times, and kindred words in other languages have similar meaning. In Piers Plowman, Chaucer, and, later, in Spenser, the word is used with this signification, as well as applied to the gleeman or singer of merry songs.

The first application of the word to a special musical composition is in Playford's publications in the time of the Commonwealth, from 1652 onwards. These are short compositions for two or more voices, of the same class as those of Ravenscroft's publications of an earlier date (1609, &c.), "King Henry's (VII.) Mirth or Freemen's Songs."

The earliest of Playford's glees, which is in his "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues" of 1652, edited by Hilton, has an independent accompaniment for the theorbo-lute or for the bass viol; the former instrument a lute of large compass, both high and low, played with the fingers after the fashion of the guitar. This glee, "To Bacchus," begins with chorus for three voices, followed by a verse for a solo voice, under which the bass accompaniment is written:

Ex. 122.

Cantus, Tenor, and Bassus.

To Bac-chus, To Bac-chus, we to Bac - chus
sing; with wine and mirth
with wine and mirth . . . . . we'll con - jure,
we'll con - jure him, we'll con - jure
we'll we'll
him, with wine and mirth we'll con - jure him.

The same chorus is repeated after this verse, and after each of the succeeding verses, which are sung by the same solo voice with a slight variation in the music.

In Playford's "Catch that Catch Can, or Musical Companion," of 1667, there are several glees. These have no written accompaniment, though there is nothing said in contradiction of the then usual custom of playing voice parts on an instrument. The words are on very homely subjects mostly, as in "To Bacchus," on the delights of eating or drinking, and, without exception, merry and careless; a Glee in praise of sack: "Now we are met let's merry be"; "Fly, boy, to the cellar's bottom"; "Diogenes was merry in his tub, and so let us be at our club"; "The Tinker," and the pleasures of his free life; a Glee to the Cook—"Bring the cold chine," with an account of various delicacies, and the cold chine is superior to all. In the latter glee, as in "To Bacchus," there are solo verses interspersed with chorus, and the time varies between common and triple; but in this the solos are taken by different voices in turn.

About the middle or end of the eighteenth century the glee was largely developed as a musical form by means of social glee-clubs; though the subjects of the glees then written—Greek mythological personages, fairies, elves, crusaders, friars, and even sacred subjects—can have had but a fictitious interest at the social entertainments of a generation who, as our fathers tell us, felt themselves bound in hospitality to place their gentlemen (?) guests, at the end of a meal, where now we place our knees and our pet four-footed beasts—under the table.

As composers, Arnold, Calcott, Horsley, and Webbe were the great promoters of the glee. The forms of their glees and of those of their followers seem to include the ballet, the part-song, or ballad in parts, and even fairly elaborate sonata and rondo, as well as the form peculiar to the glee; in fact, everything but the real, unrhythmical madrigal. This somewhat justifies the irregular practice of the present day, which names nearly every piece of English vocal concerted music written in Elizabeth's or James the First's time, a madrigal, and the rest, coupled with all those written subsequently, a glee; and even an edition of German part-songs put to English words is called a collection of glees or vocal quartets.

Calcott's "Red Cross Knight" is a glee in one movement in a sort of rondo form, the chief characteristic of which is the narrative and dialogue, which approach in kind, though not in strength, to the old ballad narratives. The clearness of the story is much weakened by the way in which the words of even the same character are given sometimes to one singer, sometimes to another, sometimes to two, and sometimes to three; so that we are tempted to wish for the simple repetitions of a ballad tune, which, at any rate, do not interfere with the sense.

Stevens' "Ye spotted snakes" is in sonata form (Dr Hullah, in

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the *Dictionary of Music*), with second part, and without recapitulation of the first subject.

The form peculiar to the glee of the last century consists of a chain of short movements of different time and measure. It is intended for solo voices, each voice having its own part. Sometimes one voice sings alone for a few bars; sometimes two or three out of the whole number. The music is rhythmical, and in that differs entirely from the madrigal, although imitation is frequently used in the conduct of the music.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

TWO FRENCH TENORS.*

DUPREZ AND ROGER.

II.

(Concluded from page 55.)

What gave Duprez a sudden lift as he was laboriously fighting his way upwards was Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Hitherto he had appeared only as a tenorino, and never been cast for strong, heroic characters. Suddenly there was spread about Italy the fame of Rossini's *Tell*, which, brought out at Paris in 1820, was far from having been crowned with the success which people expected, and which it deserved. The *impresario* Lanari, however, had it translated into Italian so that he might give it at Lucca during the grand bathing-season. He entertained the extravagant idea of engaging Mad. Pisaroni, a contralto for the part of Arnold, a plan which, as a matter of course, would have been equivalent to a barbarous mutilation of the character in question as well as of the entire work. Mad. Pisaroni was very ugly and had experienced difficulty in getting her great talent properly appreciated in Paris. She made her first appearance in *Semiramide*, and when, after her opening phrase: "Eccomi al fine in Babilonia," (which she sang with her back to the audience) she turned round, a murmur of horror ran through the whole house. It was only as the opera progressed that her art triumphed over the first impression produced by her repellant features. Not meeting in Milan, however, the appreciation she expected, she cancelled her engagement with Lanari, and he, being placed in a serious dilemma, entrusted the part of Arnold to his tenorino, Duprez. The first act lay completely in the latter's range and style but he felt that the passionate accents in the great trio of the third act, and the heroic air of the fourth, were not to be given, without becoming ridiculous, with small vocal resources. "It required," writes Duprez, "the concentration of all my power of will—of all my physical and moral strength. Well, I said to myself, I may ruin my resources but I will attain my end. And it was thus that I found even my high C, afterwards such a success in Paris." The Florence Pergola was the first large theatre where Duprez played a grand dramatic part—the part already mentioned of Arnold in *Tell*—and from the moment he took to the grand style in large theatres, his voice increased in power and compass. Assuming an artist possesses vigorous health, singing in large, roomy theatres, Duprez maintains, is advantageous, because it demands and develops a broad, vigorous style. Duprez is unable to praise highly enough the colleague-like friendship and amiability of Caroline Ungher, with whom he sang for two years in Donizetti's popular *Anna Bolena* in all the towns of Italy, and who, in 1832, stood godmother to his daughter Caroline. Duprez's success in the above opera bound the singer and the composer together by the closest ties of friendship. It was expressly for Duprez that Donizetti wrote in Naples the part of Edgar in *Lucia*, asking and following Duprez's advice on many passages in the opera. Edgar's great dying scene, for instance, was originally intended to finish like any other operatic air; following Duprez's suggestion, Donizetti made the violoncellos again take up the principal theme, and Edgar's mournful accents die away in sob-like, broken tones. Of various droll incidents in the theatrical profession, we will here mention one, as depictive of what often occurs secretly on the stage, when the public in front are melting with emotion. Duprez sang a love duet and farewell in Donizetti's *Parisina* with Caroline Ungher. He had to beg for her handkerchief as a tender memento. Parisina gave it him; he pressed it impetuously to his lips—horror! The lady had spat in it. Some such exclamation as: "You filthy thing!" escaped his lips, and the two went on warbling rapturously in the most sentimental thirds.

After singing successfully in Italy for several years—his last appearance being in 1836, at Naples, with Mdme Malibran—he returned, full of confidence, to Paris, where, supported by Halévy and Rossini, he soon obtained a highly advantageous engagement at the Grand Opera. The distribution of parts, however, occasioned some difficulties in the drawing up of the engagement. Nourrit, the then favourite tenor, was in exclusive possession of the fine repertory he had "created." Two operas only in it, though but a few years old, were nearly forgotten: *La Muette de Portici* and *Guillaume Tell*. Duprez was willing to content himself at first with these two, merely stipulating that all great tenor parts in new operas should, for the future, be equally and fairly divided between Nourrit and himself. Hereupon, Nourrit announced his intention of leaving the theatre. He gave his farewell performances, and directly afterwards Duprez made his first appearance, as Arnold in *Tell*. He did so on the 17th April, 1837. Singers, musicians, and members of the chorus, all looked at him askant. His anxious wife, dissolved in tears, said, as he took leave of her: "Go, go to the slaughterhouse!" Duprez himself, who never knew fear in Italy, did not feel at all easy in his mind. He had no friends in the house, and, directly he stepped on the stage, he excited universal merriment by the enormously high heels he wore to add something to his stature. His anxiety in the earlier scenes did not permit him to know whether he had pleased or not. But, after the passage, "O Mathilde," sung with great fire, a storm of applause delivered him from all doubt. At Meyerbeer's wish, he studied *Les Huguenots;* the performance in which he sang Raoul, for the first time, was the sixtieth. "Do you think," enquired Meyerbeer mistrustfully, "that *Les Huguenots* can be run up to eighty nights?" "No doubt it can," replied Duprez. "It meets with general favour and draws a great deal of money." "For all that," returned Meyerbeer, "I will lay a wager it does not run so long." And he betted Duprez his composer's dues for the twenty nights. Of course, Duprez won the bet, and pocketed a tidy sum. He relates the anecdote as characteristic of Meyerbeer's great tact in stimulating the zeal of the artists employed in his operas, and of how little he spared his purse on such occasions.

At the beginning of 1838 came the report of Nourrit's tragic death. He had flung himself from his lodgings, on the third floor of a house, in Naples. Some marks of disapprobation among the public which caused him to entertain doubts of his art and future, drove him, excitable and ambitious as he was, to take the dreadful step. To explain this, people have mixed up Duprez's name in the matter, on the plea that Nourrit considered Duprez had supplanted him in the favour of the Parisians. Who shall say what passed at last through Nourrit's heart, when it was wrought up to a pitch of passionate excitement! But that Duprez's conduct towards Nourrit was thoroughly loyal and blameless is proved irrefutably by the honest gentleman's memoirs.

Verdi's *Jérusalem* (the French version of *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata*) was the last new work in which Duprez sang. After belonging to it for twelve years, he left the Grand Opera in 1840. He felt offended that Meyerbeer, about to bring out the *Prophète*, should seek for a "new" attraction, and select for the title-part a younger man, Roger. Yet Duprez confesses, intelligently enough, that he himself felt that the freshness of his voice, and the flexibility the latter had possessed for twenty years, were diminishing; that of the qualities of his youth his power alone was left, with a more limited, heavier, and less brilliant organ. He thought the moment had arrived when he could with honour leave the stage, and when he ought to do so. He determined thenceforth that he would devote himself to training young talent, and, above all, to his "irresistible love of composing." With regard to his operas, of which he speaks with passionate and sorrowful circumstantiality, the subject is a very unfortunate one, always leading up to the assertion that such and such an opera among them failed because it was badly performed, or that another, despite its merit, was not even accepted. He has been more fortunate with his pupils than with his compositions. It is true that his services were not in request at the Conservatory either under Cherubini's direction or Auber's. He seems to have

* From the *Neue freie Presse.*

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found subordination difficult; he frequently went travelling about without leave, and felt deeply offended when one day the Minister sought to stop such irregularities by a general regulation. Duprez resigned his post, feeling "yet too young and too active to sacrifice his liberty." He established a singing-school of his own and gave operatic performances with his pupils in the country. His most eminent pupil is, in addition to his daughter Caroline, Mdme Miolan Carvalho, who made her first appearance in Paris in 1849, and is still singing there Marguerite, Julia, Ophelia, and other juvenile parts. Of course, Duprez himself sang in the country performances above mentioned, his favourite part being Edgar to his daughter's Lucia. Theatrical nostalgia is a truly sad disease of once popular vocalists, and is to be cured neither by time nor misfortune. As age was drawing on, Duprez spent some happy years at his country place in Valmondois, where the inhabitants actually selected him mayor. But he has not been spared the bitter truth of Goethe's words: "Lange leben heisst Viele überleben." He has seen his best friends, his beloved wife, and his gifted daughter Caroline, snatched away rapidly one after the other by death.

Gilbert Duprez, who has attained his seventy-fourth year, now lives in the strictest retirement at Neuilly, near Paris. It was in this rural solitude, though surrounded by the pictures of a happy past, that he arranged and wrote his reminiscences. Forming, as they do, a chord of pleasing gratitude and modest self-respect, they are agreeable reading. "Small as my fortune now is, and simple as is my mode of life," he says when concluding his book, "I feel happy with my lot on earth, and thank heaven for allowing me to be born at a period when I was enabled to gain, in proportion to my capabilities, a name which the world bears in friendly remembrance."

—o—

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Now that Mr Manns has had some weeks in which to drill his orchestra and let them clearly understand the effects he desires, Glasgow is enjoying performances of the highest order, performances, indeed, which I firmly believe are equal to any of the kind in Europe. Mr Manns, delighted with his orchestra, says that he never met with a body of instrumentalists who played with more fire and enthusiasm. This he ascribes in great part to the fact that, with two exceptions, the members of the band are under middle age, and throw their whole energies into their work. Be that as it may, the result is most gratifying. I have already said that the executants have been carefully selected from the London orchestras. Since my last, we have had one or two charming concerts. At the fourth ("orchestral"), the first part was devoted to Beethoven's overture and incidental music for *Egmont*—never heard before in Glasgow. This, as your readers know, consists of the overture; Clara's two songs, four *entr'actes*, music to Clara's death, and to Egmont's sleep in prison, with *finale*, comprising *andante*, *allegro*, and *allegro con brio*. The vocal pieces were sung by Miss Isabella Stone, the reader being Mr Henry Forrester. Take it as a whole, the execution was highly commendable, the Entr'acte IV. and the music to Clara's death especially.

The second part opened with Weber's *Concertstück*—pianoforte, Mr Oscar Beringer. The rendering of this famous piece calls for no criticism; but I must premise that opinions in musical circles regarding Mr Beringer's share of the work were varied. Later on the same artist gave Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat, the concert ending with a spirited performance of Smetana's "Symphonic Poem," *L'ltava*—a singular production, in my opinion, overrunning legitimate bounds. The illustrated notes of the programme, signed "A. M.," says "this piece is the second of two symphonic poems by this composer, in which he has endeavoured, like a patriotic Bohemian, to depict his beloved fatherland in music." Then follows a description, written by the composer, of what the music intends to represent, which begins thus: "In the depth of the Bohemia forest two fountains arise; the one warm and eager, the other cool and quiet." These two fountains soon meet, and getting mixed up, have naturally a very lively time of it, which ends thus: "Rocks strive to hem it in, and prevent its further progress, but it bursts in cataracts through them, and in broad majestic currents sweeps past Prague and the ancient and noble fortress of the Vyschrad, and then disappears from the mind's eye of the poet." The fifth section, "the rapids," contains what I would call ridiculous music, and as the programme says, in the words of "A. M.": "The orchestral colouring reaches at this point a height of picturesqueness to which a parallel can scarcely be found in any of the works by the leading masters of this school—Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz—although they introduced such extraordinary tone-paintings as *Der Walküren Ritt*, *Mazeppa*, and *Faust's Ride down the Abyss*." Just so, Mr "A. M.," all the same, I cannot well share your enthusiasm for such *outré* music. In justice, it should be added that the performance of the work was masterly, and that its many difficulties were, under Mr Manns, given with marvellous ease and precision.

The third Choral Concert of the same series, conducted by Mr Manns, and under the management of the Glasgow Choral Union, was one of unusual interest and of unusual length; indeed, quite too long for the tastes of the Glasgow amateurs. The first part was entirely devoted to Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the second to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and, of course, not one single bar was omitted; so you can fancy that for one night we turned our backs on the St Andrew's Halls with, to say the least of it, precious little regret. But, one word as to the performance. The solo vocalists were Miss Robertson, Mr Harper Kearton, and Mr Frederic King, aided by members of the Choral Union. In the oratorio, the instrumental portions were, in most respects, exquisitely played; the chorus was respectable; but, I fear, the solo vocalists were not quite at ease in the discharge of their duties. As to the rendering of the Choral Symphony, these estimates may be pretty well considered as quite appropriate. The orchestra was again playing *à merveille;* the solo vocalists got through their music as best they could; while the tone of the lady choristers towards the close was by no means satisfactory—whatever it was, it was not music.

The fifth Saturday Popular Concert proved one of unusual interest, chiefly on account of the crowded hall, to hear Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, *An Episode in the Life of an Artist*. The rest of the programme was good, but every item was subservient to the blazing attraction of the evening—the production of one of poor Berlioz's most characteristic conceptions. Regarding the performance of the symphony, I intend, by another week, to give you a few lines as to the marvellous effect it produced on the audience; it was very great, so much so that many applications have been received by the directors for its reproduction, that it re-appears in this week's programmes. The rest of the selection demands no special mention, except to add that the enormous audience was evidently delighted with everything done. Miss Isabella Stone was the solo vocalist, and M. Victor Buziau solo violinist.

—o—

Pips from "Punch."

"On Saturday was produced Balfe's *Moro*, which will be given again To-Moro."

[Excruciating! *But*———No-Mor(e)-O! Dr Blidge.]

—o—

DID MENDELSSOHN WRITE SONGS?

(*To* Dr Blidge.)

Sir,—In a review of some recently published compositions of the late Prince Consort, I read:—

"The high development given to the German *Lied*, by Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz, Liszt (!), and others," &c.

May I ask you of your courtesy to inform me whether Mendelssohn ever composed songs. Your obedient servant,

Yaxton Last.

[We have heard that he composed two or three *Lieder;* but none in a manner worth speaking of. Besides, it is not customary for the "advanced" to utter the name "Mendelssohn"—knowing, as they well know, that had he lived up to the present time their ravings would have met with scant sympathy.—Blidge.]

IMPROMPTU.

There was an Æsthete, Oscar Wild(e),
Who the Yankees would fain have beguil'd.
But, although they were civil,
They didn't like drivel,
Whereat the poor frothling was ril'd.

X.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

MADAME NORMAN-NÉRUDA'S LAST APPEARANCE

AT THE EVENING CONCERTS THIS SEASON, ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schubert)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Deep and true" (Tours)—Mr Oswald; Larghetto and Allegretto, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Mackenzie), first time—Signor Piatti; Chromatic Fantasia, for pianoforte alone (Bach)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Ries), by desire—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Songs, "To Chloe" (Bennett) and "The fountain mingles with the river" (Gounod)—Mr Oswald; Sonata, in F major, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 4, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in G minor, No. 6, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "O ruddier than the cherry" (Handel), by desire—Mr Santley; "The Rivulet" and Prelude and Fugue, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Larghetto (Nardini) and Scherzo, in D (Spohr), for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Quartet, in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

Day.

Merely you; merely a moment's glance
At such a beautiful strange countenance,
A countenance quite perfect in my eyes:
And, like a man that sees the sun at last
Smile through the tedious spell of gloomy skies,
I felt the world was changing while you passed.

Night.

She's sleeping there, behind those shutter bars:
And just a few tired melancholy stars
Are waiting still—for what?—She's sleeping there;
She's breathing somewhere there. 'Tis well to know
She is no further, for she is so fair.
And I have got a long way home to go.

Polkau.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

The first intelligence of Sir Michael Costa's illness was alarming; but, happily, the illustrious conductor's robust constitution seems to have gained the mastery, and he is now fairly on the road to complete recovery—a fact which, to amateurs and musicians alike, will bring deep satisfaction. Such a man, just now, cannot be spared. May he live long, and labour, as he has always done, in the course of legitimate art!

—o—

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

The Magician of the Fiddle is on his way to England.

Nunc est bibendum!

MR W. T. BEST, the celebrated organist of the Liverpool Town Hall, lately gave an organ recital in the American Church, Via Nazionale, Rome. The British, German, and Belgian ministers, as well as all the musical notabilities in the "Eternal" city, were present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PIETRO ARETINO.—Rogers of the Wells, of course. Who else could understand your *Letters to Henry VIII.*, or your *Raggionamenti?*—"Barbagriggia," as you are! Don't come to Malvern, or Morris of the Link will be down upon you.

DILETTANTE.—No, Grétry first broached the idea—*not* Wagner—nor Gluck either. Please don't write "Glück" again.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

Achilles and Patroclus.

(Cabalistic Amphigouri.)

Fyall.

PATROCLUS.—So you won't fight for the Greeks?

ACHILLES.—No. I've given up fighting, and remain in my tent.

PATROCLUS.—Without Briseis?

ACHILLES.—I have got a Demon.

PATROCLUS.—Perhaps you are right. Your fighting power is on the decline. Your spear don't hit home. Remember your last encounter with old C. M. W., who was laughing at you in Polacca. Every throw missed.

ACHILLES.—I was angry with L. van B.

PATROCLUS.—You fought with *him* at "moonlight," and shook timorously at his "sharp"-shots.

ACHILLES.—Well, I fight no more.

PATROCLUS.—Not even for Briseis Essipoff, who is of your kith and kin?

ACHILLES.—She is absorbed, and taken away. Consorts with Lionshill and Joan of Arc.

PATROCLUS.—Are you afraid of Hector?

ACHILLES.—No.

PATROCLUS.—Why then did you shy at Richard, the issue of Hector's loins?

ACHILLES.—I did not shy. The Niblungs are not my gospel. My gospel is *Nero*, and *Maccabees*, and *Deluge*, and *Demon*.

PATROCLUS.—Shall I fight in your place?

ACHILLES.—No——well, yes, if you like.

PATROCLUS.—Lend me your harness and accoutrements.

(Pages with harness and accoutrements. Achilles helps to put them on.)

ACHILLES.—Go forth, my brother! Kill Hector first and I will deal with Richard.

[*Exit Patroclus, armed and accoutred.*

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ACHILLES.—I'm alone. Should he be slain, then am I chap-fallen! And yet he is of Richard!

(The body of Patroclus brought in stretched upon a bier.)

ACHILLES *(incoherently)*.—Ha! Ha!—A horse, a horse! I will go forth myself. What ho! My harness, knaves!

(Harness brought in.)

ACHILLES.—My spear; my helm! Now to the contest. I defy the world. *Aoi!* my heel, my heel! [*Exit raving.*

Schluss Folgt.

—o—

OSCAR WILDE AND MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE chief topic in the conversation of all sorts of people for the last ten days has been Oscar Wilde—his sayings, doings, and appearance. Notwithstanding that with one voice the best newspapers have pronounced him a by no means deep young man, whose audacity in posing as the chief patron, exponent, apostle, and model of a worthy movement upon which he has only brought endless ridicule, amounts to supreme impertinence, "Society" has run after him, and gazes at him open-mouthed as he stands in the most æsthetic room in the house, and utters "platitudes in stained-glass attitudes," which puzzle the men and equally puzzle, but wholly delight, the women. There is no doubt whatever about the success of Wilde's long hair, knee-breeches, lace-edged cuffs, and inane gabble about art, beauty, Helen of Troy, Goethe, Napoleon, Swinburne, Keats, Wordsworth, and only Wilde knows what besides. He got here two weeks ago, and already the edition of his poems reprinted last summer is exhausted, after having remained on the book-shop shelf for six months. The literary censors here have pronounced his poems bosh; but what does "society" care for the literary censors? If he stuffs his lines with asphodel, jacinth, pomegranates, mooney pearls, oozy gold, argent foreheads, sapphire, violet, vermilion, azure, manlihood, passionate lustihood, high-tuniced limbs, Arcady, amorous pleasaunce, kisses on the mouth, the unvintageable sea, swinked shepherds, and paints a lily in every second stanza; if the archaic nouns and improper sentiments jingle together nicely, "society" will be delighted and pronounce them precious lines. Already the women seem to consider him a sort of hero. He has so much to say about the "sweet sad sins" to which he has surrendered himself, and about the "joys that kill." He does not explain exactly what he means by all this, or by declaring that he will

"———walk from fire unto fire,
From passionate pain to deadlier delight,"

but he would not have missed these joys for anything. He is desperately wicked, in an amorous way, and he thinks it is more than probable that he has lost his soul, which makes him still more interesting, and cannot matter much to one who can console himself with a lily. In a word, Wilde is the lion of the hour, and has twenty invitations to one that he can accept.

When he had been here a week he gave a lecture. Long before the day came every seat in the hall had been sold at four shillings a seat, and the few tickets in the hands of speculators commanded fabulously high prices—I am ashamed to say how high. His appearance on the stage was greeted by the crowded house with a mixture of laughter and applause which Wilde received calmly, confident in the power of his long hair, knee-breeches, and his incomprehensible parody of Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* to make a favourable impression. He launched out boldly, and, to hear him talk, one might have thought there would be no sort of pre-Raphaelite movement had there been no Oscar Wilde. The superb complacency with which he told how "we" did this or that, meaning by "we" himself and Ruskin, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, and a dozen other gentlemen—who would have been, I am sure, anything but flattered at the liberties he took with their names—had its effect.

You have not, I believe, had the pleasure of hearing Wilde lecture in London, and you never will hear such a lecture as he gave us. Well, you are not to be pitied, for it can be called nothing but an extravaganza upon pre-Raphaelitism, presenting not one new idea. It was fair sort of decorative work, just as Wilde himself and his poems are bits of decorative work which pass muster with the devotees of fashionable culture. Since the lecture we have heard less of Wilde, "society" having satisfied its curiosity somewhat, and being ready for the next nine days' wonder. But the turn of the other cities is to come, and the reports are to the effect that the advance sale of seats for his lectures in Boston, Philadelphia, and other large towns is better than for any entertainment since Sarah Bernhardt was here. Some people have lost their tempers over this demonstration. The *Times*, in a savage article, calls him a "poor booby," and says that he would be better employed as a green-grocer's boy; but Mr Oscar Wilde can afford it. His first lecture paid him £200, and as much more to his manager, Mr D'Oyly Carte, who first shows people Bunthorne and then Wilde. His profits from *Patience* now amount to fully £600 a week.

Mr Mapleson and his company are in Philadelphia just now. The two weeks season in Boston was only moderately successful, Boston having a mind of its own about opera, and but little ready money. The Bostonians asked for *Fidelio*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Meistersinger*, while Mapleson offered them *Lucia*, *Il Barbière*, *Martha*, and other trifles of the sort. *Lohengrin*, *Carmen*, and *The Huguenots* drew good houses, but out of fourteen Boston performances I am informed that only five really paid expenses. In Philadelphia matters have gone a little better. In Cincinnati the report is that Patti is to sing once or twice with Mapleson's company during the week of opera which the Cincinnati people buy every year from Mapleson, paying £4,000 for seven performances. Patti, herself, denies that she is going to sing with Mapleson's company, coupling the denial with the remark that she would not sing with his company "for a million dollars." She ascribes her misfortunes in this country wholly to Mapleson's enmity. Since my last letter to you Mdme Patti has been going around the country, her grievances being many, but her success in the way of getting dollars going far to console her. She was indignant at the treatment she received when she sang in *The Messiah* at Cincinnati during Christmas week, and says that the Chicago orchestra persisted in playing sharp whenever Signor Nicolini sang! When she sang in *The Messiah* Theodore Thomas took the time too fast for her, that Miss Cary filled the chair she ought to have had, and that her bouquet was not so big as Miss Cary's, while no one offered her a glass of wine in the dressing-room, and no one introduced her to the audience, &c., &c. Altogether she had an unpleasant time of it so far. I believe that in only one city her concerts have failed to pay expenses. As a rule she has made about £100 a night clear profit, and Abbey, her manager, as much more.

Strakosch, who is not doing well in New Orleans with Gerster, talks of giving the money back to his subscribers, and trying new fields. The New Orleans people say they want either Wagner or Offenbach—nothing between the two. Gerster has given them *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, and *I Puritani* until they can stand it no longer, and disaster threatens the enterprise. A deputation of New Orleans citizens waited on Gerster last week, and begged her to give them a few opera-bouffe performances, with herself as la belle Helène or Serpolette. She replied that she would consider the matter.

New York, January, 18th, 1882. HAVEY.

MAD. NORMAN-NÉRUDA.—This consummate artist makes her last appearance for the season at an evening "Popular" concert on Monday night. Let every amateur, who may have time at disposal (he should make it), go and hear her in Schubert's A minor quartet—a dream in itself, and interpreted by the enchanting Moravian like one who dreams that he is dreaming. We cannot imagine more complete poetical abstraction. Schubert would have gazed at her with wondering eyes, and listened to her with wondering ears—just as Pygmalion contemplated his own creation of an ideal womanly perfection, the offspring of his fancy, the art-work of his hands—yet never quite within his intellectual reach. Who would not be Pygmalion for sake of such a Galatea! Poor Schubert would, thenceforth, have never composed anything but A minor quartets.

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To Polkaw.

SIR,—Lend me your ear (I wish it were mine). A poet has written :—

"*The Fairy's flame was slight, slight as some cloud*
That catches but the palest tinge of day
When evening yields to night."——

Name him, and believe in the unrequited sympathy of yours,

PAUL MOIST.

P.S.—Herewith, lest you should have forgotten me, is my *carte de visite* :—

CONCERTS.

A concert was given on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, in the Steinway Hall, in aid of the funds of the Alexandra Hospital. The mere statement that the arrangements were under the direction of Mdme Sainton-Dolby is sufficient to carry conviction that the entertainment was worthy of the noble charity it intended to benefit. The musical and benevolent public—and the two qualities are not seldom united and exemplified in the same persons—certainly felt reliance could be placed upon the lady-artist entrusted with the programme, and testified confidence by attending in numbers sufficient to fill the hall. The opening chorus, canon in three parts for female voices, "Fior di Aprile," Cherubini, sung by a choir of charming youthful soprani and contralti, afforded a foretaste of the many good things to follow. The popular *Meditation*, "Ave Maria," by J. S. Bach-Gounod, was pleasantly rendered. The dainty voice and simple style of Miss Hilda Coward—daughter of the late respected organist of the Crystal Palace—gave a rare charm to the vocal part, whilst Miss Pedley, in the violin *obbligato*, showed both purity of tone and grace of expression. The young lady has evidently profited by the tuition of her master, M. Sainton, and further experience will doubtless bring full mastery over the difficult instrument of her adoption. But the young artist appears to have taken up the violin as a second study, for later in the afternoon she showed excellent capacity as a vocalist in the ballad "Toujours fidèle" by Mdme Sainton-Dolby. To a voice of wide range, sufficient power, and sweet tone, she adds artistic training and mental qualities, that cannot fail to secure the sympathies of hearers. Miss Woodhatch again displayed a pretty voice and attractive style; and Miss Adela Vernon revelled amongst the much coveted high soprano notes. Mr Abercrombie's songs were excellent in character and execution, Handel's air "Where'er you walk" showed his command over the vocal technicalities distinguishing the school of the greatest master of oratorio, and Blumenthal's ballad, "Thinking of thee," his ready response to the calls of sentimentality. Mr Arthur Oswald also imparted interest to the concert by his bright talents. Mr John Payne played a solo by Ernst; Mr Leipold presided at the pianoforte, and the skill and geniality of Mr Sainton were, as ever, conspicuous.—PENCERDD GWFFYN.

THE first of two evening concerts was given by Mr E. H. Thorne, in the concert-room of the Royal Academy, on Monday evening, the object being to introduce sundry new works of pretension to importance. These were three in number, headed by a Trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, written by Mr Thorne himself. Even after a single hearing, and with many points imperfectly understood, this trio imposes upon us the agreeable duty of congratulating its author. How humiliating it is that in our country one is dependent upon chance for a knowledge of talent that anywhere else would, as a matter of course, be familiar! Mr Thorne has fairly succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks to which a composer could address himself, yet, had he not run the risks of concert-giving on his own account, we should have known nothing of it. Surely this state of things calls loudly for amendment in some form or other, and may profitably engage the attention of those who are now lifting up their voices for native talent. The first movement of the trio is well constructed upon the orthodox model, and worked out with a clearness and facility suggestive of large experience or uncommon aptitude. Its themes are in capital contrast, and the harmonic characteristics of their treatment, while never pedantic, do not offend by over much daring or by eccentricity. The *andante* seems to us less striking—it is always the slow movement in these works that most tries the composer's mettle—but the *scherzo* is an admirable realization of a musical "joke." Save in the trio, which, as usual, touches a more serious chord, the movement is instinct with humour, sometimes expanding into broad fun. It cannot be heard without pleasure. As for the *finale*, Mr Thorne might have done better had he avoided a repetition of the sombre passionateness of the opening movement. The old masters, we may depend upon it, were wise when, as a rule, they finished up with a movement of comparatively slight texture. However, the trio is an excellent example of what English musicians can do, and of what they have the heart to achieve even in the cold shade to which circumstances condemn them. The work was performed by Mr Thorne, Mr Henry Holmes, and a violoncellist acting for Signor Pezze, and very well received. Later in the evening a young Englishman, hitherto unknown amongst us, introduced, with the help of Mr Henry Holmes, a sonata in D major for pianoforte and violin. Mr Algernon Ashton was once, we believe, a chorister at Durham Cathedral, but early removed with his family to Leipsic, receiving his musical education at the famous Conservatorium in which Mendelssohn took such pride. He has now come back to his native land almost as a stranger, but with credentials which should secure for him a gracious reception. The sonata played on Monday night is a favourable specimen of his powers in one of the highest branches of art. We cannot, of course, pronounce it faultless, but its shortcomings are those incidental to the undisciplined fancy, exuberant expression, and frequent rashness of youth. Wise men expect all this when the composer is barely out of his "teens"; and, putting it aside, look beneath for indications of more solid and abiding qualities. In the present instance there is no need to look far or long. The first movement of the sonata—an *allegro* of high merit and distinction from beginning to end—shows that Mr Ashton has something to say worth hearing, and that he has so profited by his training as to be able to say it well. Moreover, the *allegro* contains features of decided novelty, in which respect the *andante* claims to be bracketed with it. Here, indeed, we have evidence of that valuable form of distinctiveness which keeps within the bounds of classic art. The *finale* is, perhaps, the least important of the three movements, but it detracts nothing from the value of the work, as proof that in Mr Ashton we have a young fellow-countryman well worthy of the encouragement which, to artists just beginning their career, is as the breath of life. Mr Ashton played the pianoforte part of his sonata with facility and expression, ably supported by Mr Holmes, and obtained for it gratifying signs of sympathy and approval. The vocal music in the programme was sung by Signor Luigi Conti and his pupil, Signorina Scalzi, who charmed the audience by her rendering of a Venetian canzonet, "Non giova il sospirar."—*D. T.*

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KENSINGTON POPULAR CONCERTS.—The sixth of these concerts was given on Tuesday evening last, and attracted an audience that filled the new Town Hall as abundantly as could be desired. The selection was similar to those which have gone before, Mr Plater's Glee Union—which is always acceptable—being in frequent requisition, relieved by homely and sentimental ballads, which never fail to secure the popular vote. The better facts of the programme were, of course, few and far between. These consisted simply of the Kreutzer Sonata, of Beethoven, which Mr Ridley Prentice, in order not to unduly weary the inexperienced tastes of the cheaper members of his audience, divided into two parts, one of Schumann's minor pianoforte pieces, and a violin "Ballade," composed by the late Alfred Holmes, the tender dreaminess of which was rendered with so much effect by his brother Henry, as to touch both gentle and simple alike and provoke an encore on all sides. The sonata was played by Mr Ridley Prentice and Mr Henry Holmes, and the former gentleman—to whom the Kensingtonians are so much indebted for these agreeable and inexpensive *réunions*—interested all the connoisseurs who happened to be present, both by his facility as an executant and his intellectuality as an artist. The principal singer was Miss Anna Williams, who sang a pair of songs, respectively entitled "When the heart is young" and "Golden Love," by composers named Dudley Buck and Milton Wellings, her chief success, so far as the popular verdict was concerned, being Roeckel's pleasant setting of the apophthegm, "A bird in hand," the domestic humour of which was no less grimly understood by one portion of the listeners than enjoyed to merriment by the other. The other incidental vocalisms were contributed by Mrs Tuer, who sang with charming effect songs by Cowen and Mdme Sainton-Dolby; Mr Horscroft, encored in the semi-pathetic sea ditty, "The Powder-Monkey;" and Mr Coates, whose finished style was made amply manifest in the well-known serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Mr J. A. Fuller Maitland was the chief accompanist of the vocal music. The next concert is announced to take place on the 14th inst.—H.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON gave his first *soirée musicale* this season on Saturday, Jan. 21st, when he introduced one of his earliest compositions—a trio in D major for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 5). Mr N. Mori played the violin and Herr Carl Ryal the violoncello part (on the alto), the composer being at the pianoforte. The impression of this work, full of youthful ideas, was very favourable. Besides the trio Professor Bergson played some of his new pianoforte pieces. A "Brindisi" from his opera *Salvator Rosa*; the "Serenade Moresque" from the same opera (arranged for the pianoforte by Yungman); and several other pieces, including his "Danse des paysans polonais," his "Souvenir," and his effective descriptive piece, "Un Orage dans les lagunes" (encored). Miss Jessica O'Brien (a pupil of the late famous tenor, Roger) sang Professor Bergson's new song, "Midnight Chimes," his sacred song, "Ah, Morn, I beseech thee" (words by Gabriel, of the twelfth century), and his "Better World" (words by Mrs M. A. Baines)—the violin *obbligato* part of the "Better World" being capitally played by Mr N. Mori. These songs, each so different in character, were much admired. Miss Jessica O'Brien possesses a very fine contralto voice, and there is no doubt, after being heard in public, she will attain a high position in the musical world. Miss Lavinia O'Brien, her sister, (pupil of Stephen Heller,) played Chopin's nocturne in D flat, and an arrangement by Stephen Heller of the *Saltarello* from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, with a warmth and *brio* which took the audience by storm. Mdme Napoleone Vearino (Pianist to H. M. the Queen of the Belgians) gave, with Mr N. Mori and Herr Ryal, Fesca's trio in E flat (Op. 45), and won golden opinions. Professor Bergson terminated the *soirée* by playing a "Minuet favourit de Louis XIV." and a brilliant caprice, both of his own composition.—J. F.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The Music Class-Room was uncomfortably crowded on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 26, at Sir Herbert Oakeley's "recital," though the audience were apparently too delighted with the performance to complain. It being the anniversary of Mozart's birth a feature in the programme was the "Kyrie," "Gloria," &c., from his 12th Mass. Among the other appreciated compositions was Sir Herbert Oakeley's exquisite setting of Tennyson's "Break, break," allotted to a student, the possessor of a really fine baritone voice. The same gentleman gave Tito Mattei's "Non è ver." Spohr's *Larghetto*, from his fourth symphony, and a *Postlude* by Rinck, well played by a student, and a selection from Mozart's *Idomeneo* completed an interesting programme.

BLACKHEATH.—Mendelssohn's *Antigone* was given on Monday last under the direction of Mr Charles E. Tinney. The choruses were effectively rendered by 100 male voices, the solo part being entrusted to Mr E. Wharton. The quartet, "O Eros," was admirably given by Messrs A. James, A. Thompson, R. De Lacy, and A. Hubbard. An abridged version of the drama was recited by Mr Charles Fry, who was warmly applauded after several of the scenes. Mdme Worrell, Miss Constance Herring, Messrs H. Lindsey and Arthur Oswald, as well as the before named artists, assisted in the second part of the concert, in which a new and effective part-song for male voices, "The night chimes," by Mr C. A. Tinney, was a special feature.

SANDRINGHAM.—By request of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales Mr H. Kingston Rudd, of Norwich, attended Sandringham House, on Friday, Jan. 20th, for the purpose of giving a pianoforte recital. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales was also present, with about twenty-five guests, including Prince Leiningen, the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, &c. A list of pieces was submitted to their Royal Highnesses who selected the following for performance:—Two Gavottes, in G minor and G major (J. S. Bach); Grande Valse Brillante, in E flat major, Op. 18 (Chopin); Andante, from the Concerto, Op. 89 (Sir Julius Benedict); "Le Réveil des Fées," Op. 41 (Emile Prudent). At the conclusion of the performance H.R.H. the Princess of Wales congratulated Mr Rudd in the most gratifying terms upon his playing, and especially remarked upon his masterly rendering of Prudent's "Le Réveil des Fées." The Princess also expressed a hope that Mr Rudd might be heard in London. As Mr Rudd was about to withdraw. the Prince asked him if he could play from memory Beethoven's "Funeral March" (from the Grand Sonata in A flat major, Op. 26). Mr Rudd immediately complied with the wish of his Royal Highness. By the special invitation of the Prince Mr Rudd was present at an amateur theatrical performance which subsequently took place.—*Norwich Paper.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—"It is an excellent sign of the improved popular taste," writes the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, "when we find concerts of purely instrumental music such as those given by the 'Chamber Music Society,' attended by large and appreciative audiences." The programme of the concert given on Thursday evening, Jan. 19, consisted of Mendelssohn's Sonata in D for pianoforte and violoncello, Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 101 for pianoforte alone, Niels W. Gade's Fantaisiestücke, for clarinet and pianoforte, Beethoven's trio for pianoforte, clarinet and violoncello, and solos by Liszt and Schumann. The executants were Mr Walter Bache (pianoforte), Signor Pezze (violoncello) and Mr Lazarus (clarinet). The vocalist was Miss Burnett, who gave Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute," and Stradella's "Pieta Signore." About the performers the *Daily Journal* writes approvingly, and especially praises Mr Lazarus, "who comes to us with a reputation gained in the highest musical circles; indeed, it is doubtful whether his equal is to be found in this or any other country. The beauty of his tone and his finished execution can certainly not be surpassed." Mr Marshall Bell, who as usual, acted as conductor, together with the committee of the Chamber Music Society, deserve the warmest encouragement in their enterprise; they are certainly doing good work for the cause of musical art progress.

STRATFORD.—At the third serial subscription concert of the Stratford (Essex) Society, held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, Jan, 26, Mr Wilhelm Ganz, who was cordially received, played with Mr Viotti Collins, Benedict and De Beriot's grand duet on airs from *La Sonnambula*. A young lady from the Southern States of America, Miss Lella Blandy, must be congratulated on a very successful *début* as vocalist, and if she pursue her musical studies, is thought likely to be an acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Blandy made less impression in the romance from *Guillaume Tell*, "Sombres Fôrets," where she forced her higher notes, than in Mr F. Clay's song, "She wandered down the mountain side," for which a deserved *encore* was demanded, but "Auld Robin Gray" substituted. Miss Blandy also led the quartet from *Marta*, "Mezza Notte." Miss A. Williams, Miss H. D'Alton, Messrs Albert M'Guckin and Bernard Lane sang in the course of the evening.—(*Communicated.*)

CHOIR BENEVOLENT FUND.—The annual general meeting of the Choir Benevolent Fund was held on Tuesday last at the Chapel House, St Paul's Cathedral, when a large number of members attended. A very satisfactory report and balance sheet were passed, and the usual election of officers took place. We are glad to learn that the names of Sir George Elvey, Dr Stainer, Dr Bridge, Mr W. A. Barrett, and other gentlemen of influence are now on the committee; also that the Dean of Westminster has accepted the trusteeship vacant by the death of the late Dean.

The Auber "Centenary" in Paris has passed off well; but much more might, and ought to have been done. We shall have more to say about it in our next.

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JOACHIM IN ST. PETERSBURGH.*

This year's concert-season has up to now, as though by special arrangement beforehand, served to bring together the first violinists of the age, who have come to put, as it were, the enthusiasm of the music-loving public to a hard test, and compete with each other for the palm. First there was Sarasate, then Sauret, and then Sarasate again. Now there is Joachim. He did well to come, if only for a short time, seeing there was a large number of the public who had forgotten the magic of his playing, and for whom the light of his star seemed to be setting—but only seemed! Joachim, however, really does not require to compete any more for the prize because he carried it off long ago, and the appearance of any number of youthful artists could not injure him, because he occupies a perfectly exceptional and firmly-rooted position in the musical history of modern times, and no rival can diminish the esteem in which he is held, so worthily has it been won and so firmly is it based—not on mere show and deception, but always on the noblest and purest artistic truth. Joachim is simply a star of the first order in the heaven of art whom the rise even of other equal stars could not obscure; he is among his colleagues what Jupiter is among the planets, because his light fascinates us most by its pureness, clearness, and durability. Modest as he is, he will perhaps deprecate this comparison, but impartial judges will decide in what sense it is to be interpreted, so as to be indisputably true. Durability! Yes, truly. Every one who has not seen Joachim for a long time is above all things astounded that the Master does not appear the least changed, but is exactly what he used be, as regards bearing and play, though he has passed his fiftieth year. He does not look, however, as if this were so; and we may found upon the fact a hope that the Star may long continue to shed his steady light. Vigorous, sturdy health is innate in his constitution, and is what constitutes the determining principle of his playing; there is nothing unhealthy, flickering, or dazzling; nothing which could lead him from the path of pure art. This is admitted even by his opponents, who do not dispute the purity and clearness of his tone, the repose of his bowing, and his perfect technical skill; but they fancy they detract from these qualities by adding:—"All this is so German and solid; so classical; and so incapable of carrying the hearer away." The solidity would not be correct were not the sense in every case most accurately rendered—that is, what is sweet, sweetly; what is overpowering, overpoweringly; and what is wild, wildly. But it is precisely in this nice discrimination of the feelings and their direct congruent rendering in his play—that is, in passionate expression at the proper time, in being completely penetrated by the inward value of each composition, and in merging himself in it, that Joachim is greatest. This is probably why he so dislikes playing shallow compositions; for he would necessarily consider it an artistic antithesis to give them with deep feeling. But if this principle in art be once conceded as classical—that is, as invariably determinant, no one can deny that Joachim is its truest exponent; moreover, who, provided he does not bind up his ears, can deny that, in addition to grandeur of tone and depth of conception, Joachim exhibits the most fervent and melting tenderness, pleasant humour, and overpowering fire, quite apart from mechanical execution, in which he knows no difficulties? It was, therefore, a good notion of him to begin with Beethoven's violin-concerto, accompanied by the orchestra under his old pupil, Auer, who conducted with evident care and devotion to his task. We heard this composition last year performed by another master of the violin, who executed the whole with perfect correctness, including the difficult cadence, into which he infused, and yet seemed to miss the deeper meaning of the grand work. But the Concerto is one of the few of its kind which is not something for the violin alone, when the orchestra provides the soloist with various welcome opportunities for resting; rather is it a genuine symphonic work, in which the orchestra plays a great part, and in which the soloist has often carefully to keep within the artistic limits of the whole; in the first movement especially there appears one of those powerfully pulsating ideas of fate which run through Beethoven's greatest works, and only the grandest conception can do it justice. . . . The second piece selected by Herr Joachim was Schumann's "Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra," an exciting and effective composition of a romantic colour; and the third the *adagio* from Spohr's Seventh Violin Concerto, a movement of marvellous transparency and clearness, the rendering, also, being marvellously transparent and clear. For a genuine lover of art it is always a real joy to hear once more anything by Spohr, whom the present generation, it appears, very unjustly desires to forget, yet without success, for his compositions are so neatly finished as regards the workmanship, and breathe such a spirit of fancy and romance, that they will exist long after many of our modern celebrities have grown antiquated. Joseph Joachim is specially qualified to render becomingly Spohr's compositions—and otherwise, indeed, than worthily they ought not, and cannot be rendered—because his master, David, was probably Spohr's last pupil, and because there is no one, now living at least, who comes so near Spohr's broad, powerful, and expressive style of execution as Joachim. To wind up, the concert-giver played an expressive romance of his own, a Capriccio of Paganini's, well calculated to exhibit vividly his bold and daring style of execution, and the well-known "Hungarian Dances" (Brahms-Joachim, Books 3 and 4). How the familiar melodies and rhythms are transformed under the master-hand into an exceptionally well thought-out and peculiarly articulated system of rhythmics which it is not every one who can imitate. . . . . In conclusion, we must express a wish that Joseph Joachim, whom unfortunately we shall have the satisfaction of hearing only once again—at the Quartet Evening—will make these visits of his to St. Petersburgh, even though they must be as short as the present one, a regular thing every year, for the tremendous applause, lasting several minutes, which greeted him on his first appearance, and continued at intervals with undiminished strength to the end, must have convinced him that he has here a large public in whose sympathies he reigns with strong and certain sway.

DR ALEXANDER PETRICK.

* From the *Petersburger Herold*.

CHORAL CLASSES FOR THE POOR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, as one of the Executive Committee of the Kyrle Society, to bring to the notice of such of your readers as are interested in the varied work and aims of this society the following proposals for the foundation and working of choral classes among the poorer citizens throughout the metropolis? These classes are to be known as the Kyrle Society Choral Classes, and will be open, after inquiry as to respectability, and with certain restrictions as to age, and on the payment of a purely nominal fee, to all comers, men and women. There will be three classes in every district, viz.:—Elementary, Remove, and Advanced, the members of the last-named class becoming eligible after fit preparation for election to the public performing Kyrle Choir, the entrance to which as members being free of any charge. The district division of the City with regard to the different places of practice will be made on the Parliamentary borough principle. A circular letter has already been addressed to clergymen and others, asking for aid and sympathy in the work in the way of placing school-rooms and halls free of charge at the disposal of the committee, and I am glad to say that the numerous responses from at least eight of the districts addressed have been as generous and cordial as possible. As the entire control, direction, appointment of teachers, &c., and the consequent expense will devolve on the Kyrle Society, it is hoped that those interested in the dissemination of the knowledge of good music among the poor will not be backward in aiding by subscription or otherwise, this very worthy work. Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer of the Kyrle Society, Miss Octavia Hill, at 14, Nottingham Place, W. I may add, in conclusion, that if conductors of any existant choirs, wishing to co-operate or affiliate their own classes with this undertaking, will address the Honorary Secretary, 14, Nottingham Place, W., every information as to the ways and means thereto will be readily afforded them.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

MALCOLM LAWSON.

Arts Club, Hanover Square, Oct. 29.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—The "Lady Jenkinson Prize," competed for by eighteen students of the Guildhall School of Music, has been awarded to Miss Mary Ann Gritton; Mr W. J. Barton was specially, Misses Meadows and Hailstone highly commended. Misses Nettlefield, Watson, and Frame were each commended for the ability displayed by them in the execution of the test-work—Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor.

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TO "GUY OF THE GLACIERS."

SIR,—Quite true about Algernon's line in particular, and Algernon's Sonnet as a whole. But how about Percy Byssshe?—who sings:—

"As some lone man who in a desert hears
The music of his home."——

I fear we are shelving our Byssshe, as, amid the prevalent Babel of tongues, we are shelving our Wolfgang, Ludwig and Felix. Woe to us, should that be so. Perish the thought!—Your admirer,

Greker Reeres.

BERLIOZ, HIS WIFE AND HIS SON.

M. Arthur Pougin while analysing in *La Musique populaire* (number for 22nd December, 1881), the work just published by M. Adolphe Jullien under the title: *Hector Berlioz; la Vie et le Combat*, animadverts on two allegations made by the author with regard to Berlioz's wife and son: the intemperate habits of the former and the misconduct of the second. M. Arthur Pougin expresses himself in these terms:—

"I do not know where M. Jullien discovered that Miss Smithson 'drank,' as he says; as far as I am concerned, it is the first time I have heard of it, and it strikes me that an accusation of this kind should not be lightly directed against a woman who, after all, proved she possessed a certain nobleness of sentiment and passion. It also strikes me that the writer employs an infelicitous expression when he speaks of her 'good taste' in dying and freeing her husband, with whom she certainly had no reason to be over-satisfied. As for Louis Berlioz, it likewise strikes me that M. Jullien despatches him in rather an offhand manner when, speaking of Berlioz's love for him, he declares without circumlocution that the son was a 'worthless fellow who did scarcely anything but cause his father annoyance.' Now I know the son and father sometimes disagreed, but I also know, and so does M. Jullien, that in the *Correspondance inédite* as well as in the *Lettres intimes*, we find flowing from Berlioz's pen high praise of his son whose death caused him the greatest and most profound grief he ever experienced in his life. The two allegations struck me as being of sufficient gravity to justify the observations I have made on them."

In a letter published in *La Musique populaire* for the 5th January, M. Jullien replies in the following terms to the two points in M. Arthur Pougin's criticism:—

". . . You reproach me for not citing my authorities when I said that Miss Smithson was intemperate, and her son, Louis Berlioz, but a sorry wight. To speak frankly, I did not think this double revelation calculated to move the public so deeply; but, since you ask me in a friendly spirit for my reasons, I will give them. Politeness ought always to command an answer. It was from M. Louis Brandus, Berlioz's publisher and friend, that I heard of Miss Smithson's weakness, and I did so when inquiring whether there had been any act of infidelity on her part to justify Berlioz's marked dislike of his home. After all, it was better to state the fact openly than to encourage vague suspicion. * * * * With regard to Louis Berlioz, I must inform you that my family is connected, on the maternal side, with the Amusat family, the members of which always took a great interest in Berlioz.* It was in their house that, when a very young man, I met Berlioz; it was there that I frequently heard mention made of the grave wrongs committed by Louis Berlioz against his father and the anguish he caused him; wrongs and anguish which Berlioz forgave with inexhaustible indulgence, but which were always repeated. It is true that Berlioz does not say much about them in his letters, but was it not natural that he should seek to deceive himself as to the facts, since he always forgave?"

[Mr Adolphe Jullien was evidently *non compos* when he penned this rubbish.—Dr Blinge.]

HAMBURGH.—The Senate have unanimously voted an annual grant of 30,000 marks to the Stadttheater for three years, and 75,000 marks have been privately subscribed to cover deficit.

* Amusat, the famous surgeon, whose course of lectures Berlioz attended on first going to Paris, and who died in 1836, always continued one of the composer's best friends and greatest admirers.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey gave his eighth concert of the present (the sixteenth) season at St James's Hall. The singers were Mdmes Lemmens-Sherrington and Antoinette Sterling, Misses Mary Davies and Damian, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Oswald, Maybrick, and Santley. The new songs were Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain" (Mdme Sterling), Goring Thomas's "Serenade" (Mr Edward Lloyd), Miss Macirone's "Come to me, O ye children" (Miss Mary Davies), Behrend's "Old Barge" (Miss Damian), Marzials' "My love is come" (Mr Oswald), and "The Abbey," by Henry Smart (Mdme Sterling). The usual success attended each, and the singers were unanimously called upon to sing them again. Among the well-known songs that had to be repeated were Stephen Adams' "Little Hero" (Mr Maybrick), Taubert's "Woodland Song" (Mdme Sherrington—who substituted "The Kerry Dance")—F. Clay's "Gipsy John" (Mr Santley, who, in reply, gave the "Boatswain's Song,") Blumenthal's "Far Away, where angels dwell," (Mr Edward Lloyd), Molloy's "Little Match Girl," (Miss Mary Davies), and the old Irish song, "Father O'Flynn," (Mr Santley). The South London Choral Society, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables sang Hatton's "Ripe Strawberries," Pinsuti's "In this hour of softened splendour," Eaton Faning's "Song of the Vikings," Coward's "Take thy banner," Edwardes' "In going to my lonely bed," and Pierson's "Ye mariners of England," obtaining genuine applause after each. Mr Sidney Naylor, *facile princeps* of accompanists, was at his post, and the concert altogether was heartily enjoyed by an audience that quite filled the room. The ninth concert is announced for Wednesday next, February 8.

AFTER completing her tour in Italy during the present month and March, Sarah Bernhardt proceeds from Naples to Barcelona. She will probably make her first appearance in Madrid on the 9th April.

VIENNA.—The method invented by Gautsch and Professor von Sommeruga for rendering textile fabrics, from the coarsest canvas to the finest gauze, uninflammable, has been proved by experiment so effective that the authorities have ordered it to be adopted in all Austrian theatres.

BERLIN.—Auber's charming work, *La Part du Diable*, here entitled *Carlo Broschi*, has been revived, after a long absence from the boards, at the Royal Operahouse.—Johann Strauss's buffo opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, has achieved a success at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. The composer himself conducted the first performance.—The attraction at the second concert of the Singakademie was *Alarich*, "a poem" (*Dichtung*) "in three parts," by Arthur Fitger, with music for vocal soloists, chorus, and orchestra, by Georg Vierling. The following, briefly stated, is the plot: the Goths have marched to Rome; Alarich, struck by the majesty of the grand city, determines to spare it, despite the evil promptings of the Demon, who would fain see it destroyed. The rise of the Germans is contrasted with the decadence of the Empire; Clytia's nascent love for Alarich is introduced episodically. The score shows the hand of an accomplished musician, but wants, we are told, dramatic sharpness. Mdlle Breidenstein was Clytia; Mdlle Finkelstein, the Sibyl; and Herr Betz, Alarich. The work was well received.—The Meiningen Ducal Orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Hans von Bülow, gave their third "Cycle," three Beethoven concerts, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th inst., in the Central Skating Rink, which was filled at each concert by an audience of some 2,000 persons. The programme of the first concert comprised: *Ouverture zur Namensfeier*; Symphony in C major; Overture to *Fidelio*, and the Pastoral Symphony. That of the second: Overture to *König Stephan*; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major; Rondino in E flat major (from the year 1797), for wind instruments; Overture to *Prometheus*; and Eighth Symphony in F major. The programme of the third concert was selected by the public themselves in this wise: Everyone on purchasing his ticket beforehand, at the pay-place, had a paper presented him on which he indicated the two overtures and two symphonies he preferred. Several hundred papers were filled in. Of the overtures, that to *Die Ruinen von Athen* obtained the fewest votes, 4, 179 being given to the third *Leonore* overture, while that to *Egmont* commanded 190. Of the symphonies, that in D major, with 13 votes, was at the bottom of the poll, which was headed by the Symphony in A major and the Symphony in C minor, with 145 and 147 votes, respectively. Herr von Bülow has announced his intention of soon returning with his orchestra and paying this capital another visit, when he will include in his programme the Ninth Symphony, which the want of a chorus has prevented him from giving on the present occasion.

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MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I have such a long list of theatrical representations, concerts, &c., since last I wrote to you, that I hardly know how to begin. I think I will, though at the wrong end, and record the success of the first concert of the season given by the Philharmonic Society, on Monday last, at the Etablissement des Bains, "avec le concours de Mdme Carlotta Patti," M. Dethurens (barytone), M. de Munck (violoncellist), and that of the members of the Society. I need hardly say that Mdme Patti interpreted three songs, an air from *Rigoletto*, "Les Echos Suisse" (Eckert), and a *chanson espagnole*, "Calezera" (Yradier), with her usual charming voice and graceful style, and met with deserved applause. M. Dethurens gave an air from *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the "Romance de l'Etoile" (*Tannhäuser*), and Gounod's "Le Soir," while M. de Munck delighted all by selections from the works of Dunkler, Schumann, Popper, Chopin, as well as one of his own compositions. "The Chœur Chinois" (Joncières) and "Les Nymphes des Bois" (Délibes), under the able direction of M. Picard, were well rendered by the amateurs of the Society. The overture to *L'Etoile du Nord* and a "fragment" from a symphony of Beethoven by the orchestra, made up the programme. There was not a single hitch during the evening, and all went well (in spite of the regretted absence of Herr Reichardt, the President), thanks to the excellent arrangements of M. Henri Mory, assisted by M. Dié, the newly appointed director of the Etablissement.

Apropos of concerts, on Sunday last a *matinée musicale* took place at the Etablissement, organized by the "Société du Drapeau des Ecoles Laïques," with the assistance of Mdlle E. St Georges, M. Bonelly, and others. There was a very large audience. More next week. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Feb. 1, 1882.

WAIFS.

It is rumoured in New York that Edwin Booth has secured the Grand Operahouse in Eighth Avenue, and that Henry Irving, accompanied by Ellen Terry, will appear there in the autumn. (Very much "Query."—Dr Blidge.)

Bottesini has nearly completed a new comic opera, *Babele*.

Aïda was recently performed for the first time in Strassburgh.

Théodore Jouret is created officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

The electric light has been successfully adopted at the Teatro Real, Malta.

Georg Henschel and his wife (Lilian Bailey) are still in vogue at Boston, U.S.

An International Musical Competition will be held on the 15th March at Mentone.

Marie Vanzandt is at Monte Carlo, where she will appear in *Mignon* and *Dinorah*.

A one-act opera, *Il Progettista*, music by Scontrino, is accepted at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

Hofmann's long-expected *Wilhelm von Oranien* has been brought out at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

Sophie Menter, who has been playing in Copenhagen, returns to Paris about the beginning of March.

Bianca Donadio, having concluded her engagement in Lisbon, will give a series of performances at Genoa.

Angelo Neumann says that, though postponed, the projected *Lohengrin* performances will still take place in Paris.

A new opera, *Donna Nicolosa*, words by Kadler, music by Suppé, will shortly be represented at the Karl-Theater, Vienna.

The Hungarian violinist, Tivador Nachez, made a favourable impression at the last Museum Concert, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Professor Parisini is appointed librarian of the Museo Musicale, Bologna, and created Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

A new Orchestral Union, numbering fifty performers, under the direction of Dr E. J. Kimball, has been established in Washington, U.S.

Dr Jacob Bradford has accepted the post of Honorary Secretary to the "Musical Artists' Society" vacant by the resignation of Mr E. H. Thorne.

The Cheltenham Musical Society will give, at its next concert, a selection from Handel's *Semele*, followed by Mr W. H. Cummings' *Fairy Ring*.

Carlotta Patti and her husband, De Munck, the violoncellist, took part in the annual concert of the Society for the Protection of Children, Rheims.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was lately performed at the Grand Theatre, Prague, and proved so successful that it was repeated the following day.

The once popular French actor, Gil Perez, formerly of the Palais Royal, died on Monday in a lunatic asylum, in which he has been confined for two years.

Massenet's *Hérodiade* will, it is said, be performed at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, with Mdme Albani as Salomè. (Don't believe it.—Dr Blidge.)

Another theatre—that at Owensburg, U.S.—has been burnt down. Fortunately, it was empty and no lives were lost. The disaster was due to the over-heating of a stove.

Serrano's new opera, *Mitridate*, has been produced at the Teatro Real, Madrid. Galli-Marié will probably be engaged by Rovira to sing in *Mignon* at the Teatro Real.

The Willems Genootschap are organizing for the 11th inst. in Ghent a Musical Festival, at which the programme will include three important works by Peter Benoit.

Mdlle Bianca Bianchi, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will sing in March at the Milan Scala, and four or five times during Lent at the Fenice, Venice, the opera being *Lucia*.

A *Magnificat*, by Mr W. F. Taylor, has been given at the Sardinian Church every Sunday during the past month, and the same composer's Mass in C major is to be sung at Easter.

A series of concerts of Classical and Modern Music has been organized at Nice by Borelli. The programme of the first included, among other things, symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven (No. 1 —in C).

"A contemporary says: 'Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves,' but it does not say," remarks *Kunkel's Musical Review*, "how much sugar you take to a pound of Dutch girl, or how long you let 'em boil."

Abbate Franz Liszt has returned to Pesth after about a year's absence, accompanied by Mdlle Daniela von Bülow, his granddaughter, who tended him all through his recent illness. His cantata, *Elisabeth*, is in preparation by the new Musical Society, Brussels.

The Municipality of Milan have determined to connect telephonically the Scala and Canobbiana Theatres and the Town Hall with the Firemen's Barracks.—According to report, the Teatro Giacinta Pezzana will shortly open for opera, the first work selected being *Il Trovatore*.

Mdme Alice Barth, Miss Kate Leipold, Messrs Faulkner Leigh, Eric Lewis, and Theodore Distin are to be the attractions at the Brighton Aquarium *matinée*, when Mr Corder's new operetta is given with "new scenery, dresses, decorations," and a full orchestra, conducted by the composer.

Mdme Trebelli's concert party, consisting of Mdme Trebelli, Miss Samuell, Messrs Vizzani, Ghilberti, Musin, and Bisaccia, has visited Greenock, Sunderland, Newcastle, Nottingham, and Manchester, attracting very large audiences at each town. This afternoon they are to give a special concert at Great Malvern, under the able direction of the always enterprising Mr Haynes.

Antonio Leonardi has produced at the Philharmonic Academy, Rome, a new work, founded on the subject already selected by Schumann, and entitled *The Peri*.—Donizetti's posthumous opera, *Il Duca d'Alba*, has been in rehearsal some time at the Teatro Apollo.—The Teatro Costanzi will probably re-open on the 31st March with *Les Huguenots*.—The artists and others belonging to the Theatres of Rome are organizing a Mutual Aid Society.

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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that his THIRD CONCERT of Operatic, National, and Miscellaneous Music will take place, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, February 14th, at Eight o'clock, on which occasion he will give a selection from "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Artists: Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Spenser Jones, and Miss Carlotta Elliot: Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr Barrington Foote, Mr Henry Pyatt, and Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The Anemoic Union (under the direction of Mr Lazarus). Flute—Mr H. Nicholson. Oboe—Mr Malsch. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Horn—Mr T. E. Mann. Bassoon—Mr Wotton. Pianoforte—Mr Sidney Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

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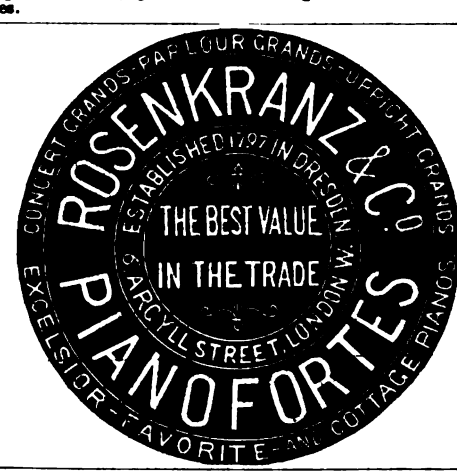

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MICHAEL WILLIAM (SALVATOR ROSA) BALFE'S NEW OPERA.

Balfe's hitherto (to English audiences) unknown opera, *Pittore e Duca*, was produced on Saturday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, before a densely crowded audience; and, if repeated applause may be accepted as criterion, with decided success. Having on more than one occasion referred to this work by the popular Irish musician; its libretto, from the laboratory of Signor Piave (who furnished Verdi with *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and other dismal tragedies); its production, at Trieste, in 1856; and its withdrawal, after two or three performances, in consequence of some misunderstanding never intelligibly explained, little remains to be added under these heads. Enough that, in our opinion, the alteration made in the original design of Piave (abroad, be it understood) is by no means an improvement, and that the sudden recall of the Duc d'Alva, just on the point of gratifying his revenge, accompanied by the unexpected summons of the Painter to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, in no way atones for what must have been the intention of the Italian librettist. We might as well, for sake of the stereotyped "happy ending," illustrated by a vocal display for the *prima donna*, change the *dénoûment* of *Ernani*, the *Trovatore*, the *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, or, indeed, any of Verdi's operas, from the earliest, to *Don Carlos*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Louisa Miller*, and *Aida*. What, indeed, would become of Wagner's operas ("dramas"—we beg pardon), from *Rienzi* to the *Götterdämmerung*, if all were allowed to "end happily?" Nevertheless, Mr Barrett has taken honestly what came to his hand. His English version, under the name of *Moro, the Painter of Antwerp*, exhibits both literary and dramatic skill, and the book, as we have it, is more than acceptable. True, the duel between the Duke and the Painter—rivals for the affection of the heroine, Olivia Campano—is suddenly arrested; but we doubt if the majority of spectators, where a Balfe opera is in question, would prefer a more exciting climax. With regard to the music if may be said at once that very much of it is in the composer's happiest vein. In the concerted pieces we have that light off-handedness which, with him, as with so many Italian and French composers, answers every purpose, where more studied elaboration might fail to hit the mark; and to this may be added the consoling fact that we are never brought near to the verge of dulness. Moreover Balfe possessed the secret of writing well for voices and accommodating them to the end he had in view; while his orchestration is as clear and bright as it is consistently unpretentious—the scope and character of the instruments (on several of which, by the way, he was a proficient) being within his knowledge and at easy command. About his talent and productivity as a writer of songs and ballads there can be no dispute. The faculty of tune was inherent in him; and the day is far distant, whatever the zealous advocates of rhythmical tunelessness may urge, when the striking manifestation of this faculty shall cease to attract the attention and enchant the ears of the un-"advanced" multitude. We cannot speak in detail of the various numbers comprised in the score of *Moro;* but it may be added without further preamble that it contains not a few examples of the fertile invention possessed by a musician who has given to the world so many melodies from "The Light of Other Days," to the "Rose Song" (*Il Talismano*), destined to outlive new fashions, however eloquently advocated. These, nearly without exception, are pure "Balfe," and by no means less welcome on that account; for Balfe, in this particular sphere, had a style essentially his own, no matter to what extent he may have adopted, in accordance with his immediate humour, the Italian and French schools, as types for his overtures and concerted pieces. (*Moro*, by the way, has no regular overture—the greater the pity). Among the songs likely to win general popularity may be cited a romance, "Is it, then, in vain I've waited" (Act I.), sung by Antonio Moro, while contemplating the portrait of his beloved Olivia (Balfe's "Caro immagine")—a canzonet with the true melodious "ring;" another song for Moro, "Farewell, ye thoughts of joy and gladness;" a romance for the Duc d'Alva, "Bold knight his armour wearing;" and, perhaps, best of all, Moro's barcarolle, "On my gondola so lonely" (Act II.)—each of which, the last especially, is a felicitous example of Balfe at his best, and how grateful to the audience was shown in the loud encores elicited by three out of the four, the honours in the first and last falling to Mr M'Guckin, in the third, to Mr Crotty. There is also in Act II. a charmingly expressive duet between Olivia and Moro, the opening of which may be counted among the gems of the opera, besides some characteristic dance music of the unadulterated Spanish flavour. The performance generally may be praised with little reserve. Mdme Valleria, in spite of a cold, for which indulgence was asked, and which occasionally incapacitated her from doing justice to the vocal requirements of her part (Olivia, as a matter of course), contrived to win the unanimous sympathies of the house by the earnest intelligence of her delineation and the poetic meaning imparted to the music where true expression signifies more than all the rest. Mr Leslie Crotty is a thoroughly capable representative of the Duke, the music of which is quite suited to his voice; but he will do still more or we are greatly mistaken, to achieve corresponding results for the dramatic realization of the character. In this particular, too, Mr M'Guckin has some difficulties to overcome, though his success as a vocalist, absolute and undeniable, has raised him more than a step higher in public esteem, and encourages hopes that only remain for the young tenor himself to justify. The other parts are efficiently supported by Miss Giulia (why not Julia?) Warwick; Messrs Dudley Thomas and Herbert d'Egville (a cousin by the way of Georges Bizet). The opera is admirably put upon the stage, each scene, the last in particular, (a view of Antwerp, by Mr Emden) being a veritable picture. The costumes, too, from designs by Mr Charles Lyall, evince both artistic taste and acquaintance with the historical period of the story. The performance was conducted by Mr Carl Rosa himself, whose enthusiastic reception proved the high esteem in which he is held; and what pains the orchestra took with the music of Balfe, a compatriot of so many of them, need hardly be stated.—*Graphic, Jan.* 28.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subjoined is the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday evening, February 4th:—

Sonata, in B flat, Op. 65, No. 4, organ (Mendelssohn)—Mr A. Lake, pupil of Dr Steggall; Aria, "O Fatima," *Abu Hassan* (C. Weber)—(accompanist, Mr Alfred Izard)—Miss Ida Iggulden, pupil of Mr Fiori; Two Impromptus, in A flat, Op. 142, and E flat, Op. 90, No. 2, pianoforte (Schubert)—Miss Amy Chidley, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Song, "If with all your hearts," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest Ford)—Mr J. G. Robertson, pupil of Mr Randegger; Sonata in G, violin, with pianoforte accompaniment by Ferdinand David (Nicolo Porpora)—(accompanist, Miss Annie Vale)—Miss Kathleen Watts, pupil of Mr Sainton; Song, "May dew" (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Miss Annie Daymond)—Miss Rose Burchell, pupil of Mr Wallworth; Prelude, Romanza and Fuga, from Suite in E minor, Op. 72, pianoforte (Raff)—Mr H. Lake, pupil of Mr H. R. Eyers; Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Arthur Seymour Sullivan)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Doig, pupil of Mr Benson; Dix-Sept Variations Sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 54, pianoforte (Mendelssohn) — Mr Macpherson, Sterndale Bennett scholar, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Duet, "In His hands," 95th Psalm (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Miss Mackway and Miss Annie Vale, pupils of Mr Walker; Gavotte and Variations, in A minor, pianoforte (Rameau)—Miss Moseley, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Song, "To Chloe in sickness" (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Miss Lilian Munster)—Miss Etheridge, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Two Studies, L'Amabile and L'Appassionata, pianoforte (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Rose Evans, pupil of Mr F. Westlake.

The third fortnightly meeting will be on Saturday next, February 11.

Now that the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition are marshalling their hosts again, it may not be out of place to suggest that some honourable gentleman would do well to make it his business to ascertain in the form of a Parliamentary return something of the histories and mysteries of the choral staffs of our cathedral churches. A curious return of the kind was obtained a session or two back by Mr Neville Grenville, and printed in due course, which forms an apt illustration of the kind of information we want to get at. It showed the number of lay vicars or clerks in each cathedral or collegiate church in England, and it gave their salaries, the number of their absences from duty, and various other particulars. The first thing noticeable was the difference in the salaries. In some of the cathedrals the singing gentlemen get only about £40 or £50 a-year, while in others they get £200 or £300. With regard to absences, some of the gentlemen appeared to have a very easy time of it, and to be almost as often away as present, while in one or two cases they have shown themselves not to be above breaking out into open insurrection against the Dean and Chapter. When the choir and the cathedral authorities are at open war the music can hardly be edifying, and the country could do very well with a little more light on the subject.—*The Rock, Jan.* 25, 1882.

PARMA.—A fire broke out on the 29th ult. at the Teatro San Giovanni. Fortunately it was subdued without any disastrous results, though some few of the actors perished in the flames. It is as well to mention, perhaps, that the San Giovanni is a marionette theatre.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

Schubert's one-act piece with songs, *Die Zwillingsbrüder*, performed a week ago at the Imperial Operahouse, was a genuine novelty for the public—at any rate, not an individual among them looked young enough to have been one of the regular frequenters of the house sixty-two years ago. The *Zwillingsbrüder* was first produced in the year 1820, at the Kärnthnerthor Theater, as a "one-act farce," but ran scarcely half a dozen nights. One-act operettas were then greatly in vogue at the Imperial Operahouse, whence they were afterwards completely banished, to be summoned back of late years as welcome additions to ballets. The French Opéra-Comique furnished, during the first three decennia of the present century, a goodly contingent of such pieces. But the supply was not sufficient, so native composers had to set to diligently and provide what was wanting. The pieces themselves were mostly of a farcical nature, the most popular among them all being Schenk's *Dorfbarbier*. When Schubert composed the music for *Die Zwillingsbrüder*, he was three and twenty and had already written several of his most beautiful compositions, but not yet produced any dramatic essay on the stage. A commission to write for the Imperial Operahouse must have been a great thing for him, and so—not being, by the way, very exacting in the matter of opera-librettos—he set cheerfully to work on the farcical book, which allowed his talent to take only a low and short flight. The plot turns upon two brothers, who are so much alike as to be constantly mistaken for each other—a farce-motive of such hoary antiquity that it cannot really grow any older. From the *Menœchmi* of Plautus down to Shakspere's *Comedy of Errors*, and Holbein's *Doppelgänger*—rendered famous by Fichtner's clever acting—how many alterations and changes have been rung on the same theme! In modern times how effective it still is in Adam's amusing comic opera, *Le Brasseur de Preston* and Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla*. The author of Schubert's libretto treats the subject in a coarse Kotzebue fashion, without much wit, but in some of the scenes he excites the risible faculties of the spectators. The impression is always comical when an individual whom we have seen eating and drinking heartily, returns in a couple of minutes and begs earnestly for breakfast as he is fasting, and other strange incidents of the same kind. On the stage, they all believe one another mad; but we in the pit are sensible people; we have long ago guessed the whole secret, and feel highly pleased at being so knowing. Schubert's music produced on us a thoroughly agreeable impression. To suit the homely subject and dress, everything is treated shortly and simply; we must not expect in *Die Zwillingsbrüder* the romantic fragrance or the knightly brilliancy, which throw so warm and golden a tint over the same composer's *Häuslicher Krieg*. The two pieces are, it is true, musically related, but they are not musical twins. The score of *Der Häusliche Krieg* overflows with genial originality and does not contain a single number which could emanate from any one but Franz Schubert; it is a monumental work compared with the vaudeville in which figure the worthy brothers Spiess. But we would not on that account have the latter work depreciated. The very first thing, the introductory chorus, is most delightful, and characterized by the charm of genuine Schubertian feeling. Of the other numbers, the bass air: "Mag es stürmen," effectively given by Herr Scaria, the delicately scored quartet: "Zu rechter Zeit," in B flat major, and the resolute, dashing quintet with chorus: "Packt ihn," are especially catching. A little simple-mindedness is certainly necessary for everyone who goes to hear a vaudeville of the year 1820. If we possess that, we shall not feel disappointed, but have our sympathies enlisted by the little red-cheeked thing in whom there is so much youth, affection, and love of song. Special mention is due to the bass air: "Menschliche Herzen ringen und streben," introduced by Herr Scaria, which Herr Fuchs, the *Capellmeister*, has written and scored from a sketch of Schubert's. It is in a serious and pathetic key, which points to a more illustrious source than *Die Zwillingsbrüder*. The truth is, it is taken from Schubert's unfinished opera, *Sakuntala*, the original manuscript of which is in the possession of Herr Nikolaus Dumba. Only a small circle of intimate friends are aware what a treasure of Schubert's manuscripts this gentleman—who, as we know, is himself an admirable Schubert-singer—has, aided by good fortune and intelligence, gradually collected.† It is very much to be desired that all Schubert's still unpublished compositions in the Dumba collection should be published, after careful revision and editing, by some recognized Schubert authorities, like Nottebohm and Brahms. Some of them might enrich the stage and many the concert-room, while they would all interest and delight the world of music. Not only would any future edition of Schubert's collected works not suffer any prejudicial effect from the publication of the Dumba MSS, but it is possible only by means of them. This is not the place for specifying in detail the plan to be adopted; our object is to suggest the notion which must anticipate the wish of every admirer of Schubert, and which, as truly artistic and patriotic, may certainly count on every assistance on the part of Nikolaus Dumba.

* * * * * * * *

Yesterday, the 29th January, France, and with her probably the whole world of musically-educated people, celebrated the anniversary of Auber's birth. His first successful opera, *La Bergère châtelaine*, appeared in 1820, and his last, *Le premier Jour de Bonheur*, in 1868. Thus, this remarkable man, always active, and endowed with the freshness of youth, worked during half a century for Opera, leaving behind him a long series of productions, most of which are still among the gems of the repertory and special favourites with the public. How much the Vienna Operahouse, particularly, owes the composer of *La Muette de Portici*, *Gustave*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Le Domino Noir* is shown by our theatrical registers. It would have been a becoming thing for that institution to celebrate Auber's hundredth birthday by a model performance of one of his operas. No difficulty stood in the way, and if the 29th January had been previously set apart for the Redoute, *La Muette de Portici* or *Le Domino Noir* might very well have been given the evening before. We ourselves should assuredly have selected for the occasion *Fra Diavolo*, with Mdme Pauline Lucca as Zerline. The fair artist who lately sang the Zerline of *Don Juan* on Mozart's birthday would certainly have been delighted, in honour of Auber, to have added a fresh charm by her other incomparable Zerline to a festival performance of *Fra Diavolo*. Of a truth, it does not redound to the credit of the Imperial Operahouse to have as completely ignored the 29th January, 1882, as the 15th December, 1875, the hundredth birthday of Boildieu. EDUARD HANSLICK.

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

† The *dramatic* compositions of Franz Schubert contained in the Dumba collection are: *Fierabras*, three-act opera; *Die Freunde von Salamanca*, "Komisches Singspiel" (vaudeville) in two acts; *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, three-act opera; *Die Zauberharfe*, three-act vaudeville; *Die Bürgschaft*, three-act opera (third act unfinished); *Der Graf von Gleichen* (book by Bauernfeld; sketch, partly scored by Herbeck); *Adrast* (book by Mayerhofer), a fragment of an opera. There are, moreover, numerous fragments and sketches from unfinished operas of which nothing further is known. Besides the above dramatic compositions, none of which have been printed, Herr Dumba possesses in manuscript these other works of Schubert's: five Symphonies, three Overtures, eighteen Pieces for introduction into Masses, five Pieces of Chamber-Music, fifteen Works for the Piano, three Cantatas, twenty-nine Choruses, and sixty Songs and Airs, many, or rather most, of which have never been published.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The following new songs were introduced on Wednesday evening at Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert: "Good night," by Hugh Clendon (Miss Mary Davies); "My darling of old," by Louis Diehl (Mr Frank Boyle); "Once, and once only," by A. H. Behrend (Mr Edward Lloyd—encored); "Leaving, yet loving," by Marzials (Mr Barrington Foote—encored); "In a quaint old village," by A. S. Gatty (Miss de Fonblanque—encored); and last, not least, "A cavalier's song" (with chorus), set by C. Villiers Stanford to words by Robert B. Browning, and inimitably sung by Mr Santley. "The cavalier's song" must, however, be heard again before it is "understanded of the people." Among the "encores" of the evening were Mr Cowen's "Better land" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling), and the same composer's "Regret" (Miss Damian); the old Irish song, "Father O'Flynn" (Mr Santley); Gounod's "O, that we two were Maying" (Miss Mary Davies); and Blumenthal's "My queen" (Mr Edward Lloyd). Miss Oliveria Prescott's quaint part-song, "The Cryer," was one of the most admired of those sung by the South London Choral Society, the audience, indeed, applauded it heartily, and would much like to have heard it again. Mr John Boosey announces "a ballad and operatic concert" for Wednesday next, and for Wednesday week (Ash-Wednesday) a "grand sacred concert."

BUENOS AYRES.—The following are the artists engaged for the approaching Italian operatic season at the Teatro Nacional: Sopranos - Signore E. Teodorini, E. Pappenheim, C. Bordalba, N. Pedemonti; Mezzo-Sopranos—Signore L. Lablache, E. Treves; Tenors—R. Stagno, O. Nouvelli, E. Palermo, F. de Angelis; Baritones—G. Del Puente, F. Salvati; Basses—G. Mirabella, E. Serbolini, G. Sampieri, E. Sertori; Comic Bass—C. Sortini; and Conductor—M. Mancinelli.

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REMARKS ON THE PAST YEAR.*

(*From 1st Oct.* 1880 *to 1st Oct.* 1881.)

On looking over the musical doings of the past year, as recorded in the following pages (from pages 16 to 32), it will appear that, although numerous new works have been produced by native as well as by foreign composers, some of both of real importance; and numerous new societies for concerts, instrumental and vocal, professional and amateur, have been started; long-established institutions for musical education have gone on extending their operations; and new ones have sprung up: yet, notwithstanding all this ever-increasing activity in everything connected with the art of music, which is characteristic of modern times, there have been no peculiarly striking events to which we can point in the past year. The battle which has been raging in Germany for some time between the adherents of what has been termed for the sake of distinction the school of the Old Masters and the Modern German school can scarcely be said to have commenced in this country. Not that there are no partizans of the new school in England. Every musical journal that we open has something to say on the subject; and every programme of serious import now freely admits something of this school among the works of the established masters. Persistent effort, in fact, is being made by the literary, æsthetic, scientific, and practical musician in this country to become acquainted with, analyse, and place in its right light the efforts of the new school. This endeavour, together with a more free introduction of the works of living composers, to whatever school attached, may, indeed, be referred to as a distinguishing feature of the year.

At the Musical Institution papers have been read upon the following subjects, and discussions held upon them: "An Inquiry into the Origin and Growth of certain Musical Idioms and Expressions," by Mr E. H. Turpin; "A Neglected Musical Benefactor, and a Few Words about Handel," by Mr W. H. Cummings; "The Principles of Musical Criticism," by Mr John Stainer; "On Beauty of Touch and Tone: an Inquiry into the Physiological and Mechanical Principles involved in their Cultivation," by Mr Orlando Steed; "Introductory to the Study of Wagner's Comic Opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*," by Mr C. A. Barry: "The Causes of the Rise in Orchestral Pitch," by Dr W. H. Stone; "On some of the Underlying Principles of Structure in Musical Composition," by Mr H. C. Banister; "A Concise View of the Law of Copyright as affecting Composers of Music," by Mr. F. Meadows White. At the Philharmonic Concerts the instrumental performances were:—12 Overtures: 1 by Mozart, 1 Beethoven, 2 Weber, 1 Spontini, 2 Mendelssohn, 1 Rossini, 1 Berlioz, 1 Sterndale Bennett, 1 Wagner, and 1 Svensden. 5 Symphonies: 1 Beethoven, 1 Spohr, 1 Schumann, 1 Berlioz, 1 F. Cowen. 7 Concertos, Pianoforte: 2 Beethoven, 1 Chopin, 1 Schumann, 1 Scharwenka. Violin: 1 Beethoven, 1 Mendelssohn. At Ganz's Orchestral Concerts there were 9 Overtures: 1 by Beethoven, 2 Weber, 1 Mendelssohn, 1 Rossini, 1 Nicolai, 1 Auber, 1 Benedict, 1 Wagner. 4 Symphonies: 1 Beethoven, 1 Schubert, 2 Berlioz. 4 Concertos, Pianoforte: 1 Beethoven, 1 Schumann, 1 Liszt, 1 Rubinstein. Sundry Pianoforte Works: 1 Weber, 1 Schubert, 1 Liszt, 1 Chopin, 1 Alice M. Smith, 1 Svensden, and the Opera of *Orpheus*, by Gluck. At Richter Concerts, 10 Overtures: 3 by Beethoven, 1 Weber, 1 Berlioz, 2 Wagner, 2 Brahms, and 1 Goldmark. 9 Symphonies: 1 Haydn, 1 Mozart, 4 Beethoven, 1 Schumann, 1 Brahms, 1 Cowen and 9 Miscellaneous Works for Orchestra only: 1 by Bach, 1 Mendelssohn, 1 Liszt, 1 Grädenn, and 5 Wagner. The only Concertos were 2 for Pianoforte: 1 by Chopin, 1 Liszt, and 1 for Violin by Spohr; two Choral Works, Beethoven's Solennis in D, and the 46th Psalm by C. V. Stanford. At Hallé's Concerts were repeated performances of Berlioz's *Infancy of Christ*, and *Faust*, with (in the Miscellaneous Concerts) the Haffner serenade by Mozart; and of Symphonies, 1 by Beethoven, 1 Schubert, and 1 Goldmark. In the four Saturday Orchestal Concerts also, interesting works, old and new, were brought forward. Of Overtures: 1 by Beethoven, 1 Cherubini, 1 Mendelssohn, 1 Weber, 1 Harold Thomas, 1 W. Shakespeare, 1 Julian Edwards, 1 H. C. Nixon. Symphonies: 1 Haydn, 1 Beethoven, 1 Schumann, 1 F. H. Cowen, with Barnett's *Tone Picture*, and Cowen's *Language of Flowers*. In the works selected by the Choral Societies with Orchestra, the same tendency to give a mixture of what is new with the older masters is observable, although, owing to the comparatively limited number of these works that are composed, the new are few in number. Those performed by The Sacred Harmonic Society were 3 by Handel, 1 Beethoven, 1 Cherubini, 5 Mendelssohn, 2 Rossini, 1 Costa, 1 Benedict, and 1 Sullivan. By The Royal Albert Choral Society: 1 by Haydn, 7 Handel, 4 Mendelssohn, 1 Rossini, 1 Macfarren, 1 Sullivan. The Bach Choir performed 3 by Bach, 1 Palestrina, 1 Vittoria, 1 Handel, 1 Cherubini, 1 Mendelssohn, 1 Schumann, 1 Pearsall, 1 W. S. Bennett, and 1 Brahms.

From this enumeration of the works performed in the short series of concerts given in the year, by each of these eight leading orchestral and choral and orchestral institutions in London, it will appear that much of what is modern and new has been introduced, the proportion in this brief summary being, for the old school, say from Bach to Sterndale Bennett, 82 works; and for the modern school and living masters, from Schubert, 63 works. Of these, however, much the largest portion of the choral works are of the older masters, of which there are 38 to 11 of the modern, while there are twelve symphonies of the former to 13 of the latter. If the same kind of examination and calculation be made as to the construction of the programmes of the other numerous musical institutions and Societies, musical festivals, chamber concerts, private concerts, pianoforte and organ recitals, lectures, etc., professional and amateur, in and about London, and throughout the kingdom, the same tendency to cultivate an acquaintance with what is new, as well as old, will be observed.

In "Chamber Music," that highly important branch of the Art, now so largely sought after and patronised by the public, the best examples of all the greatest masters of past and present times are to be found, and much in a similar proportion as in their orchestral works. See the seven programmes (at p. 19) of the Musical Union, which completed its 37th season this year; and the forty-one programmes (at p. 18) of the Monday Evening and Saturday Morning Popular Concerts, which commenced their 23rd season, and 713th concert, on the 8th of November, 1880; and finished the season with their 753rd concert on the 11th of April, 1881.

It is now, we believe, well understood that the great success attending this department of music with the public has arisen, not only from the increasing progress and cultivation of music generally, and the immense resources there are in the works of the greatest composers for a limited number of instruments; but is also to be very much attributed to the analytical remarks given upon every work performed. These remarks interest all, and, to a very large portion of the audiences, they are also educational. They direct attention to the means by which the composer produces his effects, and to what in those effects is especially worthy of admiration; being also executed by the most talented artists that can be obtained—they form the musical taste at the same time that the mind is informed. Respecting these analytical programmes, it may not be generally known that, at the end of each season, they are collected together, and published. We have before us those of the last season of the Monday and Saturday Concerts, given under the direction Mr Arthur Chappell, consisting of 1,676 pages, bound up into two large volumes, and constituting a body of information on music, with practical illustrations of the most interesting character, such as can nowhere else be found collected together.

(To be continued.)

The tenor, E. Lestellier, is re-engaged for next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

STUTTGART.—128 new pupils entered last autumn the Conservatory, which is under the immediate patronage of the King. The total number is now 578. Of these, 158—54 males and 104 females—are studying with a view to making music their profession. Of the above 158, 106 are not natives of Wurtemberg. Of the pupils generally, 352 belong to Stuttgart and 47 to other places in Wurtemberg, 16 to Prussia, 16 to Baden, 13 to Bavaria, 1 to Brunswick, 3 to Hesse, 1 to Saxe-Meiningen, 1 to Bremen, 2 to Hamburgh, 3 to Austria, 19 to Switzerland, 1 to France, 42 to Great Britain, 1 to Greece, 12 to Russia, 39 to North America, 3 to South America, 1 to the Sandwich Islands, 2 to India, and 3 to Java. The course of instruction during the winter half consists of 726 lessons a week, given by 40 male and 3 female teachers.

* From Carte's *Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack* for 1882.

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MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)*

The programme of the fifth orchestral concert does not call for special notice. Still it contained some good things, amongst others Cherubini's overture to *Faniska;* Raff's Symphony, No. 5, in E, *Lenore;* and Beethoven's Variations in D, for strings (from a quartet).† Some parts of Raff's Symphony were well received by the audience, but I cannot see much to admire in it. True, the *Andante quasi larghetto* in the first part is fine and contains lovely melody tenderly handled. But one good movement does not make a symphony, in the same way as a gentleman remarked to me, *in re* the *Demonio*, by Rubinstein—"one grand duet does not make an opera." And then "The March" is surely more than *bizarre*, it is "a little vulgar." Miss Robertson was the vocalist of the evening.

Last Saturday evening, at the sixth popular concert, there was a tremendous house, the audience numbering about 3,000. No wonder the patrons of the cheap concerts turned out in such numbers; here is the programme:—Auber's overture to *Masaniello;* Monsigny's "Chaconne et Rigaudon d'Aline;" the whole of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony; Rossini's Overture to *William Tell;* the introduction to the third act, Dance of Apprentices, Procession of Master Singers, from Wagner's *The Master Singers of Nuremberg;*" Strauss' "Blue Danube" Waltz; and a selection from Felicien David's *Le Desert*. It is not many years since the crowds which attend these Saturday cheap concerts would have been quite satisfied with a trumpery ballad, badly sung, or even with a nigger "breakdown." *On a changé tout cela*, but regarding this very remarkable change in the musical taste of Glasgow, by your kind permission, more anon.

[† "From *a* quartet"—and that with reference to Beethoven! What other quartet it could possibly be than the one in A major—No. 5 of the "Lobkowitz" set, Op. 18—is beyond the comprehension of Dr Bridge.]

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Due honour has been paid both by the Grand Opera and the Opéra-Comique, to the hundredth anniversary of Auber's birth. At the former of the two houses the programme commenced with the *Muette de Portici*, in the third act of which was interpolated a *pas de deux*, entitled "Les Calabraises," and provided with music taken from the ballet in *Gustave III.* It was danced by those fair and famous representatives of Terpsichore, Mdlles Sangalli and Rosita Mauri, who appeared for the first time together on the stage. As may be supposed, the opera went very well, the artists exerting themselves to the utmost. The famous duet, "Amour sacré de la Patrie," splendidly sung by MM. Villaret and Lassalle, was tumultously applauded and encored, the same honour being paid to the "Prayer" in the fourth act. After this act came a Cantata, the words of which were written by M. Philippe Gille. The music is skilfully adapted by M. Léo Delibes, who has founded it on motives from various operas of Auber's in the following order: *L'Enfant prodique, Le Lac des Fées, Le Cheval de Bronze, Le Philtre, Le Dieu et la Bayadère, L'Enfant prodique, Le Cheval de Bronze*, and *La Muette*. When the curtain rose for the performance of the Cantata, the bust of Auber, decorated with palms and wreaths, was beheld on a pedestal, leaning against which was Mdme Krauss. Lower down the stage were MM. Villaret and Lassalle, to whom, in conjunction with the lady just named, was confided the execution of the vocal solos. On each side were ranged the other members of the company, while behind them were the members of the chorus. The Cantata concludes with the "Amour Sacré" already encored in the fourth act, but, when repeated in chorus by all assembled on the vast stage, again encored, and, if possibly, even more vehemently than before, by an audience wound up to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm, the result partly of admiration for Auber and partly of patriotic feeling.

At the Opéra-Comique the programme was of a more varied character. It began with an act of *Le Maçon*, sung by MM. Nicot and Mouliérat, Mdlles Thuillier and Chevalier. Then came the "Desert" scene from the third act of *Manon Lescaut*, the artists being Mdlle Isaac and M. Furst. This was followed by a concert, or so-called "Intermède," thus constituted: First Part—Overture to *Zanetta* (1840); "Pâques fleuries," chorus from *Fra Diavolo* (1830); Air from *Marco Spada* (1853), sung by M. Fugère; Air and Variations from *Les Diamants de la Couronne* (1841), sung by Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet; Sarabande from *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and "Danza," from *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, by the Orchestra; Quartet from *La Sirène* (1854), sung by MM. Talazac, Herbert, Belhomme, and Carroul; Air from *Actéon* (1836), sung by Mdme Carvalho. Second Part—Overture to *La Part du Diable* (1843); Introductory Chorus from the *Cheval de Bronze* (1835); Duet from *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, sung by Mdmes Carvalho and Bilbaut-Vauchelet; Air from the *Cheval de Bronze*, sung by M. Taskin; Quartet from *Lestocq* (1834), sung by Mdlles Mézeray, Dupuis, Cordier, and M. Barré; Air and Chorus from *La Sirène*, sung by M. Talazac and the Chorus; "Fo-Li-Fo" (1857), chorus, sung by the pupils of the Conservatory. Mdme Carvalho was especially applauded for her rendering of the air from *Actéon*. The concert was followed by some occasional verses from the pen of M. Jules Barbier, which were splendidly delivered by M. Delaunay, of the Théâtre-Français, the whole concluding with the ceremony of crowning Auber's bust.

MM. Pasdeloup and Colonne also celebrated the Centenary, by admitting into their respective programmes for Sunday, the 29th ult., only compositions by Auber.

Delegates from Caen, Auber's native place, attended the Centenary performance at the Grand Opera, as well as that at the Opéra-Comique.—M. Philippe, author of the words of the Centenary Cantata at the Grand Opera, has been created a member of the Legion of Honour.—M. L. Brandus, the well-known musical publisher, was knocked down some short time since by a carriage. Luckily he was not seriously hurt, having escaped with a sprained shoulder.—Joseph Wieniawski recently gave two concerts in the Salle Erard, where he has been succeeded by Anton Rubinstein.

DR ARNE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I lately paid a visit to the old church of St Paul's, Covent Garden. As that distinguished composer, Dr Arne, is said to be buried there (or more probably in the churchyard adjoining), my thoughts naturally resorted to him. I observed, and was glad to see, memorial tablets of William Linley, the glee composer, and his mother; also of the veteran actor, Charles Macklin. Most of the inscriptions, however, referred to people who, however estimable in private life, were not likely to arouse much interest in the breast of a musician and antiquary like myself. Not a single scrap of eulogy, or notice of any sort, did I see about Arne.

Now, sir, this seems to me very like a national disgrace. Arne is, confessedly, one of our ablest and most elegant composers; a finer melodist cannot be mentioned—witness his lovely conceptions, "Where the bee sucks," "Under the greenwood tree," and "When daisies pied," for instance—and yet this eminent musician lies buried in an obscure grave, with no memorial of any kind to mark his place of sepulture. A poor man himself, our poet, Robert Burns, fired with generous indignation at the neglect shown to his great predecessor, Ferguson, erected at his own expense a monument over that unfortunate poet, in the Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh—a monument that reflects honour on both the men. Will no person in this wealthy city do as much to honour the ashes of Thomas Augustine Arne? The man who, among other things, gave us "Rule, Britannia"? I trust that the mere suggestion may be sufficient to our choral societies and wealthy amateurs, and meantime remain, yours truly,

D. BAPTIE.

POSEN.—Professor and Mdme Rappoldi lately gave a concert, which opened with Schumann's Sonata in A minor, for Piano and Violin. Mdme Rappoldi performed compositions by Bank, Field, Chopin, Dräseke, Rubinstein, and Liszt; Professor Rappoldi, solos by Bott, Bach, and Schubert. He was especially applauded in R. Godard's "Concert Romantique."

MILAN.—Faccio, the Milan conductor, has received a very graceful tribute to his merit from the Brothers Corti, managers of the Scala, in the shape of a gold medal struck expressly. It bears on one side his portrait in relief, and on the other this inscription: "Scala Theatre. From the Brothers Corti, as a Mark of Gratitude and Admiration. 1881."

* Appendix to last letter—delayed in transmission.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 4th.)

The work of the world goes on though generations of the workers pass successively away, and when the tools drop from stricken hands there are always others full of vigour ready to pick them up. So the concert which Sir Michael Costa had been announced to direct last night took place in due course, the *bâton* passing to M. Sainton, who, as oft aforetime, well filled the post vacated—temporarily, as we all trust—by his chief. In one sense Sir Michael was very emphatically present—present, that is, to the minds of the audience as the object of their thoughts and sympathies. Such a man cannot be absent from his place under conditions of sickness and peril without leaving a gap not only large but painful. We miss more than a conspicuous and familiar figure, since, in virtue of the process by which those whom we have learned to admire and esteem become, in a certain sense, part of ourselves, there is always a consciousness of personal trouble. Sir Michael may rest assured that last night's audience were with him, even, as may well be believed, he was with them. M. Sainton, we need hardly say, was an excellent deputy. For many years past the "right hand" of Sir Michael Costa, he stepped into the conductor's place as by an acknowledged law of succession, and carried on the conductor's work with the fullest perception of what was required of him. The Sacred Harmonic Society is fortunate in having so capital and experienced a musician to fall back upon under its present circumstances, for assuredly proof was given on this occasion that the next best thing to a *bâton* wielded by Sir Michael Costa is one in the hands of M. Sainton.

The programme opened with Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," following which came Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, a work previously strange to the society's repertory. It is difficult to explain why this beautiful mass is so rarely heard amongst us, unless on the assumption that English taste in sacred music remains limited to that which we recognize as the English style. This, however, can hardly be, for the reason that whenever performed, as, for example, at the Birmingham Festival and at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival, the work has been received with marked approval if not with absolute enthusiasm. No other result seems to us possible under the circumstances of music instinct with the spirit of beauty, perfectly accordant with the character of a gorgeous ritual and penetrated with the essence of devotion. We must admit that, last night, the various movements were not loudly applauded, but there is a better testimony to the impressiveness of sacred art than noise, and that appeared in the profound and serious attention of the audience as the solemn theme unfolded all its pathos and grandeur. Gounod's work has taken, we hope and believe, a permanent place in the society's list of favourites, among which it is fitted to secure and maintain a distinguished place. The executants, who had been carefully prepared by Sir Michael Costa up to as late as Friday last, did fair justice to their task, though Gounod's harmonies, sometimes no less difficult than ornate, tried the chorus severely and led to occasional faultiness of intonation. Of this it would be unfair to take much notice. Music at once strange and exacting demands, for a perfect first rendering, more than ordinary conditions and average capacity can give. The solo passages were sung very well indeed by Miss Anna Williams, Mr Maas, and Mr Thorndike, while, in the beautiful "Benedictus," the orchestra played with special effect. The concert ended with Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which gave the artists above-named an excellent opportunity of distinguishing themselves. Miss Williams and Mr Maas, to whom fell the greater part of the solo work, were much and deservedly applauded, nor was Mr Thorndike denied a recognition of careful and efficient singing. At the close of the performance a special round of applause for M. Sainton testified to the satisfaction he had given as conductor.

Mdme Marie Roze.—The Queen has sent Mdme Marie Roze a handsome diamond bracelet, in remembrance of the pleasure afforded to Her Majesty when Mdme Marie Roze sang to the Queen at Osborne. Her Majesty's unerring judgment in discerning true merit has not been wanting in the present instance, and the great honour the Queen has paid Mdme Marie Roze is most deservedly bestowed.

Mr Walter Macfarren's first orchestral concert (first of a series of three) is announced for Saturday evening, February 25, when his overture to *King Henry V.* will be given by the orchestra, and his pupil, Miss Margaret Gyde, will play his pianoforte "concert-stück" in E. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, as well as Weber's overture to *Oberon* and Mozart's to *Die Zauberflöte*, are also in the programme. Miss Mary Davies and Mr Santley are to be the singers, and Mr Walter Macfarren will conduct.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.*

Up from the land where the autocrat's heel
Dares to stem throbbing Liberty's flood,
Where the throne is upheld on a phalanx of steel,
And the crown Revolution has stamped with its seal,
Comes the wail of foul rapine and blood.

O Warsaw, that heel laid thy patriots low
When the tyrant's hoof swept o'er thy plain;
But the dragon's teeth sown by Tartarean foe
Mid the shadows of death, with its havoc and woe,
Thou art reaping in harvests of slain.

Landless and homeless thy victims have trod
Through the long weary ages, exiled,
But the blood that now cries for revenge from thy sod
Hath aforetime evoked the fierce anger of God,
And the spoiler became the despoiled.

Beware, lest the wail now piercing the sky
Should unseal the dread vials of wrath;
Lest the Angel of Death from eternity fly
With the bolts of his fury to smite hip and thigh,
As he sweeps o'er his desolate path.

Breaks there no ray through the vanishing years
On the down-trodden race in their pain?
May it be that the long-despised Shiloh appears
In the cry of deep anguish and passionate tears,
To restore them to favour again.

* *Copyright.* WETSTAR.

Carl Rosa Opera Company.—In *The Flying Dutchman*, the successes of Mdme Valleria as the self-sacrificing heroine, and that of Mr Ludwig as the bold sea captain, perpetually condemned to the waves, winds, and tempests he has impiously defied, are confirmed. Mr Ludwig has never appeared before the public to such advantage—which, following directly in the wake of Mr Santley, redounds all the more highly to his credit. About Mdme Valleria, of whose triumphs in the Old World her compatriots in the New should justly feel proud, the like may be asserted. Her dramatic embodiment of Senta is gentle, engaging, and thoroughly in keeping with the romantic sentimentality of that dreamy personage; while her execution of the music, so often trying to the voice, is invariably artistic and expressive. With regard to other characters, it will suffice to add that they are all more or less in competent hands; nevertheless, whether the *Flying Dutchman*, or for the matter of that *Lohengrin*, be destined to attract the London public as at the beginning is clearly open to question. *Rienzi*, however, and what, from a Wagnerian point of view, is of still larger significance, *Tannhäuser*, are yet to come. Why did not Mr Rosa, with the aid of Mr J. P. Jackson, bring out an English version of the *Meistersinger* at once, and conduct it himself? He has the score by heart, as we have cause to know; and should he not be able or willing at the time, there is his *alter ego*, Mr Randegger, ready at command. The always welcome *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas has been given, as a matter of course, and it is agreeable to record the legitimate success of Mr Barton M'Guckin, one of the youngest and most promising of our tenors, in the not over-grateful part of Wilhelm Meister, which, in a vocal sense, he has completely mastered, while showing unquestionable advance in another direction, to attain equal proficiency in which he must devote yet further thought and study. Miss Julia Gaylord's Mignon is, from beginning to end, a most engaging personation of one of the most engaging characters in all romance. Here there is no necessity for straining the voice, as she is compelled to do in the far more arduous part of Elsa, and the result is a manifest gain. Miss Georgiana Burns is a sprightly Filina; Mr Crotty a good Lothario; Mr Betjemann a Giarno beyond dispute; Miss La Rue an acceptable Frederic; and Mr C. Lyall—than whom few operatic actors can make so much out of little, without the slightest attempt at exaggerated personal display—an inimitable Laertes. More about *Mignon*, except that it pleased, and was applauded as much as ever, would be superfluous.—*Graphic.*

In consequence of the recent financial disasters in France, the Vicomtesse de la Panouze (Mdlle Heilbronn) returns to the lyric stage.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quintet, in A major, for two violins, clarinet, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Hollander, L. Ries, Lazarus, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Sleep, heart of mine" (Henry Smart)—Mr Barrington Foote; Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella, for pianoforte alone (Bach)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Kol Nidrei, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Max Bruch), first time—Signor Piatti; Song, "Au bruit des lourds Marteaux" (Gounod)—Mr Barrington Foote; Trio, in B flat, Op. 11, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, MM. Lazarus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 11, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Hollander, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 42, for pianoforte alone (Schubert)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Sonata, in A major, Op. 69, for pianoforte and violoncello (Beethoven)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti; Liebeslieder-Walzer, Op. 52, for four hands on the pianoforte, with voice parts *ad libitum* (Brahms)—pianists: Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Mr Zerbini, vocalists: Mdlle Friedlander and Mdme Isabel Fassett, MM. Shakespeare and Pyatt.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATHS.

On January 21st, at 11, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, Signor CESARE VASCHETTI, aged 55.

On February 2nd, at 15, Westbourne Place, Eaton Square, Signor FABIO CAMPANA, aged 67.

On February 3rd, suddenly, Mr JAMES MALTSTER, aged 66, for many years a most faithful and valued assistant to Messrs Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

To ——.

Although you like me well enough
To bite your lips to hide a smile,
Which may be laughter or may be love,
Sorrow is not gone yet awhile.

For yesterday you seemed so far,
So far that I had never given
A thought to you, but as the star
That lifted up my face to Heaven.

And now when Love is come at last,
Now when I nearly touch your heart
And feel it beating warm and fast,
The dull world forces us apart.

Epps.

MR W. H. HOLMES' "Fantasia Sonata," founded on the initial letters of Professor Macfarren's Christian name (G. A.), has just been published by Messrs Forsyth, of Manchester and London. The Sonata is dedicated to Mdme Natalia Macfarren.

MDME ALBANI left London on Tuesday morning, *vid* Boulogne and Paris, to fulfil her engagement at Monaco, where she will remain a month, singing in *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *Lucia*, and *Rigoletto*, assisted by Mdlle Vanzandt and Mdme Scalchi, MM. Gayarre, Faure, and Maurel.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

A New Editor.

DR BEARD.—*This new scheme puzzles me. I have perused the entire correspondence with the calmness which is in me a pronounced idiosyncracy; yet I can gather nothing from it beyond the fact that if Londonopoly—in other language, centralization—must prevail, no other chief of an English Royal College of Music than George Alexander Macfarren, successor to William Sterndale Bennett, can by any stretch of imagination be preferred. Nevertheless, in my new position as substitute for Mr Dishley Peters (who has been summoned by* Mr Ap'Mutton, *to assist him in his researches north of the constellation, "Orion"), it is my bounden duty to examine with care this much agitated controversy. I have, just now, but scant leisure, since I hereby officiate "on the spur of the moment"—as one Shakspere describes a hasty and unanticipated resolve. One communication, however, I must read without delay, proceeding as it does from the* St Cecilia Magazine, *edited, as I hear, by my very old and respected friend, Sir Julius Benedict, who revived the immortality of "St Cecilia" at Norwich, through a masterpiece that will endure as long as St Cecilia herself. Let me read attentively.*

[*Pulls out Magazine and reads.*

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "St Cecilia Magazine.")

Under her long-continued immunity from European war, it is perfectly natural that England should turn her attention to the encouragement of the arts of peace, not only to industries and manufactures, which she can never wholly dispense with, but to those higher arts which, as they are consequent on cultivated tastes and intellectual refinement, belong only to the highest civilization. England is not now and never can be a military nation, and we may therefore suppose that the paths of peace are at all times more congenial to her people than the pursuits of war; and if ever the time shall come that will witness an end of strife, the result will be due not to any specific designed expressly to meet the evil, but to the development of the arts. Trade and commerce, not arms, will form the base of re-constituted society, and of this structure the fine arts will crown the summit.

Whether it arises from our isolated position, or whether it is that the religion of the country has been unfavourable to the study and

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practice of art, it is not our purpose to inquire. It is still the case that, with the advantages of peace in our favour, music at all events in Great Britain has not occupied the proud position assigned to it by the other nations of Europe. And when, at the beginning of the last century, we were still hesitating on our acceptance of Purcell's compositions, the Emperor Leopold of Austria was spending thousands of pounds sterling in mounting the operas of his favourite composers. At a much later period, the sisters of the Emperor Charles VI. were not ashamed to be seen on the operatic stage in following out their tastes. With the appearance of Handel in England under George I., a new era for music, however, may be said to have dawned upon our country. The rehearsal of the *Messiah* in Dublin at the beginning of the year 1742 secured a place for the divine art in the hearts of the people, the roots of which have struck deeper and deeper, and from which it can never be severed.

It was not, however, until the year 1822 that the increasing musical tastes of the nation found an echo in the establishment of the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the State, with an annual endowment of the munificent sum of £500 (!) less in amount than would be spent in the course of a single hour on some explosive experiment at Woolwich. Fifty-three years later music received a still further recognition in the establishment of the "School of Music" at South Kensington, which, however, is not in any sense the debtor of the State. The demand for musical education was not even yet satisfied. The schools already in existence had no other effect than that of multiplying the disciples of the art they had been founded to teach, and it is to the credit of the Corporation of London that they came in this emergency to the aid of musical art in the country. Commencing with 200 students only eighteen months ago, the Guildhall School of Music at present numbers 1,000 members. With all these opportunities, however, the increasing want of means of gaining musical education is every day more experienced throughout the country. Under these circumstances, it cannot be surprising to find that more than one of the members of our royal family should have spoken plainly on the question as it stands between the government and the people, even to the length of upbraiding statesmen, for what must be deemed culpable ignorance of an art, ministering, as music does, so thoroughly to the pleasure of the most cultivated and refined and intellectual portion of the community.

The address delivered by His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany to the members of the Athenæum Musical Society of Manchester, at the end of last year, has now become famous. In that address Prince Leopold clearly points out our deficiencies in respect of the means at our disposal of musical education, and is not afraid to tax our governing bodies with indifference to their duties. "It was too much a rule in England," he said, "that a poet, a statesman, a theologian, a great natural philosopher should not only know nothing of music, but should take no interest in it." This most unenviable state of things is likely soon to come to an end. On this occasion Prince Leopold found an able second in His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; and now the Prince of Wales has placed himself at the head of the movement, and it is proposed that a Royal College of Music should forthwith be established in London, on a scale equal to meet the necessities of the empire. That such a proposal should merit the approval not only of the musical teaching profession, but of the nation at large, was to be expected. Under any conditions it would have been welcome, but coming from those who by birth stand at the head of English society, it is doubly grateful to the hearts of the people. Strangely enough, however, it has found enemies where they might have been least expected; and the proposal which was made, without reference to any existing institution, has already been identified with the National School of Music, supported by private enterprise; and as a consequence the scheme, to judge by the correspondence to which the question has given rise, has been condemned with a vehemence of language which would have been refreshing in the defence of our liberties, but wholly inapplicable to a case, the merits of which time alone can test.

* * * * * * * *

If the Royal Academy has taken alarm at the proposal to institute a Royal College of Music, it may have done so too soon. It has not been shown, so far as the movement has gone, that there is any intention on the part of the promoters of the scheme to overlook the claims of the Royal Academy. It will be time enough to cry out when once they have been hurt; but they have not been hurt. There is no avowed intention to hurt them, and until there is some proof of an evil disposition evinced, silence would be more becoming than complaint. As it is, the Royal Academy possesses a Royal Charter, and derives some emolument from the State; in the event of the establishment of a Royal College of Music it is obvious the State must first deal with the existing institution, and the probability is that the staff of professors who now find employment in Tenterden Street would be transferred to the Royal College, wherever that may be planted. If the site of the National Training School, with its adjoining buildings, offers advantages desirable in the formation of the new Institution, why should the State be prevented from availing itself of the position? There is really no obstacle in existence towards union between the Royal Academy and the school at South Kensington; and it is quite immaterial to the question at issue whether or not the patrons of the National School contracted to support that institution for five or for ten years. So far as the movement has gone, it has the support of the nation; and if any objection were made, it is not that the scheme goes too far, but that it does not go far enough. How does it happen, one might ask, in all the reasons adduced for bringing this College of Music into existence, that Scotland has never been mentioned once? Is Scotland no part of the Empire? Has she no musical youths? Scotland has her Universities—more, in her principal University, a Music Chair. How has it not occurred to those who take a lead in this movement to consider the claims of Scotland equally with those of England? No doubt, London is the metropolis of the Empire, and is entitled to priority; but, to all intents and purposes, Scotland is still a kingdom, and she will be unjust to herself if, in the settlement of a matter so vital to her interests as that of music, she does not make her voice heard. Centralization is good, but may, indeed, be carried so far as to choke the life of the nation—a most undesirable result. At the same time, Edinburgh possesses peculiar advantages for the foundation of a School of Music under Royal Charter. The presence of the Musical Chair in the University itself may be regarded as the nucleus of such an institution; and if, as we learn, a convention is to be held in the course of the present month, consisting of musical representatives from all parts of the country, it may be hoped that the Professor of Music may find an opportunity then of urging the claims of Scotland in this respect on the assembly.

DR BEARD.—*Well, calmly speaking (as is my wont, and as will be proved—*D. V. *next May), I can see nothing in this but a repetition of arguments already pulverized into dust by my revered associate, Thaddeus Egg the Greater. I may, however, call attention to the last paragraph, which I have instructed Master Wetstar to separate from the context, by a line of asterisks. Here, it will be observed, by what the "analyst" of the Popular Concerts would call "attentive readers," that the whole argument involved in the preceding four paragraphs is substantially knocked on the head. "Off with the heads," then. Let us ponder with "anxious polyscopity"—as dear old J. V. B. translates the Oracle at Bayreuth—and dwell upon the tail.*

Next week (pace *the Manchester aristarchs*) ———

GUARDIAN (*by telephone*).—A parenthesis means what may be omitted.

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Examiner and Times (*by telephone*).—Signifying nothing in particular.

Dr Beard (continues).—*Notwithstanding this impertinent intrusion by means of the newly invented substitute for* "Mouchard," *I say, in the greedily open ears of the Manchester aristarchs* (closing his telephone communicator), *that next week, I shall have a word or two to say about Charles Hallé and centralization generally. By my beard I swear it!*

Schluss folgt.

En Erindring.

Do you remember once in May
Going to St Germain, to pass
A very lovely sunny day
Beneath the trees, upon the grass:
'Twas just before you went away?

We fled the city for the wood
And wandered, and the early green
Was not so thick but what one could
Behold the sweet blue sky between;
The birds were in a quiet mood.

I walk there often in the year,
When headache beats upon my brain,
To breathe the pure and silent air
In thought—and by that time, the pain
Leaves me, as you did, O my dear!

Piff.

CONCERTS.

Popular Concerts.—At a recent Saturday Concert an interesting feature was the Sextet in F sharp minor of the late Sterndale Bennett, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, introduced by Mdlle Marie Krebs in 1875, and now given for the second time with equal acceptance. Though composed at the age of nineteen, this is allowed by musicians and cultured amateurs to be a masterwork. Mdlle Krebs plays it so admirably and enters so thoroughly into its spirit as to cause regret that she does not more frequently exercise her talent on compositions from the same pen. There are plenty for her to choose from. She was associated on the present occasion with MM. Straus, Ries, Piatti, Hollander, and White, four among whom were her companions seven years ago, during which interval, from a brilliant executant she has laboured earnestly to obtain the position she now holds as a genuine artist of unquestioned eminence. At the same concert the programme included Spohr's melodious Quintet in G, for stringed instruments. Mdlle Krebs, besides playing the *Sonata Pastorale* of Beethoven, joined Signor Piatti in three of the five *Stücke im Volkston* of Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, and 4), in the second of which the *cantabile* playing of the King of Violoncellists was beyond praise; and Mr Barrington Foote (of Her Majesty's Theatre) had the good taste to select the late Henry's Smart's exquisite song, "Sleep, heart of mine," from the *British Vocal Album*, originally published, many years ago, by the firm of Wessel and Stapleton (now Ashdown & Parry), and edited by J. W. Davison. On the Monday following, an octett in A for violins, violas, and violoncellos, by the Norwegian composer, Johann Severin Svendsen, was played for the first time, and attracted considerable attention. Though very unequal, this octett is full of primitive charm, derived in a large measure from its composer's instinctive feeling for the national melodies of his native land. All the themes of which the four movements are made up possess the true Scandinavian colour, and in several instances are employed to excellent purpose, being set forth and carried out with happy ingenuity. On the other hand, the work is diffuse to excess—a fault, by the way, attributable to a large majority of our ambitious present-day composers, who think too much of the "heavenly length" which Schumann extols as a characteristic to be prized, alike in certain novels of Jean Paul Richter and in the last orchestral Symphony of Schubert, about whom Schumann raves more in the style of a lover than in that of an impartial critic. Nevertheless, the octett was a welcome stranger, and executed as it was by Herr Straus, Signor Piatti, and their associates, was welcomed as such. The remainder of the programme was of well sustained interest, Miss Santley (continually progressing) was the singer, and the always welcome Marie Krebs, again the pianist.—*Graphic.*

Tufnell Park Choral Society.—On several occasions we have drawn attention to the important doings of musical societies working in the vast outlying districts of the metropolis, and a moment's reflection serves to show that this may become our duty more often in the future than in the past. As London stretches farther and farther from its centre, and as the suburban population continues to increase, the necessity of local effort to provide means of musical culture and entertainment becomes proportionately more obvious. Already societies of the highest class exist far away from the musical heart of the town. We need only mention by way of examples, the Hackney Choral Union and the South London Choral Union, since these bodies have appeared in St James's Hall, and won recognition of their previously unknown merit. Others attract attention now and then by excellence or enterprise, and the list was extended on Thursday, Feb. 2nd., when the Tufnell Park Choral Society, conducted by Mr W. H. Thomas, gave a concert in the Athenæum, Camden Road, and performed Hofmann's *Cinderella* for the first time in England. The significance of this event should not be overlooked. It may indicate that the healthy energies of suburban amateurs are making them progress faster than do those who should be their exemplars; and it suggests a possibility that we may shortly have to turn away from Regent Street and its neighbourhood when the question arises of making acquaintance with a new work. Anyhow the production of novelty by outlying societies is an excellent sign—one to welcome, encourage and take heart from. The librettist of *Cinderella* has treated the nursery story very judiciously, ridding it of homely, prosaic, and ludicrous elements unfit for musical treatment, and introducing episodes of a higher character in their place. The sisters of the heroine do not appear in the "argument;" the fairy that came in the guise of an old woman is transformed into a fairy queen, with all her subjects around her; and the glass slipper fails to find its owner, in order that the despairing lover of Cinderella, having wandered into the haunts of the "little people," might pass triumphantly through a scene of temptation and then enjoy at their hands the only reward he cares for—the presence of his bride. The same spirit of change, with a view to elevation of character and greater nobility of incident, appear in matters of detail, Cinderella's coach being made of a cloud, and her horses of flashing lightnings. Moreover, with true German instinct for mysticism, the anxious lover encounters his fairy friends as they sit, like the Fates, spinning the threads of destiny. All these alterations, we are bound to admit, make a very pretty and poetical subject for the composer to work upon. The music, generally speaking, is marked by Hofmann's elaboration of detail and freedom of handling, as well as by his rarely failing aptitude of expression. It is somewhat difficult, and calls for steady work on the part of those who would master it, but this is a case in which the game pays for the candle, and leaves a profit over. The songs and choruses of the fairies are especially good, without the drawback of conventionalism. Hofmann's fancy is here to a considerable extent original, and almost wholly charming, the only question being whether, in his revolt against the conventional, he has not gone too far in the other direction. The music of the mortals presents a studied and welcome contrast in its simpler structure, while that assigned to the heroine is a successful attempt at melodic characterization. In the scene of the temptation Hofmann puts forth all his imaginative power with results decidedly interesting. It is here, in fact, that he most shows himself capable of dealing with a supernatural theme, and so brings to a climax the evidence of ability which is conspicuous throughout. *Cinderella*, alike by reason of its subject and its music, is a welcome addition to our store of cantatas, and should achieve popularity forthwith. The performance was surprisingly good, having regard to the difficulties presented. Only a high average of ability, well directed and hard worked, could have made it possible, and we congratulate Mr W. H. Thomas and the members of the society upon a success of which they have a right to be proud. The solos were sung by Miss Margaret Hoare (Cinderella), Miss Philps (Queen), Mr James Sauvage (Prince), and Mr Grylls. All did well—Miss Philps and Mr Grylls, not less well as amateurs than their colleagues as professionals; but a special word of praise is due to Mr Sauvage for really excellent singing. This gentleman's fine baritone voice and manly style should serve him to good purpose. In the absence of an orchestra, the accompaniments were efficiently played by Mr Frank L. Thomas, Mr S. Partridge, and Mr F. Partridge, on a pianoforte and two harmoniums, Mr Frank Thomas distinguishing himself by work at once steady and correct. There only remains to congratulate the excellent conductor and his society upon the result of a bold venture, which should encourage them to further effort.—*D. T.*

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(From a well-known Correspondent.)—An evening concert was given by Mr W. Henry Thomas on Thursday, the 2nd inst., at the

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Athenæum, Camden Road, to exhibit the proficiency of this well-known society, and certainly the conductor must be complimented on the manner in which the music was given. It is at all times a laborious duty providing music for large singing classes; for if the works are well known the members complain of sameness, and it is not an easy matter at all times to obtain novelties, as there are always more exponents than creators even of average ability. Mr Thomas has on this occasion turned his eyes abroad, and found in Germany a work by Herr Hofmann, never before heard in London, and a very suitable work it is for a choral society. Herr Hoffmann's librettist, in taking the old nursery story of *Cinderella*, has changed one of the simplest and one of the most attractive of our fairy tales into a commonplace extravaganza. The charm of the little cinder maiden's history is that taken from the kitchen she is transformed into a lady, and sent to the Prince's ball for the Prince to fall in love with. Here he is called the King, and he tells you long before that exciting ball scene—so dear to all children—takes place:

"There, where the brooklet flows,
A maiden once I found,
More fair than blushing rose,
By pearly dew drops crown'd.
I swore to my heart then to love her,
To make her my bride and my queen."

So that when the ball does take place, instead of the Prince being smitten at first sight by the little beauty, he goes wandering about the room looking for the wondrous maid, and singing most dolefully "Shall I ever behold her, my darling, my queen?" The whole story, as here told, abounds with spirits and wood nymphs and will-o'-the-wisps, and we are informed that "crickets chirp 'neath the trees," but the whole charm has vanished. An attendant very kindly informs the King that the lovely maiden who was his partner at the ball has lost her "tiny silken shoe" from off her foot, and the King issues the usual proclamation, but there is no trying on, no envy of rival claimants for the shoe. We must not use the word *glass* slipper, for it is a mistranslation of *pantoufle en vair* for *pantoufle en verre*, and should be a fur slipper and not a glass one. The poor little cinder girl is turned into a German frow, sleeping in a wood in the day time, to attract a restless king, who is desirous of "hunting a nobler game." But words or story are not everything in a cantata, and Herr Hofmann has managed to introduce some melodious choral music and some few solos of more than average merit. It is very suitable for class singing, and some of the choruses are decidedly effective. The greatest praise must be given to Mr W. Henry Thomas for the careful manner in which he has drilled his choir. Concerted music and solos were given with marked expression and correct intonation. Mr Frank L. Thomas, in the pianoforte accompaniments, also merited commendation for the admirable spirit he displayed. In all the introductions of the three parts he played with firmness and expression, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the whole performance. Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Price, Miss Philps, and Mr James Sauvage gave the solos, Mr Partridge assisting at the harmonium. After this new work the concert ended with the first part of *The Creation*, in which Mr Alfred Smith and Mr Lewis Thomas added their weight and influence to the members of the choir already mentioned, and, I need hardly add, with excellent effect.—PHOSPHOR.

ALBERT HALL.—On Wednesday evening last the sixth of the present series of concerts was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society under the direction of Mr Barnby. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a pair of works which have often been in similar association, and, though so opposite in vein and character, rank among our choicest treasures of devotional music. The performance of Mendelssohn's sublime cantata left little to be desired, for it may easily be assumed that so conscientious and vigilant a conductor as Mr Barnby would secure *that*. His orchestra is quite equal to the demands made upon it, however exacting, and hence the audience were favoured with a highly satisfactory reading of the opening Sinfonia, and at the same time a welcome opportunity of again recognizing the exquisite beauty of the three movements which form, as it were, typical applications of the annunciatory text, as conveyed in the prefatory chorale and the majestic developments to which it is subjected. The principal vocal music was executed with ample efficiency by the artists who were entrusted with it. Mdme Lemmens Sherrington was the soprano, and sang, with her usual ability, the solos "Praise thou the Lord" and "The night is departing," and, with Miss Henrietta Beebe, that most interesting and trustful of all devotional ejaculations, "I waited for the Lord." The tenor air, "The sorrows of death," and the touching recitative to which it leads, devolved upon Mr Maas, who had previously obtained an encore, had he cared to accept it, in the lovely air "He counteth all your sorrows." We are too familiar with the Choral Society over which Mr Barnby so carefully presides, not to know that it would illustrate its capability to the best advantage. Both in the independent choruses, and in those constituting interlocutions to the soloists, the precision of the attack, and the variety of the colouring, did honour to the singers, and proclaimed repeatedly the matured state of their discipline. The *Stabat Mater* of Rossini which followed the *Lobgesang*, challenged the usual admiration. Picturesquely dramatic in every sense of the word, and essentially Italian in its flowing cantilena and brilliant instrumentation, it will be long before the charm that so inherently belongs to this work will yield to more modern influences and fade wholly away. The performance, like that of the great sinfonia-cantata which preceded it, was of a highly finished kind. The "Cujus animam" of Mr Maas, the "Pro precatis" of Signor Foli, the "Fac ut portem" of Mdme Isabel Fassett, and the "Inflammatus" of Mdme Lemmens Sherrington, were each as attractive as singing of unqualified excellence could make them; and the same eulogy may be extended to the choruses, which were delivered throughout without flaw or indecision. The hall was well filled with visitors in every part. H.

MR HAMILTON CORBETT, Scottish vocalist, is now giving a series of concerts, extending over three weeks from Monday last, at the Steinway Hall. Mr Corbett has travelled much in the United States, Canada, &c., and has earned golden opinions wherever he has gone. Possessing a pleasing tenor voice of considerable power and compass, much versatility and dramatic force, Mr Corbett has no difficulty in entertaining his audiences for two hours, aided only by Mr J. M. Harrison, his able "Pianist, cornetist, and instrumentalist." Like all "Scottish vocalists," Mr Corbett has an individuality peculiarly his own, and so naturally does he "act" his songs and his stories, that the stage is at once suggested as a fitting field for his abilities, in some of the Scottish characters created by Sir Walter Scott. That Mr Corbett's audiences at the Steinway Hall are mostly Scotch, soon becomes evident, so ready is the appreciation throughout of all that is tender, patriotic, or humorous in Scottish song; but the programme is not confined exclusively to the "auld Scots sangs." Programme No. 4, which was given on Thursday night, contained two English songs and two Irish, all of which seemed to be equally appreciated. Mr Corbett, however, slyly reminded his audience that "The Village Blacksmith" was written by Longfellow, and "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England," &c., by Tom Campbell; so that if the two latter were to be regarded as English songs, it could only be by Englishmen claiming to be of Scottish descent. We refer this point to Mr William Chappell.

A concert was given on Tuesday evening, February 7th, in the girls' school room, Endell Street, St Giles-in-the-Fields, which was very successful, giving great pleasure evidently to the "people" for whom it was arranged. The Rev. Canon Nesbit was "in the chair," and the singers and players (nearly all amateurs), who kindly gave their assistance, were Misses Joseph, Mary Chatterton, and S. Clayton; Messrs O. Borradaile and J. P. Clayton; and Mrs Sutton Sharpe—who not only played Liszt's "Regatta Veneziana," but took part with Mrs R. E. Tyler and Mr Spencer Tyler in Lealie's trio, "O memory," and also sang two duets, "The Sabbath morn," with Mrs R. E. Tyler, and Verdi's "Si la stanchezza" (*Trovatore*), with Mr Spencer Tyler.

PROVINCIAL.

BUSHEY.—An evening concert was given at the British School-room, Merry Hill, on Wednesday evening, by Miss E. Loft, a young vocalist of much promise. Miss Loft possesses a soprano voice of pure quality and considerable compass, and showed her musical intelligence in her delivery of the songs "She wandered down" (Clay), "Some Day" (Wellings), and "Fairly caught" (Diehl). In addition to soli by Miss Alice Bertram, Messrs Raeder, G. A. Young, Jones, Waud, and Arthur Cottam, part songs—classical, sentimental, and humorous—were agreeably rendered by the "Minnesingers" (led by Mr Cottam)—the audience being specially gratified by Reichardt's "Tears of anguish," and a sprightly setting by Mackenzie of the well-known versical joke in the Ingoldsby Legends, "A Franklyn's Dogge." The instrumentalists were Miss May Johnston (amateur pianist), and Mr Louis Diehl (violinist). Miss May Johnston joined Mr Diehl in Osborne and De Beriot's duet for violin and pianoforte on airs from *William Tell*, and in Chopin's difficult Polonaise in A flat exhibited a finished execution, added to natural gifts of touch, expression, and rhythmic phrasing surprising in an amateur. The concert was under the direction of Mr Arthur Cottam and Mr Louis Diehl.

BRIGHTON.—Last Saturday afternoon the banquetting room of the Pavilion was well filled by a fashionable audience, to witness the production of a new operetta, in one act, written by Mr Arthur

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Law, music by Miss Harriet Young, and entitled *An Artist's Proof*. The *bénéficiare* was Mdlle De Ribeaucourt. The stage effects for the operetta were admirable, and the piece was dressed and sustained in capital style. It is seldom the privilege of provincial journalists to have to record that their town possesses a musical amateur capable of composing an operetta, with songs, trios, duets, and all the other accessories necessary for a successful performance in public; but it gives us much pleasure to say that Brighton possesses one in the person of Miss Harriet Young, of Brunswick place. This lady has previously composed operettas and many very charming songs and duets, but her latest production, *An Artist's Proof*, is, indeed, a "proof" of her genuine talent and great perseverance. If space permitted, we should have liked to have entered fully into the plot and particulars, but we must content ourselves and our readers by saying that it was an immense success from beginning to end. Not having the pianoforte score before us, we cannot enter into as full a criticism of the whole work as it deserves, but we must specially mention the "Rose Song," a little gem, and a genuine inspiration, sung most charmingly by Miss Annie Sinclair. The operetta was evidently much enjoyed, in fact, we have had nothing to equal it from an amateur since the days of the late talented Miss Virginia Gabriel. Miss Young accompanied her operetta most artistically, and was called forward by the well-pleased audience at its close.—*Brighton Guardian.*

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MR SIMS REEVES' CONCERT.

The second of Mr Sims Reeves' series of concerts was given on Tuesday evening at St James's Hall, and consisted of operatic, national, and miscellaneous music, the most interesting part being a selection from Professor Macfarren's much admired opera, *Robin Hood*, in which Mr Reeves and Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, two of the singers on the occasion under notice, were the "creators" of the characters of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, when the opera was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre some years ago. Both artists were on their mettle, Mr Reeves giving "The grasping, rasping Norman race" with so much spirit and such fine declamation, that an uproarious demand for its repetition compelled the great tenor to sing it again, which he did, better, if possible, than before. Mr Reeves, however, did not sing "My own, my guiding star," set down for him, an apology being made "that he wished to reserve himself for the popular sea song, 'Tom Bowling,' which he had to give later on." The charming romance was entrusted to Mr Abercrombie, and the young tenor sang it so much to the satisfaction of his audience that he was called upon to repeat it. Mdme Sherrington gave the *scena*, "Hail happy morn," and the ballad, "True love," *con amore*, and was compelled to return to bow her acknowledgments for the hearty applause awarded to her. The Sumptner's song—"The monk within his cell"—was capitally rendered by Mr Barrington Foote, and the round, "May the Saints protect and guide thee," by Miss Santley, Messrs Abercrombie, Barrington Foote, and H. Pyatt. The audience were quite in a "holiday humour" during the rest of the evening, "encoring" Mr Pyatt in "The Wolf," Mdme Sherrington in "I've been roaming," Miss Spenser Jones in "The banks of Allan Water," and Miss Santley in "Wapping Old Stairs" (exceptionally well sung, by the bye). When Mr Reeves came on to sing "Tom Bowling," he was received with hearty cheers. At its conclusion there was an ovation, and he had to return and "bow and bow again." During the evening the lovers of good instrumental music were delighted with the performance, among other pieces, of the *andante* and *finale* from Mozart's Quintet for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, by the "Anemoic Union" (Messrs Sidney Naylor, Malsch, Lazarus, Mann, and Wotton). At the next concert the operatic selection will be from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced their seventieth season on Thursday evening at St James's Hall. The first part of the programme consisted of the overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, Molique's Violin Concerto in A minor (magnificently played by Mr Carrodus), the "Chorus of Reapers" from Liszt's *Prometheus*, and the beautiful quartet from Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*. The second part was devoted to Beethoven's Choral Symphony ("The Colossal No. 9"). The solo vocalists were Misses Marriott and Orridge, Messrs F. Boyle and Barrington Foote, assisted by the Philharmonic choir. Further particulars in our next.

TWO IMPROMPTUS.

(Rejected by Pt Punch*).**

No. I.

(Before Supper.)

Says Gog to Magoggy—
"You're a hungry old doggy."
Says Magog to Goggy—
"You're a famished old hoggy."

FLEET GRIFFIN.

No. II.

(After Supper.)

Says Magog to Goggy—
"It's a wee bit o'er foggy."
Says Gog to Magoggy—
"You're a wee bit o'er groggy."

OG OF THE CUBITS.

* *Although rejected by* Pt Punch, *these impromptus are still open to him (for a consideration) as likely, in this "advanced" period, to further enrich his already priceless collection of quiddities.*—Dr Blitge.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

The Italian operatic season was to commence at the Victoria Theater, with *La Favorita*. Among the novelties promised are Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, and Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*. The company, it is said, is a very good one. Sig. Gialdini is the conductor. —The second series of Monday Concerts was inaugurated on the 23rd ult., and a new Quartet Association began its public existence the day following. It consists of Herren Kotek, 1st violin; Exner, 2nd violin; Moser, tenor; and Dechert, violoncello, all young artists trained under the eye of Joseph Joachim himself. Speaking of them, the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* observes:

"Of course they have no idea of setting up in opposition to their Master's Quartet; they merely propose filling up a gap which has been long felt in the busy musical life of Berlin. Leaving entirely out of consideration the fact that one quartet is not enough, only a small contingent of those who admire this kind of music can, on account of being, as it were, compelled to become subscribers, enjoy the benefit even of the one. Then again, owing to the Master's long concert tours, weeks intervene during which no quartet is to be heard in this large city, and the consequence is that all who like music joyfully welcome the new enterprise. They may do so with the more confidence, as those who have started it afford an excellent guarantee that it will be admirably carried out. From what he has done at concerts, Herr Kotek has long been known as an excellent violinist; Exner, educated in Joachim's school, has taken Holländer's place in the Royal Orchestra; Moser, a Czoech, after making a name in Switzerland, also became, in the same school, a splendid executant and took up the tenor in the quartet; Herr Dechart, who has already highly distinguished himself at concerts as a solo-violoncellist, and is now a Royal Prussian Chamber Musician, enchanted everyone on the opening evening by his wonderful tone."

The first concert went off successfully.—An excellent performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* has been given by Stern's Vocal Association assisted by the Berlin Sinfoniecapelle, the whole under the direction of Professor E. Rudorff. The vocal solos were well sung by Mad. Müller-Ronneburger, Mdlle Adele Asmann, Herren von d. Meden, and Strange.

HAMBURGH.—The third Song-Festival of Germany (*Deutsches Gesangfest*) will be held here from the 10th to the 13th August inclusive. The musical direction will be mostly in the hands of Professor von Bernuth, and Dr Kirchenpauer, Burgomaster, will act as President.

It is rumoured at Naples that the authorities of Palermo strongly advised Wagner not to take walking exercise in the environs during his visit to their city, the brigands being on the watch for him, and should he be entrapped they would demand an enormous ransom!

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.*

In accordance with the understanding come to at the last annual meeting of the members, the present special general meeting has been convened for the purpose of considering the course to be pursued in view of the approaching complete exhaustion of the society's funds. The committee regret to report that there has been a further falling off in the subscription list, and as there is no sign of any improvement in the receipts from the general public, it may be taken as a certainty that before the close of the present season the monies now in hand will have been entirely spent. From this it follows that, in the absence of a guarantee fund, or of some other means of procuring working capital and providing against the contingency of further loss, it will be impossible for the present, or indeed for any, committee to undertake the liabilities involved in arranging for a fresh series of concerts during the season 1882-83, and the question then arises whether the existence of the Society can be usefully prolonged after it has ceased to become a concert-giving institution.

The natural inference deducible from the facts recorded in the Society's accounts appears to be that its work is finished, and that it will be better therefore to bring the Society to an honourable close at the end of its fiftieth year, rather than to struggle further against the inevitable, with the almost certain prospect of having to encounter a similar difficulty sooner or later, even if by some extraordinary means present financial embarrassments could be tided over for a time.

It is useless to disguise the fact that for many years past the Society has not been self-supporting. Its concerts have of late been carried on at almost constant heavy loss, and but for the extraneous help afforded by undertakings outside the Society's own special operations, the present crisis would have occurred at a much earlier date. It may not be out of place here to record the fact that this contingency was foreseen by the late Mr Bowley, and that one special reason which weighed with him in devising and carrying out the undertakings in question was the hope that by their means the existence of the society might be prolonged. The result abundantly justified the sagacity of the society's late treasurer, but even with the assistance thus afforded the society finds itself no longer able to meet the losses which occur from season to season, and the natural outcome is the present impending financial crisis.

The causes which have led to this result are not far to seek. In the early days of the Society it had a practical monopoly of the performance of oratorio, and repetition concerts were constantly given which produced large profits. For some time past repetition performances, besides being extremely difficult to arrange, have been more often a loss than a gain, and oratorios are so frequently performed in all parts of the metropolis, that the public interest is divided, and the support given to smaller and local associations, or to concerts where economy is studied at the expense of art, naturally interferes with the receipts of the parent Society. As an illustration of this it may be mentioned that, whereas in former times 3s. tickets for the Society's concerts were often sold for many times their original price, the number of persons out of the four millions inhabiting London willing to pay half-a-crown to hear the much finer performances of last season only averaged 180; while, if certain favourite works be excluded from the calculation, the number would dwindle down to the low average of 120.

A second cause for the altered circumstances of the Society may be found in a change of opinion which has come over a certain section of the public on the question of music and public amusements generally. The Society's concerts were at one time specially patronised by many who objected on conscientious grounds to other forms of musical entertainment, but as other ideas have gradually prevailed, the support once so specially given to the Society is now spread over a wider area, and the Society has suffered in consequence. To all these influences must be added the increased expenses of the concerts—at least one-third more than they were thirty years ago—and the loss arising from the Society's removal from Exeter Hall, which, in spite of its many inconveniences, was, undoubtedly, much preferred by the subscribers to St James's Hall.

In view of the probable repetition at this juncture of that kind of criticism, already so frequently refuted, which attributes the Society's losses to its want of enterprise, it is only right once more to place on record the fact, incontestably proved by the records of the receipts at each individual concert, that for more than twenty years past there have only been two works, the names of which will readily occur to the members, the performance of which could be reckoned upon with any certainty to produce a profit. Even such a work as *Judas Maccabæus* has not produced a profit for more than ten years, while the magnificent *Israel* has only yielded a profit on six occasions out of the last fifteen performances which have been given since 1865. Such being the case with the two favourite works in question, it can easily be imagined how such masterpieces as *Solomon*, *Samson*, and *St Paul*, to say nothing of more modern works, have fared, while those most interesting composite concerts, so specially praised by musical critics, have presented an almost invariable record of heavy loss. The Committee have, therefore, the most abundant justification for saying that but for the line of policy they have pursued, the Society would only have had an ephemeral existence, and that the constant production of novelties would have brought about its dissolution many years ago.

With these facts in view, the conviction has been forced upon the Committee that it is impossible to carry on the Society any longer as at present constituted, and they feel that even if the difficulties of reorganization were surmounted, the chances of success even then would be so problematical, that they have no alternative but to recommend—although with unfeigned sorrow and regret—that the Society be dissolved after the close of the present season.

There are, no doubt, many who think that the work of the Society is too important to be altogether abandoned without a struggle, and that it would be a grave reflection upon the courage and public spirit of the members of the Society if they refrained from making the effort. The Committee therefore invite those who may share these sentiments to enter seriously upon the consideration of the best means of forming a new society to carry on the work, and (to use a commercial phrase) take over the goodwill and assets of the present society, if such an arrangement be possible.

The Committee, however, are bound to place on record their opinion that in view of the number of concerts given during the musical season, and the general state of the music market, it would be hopeless for any body of amateurs to attempt to give concerts on the same complete scale as those of the Sacred Harmonic Society unless they were supported by a sufficient number of influential and wealthy guarantors, as is the case with all the large musical festivals throughout the country.

* Report of the committee, to be presented at a special general meeting of members on Tuesday, the 21st inst.

—o—

CHERUBINI.*

His Life, his Works, and the Part played by him in Art.

(Continued from page 61.)

Cherubini was the tenth of twelve children, the issue of his parents' marriage, and the last survivor of this numerous family, as he himself thus remarks in the Notice dictated to de Beauchesne: "It is a singular fact that this one, whose weakly nature at his birth almost precluded the hope of rearing him, is to-day the only member living of this numerous family." He was scarcely four or five years old before he lost his mother, who was herself only forty, and shortly afterwards his father began teaching him the rudiments of music, as the Notice in question also informs us: "As soon as he was six years old, he began learning music from his father, and, when he was nine, he commenced studying composition under Bartolomeo Felici and his son, Alessandro, distinguished Florentine composers. At their death he passed under the direction of Pietro Bizzari and Giuseppe Castrucci, skilful composers of the same period."

Cherubini's father, a Florentine like the boy's mother, was, in a modest way, a very estimable artist. An excellent professor, we are told, he fulfilled the important and delicate functions of *maestro al cembalo* (pianoforte accompanist) at the Teatro della Pergola, then as now the first theatre in Florence. He was, therefore, perfectly competent to begin his son's musical education. With regard to the masters to whom the boy was subsequently confided, no historian mentions any of them except Bartolomeo Felici, to whom Fétis has devoted these few lines: "Felici (Bartolomeo) composer, born at Florence about 1730, had some operas performed at various theatres in Italy, among which *L'Amante contrastato*, 1768, and *L'Amore Soldato*, 1769, are mentioned. He composed, also, several separate pieces, such as violin quartets, which have remained in manuscript, and four-part songs with orchestral accompaniment. He opened at Florence, in 1770, a School of Counterpoint, which enjoyed some celebrity."

I think the dates given in this short notice are inexact, and have reasons for supposing that Bartolomeo Felici was born long before 1730. However, if we except the above few details con-

* By Arthur Pougin. From the *Ménestrel*.

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cerning one of them, we should know nothing about the ability of the masters to whom Cherubini's musical education was at first entrusted, if Picchianti, his first Italian biographer, who also was a Florentine, and able to speak from his own reminiscences, had not taken care to give us some useful information on the subject. The following are the terms in which this writer, himself a distinguished musician, describes the period of Cherubini's earliest studies :—

" . . . . He was taught by his Father, a chapelmaster strongly attached to the old customs of the art, and a rigid observer of the ancient scholastic discipline in his teaching. Three years, however, were enough for young Cherubini to obtain a sufficient knowledge of solfeggio, and of the accompaniment of the figured bass, and the *intavolatura del cembalo* (the tablature of the harpsichord), as they then called the theoretical acquaintance with the keyboard, together with the art of placing the hands and of the mechanism adapted for playing the instrument. He achieved this result before completing his ninth year, and without on that account neglecting the higher study of figures, or languages, so that, with a mind thus furnished, he entered at this period on the study of counterpoint, under the direction of Bartolomeo Felici, called *old* Felici, to distinguish him from his son, Alessandro, also a remarkable artist.

"Bartolomeo Felici, a man deeply versed in the muscal science of his day, was a profound and skilful contrapuntist. The compositions in the *a cappella* style of his which have been handed down to us are models of purity, clearness, and ingenious artifice, qualities causing them to be heard with pleasure whenever they are now sung in our churches. For teaching the difficult art of composition, he was reputed the best professor in Florence and all Tuscany, and his school was attended by a large number of pupils, whose productions subsequently sustained its credit and glory. Pietro Bizzarri and Giuseppe Castrucci were likewise respectable artists, who guided Cherubini to the highest pitch of perfection, the one in the art of singing, and the other in playing the organ and the piano. Had these worthy masters of Cherubini, as well as such men as Niccolo Valenti, Luigi Braccini, Giuseppe Gherardeschi, Ettore Romagnoli, and a thousand others whom I cannot name, lived in France, in the populous city of Paris, or in any other ultramontane country, they would have enjoyed the honours of apotheosis, and there would have been no lack of eloquent writers to give us complete and magnificent biographies of them. We should not then have heard nearly all Cherubini's necrologists and biographers repeat that he had as masters in his native land only very obscure artists, whose names, if they reach posterity, will owe it entirely to the illustrious pupil who will have rendered them famous. . . ."

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Pitch in music does not defile.

Adelina Patti will return to Europe in May.

Señor Gayarre has been singing at Valencia in *L'Africaine*.

Sophie Menter has been extraordinarily successful in Stockholm.

A German version of *Patience* has been produced at Philadelphia.

The ballet of *Excelsior* has proved as successful in Naples as in Milan.

Bazzini has declined the directorship of the Liceo Musicale Rossini, Pesaro.

After a few performances of *Rigoletto*, the Teatro Pagliano, Florence was closed.

Schumann's *Genoveva* has proved very attractive at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Mdlle Valleria has accepted an operatic engagement for next season in America.

Teresina Tua, the girl violinist, has been playing with much success in Florence.

Señor Giner has been appointed technical director of the Conservatory, Valencia.

Mad. Madeline Schiller, we learn from the American papers, is in very poor health.

Mad. Adelina Patti has for some time past declined being "interviewed" in the States.

Fra Diavolo has been performed at the Teatro Real, Madrid, with Lestellier in the title-part.

Minnie Hauk will, it is said, organize an opera company for next winter in the United States.

Flotow's *Indra* was lately given, as second novelty of the season, at the Stadttheater, Lübeck.

Santley has had an offer from a Boston manager to revisit America for a concert and oratorio tour.

The Italian opera-company, under the management of Tamberlik, was performing recently in Carthagena.

A new buffo-opera, *Die Töchter des Dyonisos*, music by Brandl, is a success at the Carl-Theater, Vienna.

Mr Jacques Blumenthal, who has been passing the winter in the south of France, has returned to London.

A comic opera, *Don Quixote*, music by Neuendorff, has been produced at the Germania Theatre, New York.

A new opera, *Frithjof*, book by Anna von Moor, music by Ed. Ringler, has been well received in Nuremberg.

A new oratorio, *Welt-Ende—Gericht—Neue Welt*, by Joachim Raff, has been performed in the Town Church, Weimar.

Miss Emma Abbot suffered so much from vaccination that she was obliged to cancel a large number of engagements.

Miss Minnie Hauk's Carmen has been the success of Mr Mapleson's season in Philadelphia, as it was in New York and Boston.

Vaccination, according to the Boston *Musical Record*, is engaging the attention of every opera and concert singer in the United States.

The Kennedys, the celebrated Scottish vocalists, who have started on another voyage round the world, gave recitals last month in New York.

Mad. Pauline Lucca is said to have achieved a sensational success as Katharina in Goetz's *Widerspentigen Zähmung* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Symphony Orchestra Concerts, under the direction of G. Henschel, Boston, U.S., will be brought to a close on the 11th March with Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Herr Angelo Neumann's operatic tour will commence on the 1st September, the works which will figure most frequently in the bills being the *Nibelungen* series and *Tristan und Isolde*.

A panic occurred a short time since in the Theatre in Algiers. It was due to an outburst of fire, but the flames were speedily extinguished, and the audience suffered no injury but a few contusions.

Among the Italian-opera company engaged for the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, and the Teatro Imperial, Rio Janeiro, are Signora Borghi-Mamo, Signori Tamagno, Bottesini, Sparapani, and Castelmary.

A foreign paper gives the following musical definitions of a daughter of Eve :—At 15, she is an *arpeggio ;* at 20, an *allegro vivace ;* at 30, an *accordo forte ;* at 40, an *andante ;* at 50, she enters on the *rondò finale ;* and at 60, she is a *tremolo alla sordina*.

The Taunton Philharmonic Society have engaged Miss Catherine Penna to sing the soprano music of Professor Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* on the 14th inst. This talented young artist was the first representative of the part when the cantata was given at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

A FADED VALENTINE.*

A faded valentine! which came one morning,
Back in the beauty of the vanish'd years;
Now one sad heart, all balm for sorrow scorning,
Gazes upon it through a mist of tears.

A faded valentine! whose tender pleading
Into fair Lilian's heart its pathos wove;
While she, o'ercome by its sweet interceding,
Gave unto Ernest all her youthful love.

A faded valentine! and he who sent it
Thought that he loved the fair and gentle maid;
But, ere the spring had pass'd, he did repent it,
And Lilian's heart was in the dust low laid.

A faded valentine! ah! what a story
It tells of blossoms fair, too quickly crush'd;
Of sudden night, that fell upon life's glory,
Of the heart's music, which despair has hush'd.

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Testimonials.

Sir,—A short time since I was induced by the novelty of the title to send for a bottle of your Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine. I was perfectly acquainted with the value of the *Extractum Carnis*, and not quite a stranger to the invigorating and fortifying properties of malt wine, and therefore felt a natural curiosity to test them when combined. Men who work hard, as I do, not muscular hard work, but that which is quite as exhausting, viz., brain work, very often experience the need of, and have sometimes an almost irresistible craving for, a "pick me up;" and very often the panacea for a time for lassitude, and that state of mind which renders work irksome, are alcoholic stimulants, the use of which must sooner or later end disastrously. The man who can furnish a remedy sure, certain, and harmless, for the lassitude which follows constant brain work is a benefactor of his species, and may be said to have added many years of usefulness to the lives of useful men. Your extract, if a success, and when more generally known, will be used by all toilers of the mind.—Yours faithfully,
O. D. RAY.
Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

Dear Sir,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with over-work and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor." I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong, healthy lad. Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last, I am, Sir, yours truly,
GEORGE A. TYLER.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Granspound, February 25th, 1881.

Mrs Coulson thanks Mr Coleman for the book and stamps, and she has no doubt but that "the tonic" is a good one. Mrs C. encloses twelve stamps for basket.
Mr Coleman.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
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Mr Coleman, Norwich.
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53.	I know. S.A.T.B.	Walter Hay	2d.
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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, February* 11, 1882.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 7. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

MONDAY, Feb. 20, BALFE'S "BOHEMIAN GIRL." TUESDAY, Feb. 21, WAGNER'S "FLYING DUTCHMAN." ASH WEDNESDAY, NO PERFORMANCE. THURSDAY, Feb. 23, WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER," with entirely New Scenery, Costumes, and Properties. FRIDAY, Feb. 24, GOUNOD'S "FAUST." SATURDAY Morning, Feb. 25, at Two, WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER." SATURDAY Evening, BIZET'S "CARMEN."

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The ELEVENTH of the TWENTY-SIXTH SERIES of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), Feb. 18, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Mary Davies and Mr W. H. Brereton. Solo Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The programme will include Overture, Air, and Ballet Music, *The Veiled Prophet*, first time in England (C. V. Stanford); Concerto in C minor (W. S. Bennett); Symphony in A, No. 7 (Beethoven). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Seats for a Single Concert in Area or Gallery, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats in Gallery, 1s.; Unnumbered Seats in Area, 6d.—all exclusive of Admission to the Palace.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

ASH WEDNESDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY Next, at Eight o'clock, by the following Artists of the London Ballad Concerts: Miss Mary Davies and Miss Santley, Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Miss Damian; Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Santley, and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of Sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will contain the following celebrated pieces: "Hear my prayer," "With verdure clad," and "I mourn as a dove" (Miss Mary Davies); "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," "Angels, ever bright and fair," and "O had I Jubal's lyre" (Miss Santley); "O rest in the Lord," "The Better Land," and "The Lost Chord" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "For the Lord is mindful" and "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out" (from *The Woman of Samaria*) (Miss Damian); "Deeper and deeper still," "Sound an alarm," and "Cujus Animam" (Mr Joseph Maas); "There is a green hill far away," "Le Nom de Marie," and "Nazareth" (Mr Santley); "Arm, arm, ye brave," and "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains?" (Mr Maybrick); "To Thee, cherubim," "The God of Israel," "Abelard," "Homeward," and "The Silent Land" (South London Choral Association). Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family and School Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.—WEDNESDAY, March 1st.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, March 1, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss C. Elliot, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Frank Boyle, Mr Santley and Signor Foli. The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family and School Tickets to admit Six to Stalls, £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Seventieth Season.—SECOND CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, Feb. 23, at Eight o'clock. Liszt's "Hungaria" (first time in England); Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto—Herr Xaver Scharwenka (his first appearance this season); Overtures, *Jupiter* (Mozart), *Leonora*, No. 3 (Beethoven). Vocalists—Mdme Marie Roze and Mdme Trebelli. Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS. Tickets, from 2s. 6d. to 15s., of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Mr Austin, St James's Hall; and the usual Agents.

By order, HENRY HERSEE, Secretary.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. The FIRST CONCERT (F. Schubert's Compositions forming the first part of the programme) will take place at the LANGHAM HALL, Great Portland Street, on TUESDAY, 28th February, 1882, to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Full prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.—FIRST CONCERT, SATURDAY Evening Feb. 25. The Programme will include Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Walter Macfarren's Pianoforte Concertstück, and Overtures: Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Weber's *Oberon*, and Walter Macfarren's *King Henry V.* (first time in London). Executants: Miss Mary Davies and Mr Santley, Miss Margaret Gyde (her first appearance), and M. Sainton. Band of Seventy. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Subscription to the Series, One Guinea. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Programmes and Tickets of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

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Violin—Pollitzer, Ludwig. Harp—Wright, Oberthür. Cello—Pezze.

The names of New Students are being received for entrance at the Half-term, commencing February 27.

Prospectuses, with terms of Mr Robertson's Painting, Miss Cowen's Elocution, and the Language Classes.

Also information respecting the Lectures and Lessons in Elocution by the Rev. Alex. J. D. D'Orsey, B.D., Lecturer K.C.L.

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MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Rochester, This Evening, Feb. 18.

"MIDNIGHT CHIMES."

MDME T. DE VANEY will sing "MIDNIGHT CHIMES," by MICHAEL BERGSON, at the composer's *séance musicale*, Feb. 21st.

"AT MORN I BESEECH THEE."

MISS T. O'BRIAN will sing "AT MORN I BESEECH THEE," Sacred Song by BERGSON, at the composer's *séance musicale*, Feb. 21st.

"SERENADE MORESQUE."

SIGNOR DE RIA will sing "SERENADE MORESQUE," by BERGSON, at the composer's *séance musicale*, Feb. 21st.

"A DREAM WISH."

MISS ROSA HART will sing "A DREAM WISH" (Gipsy's Song), by M. BERGSON, at the composer's *séance musicale*, on Feb. 21st.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE COX will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr Wm. Carter's Concert at the Albert Hall, on March 1st.

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MR ARTHUR HOOPER will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on March 6th, at Mr John Cheshire's Concert at Hammersmith.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr Rosa redeemed one of his most important promises on Tuesday night by the production of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, according to the English version of Mr John P. Jackson. Rumour had long busied herself with the preparations for this revival, hinting at their elaboration and costliness, and as the scenic requirements of *Tannhäuser* are well known, amateurs flocked to the representation with an exalted idea of the spectacular treat in store. They were not disappointed. We may add that they were not surprised, since Mr Rosa very well knows—none better—how much the fortune of such a work depends upon pageantry, and he has always shown a clear perception of the fact that what is worth doing at all should be done well. Therefore the thousand tongues of Rumour, while wagging to the same tune, wagged to the same truthful purport. In the second act of *Tannhäuser* especially, Mr Rosa has put upon the stage which he occupies for so short a time a vision of a chivalric and poetic age, accurate, we are ready to believe, even down to details, since nothing appears incongruous; splendid certainly, attractive we hope and trust. It is not too much to say that as far as stage accessories go *Tannhäuser* is now for the first time worthily before the English public. Mr Rosa is not contemptuous of the Venusberg, nor afraid to bestow some little thought upon the supernatural parts of the play. He, therefore, shows the court of the Goddess of Love as a place where a man of Tannhäuser's temperament would find congenial society and attractive surroundings. We can understand the hold it has upon him and the mortal struggle necessary to resist its temptations, while from our safe vantage-ground, as mere lookers-on, we are able to appreciate the grace and beauty of the spectacle without necessary reference to motives and designs. It is not, however, upon the scene of sportive naiads, warbling sirens, and dancing nymphs that the manager has put out his full strength. He does this, as already intimated in the second act, what time the Minnesingers contend for a prize from the hand of Elizabeth before a noble company. The architectural "set" here shown is one of much boldness and effect, the eye traversing the length of the Hall of Song, which, with its brilliant ornamentation and lofty arches, seems worthy of regal pageants. Fittingly, too, in the midst of such surroundings, is the ceremony of the reception of the guests by the Landgrave and Elizabeth carried on with elaboration and stateliness. To the music of the well-known march, chamberlains receive each group of visitors and conduct them to the throne, whence gaily attired pages usher them to their seats. Nothing is hurried, and no formality dispensed with; while, as the ceremonial thus proceeds, spectators have time to note the varied beauty of the dresses, upon which thought and labour, to say nothing of money, have been lavished without stint. A finer show of its dignified kind, or one more carefully wrought out in detail, has seldom, if ever, been presented on our lyric stage. After this the third act necessarily appears an anti-climax, but here, as elsewhere, no pains are spared, and no opportunity for effect allowed to pass unused.

That Mr Rosa's liberality and Mr Betjemann's stage skill had been backed by a determination on the part of Mr Randegger to secure a good musical performance was not long in doubt on Tuesday night. To be sure, there were moments when the excellent conductor could not have felt quite happy, but if composers will write chromatic harmonies for a chorus advancing slowly from behind the scenes, the result is inevitable. The pitch drops before the orchestra can give help, sensitive ears are offended, and sensible minds, if none other, lay the blame in the right quarter. For the rest, there was little indeed of which to complain as far as precaution and skill could operate. The familiar overture was brilliantly rendered and applauded with enthusiasm. We prefer, however, to regard as the master-stroke of the evening, not this orchestral display, but the execution of the magnificent and long-drawn-out *finale* to the second act. Special pains must have been taken with the *ensemble* in order to obtain a result which, familiar as the music now is, seemed an expansion of its power and significance. Coming to the consideration of individual merit, first notice is claimed by Mdme Alwina Valleria, whose Elizabeth was proof, both vocally and dramatically, that we have in her an artist qualified at all points to represent Wagner's charming heroines. Those characters, though differing from each other much as the women of Shakspere, demand certain rare attributes in common, as, for example, sweetness and dignity, purity, and all the passion that may be associated therewith, quick sensitiveness, and fortitude to the death. Whatever may be said against the sensuousness of Wagner—and that is much, as, before long, we may have to demonstrate—let us gladly admit that his typical woman is a divine creation, only "a little lower than the angels." Elizabeth is such a character; more so than her weaker sister Elsa, not less so than the sublime redemptress, Senta. It is, therefore, not a part for everybody; nor for anybody in whom is wanting a natural affinity, such as places at the command of the artist all the resources of her nature. Mdme Valleria met the condition required; and, not needing the effort which ends in mere artificiality, was a real Elizabeth, stedfastly loving, through evil and through good report, until death. In an embodiment of this kind there are points which evade description and defy analysis. They are points of contact only between feeling and feeling, and it is sometimes as impossible to state in words the reason of the result as to fight against it. Enough, therefore, that we recognize in Mdme Valleria's Elizabeth the peculiar and precious quality born of sympathy, and, in turn, giving birth to it. Her acting was throughout quiet, yet forcible; never overstrained on the one hand, or lacking in depth of feeling on the other. This was most obvious throughout the finale to the second act, where it was hard to recognize in the impassioned and devoted heroine the princess who had, just before, been doing the routine honours of a court. Mdme Valleria's singing had, on this occasion, a fair chance, thanks to the restoration of her health and voice. She opened well with the greeting to the Hall of Song, delivering it with appropriate breadth of phrasing and earnestness of manner. Her great effect was made, however, in the famous prayer, which she sang in a style that Wagner himself might have applauded. Not to dwell further on such particulars, let it suffice if we add that Mdme Valleria's performance in *Tannhäuser* must necessarily be a conspicuous feature during the remainder of the season, and an inducement to expect from her further contributions to the success of opera in English. In the small though not unimportant part of Venus, Miss Georgina Burns again did good service, singing the music with fluency and point; while, in the still smaller part of the Shepherd Boy, Miss Irene Adams met all requirements. The representative of Tannhäuser was Herr Schott, whose singing, being always the same, and having given rise to a sufficiency of discussion, may here pass with no more than the remark that it imparted a terrible air of realism to the later utterances of the minstrel-knight. The sounds were sounds of genuine anguish—the wailings of a struggling soul over whom the deep waters are closing. As to Herr Schott's dramatic rendering of the part there should be none but words of praise. His bearing and delivery, always easy, natural, and appropriate in the earlier scenes, rose in the last act far above mere conventionalities and became part of a singularly powerful and impressive display. Our lyric stage has witnessed nothing better than this of late years, and due note should be taken of the fact. As Wolfram, Mr Ludwig took another great step forward in his profession. The part is a singing one, and Mr Ludwig did it such justice as it has rarely met with before. His rendering of "O star of eve" was admirable in all respects and justly applauded. After deserved recognition of the efforts made by Mr Pope as the Landgrave, and by Messrs Davies, D'Egville, Thomas, and Leahy as the Minstrel Knights, we may close this notice with an emphatic acknowledgment of Mr Rosa's spirited venture and of its right to be a grand success.—*D. T.*

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the music performed by the students at the *soirée musicale*, given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street:—

PART I.—Pianoforte Duet (Schubert)—Miss Louis and Mr Bromell; Pianoforte Solo, "Dornröschen" (Bendell)—Miss Nellie S. Dwelley; Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" (Donizetti)—Miss E. White; Song, "Saved from the storm" (Barri)—Mr Phillips; Pianoforte Solo, Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin)—Miss Hyman; Song, "The bird that came in spring" (Benedict)—Miss Lavinia Letherbarrow; Recit. and Cavatina, "Infelice!" (Verdi)—Mr Reakes; Violin Solo, "I Lombardi" (Vieuxtemps)—Miss Kate Chaplin; Cavatina, "Sorgete" (Rossini)—Mr Oscar Noyes; Pianoforte Solo, Polonaise in C sharp minor (Chopin)—Miss Louis; Song, "Alas! those chimes" (Wallace)—Miss L. Hall; Song, "Waiting" (H. Millard)—Miss Nash; Pianoforte Solos, "Berceuse" (Chopin), and "Valse Chromatique" (Leschetizky)—Miss Maggie Okey. PART II.—Polonaise, in C (Chopin)—Pianoforte, Miss Elsie Evans, Violin, Mr Skuze; Aria, "Fanciulle che il core" (Meyerbeer)—Miss E. Walter; Pianoforte Solos, "Wanderstunden" (Heller), and Valse in A flat (Chopin)—Miss Kate Griffiths; Song, "The Children's Home" (Cowen)—Miss A. F. Martin; Pianoforte Solo, "Am Meer" (Blumner)—Miss Taylor; Song, "Bid me discourse" (Bishop)—Miss Edith Luke; Song, "Twilight" (E. Bromell, words by Gertrude Harraden)—Miss F. Smith; Pianoforte Solo, Impromptu in E flat (Schubert)—Miss Budgett; Song, "Sweetheart mine" (Scuderi)—Miss Maggie Okey; Violin Solo (Vieuxtemps)—Mr Skuze; Pianoforte Solo, "Andante sostenuto" (Mendelssohn), and "Tarantelle" (Heller)—Miss Edith Rose Benbow. Accompanists, Miss Elsie Evans, Mr Bromell, and Mr C. Trew (professor).

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AN ENGLISHMAN IN VIENNA.

It does not often happen that Englishmen write Symphonies, and still more seldom is it that they do so with success. But a rarity of this description was offered us by Hanns Richter at the last Philharmonic Concert—the Symphony and the Englishman with it. The latter is Frederic Cowen, a well-bred, polished gentleman of thirty. He received the most important part of his musical education in Germany; it was there that he acquired style and form for his Symphony, the poetic impulse being the result of a sojourn in Norway. His "Scandinavian Symphony," a broadly planned work carefully carried out to the most delicate detail, testifies to talent and hard study. Mr Cowen, long since no novice, is master of all the technical requirements of his art, and has more especially the modern orchestra under his command. In his latest composition—the only thing of his with which we are acquainted—he is rather a poet and landscape painter than an independently imaginative musician, and hence thematic purport and contrapuntal art are less pronounced than effective colouring. Of the four movements the first—a pathetic *Allegro* in C Minor—affords the purest satisfaction; it is the one which is most musically thought out and has two pregnant and felicitously contrasted themes, the second (the melodic theme) with that final formula characteristically sinking into the minor key, with which we have been rendered familiar by Swedish folk's-songs, and also by Ophelia's great scene in Ambroise Thomas's opera. In the second movement, a dreamy *Andante* in E flat major, no attempt is made to disguise the fact that to poetic feeling and landscape-painting the sway is conceded over pure musical development. For the purpose of producing the impression of a "Norwegian Summer's Night," the composer even has recourse to the theatrical expedient of stationing the horn-quartet out of sight in some far-distant place behind the scenes; dreamy harp arpeggios mingle with the *fanfares* as they mysteriously force their way to the ear. All this is well done. The *Scherzo*, with its quickly tripping theme of muted violins, reminds the hearer of Mendelssohn's Elves' music, and in its instrumental effects (among them being the continuous light strokes on the triangle) of Berlioz's *Queen Mab*. Though of slight value musically, the *Scherzo* produces a certain material effect. The last movement, which repeats themes out of the preceding movements, is by far the least important, but unfortunately, at the same time, the longest and most noisy. The composer here grows monotonous from uninterruptedly employing the same figure, and endeavours by hubbub to deceive us and himself as to the want of invention. As the Symphony is not yet engraved—it will shortly be published, however, by A. Gutmann—there might be yet time to ease the Finale somewhat by large cuts. The novelty, played by the Philharmonic band with brilliant effect, met with an extremely favourable reception, as shown by repeated calls for the composer, who was present on the occasion.—*Neue freie Presse.*

After the surprisingly enthusiastic manner in which, at the very first rehearsal, the "Scandinavian Symphony" was received by the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, who generally set their faces so doggedly against novelties, the public were justified in expecting something great, or, at least, unusual, and in the latter respect their expectation was literally fulfilled. It is something unusual in a modern symphony to have a fully worked out first movement based upon ideas which at once characteristically greet the ear; it is something unusual to have a pungent, formally masterful, and charmingly scored *Scherzo*, with its continuously and softly sounding triangle; something unusual, too, is *the effect, never before introduced in a symphony, but magically fascinating*, of an *Adagio* depicting a "Summer evening on a Fjord," in which suddenly a number of horns not constituting part of the regular orchestra, skilfully combined, and stationed in the room out of sight of the public, suddenly take part, as though "aus weitester Ferne," in the performance, while everyone eagerly listens with bated breath as though—to employ Schumann's words when speaking of a passage in Schubert's C major Symphony—"a heavenly visitor had glided into the orchestra." The *Finale* of this beautiful work, so rich in fancy, but characterized by poetry more than by originality, does not, in our opinion, stand on quite the same height as what precedes it, though if we heard the work several times it is very possible we might change this purely subjective opinion. The said *Finale* takes up again the motives of the first movement and carries them, noisily and with well-nigh warlike excitement, through many bold metamorphoses, to the end, which is delayed far too long; it is certainly only by accident that in a repeated passage of the *Finale* we were strongly reminded of Schumann's well-known song, *Aufenthalt*. The reception of the "Scandinavian Symphony," which is yet in manuscript, but—as we have heard—has already found a publisher here in Herr A. Gutmann, was particularly favourable, and in the *Adagio* absolutely uproarious. People were surprised to find the composer, who was repeatedly called on, still quite a young man, apparently not over thirty, and, in harmonious conformity with the Symphony they had just heard, a perfect specimen of a thorough gentleman, who looked just the person from whom we should expect the clever musical *aperçus* and all the *savoir faire*, so characterized by good taste, of the "Scandinavian Symphony."—Vienna *Signale.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subjoined is the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday evening, February 11th:—

Sonata, in E, Op. 14, No. 1, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Florence Tyers, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Aria, "Roberto o tu che adoro," *Roberto il Diavolo* (Meyerbeer)—(accompanist, Miss Annie Mukle)—Miss Bertha Moore, pupil of Mr. W. H. Cummings; Grave and Fugue, from Sonata in A, No. 6, violin (Corelli)—(accompanist, Mr Dancey)—Mr W. Richardson, pupil of Mr Burnett; Air, "O rest in the Lord," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Georgina Booth, pupil of Mr Fiori; Introduction and Allegro, in D (MS.), organ (W. G. Wood)—(Potter exhibitioner)—Mr. W. G. Wood, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Dr Steggall; Air, "Jerusalem," *St. Paul* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest Ford)—Miss Kate Bentley, pupil of Mr Randegger; Partita, in B flat, No. 1, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss Alice Dyer, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Recitation, "The Bridge of Sighs" (Thomas Hood)—Miss Ada South, pupil of Mr Walter Lacey; Larghetto (MS.), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (G. E. Jones)—(student)—Messrs G. Herbert, G. E. Jones, and J. Hambleton, pupils of Messrs Prout, Harold Thomas, Burnett, and Pezze; Duetto, "Saper vorrei" (Haydn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Miss Easterfield, and Miss Ercell, pupils of Mr Goldberg; Andante and Allegro, from MS. Sonata, in E minor, pianoforte (Charles S. Macpherson)—(Sterndale Bennett scholar)—Mr Macpherson, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr. Walter Macfarren; Song, "O that we two were Maying" (Gounod)—(accompanist, Miss Essie Bull)—Miss Hendon Warde, pupil of Mr. Shakespeare; Aria, "Si tra i ceppi," *Berenice* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr H. Douglas Redman)—Mr Arthur Grimshaw, pupil of Mr Holland.

The first concert of chamber music takes place to-day (Saturday), and the next fortnightly meeting on Saturday, March 4th.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The theatrical season is drawing to a close, nothing but "farewell benefits" taking place at the Salle Monsigny. Since the beginning of the year we have had a variety of dramas, operas comique, and vaudevilles placed on the boards by the enterprising manager, M. Champagne, including *Les Dragons de Villars*, in which Mdlles Dumoulin and Géradon (an old favourite of 1877) appeared, and *La Fille de Régiment*; while *Le Prêtre* (M. Champanois in the principal character), *Le Voyage d'Agrémont*, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, "93" (by Victor Hugo—a long drama in five acts and twelve *tableaux*), and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, given last night, complete our past repertoire. A new director is appointed for the month of June—M. Bérard, who was the "comique" here a few years ago. The last night of the season will be on March 31st.

To encourage intended visitors this year, I must tell you that "*all* the town is *up*" in the shape of a main drainage, twenty-five feet deep, carried through every street, at which hundreds of men are at work. Though not very pleasant for residents at present, our visitors will in future have no cause to complain of the "delicate perfume from the harbour" and other *egouts* (*ça dépende desgouts!*) so characteristic of fair Boulogne.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Feb. 15, 1882.

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A FÊTE AT BUCHAREST.

The supposed indolence of the Roumanians cannot be said to reveal itself in their amusements; on the contrary, in the pursuit of pleasure they display an energy contrasting strongly with the national feeling. Ladies who would shudder at the prospect of walking a mile, are indefatigable in their attendance at balls, theatres, and similar haunts of dissipation. Any catastrophe, local or foreign, is hailed with secret delight, as offering the pretext for organizing *fêtes* on a more or less magnificent scale, solely, of course, with the view of benefitting the victims of the disaster. The recent burning of the Krembser Circus, as might have been expected, was not permitted to pass without a noble outburst of generosity, originated by members of the Roumanian press. It was proposed by that philanthropic body to arrange a *fête* of unprecedented grandeur: a committee of between fifty and sixty gentleman and an equal number of lady patronesses, with Prince George Bibesco as president, was consequently formed, and their combined ingenuity called into requisition, in order to invent novel and attractive features. If the multiplicity of cooks did not succeed on this occasion in spoiling the broth, certainly a considerable amount of time was disposed of in the discussion of wild and impracticable combinations. At the last moment "obstruction" was caused by a difficulty in deciding the colours of the rosettes to be worn by the ladies and gentlemen of the committee. Red was proposed for the gentlemen, but as in Roumania nothing can take place without the intervention of political feeling, that pronounced hue was indignantly repudiated by the conservative members, while white was voted too "inoffensive" by the liberals. More neutral tints were finally agreed upon, and the proceedings again set in motion. A protest was also raised against the devoting of the entire proceeds to the succour of a foreigner, which resulted in a decision to divide the spoil, giving one half to Krembser, the remainder to the poor of Bucharest.

The *fête* took place on Thursday evening at the Operahouse. The body of the theatre was raised to the level of the stage, handsomely carpeted, and lined with chairs. On each side of the stage a Tombola (Raffle), offered its seductive store of prizes; the extreme end was occupied by a buffet, equally, perhaps more, seductive, and presided over by several ladies of the committee all dressed in the picturesque Wallachian national costume. In the centre of the theatre a large space was reserved for dancing, and at each corner a flower stall was placed, decorated even more attractively by its fair occupants than by the floral treasures they offered for sale. Amongst the flower sellers were conspicuous Mdme Gregoire Ghika, sister to the Princess of Serbia, Mdmes B. Brâtiano and Catargi, with other ladies well known in Roumanian society. In the *foyer* another buffet, as well furnished as the rival establishment downstairs, broke on the gaze of the thirsty crowd; and a *boutique* of jewellery sold by the "Trei Costici," three namesakes renowned in Bucharest, occupied the adjoining apartment. Facing the buffet a luxurious divan supplied with piles of Turkish tobacco, cigarettes, &c., which were offered for fabulous sums by the charming Wallachian attendants, the whole forming a delightfully oriental picture. In another division was placed the Press Kiosque partly for the sale of newspapers and *objets de fantasie*, but principally for the propagation of a review published for the occasion entitled "Caritatea" (Charity.) The frontispiece was adorned with a design given by M. Aman, one of the most distinguished Roumanian painters, and amongst the contributors was in the first place, Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania, who, under her poetical "nom de plume," Carmen Sylva, had sent some admirably expressed "Thoughts." The famous politician and poet, M. Rosetti, was represented by a short but powerful paper on the Roumanian peasant, M. Damé, editor of the "Rômanul," by a poem on the conflagration of the Circus, M. Demètro Jannesco by a humorous sketch, and Mdme Demètro Jannesco, better known in London in her character of pianist, and under her maiden name Miss Bessie Richards, by an article entitled "Les salons musicaux à Londres et à Bucharest." It is a matter of opinion whether the large circulation attained by "Caritatea" was due as much to its own merits as to the strenuous exertions of the ladies deputed to act as itinerant vendors in the theatre, who did not relax their efforts until every gentleman was supplied with at least half-a-dozen copies, for which were paid various sums ranging from one to one hundred francs. The victims were even pursued to the boxes by their relentless persecutors. A sufficiently happy result was, however, attained, as the Press Kiosque alone realized upwards of 5,000 francs. The aspect of the theatre was indescribably brilliant. Three tiers of boxes and the body of the building were filled, the ladies all wearing national costume, diversified according to the different districts they represented, and a good deal by the fancy of the wearer. The costume generally consists of a skirt and full bodice chemise made of loose white linen, woven and embroidered by the Roumanian peasants; the bodice is confined by a spangled belt or a red scarf twisted several times round the waist; over the skirt is worn a tunic and apron, black or red for the most part, and more or less intricately spangled and worked in gold, silver, and the brightest colours. Round the neck are hung quantities of coins and pearls, the same ornaments often, combined with a coloured foulard handkerchief, being fastened on the head; those whom nature has supplied with sufficient abundance wear their hair in two long plaits, or flowing unconfined over the shoulders. Married ladies are not permitted this display of perhaps their greatest charm, and the handkerchief is in their case replaced by the marama, a long white filmy veil, sometimes spangled, sometimes plain, which is arranged most becomingly on the head. The marama is attached with stars and sequins, one end floating at the back, the other thrown lightly round the throat.

The King arrived at ten o'clock, accompanied by the Prince of Monaco, and several gentlemen of the Court; her Majesty the Queen was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from adding by her presence to the brilliancy of the scene. But she sent a gracious message to the committee implying that she was at least not absent in the spirit. After surveying the theatre from his box, the King joined the crowd downstairs and good-naturedly laid himself open to the persistent demands of the various amateur flower and tobacco merchants, and propagators of the "Tombola" tickets. His Majesty is said to have laid out £200 amongst his charitable and seductive subjects, and was only induced to renounce this lavish expenditure when informed by his Marshal that the exchequer was exhausted.

In the midst of the hum of conversation, the appeals of the vendors, and the clinking of glasses at the buffets, was heard in the intervals of the dances the half-savage and melancholy music of the lautari, or national musicians, grouped in a recess of the stage, and attired in the very original costumes of the country. Dancing was kept up, as they say in describing county balls, with great spirit until "a late or rather an early hour." Bucharest was sent home finally wearied, while Krembser, who had been watching the proceedings with an easily explained interest, retired in a state of perfect beatitude. The exact sum realized by the *fête* has not yet been officially stated, but it is said by the reliable reporters to amount to over 50,000 francs (£2,000).

Bucharest, Sunday, Feb. 5th.

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EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES OF THE DRAMA.

On Friday last, before a crowded meeting of the "Balloon Society of Great Britain," held at Westminster, Capt. F. S. Dumaresq de Carteret-Bisson, M.A., author of "Our Schools and Colleges," gave an interesting address on the "Drama as an Element of Education." The chair was taken by Major Charles Mercier, and amongst those present were Mr W. H. Le Fevre, C.E. (president of the society), Lady Havelock. Lady Marchmont, Hon. Mrs Gordon, Mrs Cox, Mrs Ross, Col. Bruce, R.E., Miss Minnie Bell, Capt. Molesworth, and many others interested in the drama. A letter was read from Prince Leopold, stating that his absence on the continent rendered his attendance impossible. After a communication from M. de Fonville, president of the French Balloon Society, had been read, giving a full description of his balloon ascents from Paris during the recent extraordinary fogs, the lecturer traced the history of the drama from its early days in Greece. To the want of a legitimate drama he attributed, to some extent at least, the rapid decline of the Roman Empire, and to its existence no small amount of the vitality that characterized the Teutonic race. Tracing the history of the British drama, from the miracle plays introduced soon after the Norman Conquest, to its glorious noonday in the time of the immortal Shakspere, he contrasted the manner in which the works of the poet were produced in the days of Queen Elizabeth; the dingy boards, the tawdry decoration and almost total absence of scenery, when the removal of a throne and the substitution of a table and glasses were considered enough to mark the change from a palace to a tavern, with the splendid appointments of the present day, and the magnificent scenery which framed the performance of actors of genius like Mr Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr Wilson Barrett, and Miss Eastlake. If, fifty years ago, any one had stated that the works of Shakspere would become an important element of education, he would have been looked upon as a brainless enthusiast; and yet so changed were the times, that the value in this respect was now universally acknowledged of the productions of the greatest poet of all time. The lecture was interspersed with readings from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *The Lady of Lyons*, which were rendered by the lecturer with due dramatic effect. A discussion on the educational influences of the drama followed.—(*Communicated.*)

Maurel has cancelled his engagement in Marseilles. He is said not to have been satisfied with the other members of the company.

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MR SIMS REEVES' CONCERT.

The third concert of "operatic, national, and miscellaneous music" was given by Mr Sims Reeves at St James's Hall on Tuesday evening. The popular tenor was in good health and excellent voice, no "apology" had to be made, and Mr Reeves gave the three pieces he had undertaken to sing with all his usual energy and ability. The operatic selection was from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mr Reeves rendering "Fra poco a me recovero" with all the expression requisite to give effect to Donizetti's beautiful *aria*. Mr Reeves afterwards gave (by desire) the song from Professor Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, "The grasping, rasping Norman race," which produced so great an effect at his last concert, and was, as on that occasion, compelled to repeat it. Mr Reeves's last song was Hatton's "Good-bye, sweetheart," at the conclusion of which he was twice called back to bow his acknowledgment for the hearty applause with which he was greeted. The other singers in *Lucia* were Mr Barrington Foote, to whom was confided the aria, "Cruda funesta smania"; Mdme Marie Roze and Mr Shakespeare who contributed the duet, "Sulla tomba," Mdme Roze afterwards singing the aria, "Perché non ho" (re-called twice); and Miss Carlotta Elliot, who gave the recit. and aria, "Ardon gl'incensi" (flute *obbligato* Mr Nicholson), the same lady joining Messrs Shakespeare, Barrington Foote, and H. Pyatt in the fine sestet, "Chi mi frena." A feature in the concert was the performance on the violoncello by Signor Piatti of his arrangement of "Airs Baskyrs," which elicited such uproarious applause that Signor Piatti returned and repeated the composition. Signor Piatti afterwards played, in perfection, his transcription of Schubert's "Ave Maria." The micellaneous part of the concert included "Se il rigor" (*La Juive*), and "In sheltered Vale" (Carl Formes), capitally sung by Mr H. Pyatt; Bishop's "Pretty mocking bird" (flute *obbligato* Mr Nicholson), admirably rendered by Mdme Marie Roze, who was twice "called," but could not be persuaded to sing again, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful song, "Maiden Mine," beautifully sung by Mr Shakespeare. The Anemoic Union, under the direction of Mr Lazarus, played, with effect, selections from operas by Rossini, Verdi, &c. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the singers.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The last Saturday Popular Concert of our present choral and orchestral series, under the management of the Glasgow Choral Union, conducted by Mr Manns, was one of peculiar interest. It was called a "plebiscite" concert, and the following was the *voix populaire* as to the pieces which contained the greatest merit of all the many played during the season:—Amongst the symphonies Berlioz's *Fantastique* heads the list with an enormous majority, it obtained 859 votes. Beethoven's *Pastoral* comes next in order with 407; Raff's *Leonore*, 310; and Mendelssohn's *Scotch* Symphony has 264. *Tannhäuser* is at the top of the overtures, with 425 votes; *William Tell*, 391; and, in the department of "ballet airs and dance music," Mr Manns' "Indian Plait Dance" scored 493, as against the "Blue Danube" waltz, which gained 360. Among the "miscellaneous music," Boccherini's Minuet for strings has first place, 268; and Weber's "Imitation à la Valse," 255. It was quite impossible for the directors to make the programme in accordance with the general wish, and the following judicious selections were made, out of a total of 2,422 votes:—Symphonie Fantastique, *An Episode in the Life of an Artist* (Berlioz), 859; Kólâttam, "An Indian Plait Dance" (Manns), 493; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner), 425; Overture, *William Tell* (Rossini), 391; Waltz, "The Blue Danube" (Strauss), 360; Minuet for Strings (Boccherini), 268; Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn), 253. It need hardly be added that the concert was an enormous success. Every inch of the large concert-room was eagerly contested for, whilst many hundreds were turned away with sadly disappointed faces. Of course the audience applauded to the utmost every item played; and why not? had not all present good reason to approve of their pet selection! Mr Manns and his orchestra entered heartily into the situation, and gave a jocund rendering of every number on the programme. Mr Fred. King was the vocalist of the evening, and sang with great effect to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

The 10th and concluding concert of the subscription series was devoted (as it turned out) to a wonderfully fine performance of Berlioz's *Faust*. Berlioz's works have, during our brief season, created a universal amount of attention, and it may be safely said, admiration, which no composer has previously received at the hands of the general public as well as at those of the most enthusiastic amateurs.* Whether this present excitement over these works will subside with a permanent admiration of the French composer's erratic writings remains to be seen; for my own part, I question it. Be that as it may, let me briefly indicate how the dramatic legend was performed. The solo vocalists were—Miss M. Davies, Mr Barton M'Guckin, Mr Fred. King, and a member of the Choral Union. Miss Mary Davies sang her music with that delicacy and freshness which, from her, we always expect. Mr M'Guckin appeared in the first part not to be wholly at home in his music, and consequently was less effective than he otherwise was sure to have been. Mr Fred. King in more than one number made his mark as a singer with a fine voice, and with equally fine expression, and can at times display an amount of declamatory power which, in these days, is seldom heard from a baritone. The chorus were fairly well up in their work, and in the first portion of the legend the singing was characterised by great vigour. In the second part, however, it is to be feared that more than one of Berlioz's intricate passages (which never should have been written for the human voice) were a shade too much for the members of the choir. Yet in justice it should be added that every member strove to give a good account of every bar. Thus any shortcomings in exact execution were literally borne away by the determined efforts of all sections of the choir in their desire to give a vivid representation of the marvellous tone-picture. Regarding Mr Manns and his orchestra nothing more need be said than they were at their very brightest, and contributed in a great measure to the grand success of the evening.

Thus finished the present series of concerts under Mr. Manns' direction, which, in time to come, will have an honourable mention in the pages of the History of Music in Scotland. I understand that so great has been the success this season, alike musically and financially, that Mr Manns will return next year to Glasgow and will occupy the same position which he has done during the last three seasons.

[* "Our own correspondent" in writing this must have been recreating himself with some one who "likes his gompany."—D. T.]

THE KENNEDY FAMILY IN NEW YORK.—In Steinway Hall on Friday night, Jan. 20th, there was a large audience gathered to hear a concert of Scottish music by the Kennedy family. Nearly every chair in the room, writes *The Tribune*, was occupied, and there was an outburst of enthusiam after each song, in which, as plainly as in the beating of time by hundreds of feet during the playing of some reels and strathspeys, could be perceived the patriotic spirit of New York's Scotch population. The singers all brought good voices and a delightfully simple and heartfelt style to the performance of their work, and made the evening one of rare pleasure even to those whose patriotic memories were not appealed to. The beauty of the old Scottish songs and their characteristic features have often been descanted upon, and nothing new can be added upon these points, but to appreciate the humorous and patriotic ones especially, they should be heard from a singer with the imitative powers and the inspiriting declamation of Mr Kennedy.

PARIS.—Mr Charles Oberthür, professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, is not merely an eminent virtuoso but also a composer of merit. We had the proof of this at a concert he gave in the Salle Erard, when several of his compositions were successfully performed; among them the audience were especially pleased with a trio for violin, violoncello, and harp, very well executed by MM. Nadaud, Loeb, and the author, and a fine "Prayer" for organ and harp, played by MM. Lamothe and Oberthür. In the vocal portion of the concert, Mdlle Doré-Desvignes was applauded for her rendering of a *romance* by Oberthür, and M. Valdec charmed the audience with two melodies by M. L. Diémer. We must also mention the pleasure M. J. Loeb, the excellent violoncello solo of the Opera, afforded by playing to perfection a piece by M. B. Godard, and Dunckler's "Fileuse."—*Le Ménestrel.*

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

In anticipation of a special general meeting, to be held on the 21st inst., the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have issued a report on the general condition of that body. It is a disappointing, and to lovers of music a melancholy, document. There were many who looked forward to the society's jubilee season as to a point where the tide of fortune, long ebbing, would turn and flow. It was fondly hoped that an institution, venerable in point of age, and having peculiar claims upon artistic society, would find even obstinate indifference change to something of friendly interest at such a critical period in its history. Nothing of the kind, however, has taken place. On the contrary, lukewarmness has become so cold as to have almost lost a right to the name, and it really seems as though the friends of this once powerful society are "scuttling" away from it like rats from a rotten ship. For this view of the case we have the authority of the committee, who say that "there has been a further falling off in the subscription list," while "there is no sign of any improvement in the receipts from the general public." It is added that, "whereas in former times three-shilling tickets for the Society's concerts were often sold for many times their original price, the number of persons out of the four millions inhabiting London willing to pay half-a-crown to hear the much finer performances of last season only averaged 180; while, if certain favourite works be excluded from the calculation, the number would dwindle down to the low average of 120." We confess our profound disappointment—we had almost written disgust—at this state of things, and can feel no surprise at the resolution to which the committee have come. Deeply interested as are the members of that body in the success of the institution they control, their only honest and straightforward course was to lay the matter before their constituents, and advise that "it will be better to bring the Society to an honourable close at the end of its fiftieth year, rather than to struggle further against the inevitable, with the almost certain prospect of having to encounter a similar difficulty sooner or later, even if by some extraordinary means present embarrassments could be tided over for a time." Everyone must admire the manly tone of this counsel. The committee do not wish the Society to go begging for the means of subsistence, but desire that, having lived a life of dignity for fifty years, it may gather its robes about it and die a worthy death. They could do no other; but the obligation resting upon them does not debar us from asking whether some plan may yet be devised to the end of continuing a valuable career, without compromising principles that command our sympathies.

The committee naturally set forth the causes which, in their view, have led to the present position of the society, and the manner in which they anticipate the charge of lacking enterprise is noteworthy. Superficial observers are wont to say that the enterprise languishes because of limitation to a small repertory of familiar masterpieces. Against this opinion the report sets facts and figures, declaring that "for more than twenty years past there have been only two works, the names of which will readily occur to the members, the performance of which could be reckoned upon with any certainty to produce a profit." Even *Israel in Egypt*, we are told, has only yielded a profit on six occasions out of the last fifteen performances. The committee might have given other and still more convincing particulars had they chosen to do so. They might have pointed out, for example, how Beethoven's Second Mass, and Bach's *Matthew Passion* were performed to receipts hardly sufficient for more than the rent of the room. In view of all this, it is idle to reproach the society for not affecting new works. Some years ago, Mr Barnby tried the value of novelties, and he is now found at the Albert Hall ringing the changes upon about as many old oratorios as there are fingers on his hands. We may marvel that such things should be; we may feel ashamed of them; but we cannot dispute their existence. The real causes of the society's present state are set forth by the committee with a confidence which reflection perfectly justifies. They say, in the first place, that oratorio performances, especially by smaller and local associations, are now frequent, instead of, as was once the case, rare. These, naturally drain away support from the central society, and have the advantage of being able to offer the amateurs of oratorio an entertainment which, if not a very high class, is inexpensive and easily accessible. In the next place, the Committee point to the change which has come over public opinion on the question of music and public amusements generally. At one time, a performance of sacred works was the only entertainment which large numbers of persons thought consistent with their religious principles, while many regarded even this with doubt as a possible invention of the enemy. Whether we have become less religious, or less puritanical, is beside the question; in any case the restriction no longer exists; the barriers between sacred and secular art are broken down, and the society enjoys only a share of the patronage which once was all its own. We are asked to recognize other though minor causes, in the increased expense of concert-giving—calculated at one third more than had to be met thirty years ago, and due almost entirely to the demands of solo vocalists; and in the compulsory removal from Exeter Hall, with which building the society had been so long identified. Let us frankly admit the formidable character of the changes which have worked harm to the institution. They are changes which evade argument, and lie beyond the reach of remonstrance. It is of no use to wax angry with them, the only course open being to take them into account, and see if circumstances cannot bend to the new order of things.

Very properly the committee assume that a section of the musical public will resent the abandonment of their work without further struggle, and they invite such persons seriously to consider the best means of forming a new society, which shall take over the goodwill and assets of the old institution. We regard this suggestion as utterly impracticable. No new society would succeed where the present organization has failed, since it would have to encounter the same obstacles without the prestige that attends an honourable record of achievement through fifty years of life. What, then, is to be done? Should a few cries of "Nothing" answer this question we may safely ignore them. Whatever the low state of musical life among us, it is hard to believe that a society which presents, in the best available manner, the masterpieces of oratorio is accounted valueless, or that an institution which for half a century has embodied a distinctly national taste, and, at the Crystal Palace, has given performances able to call forth the wonder and admiration of the world, has failed to make itself an object of sentiment and sympathy. It must surely be that the Sacred Harmonic Society possesses a multitude of friends who, however careless at other times, are in the present trouble willing to come forward and give the help which it can scarcely be expected to beg. The committee themselves indicate in a passing manner the only method open to such well-wishers. They say, "It would be hopeless for any body of amateurs to attempt to give concerts on the same complete scale as those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, unless they were supported by a sufficient number of influential and wealthy guarantors, as is the case with all the large musical festivals throughout the country." The remedy lies, therefore, in a guarantee fund. We shall be told, perhaps, that a concern which cannot pay its way is not worth propping up, and the dictum may hold good in matters outside the domain of art. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that institutions like the Sacred Harmonic Society do not exist for the sake of a balance-sheet. They are public educators, centres of beneficent influence, agents of refinement, and ministers to the most ennobling of pleasures. As such their life should not depend upon ability "to make two ends meet." Hence the idea entertained in some quarters of attempting to raise a guarantee fund to be represented on the committee by certain of the guarantors is one eminently worthy of consideration, and likely to meet with support. The time is opportune for such a proposition, while the sympathy everywhere felt for Sir Michael Costa might be glad to take a practical form in connection with a society served by him for more than a generation. How the thing is done matters little, but for very shame's sake let us all hope that it may be done somehow, and music in the metropolis spared the disgrace of seeing one of its oldest representative bodies left to die of wasting.—*D. T.*

—o—

SIGNOR FABIO CAMPANA.

The sudden death of Signor Fabio Campana, which took place on Thursday, Feb. 2nd, at his residence, 15, Westbourne Place, Belgravia, leaves a blank in the musical world in general, and in that vast circle of friends and admirers by whom the talented *maestro* was so deservedly beloved and esteemed. Signor Campana was one of the most popular composers of the modern Italian vocal school; the diversity and easy flow of his melodies, up to the moment when death interposed, are striking proofs of his bright talent. His vocal compositions, numbering upwards of 400, were seldom absent from the programmes of the most brilliant concerts of the season, whether given in fashionable concert-rooms or in the elegant drawing-rooms of the *élite*. Who can fail to acknowledge the charm of "Tel' rammenti," "Una sera d'amore," and "Non posso vivere senza di te"? His opera, *Esmeralda*, though rarely heard in this country, is invariably received with the greatest favour in Italy, Spain, and Russia.—(*Communicated.*)

Gudrun, a new opera, music by Aug. Klughardt, has been produced at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Neu-Strelitz.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM

ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 (dedicated to Count Rasoumowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Lusinghe più care" (Handel)—Miss Annie Marriott; Nocturne, in C minor and Impromptu, in F sharp major (Chopin), for pianoforte alone—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Romance (Joachim) and Caprice (Paganini), for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr Joachim; Duet, "How lovely is thy face" (Handel)—Miss Annie Marriott and Miss Edith Miller; Trio, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 18, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in D minor, Op. 10, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda (her Last Appearance but One), MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "The Savoyard's Return" (Piatti)—Mr Herbert Reeves—violoncello *obbligato*, Signor Piatti; Sonata, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Sonata, in D major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Handel)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "The Miller's Daughter" (Pinsuti)—Mr Herbert Reeves; Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTLAND.—Reid Festival next week.

GLASGOW—PAISLEY.—Too late, as usual. Cannot you remember that Mr D. P. is travelling in space, and that Dr Beard, who resides near Worcester, is his temporary substitute?

AN ADMIRER OF BOTH.—No. Auber, the inimitable Frenchman, was born in 1782, ten years before Rossini, the inimitable Italian, who came into the world (happy coincidence!) in the same year as our poet of poets, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

DEATHS.

On Feb. 4th, Mr G. A. CHALLENGER, pianoforte manufacturer, in his fifty-fourth year.

On Feb. 9th, at 33, Oakeley Square, N.W., JOHN, eldest son of the late RALPH ALLISON, of Wardour Street, Soho, aged fifty-one.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

A CRY FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—May I ask how many rehearsals are deemed necessary by Mr Joseph Barnby for the oratorio performances in Albert Hall? Is it generally known that extra rehearsals cost money, and that English orchestral players are not slaves as the orchestral players at Munich would seem to be? We have no amateur composer here, like Baron von Perfall. We swear, and have long sworn, by Sir Michael Costa, always the true Father of the Orchestra, looking after his "fiddlers" as Nelson looked after his sailors, and Wellington after his soldiers—while always exacting the discipline which, strictly observing himself, he as strictly enforced upon those under his control. You want exceptional performances—well, you must pay for them. Every working man's labour is worth his hire. Why, then, should orchestral players be called upon to work at unreasonable times (and for unreasonable terms), in order to lighten the risk of an undertaker? That undertaker may undertake a grand undertaking; but the orchestra will not undertake to undertake forced labour. If Mr Richard Wagner requires three hundred rehearsals for *Parsifal* he may get them at Bayreuth, but will never get them here. Not even poor Kundry, with all her love for Amfortas, whom, by her wiles, like a certain Vivien, she dragged down from the skies to the earth, could persuade them—the late M. De Folly (who always wished to descend from the heights of the *piccolo* to the depths of the *contrabasso*), perhaps excepted.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

AN ORCHESTRAL PLAYER OF SOME WATES.

["A white stone! A white stone!" ("Strap," in course) —"a white stone!—a white stone!"—Mr Bridge.]

A QUESTION OF FLUTES.

On Change.

DR QUINCE (*hurriedly*).—Ah! One instant. About flutes—Böhm or Gordon?

DR SHIPPING (*hurriedly*).—Böhm, of course.

DR QUINCE (*hurriedly*).—About Gordon?

DR SHIPPING (*breathless*).—Böhm, of course!

[*Exeunt severally to Turkish and Egyptian.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The German manuscript of the accompanying paper, with a translation by himself, which I have since re-cast, was sent me by Mr. J. P. Triggs, flutist, of Glasgow. He tells me that he received the manuscript, corrected and signed in Dr Schafhäutl's handwriting, from Mr Schmidt, the publisher, of Heilbronn. I do not know whether it has been published in Germany, but I believe that it contains matter likely to interest English flute players, and settles authoritatively the much-debated question as to the invention of the Böhm flute.—I am, sir, very faithfully yours,

W. S. BROADWOOD.

Cabalva, Radnorshire, Feb. 13th, 1882.

THEOBALD BÖHM, AND THE FLUTE CALLED AFTER HIM.

It seems that the old dispute as to who was the real inventor of the "Böhm Flute" has again cropped up. It originated in Paris. The celebrated flutist, V. J. B. Coche, who was one of the first to play the Böhm flute, who contributed more than anyone to bring it into use in France, and who explained its merits in a pamphlet of his own composition (Paris, 1839), writes to Böhm, May 25th, 1838: "On dit dans le monde artiste, que la flute qui porte votre nom a été découverte par un nommé Gordon ancien élève de Drouet."

The Gordon in question was a Swiss, who had served as an officer in the Gardes du Corps of Charles X., and had been pensioned after that King's abdication. He heard Böhm play upon his ring-keyed flute at a concert in London (1831); made Böhm's acquaintance; and conceived the idea of himself making a new flute that should be free from the defects of the old flute. We shall become better acquainted with this "new flute." Gordon worked at it in Paris indefatigably with his own hands, and showed it to his teacher, Drouet. In a letter dated Feb. 15, 1833, he writes to Böhm: "J'ai vu Drouet à Paris; mais il récule devant un changement dans le doigté. Tulou en est là aussi."

That Drouet and Tulou should have remembered Gordon when Böhm came forward with his own flute, is easily to be accounted for; but that they should distinguish what was the fundamental principle on which the flutes of Gordon and of Böhm were constructed, is more than could be expected of most artists; besides which they were reluctant to acknowledge that the new was more and more

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superseding the old flute; for Coche had already won over all musicians by his performances on the new Böhm flute.

I have frequently written concerning its origin; for instance, in *the official reports of the London Industrial Exhibition*, 1851 *(Berlin*, 1852, *pages* 882-884*)*; again, in *the report of the Juror's Committee, Munich Industrial Exhibition*, 1854 *(Munich*, 1855, *pages* 444-446*)*; and finally, in greater detail, in the *Algemeine Musikalische Zeitung, Leipsic*, 1879, *No.* 39, *pages* 643-646.

Now that Gordon and Böhm are both dead, the former long since, the latter only towards the end of last year (November 25), I feel myself doubly compelled to make it clear to the musical public, that Theobald Böhm is indeed the inventor of the flute which bears his name.

The eminent flutist, Theobald Böhm, was gifted not only with musical talent, but possessed also a genius for mechanism. After his appointment to the Royal Bavarian Orchestra in 1816, he made several cleverly designed flutes, with a special arrangement of key mechanism, for himself and for his master, Rapelle, also a member of the Royal Orchestra; and, finally, in the year 1828, he set up a flute manufactory of his own in Munich. From this period dates the gradual adoption in England and France of the excellent system of key mechanism, designed and made by Böhm himself. The great success which Böhm achieved as a flutist in Munich and in Switzerland induced him at length to visit Paris and London, where the artistic refinement of his style, the fluency and certainty of his execution commanded general admiration. In London the extraordinarily large tone of the flute player Nicholson, at that time so celebrated in England, surprised Böhm, who hastened to make his acquaintance, and soon found that the secret of the power of the Nicholson flute lay in the unusual size of the holes. But even so, the capabilities of the instrument were very limited, for, except that of F, no scale was quite in tune. The scales on the Böhm flute were all in better tune than those upon the Nicholson flute, as at that time manufactured by the English makers. Böhm had long been thinking of making a flute which should combine fulness of tone with accuracy of intonation; but he foresaw that this could not be accomplished without a change of fingering, and he knew how difficult it would be to induce musicians, who had practised one system all their lives, to take to another. During this visit to London, however, he finally resolved to carry out his long cherished purpose.

In December of the year 1832, his new flute with its new scale was finished. He soon mastered the new fingering, and in the succeeding year, 1833, played it in Paris, and also in London, with great success.

Savart, the professor of acoustics, at first received Böhm very coldly, and declared that to play the scale on the flute in tune in all keys was impossible, but when he heard Böhm do this he was so astonished that he himself introduced Böhm to the Academy.

In London, Böhm created quite as great a sensation as in Paris. He particularly impressed Gordon, a retired colonel of the Gardes du Corps of Charles X. Gordon, who was a pupil of Drouet, and an enthusiastic flute player, at once comprehended the advantages of the Böhm flute, renewed his acquaintance with Böhm, and was initiated into his system. He induced Böhm to have a flute tube made for him at Munich by his best workman, but without keys; for he believed that the Böhm mechanism could be simplified so as to require eight keys only. To this notion he clung till the end of his days; undeterred by constant failure, or by Böhm's warning that to obtain power, equality, and freedom of tone; together with fluency of execution and accuracy of intonation, with a flute having thirteen sound holes and only eight keys, was an impossibility. This notion of Gordon's had already become a sort of monomania. He clung to it till the end of his life—a very sad end, as we are told.

Gordon left London "peu de temps après votre départ pour Munich," as he writes in a letter of the 15th February, 1833. He was then working, as we have seen, at a flute, with the thirteen holes of the Böhm system, but with only eight keys, which, as he wrote, he himself had made. This flute was barely playable in slow movements. In rapid passages, the very unequal tone frequently missed altogether. Gordon, however, ascribed these ever recurring difficulties of execution to bad workmanship; so that he looked upon the flutes he had made thus far as mere models.

In a letter from Lausanne, dated February, 1833, which lies before me at this moment, he requests Böhm to have a flute made by one of his very best workmen on his (Gordon's) model. Böhm answered that it would be better that Gordon should come to Munich. He followed this advice, and arrived in Munich July, 1833, where he remained till March, 1834; Böhm placing at his disposition one of his most skilful workmen, but being himself away in London.

Model after model was made and rejected one after another. I myself at first witnessed these unsuccessful attempts. At length a well made flute upon Gordon's model was finished, and he at once brought his invention before the public. In 1834 Gordon advertised his new flute in Paris, under the name of *La Flûte Diatonique*, and brought out a lithographed "Table of Fingering" for it.

In the introduction appended to his Table of fingering for the flûte diatonique, fabriquée dans les ateliers de Böhm, he says:—

"La suppression des deux clefs de Fa dièze, est une idée dont l'application offre de grands avantages. *L'idée de cette clef, de Fa dièze communiquée par M. Böhm de Munich, a été avec son agrément adoptée pour la présente Flûte*, dont elle complète les moyens d'execution." This diatonic flute had, of course, the thirteen holes of the Böhm system; five of which remained open for the fingers (E, F, F sharp, B, and C sharp).

Gordon's eight keys intended for the other eight holes were connected with each other by contrivances of all sorts—a very puzzle of levers. Above the D sharp hole were the ends of three keys, close together. Five keys had ends shaped like hackers (like the crescent of the moon five days before new moon), and these were for the shakes. They were placed in the shape of a sickle round the holes, so that when one key was pressed down it closed two adjoining holes. Gordon worked on with Böhm's best workman (Böhm himself being again away) with great perseverance, but none of his diatonic flutes satisfied him. At length despairing, he went back to Switzerland, and we have no reliable account of what became of him and his flute. It was reported that he threw it into the Lake of Geneva, and died in a mad-house. His own fixed idea appears to have completely overmastered the intellect of that gallant and amiable gentleman.

In that same year (1833) Böhm went again to London, and created so great a sensation that the celebrated Dorus*, then a young man, at once laid aside the old flute, and with his wonted energy and talent soon mastered the Böhm flute. In 1837 the Böhm flute was introduced into the Paris Conservatoire, after a committee—of which Savart, Prony, and Dulong were members—had borne the highest testimony to its merits.

In 1846 Böhm crowned his invention by substituting a cylinder for the old conical bore; he also introduced that parabolic curve in the head joint, which is necessary for correctness of intonation in the high notes. This flute obtained the Gold Medal at the Universal Exhibition (London, 1851), Berlioz taking an active part in the decisions of the jurors. Also at the Paris Exhibition, 1855, it carried off the Gold Medal, to which was added a most flattering acknowledgment of the merits of Böhm's system. At the present time the Böhm flute is played upon all over the civilized world.

Those who know how great is the distance which separates the conception of even the happiest ideas from their realization and introduction in a practical form, will see a proof of the value of Böhm's system in the fact that it has at length established its position in the musical world, notwithstanding the long-continued opposition of many leading artists. In a letter to Böhm, already quoted, Gordon writes that Drouet and Tulou approved of his flute; but would not hear of a change of fingering.

Böhm's flute would have been rejected for the same reason, had not its superiority been such as to throw into the shade all others—old or new. Thus I have again related in its general outlines the history of the invention and development of the Böhm flute. Probably, I am the best witness as to the whole matter; for I lived over fifty-two years with my friend Böhm; under my guidance he devoted himself most perseveringly to the study of acoustics. I witnessed his innumerable experiments, which embraced all wind instruments; and which could only be carried out by one who united in his own person a practical knowledge of technical mechanism and of acoustic science.

That such a man should have borrowed from others the ideas upon which he founded the construction of his instruments, is what no one can seriously believe.

In later years Böhm extended the compass of the flute, carrying it down from C to the low G, thus adding a new powerful and effective instrument to the resources of musical art.† His key mechanism, now used upon all keyed wind instruments of the better class, have already secured for Böhm a permanent place in the history of musical instruments. The keys upon the foot joint of the flute, formerly supported by "cheeks" cut out of the wood and having a brass pin for axle—also the equally clumsy metal cups—

* It was, I believe, Dorus who introduced the closed G sharp key, which is in general use among French flutists.

† This is an allusion to the G (bass) flute, brought out only a few years ago by Böhm; and used in the orchestra—I am told, in some German orchestras, to produce special effects.—W. S. B.

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were replaced by small pillars and slender steel rods and axles, revolving in the ball shaped extremity of the pillar, and working with the accuracy and precision of a chronometer. The delicate steel springs of the mechanism furnished the means of uniting the action of keys placed at opposite extremities of the flute tube, and enabled the performer to cover a distant hole as perfectly and with the same certainty, as if the key lay beneath the finger. Keys are indispensable for the large holes of the Böhm flute; they cannot be covered by the unaided finger. Upon the old flute the keys opened small holes; upon the Böhm flute the keys hermetically close large holes. Böhm made, with his own hands, the first batch of his flutes, and he accustomed both his workmen and his successor* to such finish of mechanism as has seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

(Signed) CARL VON SCHAFHÄUTL,
Doctor and Professor in the Royal Bavarian Academy, University, and Conservatorium.

Munich, January 23, 1882.

—o—

MDLLE SARAH BERNHARDT AT GENOA.

As I had already told you, expectation was great. The stalls at the Carlo Felice were 20fr., and the prices of the boxes preposterous, yet on the day of the first appearance not a place could be found. The great actress arrived here on the morning of the 5th, and took apartments at the Hotel de Génes, just opposite the Carlo Felice Theatre. At night the house presented a splendid spectacle, among the spectators being Giuseppe Verdi, who was anxious to hear Mdlle Bernhardt in the piece which inspired his *Traviata*. There were in the theatre Mdlle Bianca Donadio, Adelina Patti's rival, and the two celebrated Italian actresses, Signora Maggi and Signora Campi. On Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt appearing on the stage a few of the spectators clapped their hands, but the rest of the audience remained silent. Shortly after the piece had commenced Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt fell on the stage in a fainting fit. There were cries of "Rideau, rideau," and the curtain fell. Animated discussion followed, when a gentleman appeared on the stage and announced that Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt was very ill, but hoped to feel better in a quarter of an hour and to resume acting. Notwithstanding the advice given by several doctors, Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt insisted upon continuing the piece. The second act was a great success, and so was the third. But during the scene with Armand's father the actress fainted again, spitting blood. She was carried senseless to her apartment in the hotel, a police inspector requesting the public to pardon if the play could not be continued. The impression produced was so great that on her re-appearing the second night to act *Adrienne de Lecouvreur* she met with a most enthusiastic reception, more especially on the part of the ladies, who presented her with splendid bouquets and presents. The following day Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt spent several hours at the churchyard of Staglieno admiring the splendid monuments of that cemetery.—*Morning Post Correspondence.*

MR HENRY IRVING, the distinguished actor, was elected by the committee, on Wednesday last, a member of the Athenæum Club.

MR JACQUES ROSENTHAL is to be the solo violinist at the Rochester Philharmonic Concert on Monday, when he will play the Concerto by Vieuxtemps, for which he obtained so much praise on his *début* at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

MDME ALWINA VALLERIA has requested us to state that the rumour of her intention to visit America this winter is entirely without foundation. Mdme Valleria will remain in England to fulfil the numerous engagements she has already contracted.

SALZBURG.—Peter Singer, a Franciscan monk, and inventor of a musical machine he called a "Pansymphonicon," died here suddenly on the 25th of January. He was born in 1810, at Hesselgehr, in the Tyrolean Lechthal. He was, also, the author of numerous works on music.

* Mr. Mendler, of Munich.—W. S. B.

CONCERTS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the last concert was "miscellaneous," comprising three works, which have absolutely nothing in common but their excellence. These were Handel's "Zadok the Priest" (Coronation Anthem for George II.), Gounod's "St. Cecilia" Mass, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, according to the Exeter Hall version, once bearing the title of *Engedi*—all too familiar to call for anything in the shape of critical remark. The leading singers were Miss A. Williams, Messrs Joseph Maas and Thorndike, to Mr Maas falling the difficult recitative and air with which Beethoven's oratorio opens. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Sir Michael Costa, the whole performance was directed—how ably need not be said—by M. Sainton, his long-trusted first violin, and, from time to time, zealous substitute as conductor. A report, to be presented by the Committee at a special general meeting of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society (on Tuesday, the 21st inst.), has already been printed and circulated among the friends and well-wishers of the institution. From this report, into the details of which space will not allow us at present to enter, but which it will be our duty to consider on a later occasion, there appears to be little hope for the future. To come at once to the point—the idea of another series of performances, under the same control and similar conditions may be put aside, as a dream of Utopia very unlikely to be realized. Nevertheless, if it be written in the Book of Fate that the present season must inevitably be the last, the Society, and its zealous guides may console themselves with the strong conviction that they have accomplished a great work thoroughly, and from the very commencement to the infinite credit of all concerned. Fifty years ago they began to remind our musical public that Handel, who had been dead for more than three quarters of a century, wrote many other things besides *The Messiah*, and other works more or less widely recognized. They also helped Spohr and Mendelssohn to obtain well deserved popularity among us, and in other respects justified a claim to general acknowledgment. The jubilee of the society—its "golden wedding" with that large number of our musical public to whom sacred compositions (as "high mountains" to Lord Byron) "are a feeling"—can only, then, be regarded as the climax to an undertaking, enthusiastically set on foot and enthusiastically carried out, by a body of amateurs whose exertions will surely be mentioned with due honour in future historical records of an art the high integrity of which, amid vicissitudes unnecessary to recount, they promoted and sustained for half a century. All honour to them! The next concert is announced for the 24th inst, on which occasion, besides Dr Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, the programme includes a new "Te Deum" by Mr W. G. Cusins (conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts), and Mendelssohn's magnificent setting of the 42nd Psalm. On this occasion—although, happily, Sir Michael Costa is sensibly recovering from the illness that so alarmed his many admirers among the public, and his many staunch friends who follow as professors or love as amateurs the art towards the advancement of which he has rendered such eminent service, M. Sainton will again be at the conductor's desk. It may be worth reminding our readers that Sir Michael was appointed conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts as far back as 1848, and that during that period he has directed all the Handel Festivals in the Crystal Palace from 1857 (the preliminary essayal) to 1880, the last grand assemblage.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The engagement of Mdme Norman-Néruda, begun so recently and terminating so much sooner than anticipated, has in one sense been satisfactory, and in another unsatisfactory, to the constant patrons of Mr Chappell's excellent concerts—satisfactory, because the highly-gifted lady violinist was never playing with more technical finish, or more admirable expression, than now; and unsatisfactory, because the curtain closes in so unexpectedly brief a time upon a delightful episode in the present season. Mdme Néruda has played in *bonâ fide* "classical" pieces by various masters, besides solos fitted to show to advantage her technical mastery of the instrument upon which she shines as "a bright particular star." Nevertheless, it must suffice to speak of her last appearance. This was on Monday evening, when, just as though to make her early departure the more regrettable, she led, with incomparable grace and (pass the word) "finesse," Schubert's fascinating quartet in A minor (the "Styrian quartet")—a composition into which she enters heart and soul, and which, it may be safely affirmed, she interprets with a perfection that may be accepted in the fullest signification of the word. In this quartet her associates were MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, upon whom, the last-named especially, no comment is required. For her solo, the fair and gifted Moravian selected three numbers from a *suite* by Franz Ries (a nephew to Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's one professional pupil, and a famous composer of his day), the worth of which was even exceeded by the style in which it was executed, although the movements—"Prelude," "Romance," and "Scherzo"

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are by no means without very considerable merit. She also joined Mdlle Marie Krebs, ready and intelligent, in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, "Op. 24" (F major)—melody of the rarest kind from the opening to the concluding bars—a performance to be recorded, in unqualified terms, as on both sides admirable. At the same concert Mdlle Krebs played, to the loudly proclaimed satisfaction of all present, the famous *Chromatic Fantasia* of J. S. Bach, also joining Signor Piatti in a *Larghetto* and *Allegretto* by Mr A. C. Mackenzie, which, it must be admitted, owed its chief success to the execution of the two artists—Signor Piatti's delivery of the theme of the opening movement being above praise. Mr Oswald was the singer, introducing, among other pieces, the late Sterndale Bennett's beautiful setting of Burns' plaintive stanzas, "To Chloe in sickness." Miss Emma Barnett has also made a successful appearance as pianist at these concerts, in one of the early sonatas of Beethoven (Op. 10—D major); Misses Spenser Jones and Carlotta Elliot enriching the catalogue of singers. Meanwhile, the arrival of Herr Joseph Joachim—among violinists still the emperor—is immediately expected, and (need it be said?) with pleasurable anticipations.

Madame Isabelle Powers' Concert.—The first appearance of a new vocalist is always an event of importance in the musical world; and, although Madame Powers is well known in musical circles in the North, in London she is a comparative stranger. She proved herself, although suffering from nervousness, to be a thoroughly well-trained singer. Her voice is fresh, clear, and expressive, Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" being artistically rendered, and that being the fact, it need hardly be said that she proved herself fully equal to the other songs she undertook, viz., Hatton's "To blossoms," and Willem Coenen's "Come unto me." It may be prophesied that Madame Powers will soon find scope in the musical world of London for the display of her musical abilities. Among novelties of interest were the performances of some pianoforte pupils of Signor Li Calsi and Herr Lehmeyer, who acquitted themselves with great credit to their well-known masters. Besides these talented pupils (Miss Alice Ashplant and Mr Sumpter) there was a "host of vocal and instrumental talent," and the concert gave evident satisfaction to a brilliant audience. Mr Trickett, evidently a thorough musician, accompanied the singers with tact and discrimination.

Mr Walter Clifford and a party of friends kindly provided the weekly entertainment to the inmates of the Brompton hospital, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7th. The performance opened and closed with Bishop's trio, "Maiden Fair," admirably sung by Mdme Alice Barth, Messrs Faulkner Leigh and Walter Clifford. Mdme Barth sang "Bid me discourse" and Balfe's "Killarney;" Mdlle Arditi, "Clochette" and Tosti's "Good bye," each lady obtaining hearty applause; Messrs Faulkner Leigh and W. Clifford gave the duet, "The moon has raised;" and Mr Faulkner Leigh a new song by Signor Mazzoni, "Are blue eyes true?" and "The anchor's weighed" (encored); Mr Clifford sang, "Oh, Mistress Mine," "To Anthea," and "From rock to rock," eliciting warm applause. Mr Henry Parker played three charming pianoforte solos of his own composition and accompanied the songs. Mr Romaine Walker recited "A little hero" and "Roger and I" very ably, and the whole performance was evidently enjoyed by the audience.

Mr Percy Blandford gave a concert at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, assisted by Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr Marcellus Higgs (organ), and Mr Sydney Naylor (pianoforte). Mr Blandford contributed "Sound an alarm," from *Judas Maccabæus*, an excerpt ("Ingemisco") from Verdi's *Requiem*, and Adolphe Adam's "Cantique pour Noël;" Mr Edward Lloyd, "Be thou faithful" (*St. Paul*) and Sullivan's "Once again;" Signor Foli, "Arm, arm, ye brave" (*Judas Maccabæus*), and Pinsuti's "Bedouin love song;" Mdme Sherrington, "Angels ever bright and fair" and a popular ballad; Mdme Patey, "O, rest in the Lord" and Mr Michael Watson's "Winter story." The Sterndale Bennett quartet, "God is a Spirit" (*The Woman of Samaria*) was also included in the programme. Mr Marcellus Higgs played the "War March of the Priests," from *Athalie*, and took part with Mr Sidney Naylor in Guilmant's "Duo Pastorale," for American organ and pianoforte, and Alberti's fantasia upon "Fatinitza." The concert gave perfect satisfaction.

Mr Sinclar Dunn's second annual concert on the 14th inst. at the London Art Galleries, was attended with much success. Mr Dunn was assisted by the following artists: Miss Effie Clements, Miss Augusta Arnold, and Mr Frank May, vocalists; Mr Frank Arnold, violinist, and Mr W. G. Wood, pianist. The programme was well selected and of reasonable length, most of the audience remaining to the end and testifying their appreciation throughout, even the last song, by Mr Dunn, being encored.

Miss Minnie Bell, a lady who possesses considerable talent as a dramatic reader, gave an interesting entertainment at St James's Hall, on the 11th inst., forming one of a series of Saturday evenings devoted to readings, interspersed with music. Miss Bell excels both in pathetic and humorous pieces, and her expressive rendering of "Beautiful Snow," by Sigourney, and "The Lady of Provence," by Mrs Hemans, visibly affected the audience, as did, in a different manner, a comic scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the "Execution" from the "Ingoldsby Legends." Miss Bell was assisted by Mdme Isabelle Powers and Miss Clara Myers (vocalists), and Mr George Gear (pianist), who played compositions by Chopin and Rubinstein, as well as his own *rigaudon*, entitled "Le Plaisir," winning much approval for each. We hope that Miss Bell may be encouraged to continue these agreeable entertainments.—F.

An Irish Ballad Concert was given at the Royal Victoria Hall (long known as the Victoria Theatre) on Thursday evening, Feb. 10, in the presence of T.R.H. Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and a distinguished audience. The house was crowded in every part, and additional chairs had to be placed on the stage. The Royal party arrived at nine, and were received by the Committee, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Mr and Mrs Montefiore, the Rev. J. W. Horsley, Mr Sargent, Mr Clement Hoey, Mr Creasey, Mr Poel, Lord Brabazon, and Miss Cons, Hon. Sec.; the national Anthem being sung by all the artists taking part in the concert. During the evening the following Irish pieces were given:—"The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall" (Moore), Mdme Liebhart; "Tell me, my heart" (Bishop), Miss Henrietta Beebe; "The last rose of Summer," Mdme Adeline Paget; "Home, sweet home" (Jaell), Mdlle Buziau; "Dublin Bay" (Barker), Mr Egbert Roberts; "The Minstrel Boy," Mr Herbert Thorndike. Mr Victor Buziau played a violin solo, "St Patrick's Day," and the band of the Royal Horse Artillery played a selection of Irish melodies. There were several encores during the evening, and the whole performance was a great success.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert at St James's Hall on Wednesday last was equal to its predecessors both in quality and quantity. Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" (Miss Mary Davies), Signor Pinsuti's "I fear no foe" (Signor Foli), Behrend's "Once and once only" (Mr Edward Lloyd), Stephen Adams' "Midshipmite" (Mr Maybrick), and "O ruddier than the cherry" (Mr Santley), were all so effectively rendered that the audience called for them again, and their wishes were responded to, according to the fashion of the day, by the singers giving other songs instead! Among the stereotyped successes were Molloy's "Long Avenue" and Barnby's "When the tide comes in" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling), Balfe's "When other lips" (Mr Edward Lloyd), Barnby's melodious part-song, "Sweet and Low" (South London Choral Society), and Ambroise Thomas's setting of Mignon's song, "Knowest thou the land" (Mdme Isabel Fassett). Mr Sidney Naylor, as usual, accompanied with musicianly ability. On Wednesday evening, February 22 (Ash Wednesday), a "Grand Sacred Concert" is announced, and the next ballad concert will take place on Wednesday evening, March 1st, Mr Sidney Naylor conducting on both occasions.

Strassburgh.—The Government have again voted a grant of 128,000 marks for the Stadttheater. The Town furnishes the orchestra gratis; or, in other words, adds about 70,000 marks to the above sum, besides giving 20,000 marks in cash, with occasional extra contributions towards getting up particular pieces. Altogether the annual amount received is about 220,000 marks.

Monte-Carlo.—The operatic season commenced with *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the cast including Marie Vanzandt, Mdme Scalchi, Novelli, and Maurel. M. Jules Cohen conducted. The second opera was to be *Mignon*, with Mdlle Vanzandt, Mdmes Scalchi, Dereims-Devriès, MM. Novelli and Devriès, Sig Accursi conducting. Mdme Albani and Señor Gayarre arrived some time ago. Faure is not expected till the 21st. *Hamlet* is in rehearsal for him and Mdme Albani.

Brussels.—Suppé's buffo opera, *Boccace*, with a French libretto by MM. Chivot and Duru, has been successfully brought out at the Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert. It will shortly be produced, also, at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris. Hector Berlioz's dramatic symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, has been performed, under the direction of M. Dupont, at the Popular Concerts, for the first time in this capital.

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COUNTY HALL, WORCESTER,

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MONS. JULLIEN'S GRAND CONCERT,

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 22nd, 1848, given expressly for the first appearance of MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. HENRY WHITWORTH, and MISS MIRAN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

OVERTURE—(*Masaniello*) ..... *Auber.*
QUADRILLE—On Melodies from Balfe's Opera, *The Maid of Honor* ..... *Jullien.*
SYMPHONY—The Allegretto from Beethoven's Symphony in F ..... *Beethoven.*
GRAND SCENA—From Verdi's Opera, *Ernani*, sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES, his first appearance ..... *Verdi.*
VALSE—"Ravenswood," (selected from the Melodies of Donizetti's Opera, *The Bride of Lammermoor*) ..... *Jullien.*
ARIA—"Non più andrai," (from *Le Nozze di Figaro*), sung by Mr. WHITWORTH, his first appearance ..... *Mozart.*
SOLO—FLAGEOLET—(performed by M. COLLINET) ... *Mayseder.*
ROMANZA—"Dulcet Music" (from the Opera, *The Maid of Honor*), sung by Miss MIRAN, her first appearance *Balfe.*
QUADRILLE—"THE SWISS QUADRILLE" ..... *Jullien.*
(Composed during his late tour in Switzerland).

PART II.

OPERA—Grand Selection from Bellini's Opera, *Norma*, with Solos for Flute, Clarionet, and Cornet-a-piston, performed by Mr. RICHARDSON, HERR SONNENBERG, and HERR KŒNIG ..... *Bellini.*
VALSE—"Olga, or the Princess's Waltz" ..... *Jullien.*
BALLAD—"In this old chair my father sat," sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES ..... *Balfe.*
POLKA—"The Eclipse" (with Cornet *obbligato*, HERR KŒNIG) ..... *Kœnig.*
SONG—"The Last Man," sung by Mr. WHITWORTH ... *Calcott.*
BRINDISI—"Il segreto," from the Opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*, sung by Miss MIRAN ..... *Donizetti.*
SOLO—FLUTE—(performed by Mr. RICHARDSON) ... *Richardson.*
NEW GERMAN DANCE—"DER SCHOTTISCH" ..... *Jullien.*
Lately introduced in the nobility's Balls by M. JULLIEN.

Doors open at One p.m. Concert commence at Two p.m.
Seats, 4*s.*; Promenade, 2*s.* 6d.

Tickets to be had at Marsden's Library and Music Warehouse, 46, High-street, where may be obtained all the popular Publications of M. Jullien, &c. Ghost.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Thursday, Feb. 9th, the Philharmonic Society entered upon its seventieth season, and now the days of its years are almost three-score years and ten. Let us hope there is no analogy between man and his institutions as regards the days that lie beyond, since, in the one case, if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength "labour and sorrow." No one wishes labour and sorrow, but "long continuance and increasing" to the oldest of our musical institutions, which, sooth to say, put forward an exceedingly vigorous prospectus in view of the concerts just begun. Out of twenty-three works named, seven are marked "first time," and not one of the seven fails to excite more or less pleasurable anticipation or curiosity. True, none of them are promised absolutely, the directors being satisfied to open their minds to the public and show the faculties thereof in the act of "contemplating" production. We may, nevertheless, reckon with assurance upon hearing some, if not all, of the novelties mentioned. The loss of one or two, perhaps, many of us would be able to survive. For example, we should not see the world covered with a funeral pall if we never heard Liszt's so-called symphonic poem, "Hungaria." On the other hand, let us by all means have Brahms' choral ode, "Nänie," and his new pianoforte concerto; Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, and the pianoforte concerto which Signor Sgambati has written and engaged to play. For the possible credit of our native composers, let us also have the new overtures announced as by Mr Corder and Mr Villiers Stanford respectively. These things, together with the standard works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others, would more than serve to distinguish the season, assuming, of course, that they received an adequate interpretation, apart from which excellence of programme only accentuates failure.

The opening concert was fairly well attended, but those present could not have shut their eyes to the fact that the society must be better upheld if it is to stand. In this respect appearances are alarming, not only as regards the Philharmonic, but other bodies of the same rank. Our public appear to have sunk into a state of invincible indifference to these old institutions, and the phenomenon is well worth study. Are the sensational enterprises which "make a pitch" amongst us like a wandering show, found more attractive? If that be so, it would seem as if public taste had lost its relish for solid, nutritious food, and taken up with condiments. The performance began with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, capitally played by an orchestra of eighty instruments, "led" by Herr Wiener, in the absence of Herr Straus. This was followed by the Chorus of Reapers from Liszt's *Prometheus*. We all know how a certain quadruped dressed itself in a lion's skin, and consorted with noble brutes undetected till, in a careless moment, it opened its mouth and brayed. Without insisting upon comparisons which would be as untrue as impolite, one cannot help thinking of the fable when Canon Liszt is seen disporting himself in Arcadia. What would the Greeks have said had the Delphic Pythia, after swelling and foaming, tearing her hair, and mangling her flesh, come down from the tripod, put on the rustic dress of the period, and made hay in Parnassian fields? Canon Liszt is the Pythia of modern music. He, too, swells and foams and tears his hair, and is generally unintelligible; yet here he presents himself in a straw hat, attuning his oaten reed to the accompaniment of a double drone, such as M. Gounod loves when in sweetly pastoral mood. Unfortunately, the Canon cannot forget his proper character as the Oracle. He feels upon him the impress of the tripod, and his reaper's ditty, pretty enough generally, is marred by occasional impulses to break away into the musical equivalent of what our Transatlantic friends call "high-falutin." The vocal part was fairly well sung by the new choir attached to the society—a body that later on, in the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, went very successfully through a fierce "baptism of fire." Following Liszt's piece came Molique's concerto in A minor, for violin and orchestra; solo by Mr J. T. Carrodus. Our admirable English artist introduced this example of his master's skill at a Philharmonic concert some years ago, and then made an impression not yet effaced from the minds of some, at any rate, among his auditors. He unquestionably did well to select it for the occasion under notice, since a result flattering both to composer and performer was beforehand assured. The concerto is a capital example of works written by virtuosi for the instrument of their choice, and exhibits a profound knowledge and command of executive resources. But it has a further value. The themes are in nearly every case interesting, their development is masterly, and the orchestra is handled with the ease of a man possessing full control of its power. We have to thank Mr Carrodus for an opportunity of again hearing the work, and for a chance of drawing attention to the injustice suffered in these days by the *dii minores* of music owing to a common habit of swearing by the few Olympians nearest the throne. Mr Carrodus, although incommoded through the breaking of a string and the necessity of finishing the principal movement with a strange instrument, played in splendid style, connoisseurs hardly knowing whether most to admire his delivery of *cantabile* or his easy victory over the enormous difficulties presented by Molique's *bravura*. Both were equally deserving of lavish applause, and, as the audience recognized the fact, the occasion became one of triumph for an artist whose exceptional ability should long ago have placed him first in the esteem of his countrymen. Mr Carrodus, who was received with continued applause, obtained at the close of his task an enthusiastic recall. In the remainder of the programme were Bennett's quartet, "God is a spirit," not very well sung by Miss Marriott, Miss Orridge, Mr F. Boyle, and Mr Barrington Foote; the overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger*, and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The introduction of the Colossus at the first concert was, we think, ill-advised, since its formidable difficulties cannot be mastered in two rehearsals, as blemishes in performance most conclusively showed. Mr W. G. Cusins conducted, and did all in his power to make up for the shortcomings of imperfect preparation. We should add that the orchestral part of Molique's concerto was well rendered under his direction, especially the passages of accompaniment.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has conferred the Medal for Art and Science, with the Green and Silver Ribbon, on the Countess Stephanie Wurmbrand, the Hungarian composer, pupil and sister-in-law of the late Carl Tausig.

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REMARKS ON THE PAST YEAR.*

(*From 1st Oct. 1880 to 1st Oct. 1881.*)

(*Continued from page 85.*)

It is noticeable, as will be seen at pages 25, 26, 30, and 31, that public concerts of chamber music are also finding their way into our provincial towns, as in those given by Mr Stratton at Birmingham; by Mr Marshall Bell at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; by Mr Forrest at Shrewsbury; and by the Society at Cambridge. Once begun, and the assistance being also given of those interesting and instructive analytical remarks on the programme to which we have referred, they will certainly progress and go on exercising a similar influence in the larger towns in the country to that which is patent in those of London. It may be remarked that in some of the tentative efforts in this direction, given in the country, nothing but instrumental music is given. This plan will probably be found to require from the audience too great a strain of attention. It is evidently felt, from the usual practice of introducing something vocal between each two instrumental works at these concerts, that it forms a relaxation of the mental absorption which art displayed in the former may produce, especially as the vocal music thus introduced is never of a trifling character.

There is, however, one important exception to the plan of introducing vocal pieces at the public performances of the highest class of instrumental works to which we wish to refer, and which we may safely mention as the most remarkable musical event of the year. At Mr Charles Hallé's Pianoforte Recitals—the twenty-first series—there were no vocalists. The entire series of eight recitals were executed by Mr Hallé alone, when he undertook and went successfully through the Herculean task of performing the forty-eight preludes and fugues of Bach, with thirty sonatas and two other works of Beethoven, without any assistance of any kind, or even the aid of a copy of the music. We think this performance so unique and so interesting, from the constantly recurring contrast of the very different styles of those two masters, that we quote the remarks concerning them from the introduction to the volume of analytical programmes (a work consisting of 574 pages), that should be in the hands of every pianoforte player who desires to be familiar with the works of these two great composers for the instrument.

"The eight recitals will this year comprise the entire series of sonatas devoted by Beethoven to the pianoforte unaccompanied, with the substitution, as on previous occasions, of the Andante in F major, Op. 35, and the Thirty-two Variations upon an original theme in C minor, Op. 36, for the short and easy ones in G major and minor, Op. 49. Mr Hallé believes, after an interval of so many years since the last 'Beethoven Recitals,' a repetition may prove not unattractive to the many zealous students of the legacy of masterpieces bequeathed to the most universal of instruments by the greatest composer of his age. So far as the generally accepted *opus* numbers permit, the sonatas will be presented in chronological order.

"In addition to the sonatas, Mr Hallé will play (for the first time) the forty-eight preludes and fugues of J. S. Bach—six of each at each of the eight recitals—the preludes and fugues separating one sonata of Beethoven from another. These will follow precisely the order of succession according to the *Wohltemperirte Klavier*—the title given by Bach himself to his great work; and it is hoped that some interest may be created by the opportunity thus afforded of comparing the styles of two masters who, though belonging to different periods and representing widely different phases of art, had nevertheless so much in common.

"Beethoven's Sonatas.—The composition of the pianoforte sonatas occupied the great musician at varied intervals from 1796 to 1822, the ripe period of his first and second 'styles' or 'manners' (as it has long been the fashion to designate them)—commencing with 'Op. 101' and terminating with 'Op. 111,' what is generally accepted as the inauguration of his third. Thus, like the quartets and quintets for stringed instruments, the sonatas for pianoforte and violin, the five sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello, and the six trios for pianoforte and strings—to speak only of the chamber music—they enable the student, step by step, to follow out the progress and development of the genius and artistic culture of the master. Perhaps, indeed, had he written nothing more than these solo sonatas, he might be judged by them alone, and still appear as the complete Beethoven. That there is no other example on record of a series of compositions dedicated to a single instrument, each so essentially differing from its precursors and followers, while all bear the strongly individual impress of one mind, must be admitted without question. On May 17th, 1861, the first series of recitals was devoted to the solo sonatas, as also, subsequently, in 1862 and 1866. In 1871 the ten sonatas for pianoforte and violin were included, besides others by Mozart, Dussek, and Schumann. In 1868 all the pianoforte compositions of Beethoven, apart from the sonatas, were produced, in connection with the sonatas and miscellaneous pieces of Franz Schubert; and at various other times, unnecessary to specify, works by composers preceding Beethoven, by other composers about Beethoven's period, and by composers belonging to the more modern German school, were selected—something more or less important by Beethoven, however, invariably constituting a feature in the programmes. Through these last it was intended to show how and to what extent he may have influenced not only musicians writing contemporaneously with himself, but also some of those aiming at the highest point, who came after him. A fresh survey of the entire career of Beethoven as composer for the pianoforte may, in a greater or lesser degree, help to prove that (allowing for certain exceptions) no very great deal of what is absolutely new has been accomplished in that direction since he brought *his* task to an end. At the same time, the introduction of some of the comparatively unknown works, besides giving occasional variety to the programmes, enriched them in a certain way, by opening up fresh sources of interest for the consideration of earnest amateurs, desirous of perfecting their knowledge and experience by becoming acquainted with all styles of pianoforte music, solo, and in concert with other instruments, which after their manner strive to uphold by legitimate means the dignity and purity of art.

"Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.—*Das Wohltemperirte Klavier*, though the first part was composed in 1722, and the second somewhere between 1730 and 1740, remained unknown to England until 1799-1800, when both parts were published, in direct succession, by Kollmann, a German settled in London. It is now happily more or less familiar to every one who has a right to claim the title of 'musician.' Handel must have been well acquainted with this remarkable work of his most illustrious contemporary, though he is never reported to have spoken of it, and never could find convenient occasion for a friendly interview with its composer."

(*To be continued.*)

* From Carte's *Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack* for 1882.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.

The following interesting article is slightly condensed from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

"The programme of the concert of the Philharmonic Society last night—the ninth of the current series—was of a varied character, including an overture called *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*, by Harold Thomas; a choral and orchestral setting of Mrs Hemans' poem, *The Voice of Spring*, by Dr Swinnerton Heap; a violoncello concerto by Carl Eckert; a *scena*, "Moise Mourant," by Emile Louis; and the overture, *scherzo*, and *notturno* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. As the production of a student of our chief national school of music, Mr Thomas's overture, played for the first time here, was of peculiar interest. Traces of the influence of the composer's master, Sterndale Bennett, the purest of modern English musicians, are discernible, but there is about the work an Academic flavour. The numerous merits of the overture cause regret that the author has not entered more extensively into a branch of his art which affords ample opportunity for the exercise of his undoubted talent. Mr Thomas has sufficient capacity to accomplish the arduous task of constructing a symphony of the descriptive type. Dr Heap's work, ably constructed, yet too ponderous an embodiment of Mrs Hemans' verses, was unfortunate in performance, the members of the chorus, from beginning to end, apparently spelling their way. In 'Moise Mourant,' the Great Lawgiver apostrophises the promised land, and bids the children of Israel farewell, the musical narration of these incidents being somewhat in the vein of Gounod. Much intention is apparent, but the melody, while easy in movement, lacks distinctive character, and the orchestration if occasionally clever, is out of proportion. Mr Santley also sang Hoel's romanza, from *Dinorah*, 'Sei vendicata assai,' and Vulcan's 'Au bruit des lourds marteux d'airain,' from Gounod's *Philemon et Baucis*. The other vocalist was Mdme Patey, who gave Beethoven's 'Creation's Hymn,' Haydn's canzonet, 'She never told her love,' and 'A Winter Story' (with organ *obbligato*) by Michael Watson. The 'cello part in the Eckert concerto was played by Mr Hausmann, who had not appeared before in this city. Eckert was a pupil of Mendelssohn, who formed a high opinion of him, but the early promise which secured this honour can hardly be said to have been fulfilled. * * * * Mr Hausmann's tone is pure and sonorous, his intonation is perfect, and while his command of the

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instrument is absolute, his execution is entirely undemonstrative. In addition to the concerto, he gave one of Max Bruch's Hebrew melodies, a song by Schumann, and a short piece by Fitzenhagen, the last-named evidently chosen for the purposes of technical display. The Mendelssohn overture was roughly rendered, and there were defects in the treatment of the *notturno*, but the *scherzo* was played with admirable effect. The concert concluded with Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*. Mr Bruch conducted. For the next concert of the series Mdme Trebelli and Dr Joachim are engaged, and at the two succeeding concerts Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* and Mendelssohn's *St Paul* are respectively to be given."

We all heard Mr Harold Thomas's overture at the Philharmonic some time ago, since then we understand he has made several amendments and improvements, in order to render it as perfect as he had it in his mind before putting it to paper. We all equally remember that Mr Thomas was a favourite pupil of Sterndale Bennett's—a fact to which the critic of the *Liverpool Courier* thus gracefully alludes:—

"Mr Harold Thomas must be credited with the success of a refined orchestral work, and, as a pupil of Sterndale Bennett's, of having certainly reflected honour on his master."

We believe that nothing could have gratified Mr Thomas more than this special mark of appreciation.

WAIFS.

Mr W. Dorrell has returned to town from Sussex, and will remain at his new residence in Baker Street until the Easter recess.

Liszt will remain in Pesth till April.

The esteemed French tenor, Armandi, died lately in Toulon.

A new operetta, *La Fine del Mondo*, has been produced at Cannes.

Terziani is created Commander of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Diedicke, Ducal Music Director, is appointed director of the Ducal Opera, Dessau.

Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera* is to be performed at the Teatro Rossini, Venice.

The Boston (U.S.) Mendelssohn Quintet Club have been performing in Australia.

It is proposed to erect a monument at Angoulême to the memory of Emil Prudent, the pianist.

Georg Vierling and H. Hofmann are created members of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin.

Mercadante's *Orazi e Curiazi* is in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples. (Why not Cimarosa's *Artemesio?*)

Ciro Pinsuti was lately in Venice, with the view, it is said, of producing there his new opera: *Margheretta*.

Carl Heymann, the brilliant and eccentric pianist, will give a concert on the 22nd inst., in the Gewandhaus, Leipsic.

Frederic Archer was specially engaged a short time since to give an Organ Recital in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

Two new musical papers have appeared this year: the one, *Archivio Musicale*, at Naples; the other, *Music*, at New York.

Negotiations are pending to secure Theodore Thomas and his orchestra for a Musical Festival at San Francisco, next June.

In future, French authors whose pieces are performed at the Imperial Theatres, St Petersburgh, will receive authors'-fees.

An Italian version of an operetta, book by Deschamps, music by the Duc de Dino, will be played in Lent at the Pergola, Florence.

Ronchetti Monteviti, director of the Milan Conservatory, who has sent in his resignation, will probably be succeeded by Platania.

Signora Moretti has presented the Musical Museum recently founded in Milan with a handsome harp by Kotzmann, Paris, 1680.

A one-act opera, *Der Invalide*, music by Gottfried Kunkel, is shortly to be produced at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

The buffo-opera company from the Carltheater, Vienna, will this year again play in Hamburgh, from the 15th April to the end of May.

The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle on Herr Ferdinand von Strantz, Director of the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* has been again performed at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, with Mdlle Bréthol as Poppæa, and Dr Krauss as Vindex.

The magnificent Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, has signed a three months' engagement for Russia, beginning in March at St Petersburgh.

Maria Waldmann, the wife of Count Galeazzo-Massari, and the first Amneris of Verdi's *Aida*, will shortly be created, by King Humbert, Duchess of Voghenza.

Mr Barton M'Guckin sang "The Rose song" from Balfe's opera, *Il Talismano*, at Mr De Jong's concert at Manchester last week with great success, gaining a unanimous encore.

Cesare Copponi, ballet-master of the Scala, Milan, was sent to Brussels for the purpose of studying the dances in *L'Hérodiade*, which is to be produced at the theatre just named.

A son of Mdme Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has been appointed to the clerkship in the Chancery Registrar's office, vacated by the appointment of Mr Charles Carrington as a Chancery Registrar.

The idea of producing Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* at Antwerp has been abandoned—at least, for the present. Ch. Lecocq's latest, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, is to be substituted. (*O, Gemini.*—Dr Blitge.)

The publishing house of Conrad Glaser, at Schleusingen, well-known to every vocal association in Germany, has celebrated its Golden Jubilee. It now belongs to the son of the founder (deceased).

The Centenary of Metastasio's birth will be celebrated at Rome in April. An executive committee has been formed, consisting of Count Mamiani, Prince Teano, Professor Tomasini, Marchetti, and Ferziani.

H. Westberg is about to sing at several concerts in Holland. He then gives a concert of his own at Cologne, afterwards proceeding to Stockholm, with another in his eye.—(Who is H. Westberg?—Dr Blitge.)

The pianist and composer, Bonawitz, has written a new overture, lately performed for the first time in Philadelphia, for a tragedy, entitled *1793*, by Milano.

The tenor, De Sanctis (lately of Mr Gye's company), was wounded, at Venice, in the forehead during his combat with Telramund in a recent performance of *Lohengrin*. The injury was not serious, however, and he was able to continue the opera.

Miss Louisa Ball has been presented with a complete set of Shakspere's works, in recognition of her talented reading (in costume), on a late occasion, at Lammas Hall, of the character of Prince Arthur in Shakspere's *King John*. The little lady, though quite young, has already made a marked impression as an elocutionist.

Mr Chanot, a maker of violins, was sued by Mr Hodges, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, in the Queen's Bench for £55, the price of one which he had sold as having been made by Carlo Bergonzi in 1742. It turned out subsequently that the violin was only fifty years old, but the defendant refused to return the money. Mr Chanot admitted that he had himself put on the label of the pretended maker; that he had a considerable supply of similar labels; that it was useless offering a violin for sale unless it had the name of an old manufacturer; and that he had bought the violin two years ago in Paris for about £18. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £70, the defendant to retain the violin in question. (He will doubtless find a purchaser.—Dr Blitge.)

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Mdme Marcella Sembrich's concert in the large Hall of the Nobility drew an immense audience. All the tickets were sold, the receipts, 9,000 roubles, being handed over to the Students' Fund. It was the magic name of the *Diva* which attracted so vast a number of persons, despite the exceedingly high prices of admission. The audience were able to admire the lady as a singer, a violinist, and a pianist; and it may in the present instance well be said: *Omne trinum perfectum*. We know that Mdme Sembrich's exceptional vocalization and admirable voice, which recalls to our mind the no less admirable voice of Bosio, placed her, at the very outset, in the first rank as a singer. So, for to-day, I will leave the vocal question on one side. It is of the instrumental virtuosa that I would speak. She executed Bériot's Seventh Concerto in a manner that was perfect as regards mechanical skill, and charming as regards gracefulness. She is neither a Joachim nor a Sarasate, but we listen to her with great pleasure; so much is indisputable. As a pianist she must, to my mind, be placed in the front rank. Her playing is not only finished, but artistic as well, both in style and sentiment. The way in which she interprets Chopin especially charmed me, and worked up the public to absolute enthusiasm. M. Vizentini conducted the instrumental part of the concert with his customary ability. The singing was well accompanied by M. Drigo, a young chapelmaster, who is in the right path and has a fine future before him.—The re-appearance in the bills of Boito's *Mefistofele* has been successful in every respect. It was a great and, moreover, legitimate success for Mdme Durand, the Orchestra, and Bevignani. Gratifying revival, also, of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, with Sembrich and Sig. Marconi.—MAURICE RAPPAPORT (Correspondence of *Le Ménestrel*).

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, February* 18, 1882.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that his FOURTH CONCERT of Operatic, National, and Miscellaneous Music will take place, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY next, February 28th, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Mdme Trebelli, Miss Santley, Miss Spenser Jones, Miss Carlotta Elliot: Mr Santley, Mr Herbert Reeves, and Mr Sims Reeves. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The Anemoic Union (under the direction of Mr Lazarus). Flute—Mr H. Nicholson. Oboe—Mr Malsch. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Horn—Mr T. Mann. Bassoon—Mr T. Wotton. Pianoforte—Mr Sidney Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

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Tannhäuser *as it is will appear as soon as our great artist,* Tyall the Tinner, *has finished his sketch.*—Otto Bard.

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REMARKS ON THE PAST YEAR.

(From 1st Oct. 1880 to 1st Oct. 1881.)

(Concluded from page 109.)

The position, development, and tendencies of different schools of music, as we learn from the illustrations given of them in the various public concerts and performances, and from the critics in the numerous journals devoted to music, seem to be this—from Bach to the present time, music, it appears, has been undergoing a continuous process of expansion. In Bach, it is allowed, were concentrated the resources of musical harmony to an extent never surpassed, his works embodying a power of musical intellect which has excited the admiration and emulation of the greatest composers since his time,—

"*Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.*"

Handel, his contemporary, with a similar cultivation and development of harmony, not perhaps to the same extent, adapted his works to the more general capacity, and hence the universal popularity of his music from his time to the present. This was the first expansion. The next most noticeable step in the way of further expansion was in Haydn and Mozart. Haydn, although a great innovator in his early days, being conservative in his works compared with Mozart. Beethoven, who soon started away from the manner of Haydn and Mozart, has realized a still further expansion, exceeding in this respect even the later productions of Spohr and Mendelssohn. Of the later and living composers, some, it is seen, aim at the more and some at the less expanded models. The last and greatest expansion, which, it appears, applies especially to dramatic music, and the object of which is understood to be to give a more definite expression by embodying in the music the varying sense of the words, although carried out lately with immense energy and perseverance in the operas of Wagner, is seen by our critics to have had its beginning in France—first in the operas of Gluck, brought out in Paris, and later in those of Berlioz. In the works also of Berlioz, for instruments only, principles something similar, but without words, are acted upon, subjects are given, and the varying feelings the composer wishes to depict are stated somewhat in detail, so that the listener may have a more definite idea than usual of what the music expresses, constituting thus what has come to be known as instrumental *programme music*. It is doubted by those who adhere more to the instrumental works by the older masters whether the varying feelings thus attempted to be depicted by music can ever be received as a substitute for the delight afforded by what is termed "music proper," or "pure music," which proceeds, they say, from an intuition above the reach of words, and "gives delight, we know not why;" and even in the musical drama, although it is admitted that nothing in a serious opera should be introduced for the sake of mere display, but all should be subservient to the general subject of the work, it is a question with them whether those airs and concerted pieces should be left out which are found in the operas of the best masters, and in which that higher order of music is usually embodied, not so much according to the varying sense of the words, but according to their general sense. Some of the operas of Wagner have taken their turn lately at our Italian operas, *Lohengrin* especially, with decided success. As a musical drama, it seems to be considered even more successful with the general public than with the musical world. The public attention will, however, shortly be directed more fully to this subject. It is promised that all the important works of Wagner shall be produced next season in the most efficient manner. An opportunity will thus be afforded, which will not be lost by our critics, of entering more fully than hitherto into the merit of them. Opera is becoming yearly more and more popular. There is now a great mixture of styles at the Italian Opera—German, French, and occasionally English, as well as Italian. Operas in English of a similar variety of schools have been given for some years past with success by Mr Carl Rosa in London and throughout the kingdom. A most remarkable proof of the interest taken by the public in opera to which we may refer is the unparalleled success which has attended the comic operas of Mr Arthur Sullivan, joined to the subjects and words of Mr W. S. Gilbert, which have been performed every night now for about five years, not only in London, but throughout this kingdom and America. This interest of the public in operatic music points, it has been said, to the realization of the long talked-of and long projected founding of an English opera. That Mr Sullivan has all the qualifications to take the initiative in bringing this project to bear is well known, and we cannot doubt his willingness to join heartily with other English artists similarly prepared to attain this object. It is believed that all things tend in this direction.

—o—

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As one taking a deep interest in the spread of musical education and culture, I have followed, with a good deal of interest, the various steps thus far taken towards the establishment of the proposed National School, I beg pardon, Conservatoire of Music. So far as I have been able to comprehend the arguments in favour of this new departure, it would seem that there is a large amount of musical talent in England pining away for want of proper nourishment and support. This the proposed School would supply free of charge, forming in this respect a contrast to the existing Royal Academy of Music which has a by no means exorbitant tariff of fees.

Now, without losing sight of the fact that skill in and love of music have greatly increased amongst us during the last thirty or forty years, I am somewhat sceptical as to the large amount of talent said to be

"Wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

Be this however as it may, I am fully persuaded that the Royal Academy of Music, with its excellent staff of professors—equal to any continental staff—its orchestral and singing classes meeting weekly for combined practice; its convenient and well-appointed premises, its well-stocked musical library, and all its other means and appliances to boot, is quite able and willing to foster and develop any and all the talent the country may happen to possess. If the promoters of the new scheme would limit their efforts to providing for the present National Academy the necessary sinews of war, instead of forming an inevitable rival to it, they would be handsomely backed up by all lovers of music, and much greater and more lasting results would, in all probability, follow, than under the proposed new scheme. I would suggest, therefore, that a vigorous effort be made throughout the length and breadth of the land to collect subscriptions and donations, and that each city, town, and village should be entitled to nominate likely pupils, in proportion to its contributions. By this means the reproach that talent is now starving, would be removed, and we should have the satisfaction of seeing the actual number of five hundred Royal Academy students doubled, or may be trebled. The old institution in Tenterden Street would thus be enabled largely to extend that field of usefulness, which, I cannot help feeling, has not been adequately acknowledged by the promoters of the scheme, but which, nevertheless, for some sixty years past, has produced the great bulk of those high-class artists, who have raised England in musical estimation and reputation, and which has supplied probably nine-tenths of the true music-teaching power of the country.

I am, &c.,
JOHN TOWERS.
Former Student of the Royal Academy of Music;
Author of "Let Children Sing;"
"Beethoven: a Centenary Memoir," &c.
225, *Brunswick Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.*

—o—

CAUTION TO CONCERT-GIVERS, SINGERS, AND ACCOMPANISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—At a concert recently given in the country in aid of a local charity the song "Will of the Wisp," by J. W. Cherry, was performed. Shortly after, Mr Harry Wall made a claim on the concert-giver, the singer, and the accompanist for £2 from *each*, as penalty for infringement of performing-right. Will you be kind enough to make this known in the *Musical World*, as a warning to others who may contemplate performing that song in public. I enclose my card and have the honour to be

A READER.

VIENNA.—Gluck's *Orpheus* has been performed at the Imperial Operahouse with Mdlles Papier, Kupfer and Braga, as Orpheus, Euridice, and Eros; great credit is due to the orchestra and chorus. Suppé's last buffo opera, *Herzblättchen*, produced for the first time on the 4th inst. at the Carltheater, achieved but a moderate success, despite the fact of Mad. Gallmeyer's playing the leading female character. The first act alone seems to have pleased the public.

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PAISLEY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Paisley has just had presented to it a set of magnificent halls, which can favourably compare with anything of its kind in the kingdom. The donors of the halls are Messrs Clark, the celebrated thread spinners, who have already paid upwards of £80,000 on the building, and before its completion it is expected that the whole will cost about £100,000. Nay more, the Messrs Clark intend to give the other £20,000, so as to keep the halls in good condition free of expense to the town. Further, the mother of the Messrs Clark (lately deceased) gave several thousands of pounds to get a grand organ. The grand hall will accommodate from 2,000 to 2,500 of an audience, but the hall proper is probably surpassed in beauty by the spacious corridors, crush room, and waiting rooms which surround the large concert room. The hall is not yet properly finished, the damp from the semi-wet plaster naturally interferes with its musical acoustics; so far, however, as one is fit to judge, they may be expected to be above the average. As to the organ, it would hardly be fair to give a final judgment on its merits, because the portions to be added may alter its whole tenor. In the meantime, however, as it stands, I cannot place it amongst the "finest in the land." One thing, however, outside of music is quite clear that there may be some improvement made on the mode of ventilation. I desire to write simply of my own personal experience. When on the ground floor, I felt the cold air rushing along my feet and legs. By the gentlemanly permission of the committee I was allowed to roam all over the house. I did so, and underwent many sudden changes of temperature. These remarks may not appear to be connected with a musical festival, yet I hold they are; for unless a concert room, such as that of the magnificent G. A. Clark hall, is made comfortable, music thereby suffers. This is a matter easily remedied.

For the proper inauguration of the superb hall it was arranged to give a musical festival on a most complete scale. The committee arranged for four performances: *Elijah* on Thursday forenoon, a miscellaneous concert on the same evening, Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* on Friday evening, and a miscellaneous concert on the Saturday evening. High expectations were raised as to the performance of *Elijah*, and I feel satisfied these were by all more than realized. The principal solo vocalists were Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Fred. King. The chorus consisted of the amalgamated choirs of Paisley, numbering about 350 (who had been admirably trained by Mr Brown, an enthusiastic amateur), with Mr Manns as conductor, accompanied by his fine band, intact, from the Glasgow Orchestral concerts. Dr. A. L. Peace was organist. Now with such an array of talent the result was one of the finest performances of Mendelssohn's masterpiece it has been my good fortune to listen to. Mdme Marie Roze was in the best of voice, and as she is now acknowledged to be one of the foremost interpreters of the soprano part of *Elijah*, your readers can readily imagine the great effect she made, especially when so ably supported. Mr. Vernon Rigby was also in good voice, and sang his music with that sweetness and individuality of expression for which he is so well known. As the Prophet Mr Fred. King made a very special hit. His singing and declamation of many parts of his portion of the oratorio (notably the Baal scene) were superb. He threw a warmth of original colouring into his share of the work which told profoundly on those present. The chorus were well entitled to a full share of the honours. Admirably trained (as I have already pointed out), they had no bother with the execution of the music, and thus could give full attention to the expression desired. They are nearly all young, and thus the quality of tone is remarkable for its rich purity, and still further the fire and enthusiasm of youth gave much additional zest in listening to their well-directed efforts. I need not say one word regarding Mr Manns and his orchestra, the conducting and the playing of the orchestra were by no means the least important features of the forenoon.

In the evening a miscellaneous concert was given when the leading items of the programme were as follows:—Weber's overture to *Oberon;* Schubert's *Rosamunde* music; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony;* Rossini's *Guillaume Tell;* and above all, for the first time in Scotland (if not in England as well), Guilmant's Symphony, for organ and orchestra — interesting to hear from the pen of the leading French organist, yet I am not quite sure if the composition could be held in esteem as a work of art. True, the organ and the resources of the orchestra are most skilfully used and the general effect is charming; still, on listening to it, there is felt a want of broad writing. One, however, is forced to admire its many pretty little passages with which the work abounds. Let us record how perfectly Dr A. L. Peace played the organ part, and how the orchestral portion was also so well played, under the direction of Mr Manns.

The crowning success of this in all respects successful Festival was the grand performance, on Friday evening, of Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake*, and rarely, indeed, have I heard so fine an interpretation of any great choral work. Conductor, solo vocalists, chorus, and orchestra apparently were bent in giving a specially complete rendering of the cantata, and in this one and all were eminently happy. Miss Annie Marriott gave the music of Helen with great taste and expression, and was thoroughly at home in her music. She therefore, with ease to herself, carried the audience with her, and those present were not slow in giving abundant proof of their appreciation of the manner in which she discharged the arduous duties of the soprano part. Miss D'Alton's singing of the lovely "Blanche of Devan" scene was warmly received by the audience. Mr. Vernon Rigby, in exceptionally good voice, gave the solos, and still more notably in the duets and concerted numbers, as the composer himself might have desired, and his efforts in every instance received hearty acknowledgment from the numerous assembly. No small share in the honours of the evening fell to Mr Fred. King (Roderick Dhu), for whose dramatic reading of the part I confess I was hardly prepared. In full possession of his vocal means, he tried to create the greater possible effect in every-one of his scenes, success attending him throughout. If I were asked to point to his most successful effort, I would at once name the "Anathema," which he declaimed with such fervid vigour as fairly to rouse the audience, who awarded him a spontaneous burst of applause. Nor should the services of the choir be passed over. Mr Brown, choir-master, had its members almost note-perfect; but more than this, in many catchy parts of the work, they had been taught to do without looking at the music, and thus were enabled to watch every motion of the *bâton* and keep well knit together. This was specially noticeable in the "attacks," which were given as with one voice. What more need be said of Mr Manns and his orchestra, except that from beginning to end they were at their very best. Indeed, no small share in the happy result was due to the eminent conductor at Sydenham, who at the rehearsals spared no pains in getting all sections to work harmoniously.

The brilliant festival came to a close on Saturday evening with a second miscellaneous concert, the programme of which contained, amongst other things, the overture to *La Gazza Ladra; Andante* and March from Joachim Raff's symphony, *Leonore;* Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," from *Gioconda;* overture to *Tannhäuser;* Cowen's Gavotte in A, No. 5, from *The Language of the Flowers;* and August Manns' own *Kólâttam* ("Indian Plait-Dance"). The chorus sang the "Hunting Chorus" from *The Lady of the Lake*, the "Coronach" from the same, and Handel's "Hallelujah." The vocalists were Miss Annie Marriott and Mr Robert Hilton. Further comment is unnecessary. The large hall was crowded by an enthusiastic assembly, who left evidently delighted with the evening's proceedings.

AN ORSON VALENTINE.*

What's to thee a Valentine?
Thoughts of past, that are not mine;
Ne'ertheless I send my writing,
Though I'm not good at inditing.

If we look back many years,
Times of joy and times of tears,
What a Valentine 'twould make,
Yet our faith would *never* shake.

Hope was first, the early bloom;
Then came *Faith* in afternoon,
Ripen'd fruit in *Charity*
Brought result of Industry.

In these three Graces we believe,
But we want a semibreve—
Or at least a great long stop;
Allons donc! we shut up shop.

X. T. R., Junior.

* The only one I've had this year.—Dr Blimp.

The Theatrical Dinner at Marlborough House.—As much interest is taken in this dinner, given by the Prince of Wales to the dramatic profession in London, and as misstatements have been promulgated with regard to the persons invited, it may answer a useful purpose to publish the exact list of visitors:—Duke of Beaufort, Lord Carrington, Lord Aylesford, Prince Leiningen, the Hon. Ponsonby Fane, Mr Pigott, Lord Torrington, General Probyn, Hon. H. Tyrwhitt-Wilson, Earl of Fife, Colonel Farquharson, Mr George Lewis, Lord Lytton, Sir George Wombwell, Mr F. Knollys, Mr G. A. Sala, Mr F. Burnand, Mr H. Calcraft, Mr Charles Hall, Dr W. H. Russell, Lord Londesborough, Mr H. Irving, Mr J. L. Toole, Mr D. James, Mr J. Hare, Mr W. H. Kendall, Mr E. Bruce, Mr J. Hollingshead, Mr C. Coghlan, Mr H. Vezin, Mr S. Brancroft, Mr H. Neville, Mr G. Grossmith, Mr A. Cecil, Mr C. Wyndham, Mr L. Brough, and Mr J. Clayton. Mr Byron was asked, but was too ill to attend.—*Daily News*, Feb 21, 1882.

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SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Unlike singers, dancers need no more dread coughs, colds, and sore throats than the mass of ordinary mortals; but, if they happen to have a more than usually troublesome corn, or to sprain an ancle or a big toe, farewell for a time to *entrechats*, *pirouettes*, and other Terpsichorean *tours de force*, which always bring into play the opera-glasses of the regular—or perhaps we might say: irregular—frequenters of the stalls and excite the applause of the general public. The truth of this assertion concerning dancers has, much to M. Vaucorbeil's mortification, doubtless, just been exemplified in the case of Mdlle Rita Sangalli. Owing to that young lady's having hurt her foot, the first performance of the long expected ballet of *Namouna*, by MM. Nuitter and Petitpa, with M. Lalo's music, did not take place as announced on the 13th inst., but had to be postponed till the 6th March.

Ch. Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis*, first brought out in 1860 at the Théâtre-Lyrique, with Mad. Carvalho as Baucis, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique. On the present occasion, the heroine is impersonated by Mdlle Merguillier, who made such a hit in the *Toreador*, and reached, at one spring, as it were, so high a position in public favour. Her success in the new character was complete, and the public applauded her lustily. She was, moreover, congratulated by the composer. M. Nicot was Philémon; M. Taskin, Jupiter; and M. Belhomme, Vulcan. On the day he revived Ch. Gounod's work, M. Carvalho produced a novelty in the shape of a one-act trifle, entitled: *Attendez-moi sous l'orme*. The book, by MM. Jules Prével and de Bonnières, adheres pretty closely to Regnard's comedy of the same name, on which it is founded. Nearly all the librettists have done is to abbreviate, without altering, the text, and interpolate the various pieces intended to be set to music. The composer, M. Vincent d'Indy, already favourably known by his symphonic poem, *La Forêt enchantée*, and other works, has written an excellent score, but one rather above the subject it is intended to illustrate. Fearing, probably, not to do enough, he has done too much, and more simplicity in his music would have imparted to it a charm it now wants. The cast included Mdlle Thuillier—who was encored in her rondo: "Gardons nos moutons, liron, lirette," the gem of the piece—Mdlle Molé, MM. Barré, Piccaluga, and Barnolt.

Hervé's old buffo-opera, *Le Petit Faust*, has been revived as a grand spectacular extravaganza at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin. Siebel has been written up into importance for a great public favourite, Mdlle Gélabert; fresh couplets have been composed for Méphisto; and new ballets have been introduced in the first and third acts. The scenery, dresses, and appointments are splendid.

At his concert of the 12th inst., in the Théâtre du Château-d'Eau, Ch. Lamoureux included in his programme the first act of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The experiment proved an indisputable success. The applause was frequent and hearty, so hearty, indeed, after the prelude, that the number in question had to be repeated. The execution was good all round, and everyone concerned, solo-singers, chorus, orchestra, and conductor, highly distinguished themselves.—Mad. Carlotta Patti and C. Heymann, the pianist, took part in the thirteenth Popular Concert, the lady singing an air from *Samson*, the gentleman playing Weber's "Concertstück" and Liszt's "Tarentelle."

A marble bust, executed by Desprez, of Mad. Cinti-Damoreau, has been presented to the Grand Opera by her daughter, Mad. Marie Cinti-Damoreau, and also a medallion in terra-cotta of Rossini, the donor being the artist who modelled it — H. Chevalier.—Victor Koning has retired from the management of the Renaissance, and been succeeded by Gravière, previously manager of the Theatre in Geneva. — According to report, Cœdès, the composer, who had, in consequence of mental alienation, to be confined at Charenton, is better, and hopes are entertained that he will shortly be released from restraint.—Joseph Wieniawski began a fresh series of concerts at the Salle Herz on the 21st inst.

DRESDEN.—Joseph Erl, member of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, met his death on the 9th inst. through falling down the stairs at his own house. "He was," says the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, "an excellent artist, though never able to achieve the importance of his brother Anton."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students' Chamber Concert, given on Saturday evening, February 18th, in the Concert Room of the Academy, was honoured by the attendance of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who, on her arrival, was received by Professor Macfarren (principal), the professors of the Institution, and Mr John Gill (secretary). On being conducted to her seat by Mr J. P. Goldberg (professor of singing to H.R.H.), Her Royal Highness was presented with a handsome bouquet. The following is the programme of the music, with which Her Royal Highness expressed herself much pleased, as well as with the performances of the students:—

Motets, "Adoramus Te" (Palestrina) and "O quam gloriosum (Vittoria)—the Choir; Allegro Moderato con Spirito, from Sonata in A flat, Op. 39 (C. M. von Weber)—pianoforte, Mr Thomas B. Knott, pupil of Walter Macfarren; Song, "The Ivy" (F. K. Hattersley)—(Balfe scholar)—Miss Florence Norman; Terzetto, "Le faccio un inchino," *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa)—Carolina, Miss Mary Beare, Elisetta, Miss Clara Ingram, Fidalma, Miss Constance Griffiths; Sonata, in B flat, Op. 65, No. 4 (Mendelssohn)—organ, Mr A. Lake; Song (MS.), "The Reaper and the Flowers" (Annie Cantelo)—(student)—Miss Hilda Wilson (Westmoreland scholar); Fuga Scherzando, in A minor (J. S. Bach)—pianoforte, Miss Lilian Munster, pupil of Mr Eyres; Duetto, "Qual Anelante" (Marcello)—Miss Charlotte Thudichum (Parepa-Rosa scholar), and Miss Florence Norman; Mehr Langsam als Zurückhaltend and Markirt und Lebhaft, from "Nachtstück," Op. 23 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Master Septimus Webbe, pupil of Mr. Westlake; Psalm xxiii., "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Pauer)—female voices, solos, Miss Thudichum (Parepa-Rosa scholar), Miss Florence Norman, Miss Christina Cross, and Miss Hilda Wilson (Westmoreland scholar)—pianoforte *obbligato*, Mr. Alfred Izard; Andante and Allegro, from MS. Sonata, in E minor (Charles S. Macpherson)—Sterndale Bennett scholar)—pianoforte, Mr. Charles S. Macpherson; Song, "The Wanderer" (Schubert)—Miss Ada Iggulden; Introduction and Allegro, in D (MS.) (W. G. Wood—Potter exhibitioner)—organ, Mr W. G. Wood; Sonata, in G (Porpora)—pianoforte accompaniment by Ferdinand David—violin, Miss Kathleen Watts, pupil of M. Sainton; Song (MS.), "Whither" (Dora Bright)—(student)—Miss Mary Chamberlain; Presto, from Sonata, in D, Op. 10, No. 3 (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Miss Cecilia Lancelot, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Duetto, "Mille Volte" (Randegger)—Miss Christina Cross and Mr Hirwen Jones; Madrigal, "All Creatures now are merry-minded," *The Triumphs of Oriana* (Benet).

The accompanists were Miss Annie Vale, Messrs Ernest Ford, and Alfred Izard. Mr William Shakespeare conducted. The room was crowded.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The definitive scheme of the Birmingham Festival of August next was submitted and adopted on Wednesday at a meeting of the general committee held in the lecture theatre of the Midland Institute under the presidency of Lord Windsor. The scheme submitted by the orchestral committee was briefly as follows:—On the Tuesday morning *Elijah*; in the evening a miscellaneous concert, including Sir Julius Benedict's new cantata, *Graziella*, "Grande Marche Nuptiale," for organ and orchestra, composed by M. Gounod, at the command of Her Majesty, for the marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, and Mr Cowen's *Suite de Pièces*. On Wednesday morning, M. Gounod's oratorio, *Redemption*; on the same evening, Mr Gaul's new cantata, *The Holy City*, an orchestral serenade by Mr Villiers Stanford, and the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* by Hector Berlioz. On Thursday morning, Handel's *Messiah*; in the evening, Herr Gade's new cantata, *Psyche*, and several instrumental pieces, including the popular overture to *William Tell*. On Friday morning, Cherubini's Mass in C, Mozart's Symphony in G, Brahms' *Triumphlied*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. On Friday evening the committee propose to repeat M. Gounod's *Redemption*. The leading artists will be—sopranos, Mdme Albani, Mdme Marie Roze, and Miss Anna Williams; contraltos, Mdme Patey and Mdme Trebelli; tenors, Mr Lloyd and Mr Maas; baritones, Mr Santley and Mr F. King; bass, Signor Foli. A proposal having been made by Messrs R. W. Winfield & Co. to light the Town Hall during the festival with the electric light under the newly-perfected Crompton-Winfield system, the committee recommended its acceptance.

MILAN.—*Bianca da Cervia*, the new four-act opera performed for the first time on the 7th inst at the Scala, achieved only a moderate success, though on the first night the composer, A. Smareglia, was honoured with fifteen calls! The leading characters were sustained by Teodorini, Colonnese, Aldighieri and Vecchioni.

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WAGNER, CARLOTTA PATTI, AND CHARLES HEYMANN IN PARIS.

The Paris *Figaro* says:—

M. Pasdeloup, who is always found at the head of the movement, has advanced as far as the third Wagnerian incarnation: he has given the public the famous Prelude and the last scene of *Tristan und Isolde*, the most apocalyptic of all the works by the composer of Bayreuth, and last Sunday he gave a fragment from *Die Götterdämmerung*. In the case of *Tristan und Isolde*, he hit upon a very good idea. He had a short "explanation" of what the audience were going to hear printed on the back of his programme. Here is the version of the celebrated Prelude, which has made the tour of the world, without anybody's ever knowing what the author desired to express: "Tristan, who has espoused Isolde in the name of his King, is already enamoured of her, but suppresses his disloyal passion. A philter which the two drink by mistake renders them oblivious of everything. They confess their love for each other. Insensible thenceforth to every other sentiment, they plunge into their passion without seeing ought around them. This love, first timid, then bolder, then violent, and then unbridled, is what the author has meant to depict in the Prelude." Thanks to the above notice, the Prelude, which, it is true, was very well executed, afforded greater satisfaction than we ever knew it to do before. For very many ears there still remains an inextricable and entangled mass of chromatic desinences, irritatingly persistent, and a series of progressions heaped up and grafted on each other, their equilibrium being an enigma for even many musicians; still this astonishing page was rendered more intelligible than it previously had been to a great number of persons. It was applauded without protestation, and so was the final scene: Death and Transfiguration of Isolde. This is a composition of very elevated tone, but it must be acknowledged that the effect is obtained by the same means as in the Prelude: progressions and crescendos. Moreover, the orchestra has an inconvenient way of absolutely crushing the singer's voice, so that that excellent artist, Mad. Panchioni, perceiving her declamatory efforts were useless, thought she had better conclude her scene by a little bit of ecstatic pantomime, which here and there raised a smile. Last Sunday, the "Funeral March for the Death of Siegfried," a fragment from the *Götterdämmerung*, was received very coldly. M. Pasdeloup was wrong in not drawing up a programme for the occasion. A short musical recapitulation, setting forth that the bits of themes which appear in the course of the March are so many reminiscences of the events the hero has gone through, would have been favourable to the effect of the fragment which derives from the tessitura of the deepest of the brass instruments an exceedingly striking heroic and sombre character.

At this last concert, M. Pasdeloup again introduced that marvellous pianist, M. Charles Heymann, of whom we shall speak on another occasion; he likewise treated his audience with the *rentrée* of Mad. Carlotta Patti, who had not been heard in Paris for some years. She sang, with *obbligato* trumpet accompaniment, the air from Handel's oratorio, *Samson*. It is a most ticklish piece, and to have selected it must have called into requisition all her daring and confidence. Every effect permissible in a composition of such high style, each note of which is a difficulty to be surmounted, was obtained by Mad. Carlotta Patti with the authority of one who possesses all the secrets of the art of singing. Her success was very great. It is, however, but just to associate M. Franquin with this success. He executed the trumpet part with astounding certainty and rare felicity. Though re-called several times Mad. Carlotta declined to comply with the desire of the audience and repeat the air; despite her modesty, she felt she could not be more than perfect."

M. de Thémines, the critic of another leading paper writes:

"Sunday last, at the Cirque d'Hiver, song glided for a moment into the midst of grand symphonic music. It was represented by Mdme Carlotta Patti de Munck, the exceptional vocalist, who has at last returned from her brilliant pilgrimage across the two hemispheres. May she remain some time at least among us! It is quite enough that America should take her sister, Adelina. Carlotta Patti, or 'Carlotta,' as she is generally called in the artistic world, unwilling to do aught not in keeping with the programme of the Popular Concerts directed by M. Pasdeloup, and specially devoted to the imperishable beauties of the great German masters, chose for her re-appearance here a sublime page of Handel, the German whom England ended by making her own: the air from the oratorio of *Samson*. She sang it with that pure and penetrating voice of hers, of so fine a pitch and of such admirable suppleness that facility of execution is mere child's play for her, and, more than all, she sang it in the grand style indispensable for everything emanating from the fertile and authoritative pen of the illustrious composer. Hanging on her lips, the audience—and we know how difficult to please is the audience of the Cirque d'Hiver—admired simultaneously her incomparable organ and her prodigies of vocalization, as well as that correct and irreproachable method which alone enables a singer not to injure or impair, even after long years, the limpid crystal of the voice. She had an ovation as enthusiastic as largely merited. And now that she has revealed her presence here, let us hope she will not be contented with a single appearance. The public have welcomed her; she surely will not reply to their welcome by a card with 'P.P.C.' upon it."

REVIEWS.

Te Deum, set to music in the key of A flat major, by E. J. Hopkins.

The skill, taste, and judgment of the organist of the Temple Church are often made manifest outside the precincts of the building, to the fame of which his musical gifts have been devoted, by compositions which quickly travel far and wide, and are certainly destined to hold a place in the future by the side of works of musicians, who, from the Reformation downwards, have never let the Church, in any generation, lack appropriate strains. There has been a continuity of song, a continuity that has retained, through musical fashions and developments, not only a unity in feeling, but also in form of expression. Take for instance three settings of the *Te Deum*, Tallis's, Rogers', and Hopkins', far apart in time, and different as they are in many respects, yet one spirit pervades them; and more, the same kind of framework encloses the varied musical thoughts. It is to be regretted that some young church composers seem to hold up the "part song" as their model, instead of the learned and venerated anthem. Mr E. J. Hopkins has shown in his latest setting of the *Te Deum* that it is possible to do something new without destroying old forms. In the printing of the *Te Deum* he has called attention to the divisions it naturally presents. The opening lines, part 1st, he terms the doxology to the Father; the 2nd part commencing "Thou art the King of Glory," the doxology to the Son; the 3rd, "We believe," the advent; the 4th "O Lord save Thy people," the daily prayer and thanksgiving; the 5th "Vouchsafe, O Lord," the prayer for purity; the 6th, "O Lord, let Thy mercy," the prayer for continued grace. The resolution of the ancient Hymn into its constituent parts directs the mind to its comprehensive beauty, and makes clear the truth of the musical setting. It will be seen that the phrases of each part reflect and express the varied nature of the holy utterances. But really one character, that of subdued devotion, pervades the whole, giving it thereby a unity seldom found. It need not be said that Mr Hopkins has written scholarly, he could scarcely do otherwise, at the same time he has confined himself to a simplicity that renders the *Te Deum* suitable for choir or congregation, with or without accompaniments.

Art and Letters.—This illustrated magazine, conducted by Mr Comyns Carr, now reaching its sixth number, fully sustains the interest, and substantiates the promise made on its introduction last October. The engravings are excellent in choice of subject, and skill in execution; whilst the letterpress, written in capital style, affords interesting and valuable information concerning the artists whose works are reproduced. In the first number Jean François Millet, the "peasant-painter" has the post of honour, which his life and works fully deserved. At the present time the necessity of individuality cannot be too much enforced, for artists more and more congregate in the great centres of European Society, and therefore are continually exposed to the temptation of moving in the same grooves. Millet, leaving Paris and its artificiality, found in humble scenes of village life, subjects more suitable to his simple truthful nature. He gave proof that the painter, seeking with earnest heart, never wants for appropriate themes. Attention is directed in the second and third numbers to the remarkable Spanish artist Mariano Bernardo Fortuny, who, after a brief, but brilliant career, died in Rome in 1874 at the age of thirty-seven, two years more of life than that allotted to the English Frederick Walker, laid to rest in Cookham churchyard in 1875. The genius of each of those gifted men is illustrated by engravings of merit. Nos. 4 and 5 are made interesting by articles on the military painters of the day. The Frenchmen, Edouard Detaille, and A. Neuville, appear to have made obsolete the battle pieces of former days, when a panoramic view of opposing hosts was drawn with a formal accuracy impossible to realism. The painter's old bird's eye view of war has passed away with the musician's "Battle of Prague." The French artists have had personal experience of the horrors of modern carnage, and with vividness have depicted the episodes and combats that actually came under their own eyes, and saddened their own hearts.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

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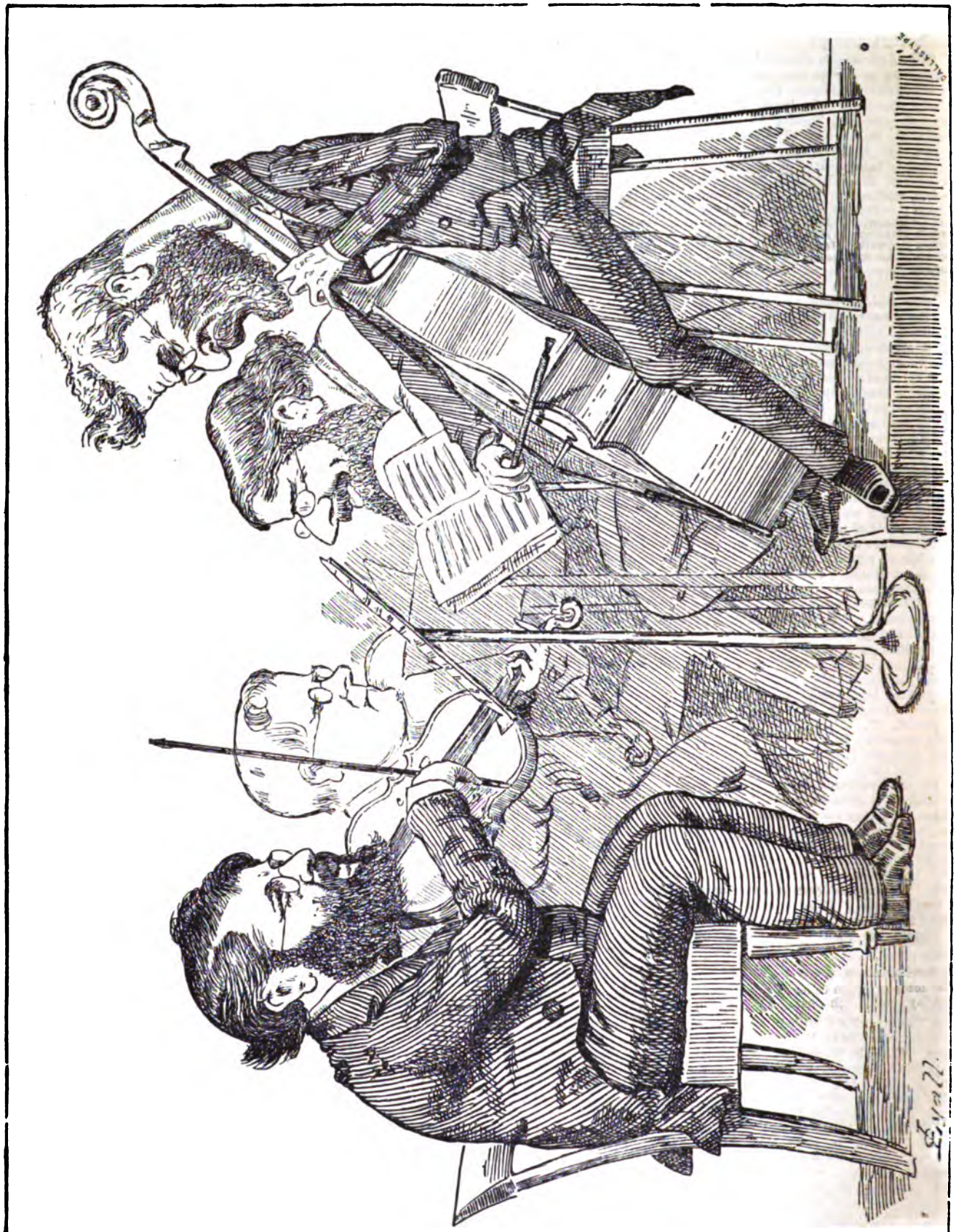

Before the Concert.

After the Concert.
Veni — vidi ——— Vinci!

For Zerbini read Strauss.—[illegible].

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Where'er you walk" (Handel)—Mr Abercrombie; Nachtstück, Op. 23, No. 4 (Schumann), and Waltzes, Op. 39 (Brahms), for pianoforte alone—Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Trio, in E flat, Op. 100, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schubert)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti; Song, "Celia" (Sa'aman)—Mr Abercrombie; Hungarian Dances, Nos. 17, 15, 20, 21, for violin and pianoforte (Brahms and Joachim)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Joachim.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in D major, No. 8, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Connais tu le pays" (Thomas)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in B flat minor, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdme Marie Krebs; Adagio, in E major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Viotti)—Herr Joachim; Song, "Sing on, ye little birds" (Waley)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, and Herr Joachim.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, at Three. The programme will include Symphony, "The Power of Sound" (Spohr); Violoncello Concerto in D minor, Andante and Finale (Piatti); Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80 (Brahms). Vocalist—Mdme Patey. Solo Violoncello—Herr Robert Hausmann. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to pressure on our space, several continued articles, amongst which are "Form or Design in Vocal Music," "Cherubini," &c., are unavoidably left over.

DEATH.

On the 21st. Dec., at Alfred Street, Bow, JANE, the beloved wife of EDWARD WOOLLEY, many years orchestral violinist, Sacred Harmonic Society, London.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S husband, M. Auguste Rouzaud, died in Paris on Wednesday morning, of paralysis of the brain, brought on by over-excitement during the late panic on the Bourse.

MISS STEPHENS (Dowager Countess of Essex), the once popular vocalist, died on Wednesday morning in her eighty-eighth year, of bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, at her residence in Belgrave Square. Miss Stephens was aunt to the esteemed professor, Mr Charles E. Stephens.

DEATH OF MDME CELESTE.—Another link in a long chain of dramatic memories, connecting the present with a fresh generation of playgoers, has been broken by the death of that once highly popular actress Mdme Celeste, who expired at her residence in Paris on Sunday, the 12th inst., her last hours being solaced by the affectionate care and solicitude of her daughter, Mrs N. E. Elliott. Mdme Celeste was born at Paris on August 6, 1811, and at a very early age was admitted as pupil at the Académie Royale, where such rapid proficiency was attained that when scarcely sixteen she accepted an engagement for the United States, and during her stay she married an American gentleman named Elliott, who died years ago. Returning to England in 1830, Mdme Celeste appeared at Drury Lane and other metropolitan theatres, and won a distinguished position. In 1844 she was leading actress and directress of the Adelphi, where her impersonation of the Indian girl Miami, in Buckstone's drama, *The Green Bushes*, became identified with her popularity. In this character and at this theatre, she took her farewell (October, 1874), after an engagement of 12 nights. In November, 1859, Mdme Celeste became lessee of the Lyceum, a position she held for two years.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

DR BEARD (*loquitur*).—We have got him back at last. All hail to the master!

To J. J.

Hoch!

Hail! mighty monarch of the bow,
A sceptre truly wieldest thou
Within the realm of Art:
Here willing subjects gladly join
To pay thee in thy kingdom's coin—
The homage of the heart.

Again we welcome to our strand
The potent magic of thy wand,
Which brooks no rival near;
As round thy brows the bay we twine,
Enchanter, wake those strains divine,
And reign without compeer.

WETSTAR.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Herr Joachim's first appearance for the season was attended by the usual circumstances—that is to say, an overflowing audience and great enthusiasm. Connoisseurs looked for these things with assured eyes, albeit arguing from experience in other cases, the time has come for lukewarmness, if not indifference, to show itself. Thirty-eight years have passed since Herr Joachim, then a boy of thirteen, appeared amongst us as a candidate for favour. While he grew in stature and experience admiration of his talents grew also, but it is hard to suppose that even his warmest admirers anticipated so long a stretch of supremacy as that which the Hungarian violinist has

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actually enjoyed. The future is always big with possibilities; nature loves to show that she can improve upon efforts hitherto accounted her best; popular applause is fickle, and the foothold of a public favourite is ever uncertain. But Herr Joachim seems to enjoy an immunity from besetting dangers. Rivals come and go, leaving him unaffected, and in the realm of his art no Laodicean exists. We can account for this only by reference to the permanent authority of genius, and to the powerful charm of natural gifts consecrated to the highest uses. In all such instances, however, analysis is of little avail. There are the facts, and if we cannot exactly explain them, we know that they are rightful, and our own sensations make us glad of them.

When Herr Joachim arrives the star of Beethoven, always in the ascendant, begins to shine with double brightness. So it shone on Monday night, when two of the master's works were performed with singular finish and beauty of effect. The well-known quartet in F (Op. 59) came first of these, followed by the trio in G major (Op. 9). for strings only. In the *adagio* of the quartet, Herr Joachim, ably supported by Messrs Ries, Straus, and Piatti, was great as ever, It seems the peculiar privilege of this artist to divine the spirit of Beethoven's slow movements—those in which the composer's genius, like some lark of strong and daring wing, reaches the very gate of heaven. With what reverence Herr Joachim interprets the master's utterances! How careful he is to avoid all self-assertion, all appearance of thrusting his personality between composer and audience! Herein lies a part of his secret. Because of the very clearness with which we see Beethoven do we recognize the presence and work of Joachim, and so gratitude mixes with admiration. Besides introducing his favourite master on two occasions, Herr Joachim played his own Romance in B flat (Op. 2) and Paganini's Caprice in E major, to the intense delight of the audience, who cheered this exhibition of "virtuosity" with even more vigour than they acclaimed the less readily comprehensible work done in the concerted pieces. Henceforth to the end of the season the tide of success at Mr. Chappell's concerts will run high and strong. The pianist was Miss Krebs, whom we must congratulate upon a very able and appropriate rendering of Chopin's Nocturne in C minor and Impromptu in F sharp minor. The subtle flavour of the Polish composer's music is not discerned, much less communicated by every artist that plays it. In this essential matter, however, Miss Krebs was notably fortunate. She executed her task with as much delicacy and *esprit* as fluency, and gave unqualified satisfaction to an audience whose good opinion was decidedly worth having. The vocalist, Miss Annie Marriott, introduced Handel's pretty, though difficult song, "Lusinghe più care," and, with Miss Edith Millar, sang, to English words, one of the same master's Italian duets, being in each case ably accompanied by Mr Zerbini, who also took the pianoforte part in Herr Joachim's solo pieces.—*D. T.*

HERR JOACHIM.—Herr Joachim has returned to London for the season and appeared for the first time at last night's Monday Popular Concert. He was the leader in Beethoven's quartet for strings in F (Op. 59), and had selected as his solo pieces his own romance for the violin and Paganini's Caprice in E. His playing has never been more perfect, and his reception on the part of a crowded audience was as enthusiastic as on any previous occasion. Mdlle Krebs was the pianist of the concert, one of the features of which was the exquisite rendering of Handel's duet, "How lovely is the face," by Miss Annie Marriott and Miss Edith Millar.—*Times, Feb.* 21.

TO OAKES OF THE ORKNEYS.

SIR,—The *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn were composed at Leipsic in 1841, the only reference to them occurring in his "Letters" being the subjoined:—

"Do you know what I have recently been composing with enthusiasm?—Variations for the piano—actually eighteen—on a theme in D minor; and they amused me so famously that I have already begun others."

Here Mendelssohn refers to the Variations on Themes in B flat and E flat respectively.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Abraham Saveke Silent.

Silent.

Upon a hill's last crags, some mighty firs
Wailed out grim music to the wild sea-wind.
The place was cool and dim. The sun had set.
And there I put an end to wandering;
And lay me down, for being tired to death;
And heard a sighing all about my ears,
And then great stillness: and I slept and dreamed.
I dreamed that in deep sleep, there softly strayed,
Across my eyelids, fingers beautiful
That opened them to glamour of the wood,
And then a girl most wonderfully fair.
She never spoke, albeit once her lips
Unclosed a little in a little smile
Which lit her face up as the moon might do
To broken lilies drifting from the shade.
I never heard her heart beat, but she came
In lingering wise that told of slow heart beat.
Meantime a spell so bound me that I slept
And could not move my hand, nor say a word.
Great were her eyes and grey, and held large light,
Restless and wan and with headachy look:
And, when a weariness too heavily
Upon them weighed, the long dark lashes fell;
And then her head would droop like some lone flower
Careworn and finding nothing worth its care.
How my brain strove and tried to hold back time!
How every breath I drew parched up my lips!
How my heart sank for dread lest she should go!
Her clustered silken locks; her forehead pale;
Her pale, and exquisitely fashioned face;
Her little nose and mouth; her cheek, whereon
A faint blue vein was just discernable;
Her ears for butterflies to kiss and die;
Her delicate light eyebrows, like two clouds,
Two streaks of almost gold, the weak south wind
Traces ere dying in the day's decline
Over the moon and tranquil evening sea:
All these I clung to with a dizzy brain.
And, from sheer pleasure, even shut my eyes
One moment. When I looked again. Nothing.
Without one word to link my soul and hers,
She was no more before me, was quite gone.
And thereupon I sought with bitter grief,
Saying, "God, give me back those eyes again,"
"That face of hers, half cold, half sad and sweet."
But nothing answered, save the firs, which hissed
And cried with a hollow crying at the gale.

Pelham.

BÖHM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—You most kindly afforded space for my own recollections concerning the invention of the Böhm flute, and have shown a yet wider liberality in reproducing Dr. Schafhäutl's exhaustive paper upon the same subject.

At the risk of inviting obvious remarks about "flute lores," I venture to appeal to you to give a hearing to Böhm himself; after which, if you grant my request, I will not again trespass on your good nature.

Since I last wrote Mr Carte, whose firm originally held Böhm's patent, and who still makes his flutes most excellently, has sent me a very interesting English manuscript, written in Böhm's, to me, familiar hand; and relating the history of those gradual improvements which, beginning with the "ring-keyed" flute and its fingering—alleged to have been borrowed from Gordon—culmin-

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ated in the cylindro-conical instrument patented in England and France about 1846 (I think?).

Böhm fully details his relations with Gordon; but the pamphlet (which will, I hope, be published) has an interest quite distinct from all personal questions. I can especially recommend its perusal to those who are prepared to proclaim Böhm an impostor, and who may therefore be glad to know something of the rudiments of that science upon which his imposture is founded.

I have epitomised and extracted as briefly as possible those passages which refer to the disputed invention.—I am, Sir, very obediently yours,

W. S. Broadwood.

London, Feb. 18, 1882.

Böhm says:—Being myself a skilled mechanist, I had always either made or modified the flutes on which I played. In 1828 I established a flute manufactory of my own at Munich.

In 1831 I played both at Paris and London on a flute of the old system made, and in some details improved, in my factory at Munich.

While in London on this occasion, I was struck by the tone of Nicholson's large holed flute; while the ingenious though unsuccessful attempts to improve mechanism of Mr Gordon (an amateur whom I then met for the first time) set me thinking whether I could not myself design a flute, which should combine the advantages of large holes, with those of improved mechanism. I had long meditated something of the kind; now, on my return to Munich, I proceeded to carry out my plan.

"I considered Gordon's mechanism too complicated; and the holes of his flute wrongly placed. He used, among others, one 'ring key to avoid the F lever.' 'The E hole of his flute was bored lower down and covered with a key. He had also on his Flute a number of keys and levers made, some of which were ingeniously devised; but they were much too complicated, and of no use, as the instrument wanted throughout a correct accustical (*sic*) basis.'"

I began a series of experiments from which resulted a system of holes novel as to number, size, and position. To these I adapted a wholly novel system of fingering, carried out by means of ring keys (explained in detail). My ring keyed flute was completed in the beginning of 1832. I played upon it in London in public in 1833.

In that same year Gordon wrote to me from Lausanne (the letter is quoted *in extenso*, in French), ordering of me a flute on his system of fingering, and enclosing for my guidance a table of fingering. Eventually he came to Munich to superintend the execution of this order. He soon however discarded the system he had thus far used; and took to another, parts of which were copied from my flute, as he acknowledges in the introduction subsequently published with his table of fingering for a Diatonic flute (this is the introduction already referred to by Dr Schafhäutl.)

After a year's work in my manufactory at Munich, Gordon completed his diatonic flute (lithographs of Gordon's flute, and of Böhm's ring-keyed flute are appended to the manuscript. There is no sort of resemblance between them).

"This diatonic flute, 'from what I know, was neither imitated nor played by any one else; and, afterwards, when I met him again in London, Gordon wished to have one of my flutes, as he was not satisfied with his own. I have the proofs of all these facts in my hands. How, then, could my flute be an imitation of his, which was made more than a year after mine had been completed?

"'Mr Gordon had made use of essential parts of my instrument when he constructed his; but he, a gentleman in every respect, always legally acknowledged it.

"'I, myself, had never placed a high value on this, my invention' says Böhm of his fingering). 'Without the repeated appeals made to me, I would scarcely have considered it worth while to claim its authenticity; as all the discussions on this subject refer merely to the key mechanism, which is usually judged of by individual views, each one thinking that the best which suits his tastes or fingers. I only valued my own system of fingering so far as I found in its contrivance the most simple means for the attainment of my object; which was, the improvement of the flute as to its accustical (*sic*) proportions. For *this* is the chief foundation of the higher or lower degree of perfection in all instruments, their mechanism being but of secondary importance. It is also much easier to construct keys, than to improve notes.' 'From 1833 till 1841 I was more occupied in steel and iron works' (he had been appointed an inspector of mines) 'than with music; but the surest proof of the authenticity of my invention may be a statement of my motives for constructing a new flute, and the explanation of the accustical (*sic*) and mechanical principles I made use of. For he alone is capable to produce a rationable (*sic*) work, who is able to give account for every detail, from its conception to its completion.'

"Böhm then gives an outline of the acoustical principles applicable to the manufacture of wind instruments in general, and to that of the flute in particular. After which he describes the various experiments by which he proceeded, till he finally completed and patented the Cylindro-conical Flute, which gained prizes in so many exhibitions, and which is now in general use."

[Copied or epitomized from Böhm's autograph manuscript, Feb. 18, 1882.—W. S. B.]

Irresistible.

Don Kensington of the South (*persuasively*).—"La ci darem la mano, &c."

Miss Hanover Tenterden (*coyly*).—"Vorrei—e--*non* vorrei, &c."

(Curtain.)

CONCERTS.

Bach Society.—The first of two concerts proposed to be given by this society during the present season took place in St James's Hall on Thursday evening Feb. 16 and was attended by a large number of well-known connoisseurs, whose gathering together is always a sign of some particular interest. In this case the attraction was due to a group of Church composition, more or less representing three different schools—the English, the German, and the Italian. Here our own land has no reason to dread rivalry. English Church music, from the time of the great intellectual and religious revival under the Tudors, to the present day, holds its own in comparison with any other, and is an invincible argument in the mouths of those who, like Prince Leopold at Manchester, contend that we are not *au fond* an "unmusical nation." The work chosen for performance on Thursday fairly represented the average merit of their class, as all must admit who know Byrd's six-part anthem, "Sing joyfully unto God our strength," Dr. Greene's "I will sing of Thy power," and Sir Gore Ouseley's "Great is the Lord." It will be observed that these compositions belong respectively to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Hence their performance supplied an excellent opportunity of observing, not so much evidence of marked change as of stability in all that may be regarded as fundamental points. Of late years certain English Church writers have yielded to the influences of Mendelssohn or Gounod, and familiarized us with "prettinesses" not much akin to the grave and dignified outpourings of their elders. To this school Sir Gore Ouseley does not belong, nor can the path of English Church music be yet said to have swerved from the line that stretches back to the Tudor musicians. Accepting the Oxford professor's anthem, therefore, as representing our century, it was curious to note how comparatively little change has come about in three hunderd years. We do not say that the fact is surprising. The tendency of ecclesiastical art, as of ecclesiastical matters generally, is to "mark time," or, if ground be unconsciously gained, to retire with a burst of fervid devotion to things as they were. In this case, perhaps, there is a distinct advantage in marking time, since it is hard to conceive worship music more

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noble and appropriate than the best effusions of our old English masters. That Bach's double chorus, "Nun ist das Heil," worthily illustrated the kindred art of Lutheran, Germany needs no saying, nor could a word have been chosen more distinctive of Italian Church music at the beginning of its best days than Palestrina's "Missa Papæ Marcelli," which was heard on Thursday for the first time in an English concert-room. Apart from the historic interest of this Mass, as proceeding from the official action of the Sacred College with a view to much-needed reform, the music is a singularly beautiful example of Palestrina's skill. It must not, of course, be judged by comparison with the music of our own day. Such a course would not only be illogical but unfair. It would have its counterpart in a duel fought between a matchlock man of Elizabeth's time and a modern rifleman. Palestrina, though perhaps not conscious of his disability, was tied and bound by rules that kept him within narrow limits; whereas the Church composer of our day is almost free to do as he pleases. The marvel is that with so few chords available, such a narrow range of modulation, and so few admissible devices for avoiding the monotony of simple diatonic harmony, Palestrina was able to sustain the interest of his work. At the time when it was written, the "Missa Papæ Marcelli" must have seemed as though it had fallen from heaven, and even now, as we mark the steady flow of its sweet and massive chords, varied by play of fancy and the devices of an age which over-elaborated everything within the narrow bounds to which pedantry confined its ingeniousness, we cannot help but admire. The Bach Society did well to let us hear this Mass, and might with advantage rescue many kindred works from the oblivion in which we have permitted them to remain. Other notable features of the programme were Bach's Sonata in E flat, for pianoforte and flute, played by Messrs Svendsen and Kemp, Boccherini's Sonata for violoncello, in which Signor Piatti once more charmed every listener, and—not to speak of madrigals and part-songs—Handel's duet, "Conservate," capitally sung by Miss Robertson and Mdme Fassett, who had no difficulty in securing proper attention and regard for a very interesting example of the master. The solo passages in the Mass were given to the ladies just named, with them being Messrs Shakspere, Kempton, and Tremere. Mr Pettit well discharged important duties at the organ, and Mr Otto Goldschmidt conducted with his customary care and success.—*D. T.*

The Kilburn Musical Association gave its second concert of the season at the Town Hall, Kilburn, on Tuesday, the 21st inst. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, the principal artists being Miss Florence Norman, Miss Allitsen, Mr F. Wood, and Mr F. Penna, vocalists; Mrs Wake, Miss Gollmick, and Mr Victor Gollmick presiding at the piano and harmonium. Owing to the absence of Mr Adolph Gollmick, through illness, Mr Walter F. Clare conducted. The performance throughout was creditable to all concerned, and a large audience testified their appreciation by frequent applause and encores. The indulgence of the audience was craved for Miss Allitsen, who was suffering from a severe cold. This notwithstanding, she sang with her accustomed purity, taste, and tenderness, and received unanimous encores for "Woe unto them" and "Oh, rest in the Lord." The fresh, resonant voice of Miss Florence Norman told well in the soprano solos, &c., and, as upon previous occasions, was much applauded. Mr F. Wood, manifestly oppressed with cold, struggled through the tenor music manfully, and created quite a favourable impression by the artistic and expressive manner in which he sang. Mr Fred. Penna had much to do in the bass part, and did it well, more especially the recit. and aria "It is enough." The trio, "Lift thine eyes," was re-demanded. The chorus gave evidence of careful rehearsal, and were kept well in hand throughout by Mr Clare, who conducted like a veteran. The accompaniments were all that could be desired. The audience were hearty in their acknowledgments, and showed good taste by remaining till the last note of the last bar was sung.—W. H.

Professor Michael Bergson gave his second *séance musicale* on Monday evening, Feb. 20th. The following is the programme:—Duet, Grand Sonata in E flat for the pianoforte, by Moscheles, played by Miss Eugenie Sturmfels and Mr Bergson; Song, "Dying Embers," the words by Percy Mocatta, music by Lindsay Sloper, effectively sung by Mdme St. Ives; "Grande polonaise heroïque," for violin, by M. Bergson, played with great success by Mr Pollitzer; "Midnight Chimes" (words by Maria X. Hayes), and "The Better World" (words by Mrs M. A. Baines), music by M. Bergson, charmingly sung by Miss Jessica O'Brien (violin *obbligato* by Mr Mori). Fragment of *Sylvia* by Leo Delibes, for the pianoforte (Miss Mary Fowel); *Scena* and *Aria* from M. Bergson's opera, *Luise de Monfort*, arranged for clarinet, effectively played by Mr J. E. Turrell: *Mélodie* composed for the violoncellist Hollman, transcribed for the pianoforte and performed by the composer, Mr P. Mocatta; "Serenade Moresque" (words by M. X. Hayes) and "Il Ritorno" (Rondo Valse), by M. Bergson, brilliantly sung by Miss Bertha Foresta; "When thou art near" (Sullivan), and "Close to the Threshold" (H. Parker), sung by Mr W. Broughton; and "Saltarello," from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, arranged for the pianoforte by Stephen Heller, played by Miss Lavinia O'Brien. Miss Minnie Bell gave two agreeable recitations, and Professor Bergson terminated the *soirée* by playing three of his favourite pianoforte pieces:—"Danse favorite de Maria Lesczynska," "Un Souvenir" (*reverie*), and "Un Orage dans les Lagunes." Mr Nicholas Mori conducted.—K. L.

Mr J. T. Hutchinson gave his annual concert on Tuesday evening, February 14, at the Holborn New Town Hall. The singers were Misses Larkcom, Cockburn, and Burton; Messrs Taylor and Hutchinson. There was a choir of 150, the organist was Mr E. H. Turpin, and the pianist, Mr W. G. Wood. Mr William Lemare conducted. The *pièce de résistance* was Mr J. Francis Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, which was excellently rendered both by soloists and chorus. A miscellaneous selection followed, including Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, capitally played on the organ by Mr E. H. Turpin; a part song by Mr Lemare, "Whispering Leaves;" the Scotch ballad, "Robin Adair," sung by Miss Cockburn (encored); "Montrose's Love Song," energetically delivered by Mr Hutchinson, &c. The concert concluded by Mr Lemare's choir singing Eaton Faning's characteristic part-song, "The Vikings."

Mr Frederic Penna gave his illustrated lecture on the "Art of Singing" at the Marlborough Rooms on Thursday evening, Feb. 9, before a fashionable and artistic audience. Our contemporary, *The Morning Post*, alluding to the lecture, says:—"Mr F. Penna, an excellent vocalist and teacher, on Thursday read a lecture at the Marlborough Rooms on the "Art of Singing," with rules from the formation of a tone to everything that a singer ought to know, to do, and to be. His remarks were illustrated with vocal pieces, given by himself and his accomplished daughter, Miss Catherine Penna, and accompanied by Mr W. Ganz on the pianoforte. Many of the observations, drawn from a long experience, and marked by sound common sense, are of such value that they ought to be widely known. Young students would be greatly benefitted by them, and many teachers would find them of great advantage as an aid and incentive to the higher claims of art."

Mdlle Alice Roselli, the accomplished vocalist, gave an "At Home" on Tuesday evening, February 14th, at Lady Frances Warburton's mansion, South Kensington. There was a large and fashionable audience, all of whom evidently enjoyed the varied musical programme provided for them. Mdlle Roselli's fine dramatic voice and thorough artistic singing were heard to advantage in the duets "Una Notte a Venezia," with Mr W. H. Cummings, and "Quis est Homo," with Miss Helen Meason, as well as in the quartet "Mezza notte," with Miss Meason, Messrs W. H. Cummings and Thurley Beale, and in Mr Marzials' ballad, "Leaving yet Loving." Mr. Cummings pleased everyone with his own charming ballad, "Just as of old." Mr Thurley Beale sang Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and Miss Helen Meason the same composer's "O that we two were Maying." Mr Cusins and Mr Sydney Smith played some brilliant pianoforte solos, and Miss Minnie Bell recited two dramatic pieces. Miss Beata Francis and Mr and Mrs Furlong also assisted as vocalists. Mr Lindsay Sloper and Signor Li Calsi accompanying with their usual ability. Mdlle Roselli may be congratulated upon the *éclat* with which this agreeable evening passed off.

Clerkenwell Popular Ballad Concerts.—The concerts which the committee of the "Popular Ballad Concerts" have given each week at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell Road, have been thus far well attended, particularly by the poorer classes—for whom the committee specially cater—the prices being very moderate. On Monday evening, Jan. 30th, the singers were Misses Winthrop and Tennyson, Messrs Blandford and Thorndike. Mrs Fairfax gave a "recitation," Mr John Payne (M. Sainton's clever young pupil) played a couple of violin solos, and Mr Brinley Richards contributed some of his well-known pianoforte pieces—Mr W. Henry Thomas being the conductor. At the concert on Monday evening, Feb. 6th, the singers were Mrs Osborne Williams, Misses Adela Vernon and Touzeau, Messrs Fulkerson (who also recited in the absence of Mr Harrison) and Theo. Marzials. The instrumentalists were represented by Mr Foster Cooke (violoncellist) and Mr W. Henry Thomas, who played several pianoforte solos and also accompanied the singers. At the third concert (Feb. 13th) the artists were Miss Beebe, Mdmes de Vaney, Florence Winn, Miss Laurence, Messrs Rivers, St George, and Bennett (violin)—Mr W. Henry Thomas again acting as conductor. On Monday, Feb. 20th, an attractive programme was interpreted by Lady Campbell, Miss Wigan, Mr Lazarus, and other notabilities. Among the artists for next Monday (27th Feb.) we observe Mdlle Liebhart, Miss Emily Paget, and Mr John Radcliff, of the Royal Italian Opera.—M. A. G.

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MESSRS FERDINAND AND HERMANN CARRI gave a concert on Thursday, February 23, at Steinway Hall. The one a violinist and the other a pianist, both of considerable talent. The following is the programme, each number being received with unanimous and deserved applause.

1, Sonata for piano and violin, D minor, Op. 21, (Gade); 2, First Grand Concerto for violin, (Paganini); (Cadenza by Ferdinand Carri); 3, Fantasia, "Lucia di Lammermoor," for piano, (Liszt); 4, Walther's Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* for violin, (Wagner); 5, Transcription for the pianoforte of "O Du mein holder Abendstern" (L'Etoile du soir") from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, (Liszt); Etude, "Eroica," (Henselt); and Gavotte for the left hand alone (Bach); 6, Fantasia, "Othello" for violin, (Ernst); 7, Polonaise, A flat, for piano, (Chopin); 8, Sonata for piano and violin, G major, Op. 18, (Rubinstein).

The room was well attended and the concert-givers, who, we understand, "hail from America," will, no doubt, be often heard during the ensuing season.

PROVINCIAL.

CANTERBURY.—The performance for the first time in this city of Dr Longhurst's new cantata *The Village Fair* at the Music Hall, on Monday evening, Feb. 6th, met with an enthusiastic reception, says the *Canterbury News*, and we heartily congratulate our talented Cathedral organist upon the brilliant success which his latest composition has achieved. It was but natural that the performance of a work which has received such favourable criticism and roused so much interest in musical circles in this district should attract as large and fashionable an audience as that which attended the concert. The assemblage included nearly all the prominent musicians in the district and therefore was gratifying to Dr Longhurst, as indicating the unanimous feeling of a critical audience. Of the general execution of the work we can speak in the highest terms. About fifty ladies constituted a very effective and well balanced chorus. The performance of both band and chorus indicated that the minutest details in the preparation of the work had not escaped the attention of the conductor. The principal singers were Miss Jessie Royd, Mdlle Van Senden and Miss Jessie Griffin, (a young and promising student of the Royal Academy of Music, London). The second part of the programme consisted of Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* which, though often heard in Canterbury was never more effectively rendered than on the present occasion. The singers were the choir and the ladies who sang in Dr Longhurst's cantata, assisted by Messrs H. Guy and R. Rhodes.

CHELTENHAM.—The last of the promenade concerts of the present season took place on Saturday, and proved, like its predecessors, a success. Mr Ricardo Linter, who was the pianist, played four solos in brilliant style, and received encores for two of them. In the absence of Mr Von Holst (who was unable to attend, through a severe domestic affliction), Mr Linter accompanied Miss Catharine, the vocalist of the concert, in her songs. The concert was a great success from a musical point of view, and we trust the season has proved remunerative to the spirited caterers.—*Cheltenham Examiner.*

BIRMINGHAM.—The attractions of the following programme for the fourth concert of the present series of Mr S. S. Stratton's Popular Chamber Concerts brought together a thoroughly representative gathering in the Masonic Hall.

Quintet—Pianoforte, flute, clarionet, horn, and bassoon, (C. S. Heap); Sonata in G (Op. 78)—pianoforte and violin, (Brahms); Fantasiestücke, "Abends," "Aufschwung," and "Novellette" in E. (Schumann), Romance—piano and flute, (F. E. Bache); Septet in E flat (Op. 20), (Beethoven).

Dr Heap's quintet was admirably played, says the *Birmingham Post*, and received quite an enthusiastic burst of applause at the conclusion. Brahms' Sonata was played by Mr T. M. Abbott and Dr Heap in a manner worthy of the piece. The three pieces by Schumann had the requisite care bestowed upon their performance by Dr Heap, and Mr Gregory with the help of Mr Stratton played the charming romance for pianoforte and flute, by one of the best remembered names in Birmingham, the late Mr F. E. Bache, with musicianly skill and encouraging success. The septet, which concluded the concert—one of the best Mr Stratton has yet given—was entrusted to Messrs Abbott, Griffin, Owen, Heath, Pountney, Probin, and Edwin, and was most ably interpreted.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The third subscription concert of the Festival Choral Society was given in the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8th. The principal singers were Miss Eva de Farbstein, Messrs J. D'Arcy Ferris and J. H. Blower. The instrumentalists were Mr T. M. Abbott (violin) and Herr Van Biene (violoncello), Messrs J. Anson (contra basso), H. Nicholson (flute), Dubrucq (oboe), A. Probin (horn), with Dr C. S. Heap as pianist and conductor. The Choral Society contributed glees, part-songs, &c., including Mendelssohn's setting of the 43rd Psalm, Pinsuti's "Stars of the Summer night" and the same composer's "Lullaby of Life," Dr Heap's "Who is Sylvia?" (composed for and dedicated to the Wolverhampton Choral Society), and other well-known compositions. Among the interesting pieces in the programme was a *Gavotte* and *Courante*, for the pianoforte, by Stephen Heller (Op. 115), played by Dr Heap. Mendelssohn's *St Paul* is announced to be given at the next concert on April 24th.

TAUNTON.—The committee of the Taunton Philharmonic Association were unfortunate in fixing the date of their first concert. Compelled to postpone it from last month, they selected the evening of all others when the borough election would be proceeding, and when the great Liberal meeting was held in the Castle Hall, they courageously determined to proceed, and were rewarded with what must, under the circumstances, be regarded as a very good house. The work selected was Macfarren's cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, which had been carefully rehearsed under the able guidance of Mr T. J. Dudeney. Departing from the established rule, the committee decided this year to engage a professional artist to sing the principal soprano music, and in Miss Catherine Penna the audience found a lady qualified in every way to do justice to the principal character. She was well supported by members of the Philharmonic class, and the choral music was capitally rendered by a well-trained body of voices, under Mr Dudeney's *bâton*. Miss French, of Bath, took the part of Malcolm Græme (contralto), at short notice, and she acquitted herself, as usual, in a thoroughly competent manner. The other characters in the cantata were well sustained by members of the association. The concert was admitted on all hands to have been a gratifying musical success.

BRIGHTON.—At the Aquarium on Saturday afternoon last a new and original operetta was produced, entitled *A Storm in a Tea-cup; or, The Art of Navigation*, composed by Mr Frederick Corder, who is rapidly coming to the front as a composer. It may be remembered what success his Symphony in E flat met with at the last Norwich Musical Festival. The music in the operetta (the scene of which is laid on board a yacht) is bright and sparkling throughout, and was enthusiastically received—in fact, so much so, that the directors had it repeated in place of the opera set down for the evening's performance. The singers were Mdme Alice Barth as Lady Sylvia, Miss Kate Leipold as Maggie, Mr Faulkner Leigh as Ernest Gale, Mr Eric Lewis as the Steward, and Mr Theodore Distin as Harry Fairweather, owner of the *Sea Gull*. Mr Faulkner Leigh was very successful in the music assigned to him, being unanimously called upon to repeat a *barcarolle* in the second act. The piece was well mounted, and there was a good band conducted *con amore* by the composer. W. S.

DEATH OF SELIGMANN, THE VIOLONCELLIST.

Hippolyte Prosper Seligmann, highly reputed as violoncellist and composer for his instrument, died suddenly at Monte Carlo a short time since. Born at Paris, on the 28th July, 1817, he entered, when old enough, the Conservatory. Here he studied solfeggio under Alkan; the violoncello under Norblin; and composition under Halévy. After carrying off, in 1836, the prize for the violoncello, he began to play in public. He then undertook long professional tours in France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Algeria, and Germany, being everywhere extremely successful. He also, at one period, obtained general acceptance as violoncellist at the concerts of the Musical Union. He wrote numerous compositions for the violoncello, various vocal pieces, and some criticisms. The body was transported to Paris and buried in the Jewish Cemetery at Montmartre.

MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The prospectus of the forthcoming series of concerts to be given by Mr Ganz at St James's Hall has been issued. Mr Ganz promises us five of Beethoven's symphonies, besides compositions by Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, as well as a repetition of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, which, by the bye, was first presented to the English public at one of Mr Ganz's concerts. Liszt's Symphony, called after Dante's *Divina Commedia* (for orchestra and female chorus), will be given in England for the first time, as well as a new Symphony by Signor Sgambati, an Italian composer, pupil of Liszt. Mr Ganz also promises to give Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Mr Pollitzer will lead the band, and Mr Ganz will, doubtless, secure the best available talent to perform the difficult works he has announced.

Stern's Vocal Association are studying Haydn's *Seasons*, which will be followed by a new choral work, *Schwestertreue*, from the pen of Arno Kleffel.

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THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A meeting, preliminary to the large meeting to be held at St James's Palace on Tuesday next, the 28th inst., in connection with the proposed Royal College of Music, was held at Marlborough House yesterday afternoon, and was attended by the Lord Mayor and representatives of the Corporation of the principal City companies, on the invitation of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales was accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., Lord Charles Bruce, M.P., Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.M.C., C.B.

The Prince of Wales explained the object which he had in view with reference to the national movement for the advancement of musical education throughout the Empire, expressing a hope that he might have the support of the City of London and of the City guilds in the same manner as had been so generously afforded in the cause of technical education. After which the Lord Mayor and Sir Sydney Waterlow suggested a course of proceeding by which they had every reason to believe that the Corporation and City companies would take into favourable consideration the wishes of his Royal Highness in this matter, and without pledging themselves for the Corporation or for the City companies, they felt confident that his Royal Highness's appeal for support would receive special attention.

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WAIFS.

Saint-Saëns has been playing in Berlin.

Aïda has just been performed for the first time in Riga.

Suppé's *Doña Juanita* will shortly be performed in Brussels.

A new Magyar musical paper, the *Harmonia*, has been started in Pesth.

Lecocq's last work, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, has been performed in Ghent.

A new Mass, by Cagnoni, has been performed at the Cathedral, Novara.

There is some talk of performing Boïto's *Mefistofele* at the Teatro Nuovo, Pisa.

Max Erdmannsdörfer, is appointed conductor of the Russian Concert Society, Moscow.

The Teatro Goldoni, Modena, was recently sold by auction for the modest sum of 4,500 lire.

Massenet is in Milan, superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *L'Hérodiade*, at the Scala.

Before appearing at the Milan Scala, Bianca Bianchi fulfils a short engagement at Turin.

Jules de Swert's opera, *Die Albigenser*, will be performed at Antwerp in March, for the first time in that city.

Pietro Milani, of Naples, is appointed director and first violin of the Quartet Society, Buenos Ayres.

The Italian operatic season in Moscow begins on the 28th inst., and terminates on the 18th March.

A grand organ, from the factory of Locatelli, Bergamo, has been erected in the new Synagogue, Florence.

Galli-Marié has been well-received as Mignon, in Thomas's opera of that name, at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* with a Russian version of the libretto, was produced on the 28th January in Moscow.

Popper, the violoncellist, was among the performers at the last Museum Concert, Frankfort-on-the Maine.

The Pagliano, Florence, re-opens in Lent. The first opera will be Bizet's *Carmen*, with Preziosi as the heroine.

Rokitansky, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been appointed Imperial Austrian Chamber-Singer.

The foundation of the New York Chorus Society was inaugurated on the 28th ult. by a concert at Steinway Hall.

The girl violinist, Teresina Tua, will probably give some concerts in Buenos Ayres during the National Exhibition.

It is said that Faure, Capoul, Achard, and other French artists are heavy losers by the late financial crisis in France.

A fire broke out recently in Giuseppe Mola's pianoforte manufactory, Turin. The damage is estimated at 20,000 lire.

The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred on Herr Hubert Ries, *Concertmeister*, Berlin, the title of Royal Prussian Professor.

It is said that Gounod himself will conduct his *Faust*, interpreted by Albani, Faure, Maurel, and Gayarre, at Monte Carlo.

Another child phenomenon, Ilona Eibenschütz, a pianist not yet nine years of age, has appeared in the musical firmament.

Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*, with music by Professor Paine, of Harvard, has been performed at Booth's Theatre, New York.

It is in Bologna and not Milan, as erroneously stated by some papers, that Bottesini's new work, *Babele*, will first be produced.

Carl Albrecht, Inspector of the Moscow Conservatory, has been decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the Order of St Anne.

Under the title of *La Guerra allegra*, Johann Strauss's last buffo opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, is announced at the Teatro Fiorentini, Naples.

At Frankfort, Hamburgh, Brunswick, Bremen, and other large towns, Rheinthaler's *Kätchen von Heilbronn* has met with equal success.

Gomes, whose *Guarany* will be remembered at Covent Garden, has been to Parma, superintending the production of his opera, *Salvator Rosa*.

At the approaching centennial recurrence of the "Sicilian Vespers," Verdi's opera founded on that event will be performed at the Politeama, Palermo.

The regular five-months' season at the Vice-Regal Theatre, Cairo, having terminated, the manager, Larose, has taken the company for six weeks to Alexandria.

Clotilde and Adelaide Milanollo, violinists, and nieces of the celebrated Theresa Milanollo Parmentier, took part a short time since in a concert at Ghent.

Heinrich Hofmann's new opera, *Wilhelm von Oranien*, was performed for the first time at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, on the 5th inst., with doubtful success.

At the express wish of Massenet, it is Moriamé (Italianized: Moriami), a Belgian artist, who will sustain the part of Herod in *L'Hérodiade* at the Milan Scala.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has, after a lapse of twelve years, been revived at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The performance was conducted by Herr Dessoff.

Dr Filippo Filippi, the well-known musical critic, will shortly visit Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of writing on musical matters connected with the National Exhibition.

A young American violinist, Master Benner, whose playing is said to be of "phenomenal merit" was to make his *début* at the New York Symphony Society's fourth concert.

The Duke of Meiningen has bestowed the Cross of the Order of Merit for Art and Science on Dr Angelo Förster and Herr Angelo Neumann, both of the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

An Italian operatic company, under the management of Ciampi, whilom of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, will play in Odessa from the 27th February to the 12th May.

Der Landsknecht, a "cantata of songs" ("Liedercantata"), by W. Taubert, will be performed in Berlin, for the first time, on Monday next, the 27th inst., the chief executants being Lilli Lehmann, Betz, and the Royal Orchestra.

On being repeatedly re-called, after playing, in Vienna, in uninterrupted succession sixteen long pianoforte pieces by Brahms, Hans von Bülow addressed the audience as follows: *Ladies and gentlemen, if you go on applauding, I will perform the last fugue again!*" (*Mirabolant!*—Dr Blidge.)

Archdeacon Dunbar is to preach on "Society Papers" next Sunday evening at his church, St Barnabas, Ferndale Road, Brixton Station. On and after next Sunday (excepting the first twelve rows of sittings) the whole church is to be free and open. In the morning, Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* will be sung (soprano, Miss Jessie Royd; contralto, Mdme Le Bretton), and in the evening, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Morning and evening, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" and Gregorio Allegri's *Miserere* (the *Sistine Miserere*—the 51st psalm in English) will be sung every Sunday in Lent. The *Sistine Miserere* is sung by four male voices, unaccompanied.

A Musical Cat.—On Sunday morning the service at St John's Church ran great risk of being seriously interrupted. At the opening voluntary some of the notes of the organ appeared to be out of tune, which the organist corrected by shutting off several stops, and the service proceeded without further interruption; but afterwards, on opening the organ to ascertain the cause, it was found a cat was quietly reposing between the trackers of the organ, and before it could be released some of the woodwork had to be unscrewed, and even then pussy seemed to resent being moved from her imprisonment, having been evidently soothed and not frightened by the music.—*Southern Times.*

Roskilde (near Copenhagen).—H. Mathison-Hansen celebrated on the 31st January the 50th anniversary of his appointment as organist at the Cathedral. Congratulations were forwarded on the occasion from the King, Queen and other members of the Royal family.

Pesaro.—Bazzini having declined the Directorship of the Liceo-Musicale, Rossini, the Municipality are said to have decided on electing either Lauro Rossi, Platania, or Bottesini. (Can there be a choice among the three?—Dr Blidge.)

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O. D. RAY.
Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, February* 25, 1882.

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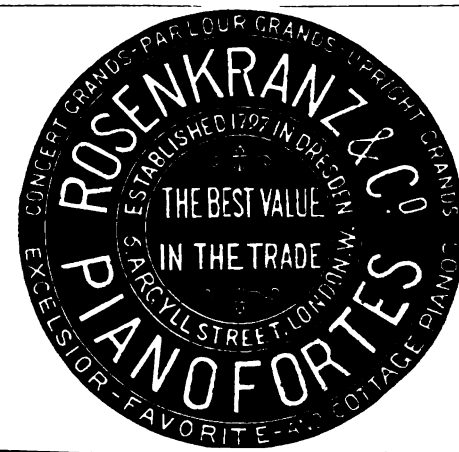
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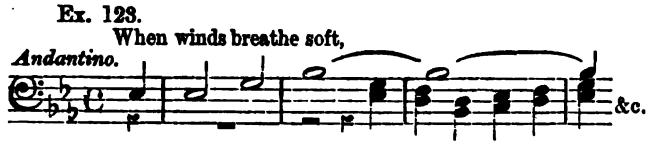
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

The Glee.

(Continued from page 70.)

In Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," the voices enter separately with imitative passages:

Ex. 123.



The first short movement is all in E flat. The second modulates:

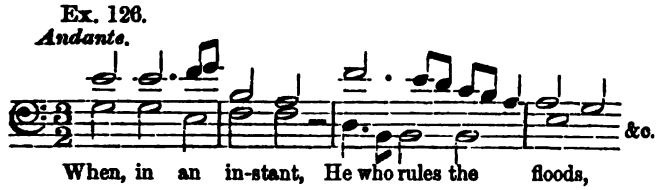
Ex. 124.

but settles down in B flat with a close:

Ex. 125.

forming a sort of second subject and half-way rest. From thence it modulates further away, as in a second part, and returns to E flat. A half close in that key leads into the third movement in the same:

Ex. 126.



which ends with a full close. Up to this point the grouping of the movements resembles the first movement of a sonata. A fourth movement follows entirely in B flat:

Ex. 127.

the full close of which leads naturally into the final movement in E flat, B flat being its dominant.

Ex. 128.

This last movement is complete in itself, with tonic and dominant strains, with return to the main key and with coda, in which is an allusion to the subdominant key. The constant returns to the main key hold together this glee as a group of movements in one design.

Bishop's use of the glee restored one of the characteristics of the original glee of Playford's time, though it was enlarged in its application. Writing as he did for the stage he had a band at his command, and he, doubtless, found the advantage of the additional variety of accompaniments and interludes which he put to most of his glees. These were, most likely unknown to himself, an enlargement of the independent bass part of elder times, written for the lute, and to be filled up, as was the custom for many years, by the skill of the performer. The dialogue form of Bishop's glees was the natural outcome of the stage use; for the music was to be sung by the characters and the words were taken from the situation in the drama.

Bishop's glee, "Blow, gentle gales," from the opera of *The Slave*, is a single movement with accompaniment throughout, and with the keys arranged in a simple rondo form; it has principal subject, episode in the key of the dominant, return to principal key, and coda. The words and music are continuous. A short instrumental symphony introduces the soprano voice with the first subject:

Ex. 129.

This coming to a close the same melody is harmonized for the whole quintett. For the episode short broken phrases of question and answer are given, and returned between different voices in solo, duet, and quartet:

Ex. 130.

The return of the principal key brings more continuous thoughts both of words and music:

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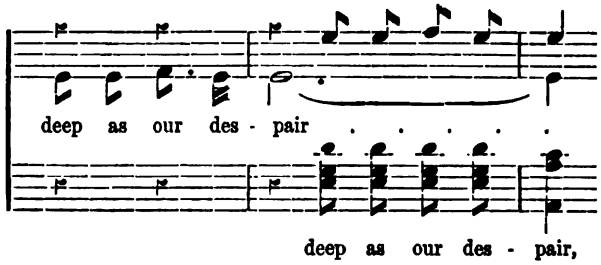
Ex. 131.

In the coda is an effect which is always beautiful; the alto holds a note while the rest of the voices sing a passage, which in this case is an imitation of the previous notes of the alto:

Ex. 132.



OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The novelty at the concert given in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, February 23, was *Hungaria*, one of Liszt's so-called "symphonic poems," ninth of the twelve which the great pianoforte virtuoso has been good enough to write. We are almost compelled to take a comic view of this piece, and the circumstances attending it. For example, it was an act of waggery on Liszt's part to throw such a tone-riddle to the world with no more of key to its solution than a proper name in geography. He must have done so with his tongue in his cheek, or with a wink of the eye to some boon companion of the old Weimar days, since he could not be ignorant of a fact pointed out by the ingenious and anonymous annotator of the Philharmonic programme—namely, that in presence of a symphonic poem there is a "craving of the human mind" to know what it is all about. Liszt has frequently condescended to gratify this very natural desire. But with *Hungaria* he preferred his little joke. Perhaps he wished to amuse himself with the vain efforts of his admirers in their agony of interpretation, or wanted a conspicuous proof of the impotence of music to convey a definite pictorial idea. Whatever the fact, *Hungaria* came out as a puzzle, and a puzzle it was thought to remain, till a wonderful chance revealed what we are asked to accept as a "semi-official" solution. Mr C. A. Barry, it appears, was providentially led to rescue from the limbo of waste-paper a stray copy of a German periodical called *Anregungen*, and printed thereon he found—oh, joy!—an analysis of *Hungaria* by Herr Dräseke, a friend and admirer of the composer. We are not told whether Mr Barry cried "Eureka!" and sacrificed beeves. Most likely not, because Liszt is, happily, living, and his generous heart would hardly steel itself against consuming anxiety to know his meaning at less cost. The analysis was a true "find" all the same, and from it we learn that the work represents a sad and solemn Hungarian prairie, over which storms a band of Magyars, fighting for their country, and coming out of the conflict victorious. We are not, however, bound to this interpretation, "semi-official" though it be. Rather does the Philharmonic annotator encourage us to imagine one for ourselves, and no doubt some of the audience took the hint, ranging from nation-shaking battles to a menagerie at feeding time, with all the beasts terribly hungry. We give our vote for the menagerie. Does this strike the reader, innocent of the ways of Liszt, as a harsh judgment. Then we urge in justification the fact that even the authorised spokesman of the Philharmonic Society—which thought the piece worth a lot of trouble—owns his unwillingness to "defend, or even explain, some of the harmonic combinations before a grave assembly of professors of the classical school." This is one way of stating what we choose to express in plainer terms. *Hungaria* is simply a flagrant offence, not only against the canons of art, but the most elementary notions of what constitutes the beautiful—we will go so far as to say the permissible—in music. Is the whole thing a joke? Dealing with Hungarian melodies and rhythms, Liszt must have strained his energies to avoid some kind of attractive result, and could only have done so of set purpose. Be this as it may, while the orchestra writhed and groaned and shrieked on Thursday night, while brass blared, drums thundered, cymbals clashed, and the tam-tam threw into this worse than witch's cauldron a spice of genuine barbarism, it was easy to see the composer making fun of his very respectable and astonished audience. The programme annotator anticipated this, and entered into the humour of the thing with spirit. That is to say, he appealed from the very respectable and astonished audience to the verdict of a Hungarian gipsy fiddler. Here is another Daniel come to judgment! We are all supposed to exist with the consciousness that the eyes of an "intelligent foreigner" are upon us, while some who look very far into the future are in dread of Macaulay's New Zealander. But the Hungarian gipsy fiddler is a novelty. Of course he is a joke as well; nevertheless such a *reductio ad absurdum* often does good. By all means then let us adopt the Hungarian gipsy fiddler, and learn to like what he likes. In such manner did Society act towards the yokel married by the titled heroine of one of Mr Gilbert's Bab Ballads, and it brought into fashion a primitive taste for smock-frocks and hob-nailed boots. Between the two cases, however, there is a difference. The yokel turned out to be the son of a lord, and, as no efforts could "keep the dreadful secret from the public and the press," Society was disenchanted; whereas our musical glass of fashion and mould of form, being a genuine article, will remain a gipsy fiddler to the end of the chapter. The performance of Liszt's extraordinary composition showed that very great pains had been taken in rehearsal. This was right, and we are not disposed to find fault with the Philharmonic Society for producing the work. According to Pope, there are things "that to be hated need but to be seen." We have now looked on *Hungaria*, and, as remarked the Rev. Rowland Hill, when met coming out of a theatre, we "know what and why to condemn." Nevertheless, it is hard to keep down regret that the skill of a fine orchestra has been wasted on a subject so utterly unworthy.

The other purely orchestral compositions in the programme were Beethoven's *Leonora* overture and Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, as to which there was no need to ask, "What is it all about?" A better performance of the symphony than that actually given might have been expected; but it is easy to suppose that Liszt, not Mozart, had the lion's share of rehearsal. The concerto was Schumann's for the pianoforte, played in brilliant, if somewhat exaggerated style by Herr Xaver Scharwenka, who also introduced short solos by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and himself. Herr Scharwenka was cordially welcomed and much applauded. The vocalists were Mdme Marie Roze and Mdme Trebelli, who made their mark respectively in Gluck's fine air, "Divinités du Stix" and Mozart's "Voi che sapete." Mr Cusins, who conducted throughout, deserved large and special credit for the admirable rendering of *Hungaria*.—*D. T.*

MISS STEPHENS.

The funeral of the late Dowager Countess of Essex (formerly the celebrated vocalist, Miss Stephens), who died on Ash-Wednesday, took place in the Catacombs, at Kensal Green Cemetery, on Tuesday, February 28th. The relatives who followed were her nephews, Mr Charles V. Stephens, formerly of the Bank of England; Messrs Samuel J. and Charles E. Stephens, both members of the profession in which the deceased was so distinguished; and Miss Johnstone, her orphan niece and life-long companion. The other mourners were the present Earl of Essex, and his son, the Hon. Reginald Capel; Lady Malden, and Mrs Ford, of the Essex family; Sir Francis and Lady Seymour; the Hon. Granville Lennox Berkeley; Sir Reginald Barnswell; Mr Cockerell; Mr Augustus Stephens (not a relative); Mr. Hassard, the Countess's solicitor; and the whole retinue of her servants. The carriages of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Countess of Arran, Mr Harvey Drummond, &c., completed the *cortége*, testifying to the wide-spread esteem in which the deceased lady was held.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The Fifty-ninth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be held here on the 28th, 29th, and 30th May. Dr Franz Wüllner, Royal Saxon Chapelmaster, of Dresden, has undertaken the direction. The works selected for the first two days are: Symphony in G minor, Mozart; *Joshua*, oratorio, Handel; "Sanctus" and "Ojanna," from Mass in B minor, J. S. Bach; scenes from the opera of *Armida*, Gluck; the *Erste Walpurgisnacht*, Mendelssohn; and the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven.

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LISZT'S "HUNGARIA."

(From the "Daily News.")

The specialty of this selection (in point of novelty, not of value) was the orchestral piece by Liszt, one of a set of twelve movements, under the general heading of *Symphonische Dichtungen;* each intended to illustrate poetical or dramatic subjects, some of them drawn from Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Shakspere. Most of these have been given at London concerts, but that produced on Thursday was now heard for the first time. As we have commented on all that had hitherto been performed here, and as each is distinguished by similar characteristics, however different the implied character of the pieces, but little need be said about *Hungaria.* Like the others, it displays a violent struggle to be original and impressive by alternations of eccentric frenzy and maudling sentiment, with an utter disregard of musical form or coherent thought, its best passages being the few reflecting closely that distinctive nationality of rhythm which gives piquant individuality to Hungarian music. In these—the *Quasi andante marziale,* and especially the final *Presto giocoso assai*—there is much appropriate character; but the boisterous march and the involved maundering which follows it (forming a large proportion of the whole work) leave no other impressions than those of senseless noise and incoherent mutterings. The use (or rather abuse) of strong orchestral effects, with sudden and violent contrasts (in which respect Liszt is a copyist of Berlioz at his worst), may serve to dazzle many into the belief that such music deserves to be regarded as composition, whereas, intrinsically, it is really but very commonplace manufacture, and can only be otherwise recognized when all the music of the great masters of the past shall be ignored. One good purpose will be served by the excessive reproduction of the works of Berlioz and Liszt which has lately taken place here—it will enhance, through comparison, the appreciation of what is good and true in musical art by those who need such teaching, and are capable of distinguishing what is real from what is false.

—o—

THE REGENCY CLUB CONCERT.

When the rise and fall of the London clubs of the nineteenth century shall be written by some future historian, the formation and growth of the Regency Club will certainly not be left unrecorded. For a long time the want of a club, where music should be the leading characteristic and chief rallying point, had been felt. Whilst nearly every other branch of society had its meeting place, so that the habits and inclinations of most men could find congenial quarters, yet still in all the town there was no established home for the musician, no ark whereunto he could carry his particular olive branch. To meet the need, some few professors and lovers of the art, notably Messrs Maybrick, Lloyd, and Santley, set earnestly to work, in 1880, to start the "Regency" in Saville Row. The appeal made by them, to friends and acquaintances, was eagerly responded to, and in a few weeks the success of the enterprise was placed beyond doubt; and before many months had elapsed it was found that the rooms were not large enough to accommodate the increasing number of the members. The house was too crampt for comfort, so like a young and lusty northern race, they began to look about for some neighbour's place, and soon stumbled upon a "sick man," and without much ado took possession of him "bag and baggage." In other words, the "Westminster," an old and respected club, was at the point of dissolution, when the committee of the "Regency" stept in and took the premises in Albemarle Street, and incorporated into their society members of the elder body qualified and desirous of keeping to the old quarters. At the present moment the "Regency" has 430 members, with the names of fifty gentlemen down for election. The president is Mr Tom Chappell; the vice-presidents Mr C. Santley and Mr Henry Irving. Mr Maybrick is chairman of the committee; Mr Cunningham Bridgman, secretary; and Mr Preston, proprietor. The large addition of members may, perhaps, give rise to fear that the prime element, music, will eventually become swamped by other influences—like city companies that no longer represent the original trades. But for the present there need be no cause for alarm, for whilst musicians such as Maybrick, Lloyd, Santley, Boyle, Abercrombie, Parker, Walker, Bache, and W. Henry Thomas are strong and active, the art they represent will not slumber. The first musical evening, at their new quarters in Albemarle Street, was given on Thursday, Feb. 23rd, and a better start could scarcely be desired. About 200 members attended, and "for this occasion only" appeared in evening dress. The rooms were illuminated by the "British Electric Light," under the superintendence of Professor Forbes. The brilliancy of this advanced method of using electricity was much enjoyed, and the coolness attending it gave unwonted charms to the occupations of burning tobacco, whilst listening in a crowded room to music. It was pathetic to see the old gas jets slighted, like an old singer or discarded love, for a newcomer. There can be no doubt that Professor Forbes' arrangement will be one of the most popular methods adopted at theatres, concert-rooms and club-houses. Little need be said concerning the music of the opening smoking concert, for the artist-members who performed are so well known and appreciated by the general public. It will be taken for granted that Mr Lloyd charmed every one present; that Mr Santley's songs of Irish priest and English parson provoked hilarity; and that Mr Boyle secured unanimous favour. It should, however, not be forgotten that the visitors, MM. Musin and Bisaccia, rendered delightful service by solos on the violin and pianoforte. Signor Ghilberti and Mr Sidney Naylor also assisted, and the popular actors Messrs Odell and Fernandez favoured the company with recitations. During the evening there were repeated calls for Mr Maybrick, but it was sometime before he could oblige, for he had the important duties of Chairman of the meeting upon his shoulders. Eventually he sang his own song "The little hero," which was thought somewhat appropriate, for there could be no doubt but that he was the hero of the evening. So much was this felt that the acrostic, quoted below, was written by the secretary and poet to the establishment, in his honour.

PENCERDD GWYFYN.

AN ACROSTIC.

Addressed to Members of the Regency Club, Thursday, 23rd February, 1882.

M ay I, your humble instrument and pen,
I ntent on rend'ring thanks where thanks are due,
C anvass the suffrage of all grateful men
H aving the welfare of our Club in view,
A nd ask you now to fill and drink with me,
E ach one and all in good sincerity,
L ong live the father of famed "Nancy Lee."

M ay Michael Maybrick, Chairman of our choice,
A nd friend of all who need a friend sincere,
Y et many years, with noble heart and voice,
B e spared to lead our merry meetings here.
R ich are the virtues which in him we find;
I n judgment wise, in conversation witty,
C andid with all, and yet with candour kind,
K ing of good chaps, and Chairman of Committee.

CUNNINGHAM BRIDGMAN,
Secretary.

—o—

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first "*Soirée Intime*" of the Société Philharmonique took place on Monday last at the Hotel des Pompiers. There was a good assembly, also a good programme, including a grand Quatuor by Fesca, "pour piano, deux violins, et violoncelle" (rather over-played by the pianist); two choruses, sung by the members of the Society—"Les Bohémiens" (Shuman) and "Plaisirs d'Amour" (Martini). A prominent feature in the concert was the style in which Mdlle Dubout rendered her part in the duo from *Le Trouvère.* She is young, possesses a fine rich-toned voice, and sings well in tune. Mdme Spiers (the pianist in the quartet) played in the second part of the concert, to the satisfaction of her audience, a Fantasia by Chopin. Herr Reichardt was not present, but he sent from the South of France, where he is sojourning at present, some "*souvenirs*" in the form of handsome bouquets, which were handed round to the fair members of the Society of which he is the *President—Fondateur!*

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 1, 1882.

ST PETERSBURGH.—On the occasion of her benefit, Mdme Sembrich was re-called thirty-six times after the "Mad Air," in *Lucia.* (Three hundred and sixty times.—Dr Blitz.)

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THE LATE MR JOHN HILES.

By the death of Mr John Hiles, on the 4th ult., aged seventy-two, the musical world has lost a very sound and industrious musician. As long ago as 1835 he occupied successively the posts of organist of the Abbey, Trinity and St Julien's Churches, Shrewsbury, and during his residence in that town was mainly instrumental in the formation of a choral society, which continued in existence for some eighteen years, and of which he was musical director. During this time many first-class concerts were given under his auspices, at which Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Sims Reeves, and many other artists of reputation appeared. Mr Hiles' services on these occasions, involving as they did much loss of time, trouble, and anxiety, were purely gratuitous. In 1853 he left Shrewsbury and settled in Portsmouth, where he was organist of St Thomas's Church until 1860, when he left Portsmouth and was selected from upwards of seventy candidates for the post of choirmaster and organist of All Saints' Church, Brighton. In 1874 he removed to London, and became organist of Christ Church, Gipsy Hill. A few years ago the hard and almost ceaseless work he had been engaged in for so many years began to tell on him, and ill-health and feebleness compelled him to resign his post and cease his labours, and for more than a year before his death he was a sad invalid.

Mr Hiles was the author of a very large number of arrangements and educational works on musical subjects—works which, in spite of a very large circulation, brought in comparatively little profit, whilst involving a considerable amount of industry and research. Of these works, one, "A Catechism for the Pianoforte Student," reached a fifteenth edition, or a circulation of 65,000 copies; and another, "A Dictionary of 12,500 Musical Terms," is now in its fifth edition. It is probable, however, that as "Travis," the arranger of "The Amateur Organist," he will be most widely known.

Among other works by Mr Hiles may be mentioned catechisms of "Simple Counterpoint," of "Double Counterpoint and Imitation," of "Canon and Fugue," and of "Instrumentation," "Short Voluntaries for the Organ" (four vols.), and "Catechism of the Organ" (now used as a text-book by the College of Organists).

C. D.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The concert given by this society in St James's Hall on Friday week had a varied programme, of more modern character than usual. It began with Mendelssohn's setting of Psalm xlii., "As the hart pants after the water-brooks"—one of that master's best known contributions to sacred art. Music so familiar needs no comment of an explanatory nature; nor can it be necessary to insist upon the fact that, in this psalm, Mendelssohn shows himself more unequal than is his wont. The opening chorus, "As the hart pants," is altogether lovely and pathetic, while in the final movement, "Why, my soul, art thou sore vexed?" the composer, calling upon his forces for a supreme effort, is answered by them as fully as heart could wish. It is clear, however, that between these points something of dulness creeps in, and the listener finds his attention beginning to flag, as a natural result of the drooping of the music. Still, the psalm is a precious thing, despite the flaws that show themselves in the best of human work. The Sacred Harmonic Society did well to revive it, therefore, and to secure for it a performance which was hardly less excellent because the most important vocalist, Miss Beebe, took no part, owing to a misconception of the time fixed for commencing. Mrs Sutor chanced to be in the hall, and she, always willing and able to render services, filled the absent lady's place with general acceptance.

The psalm was followed by a setting of the "Te Deum," never before heard in public. It is the work of Mr W. G. Cusins, who conducted the performance. Of this composition we desire to speak with all the respect due to a lofty aim, and to an obvious striving after results produced in no common way. Whatever may be said against Mr Cusins' "Te Deum," it is not an ordinary work, cast in a mould many times used, and having no distinctiveness. As to this we may commend irrespective of aught else. Every composer should be encouraged to show what individuality there is in him. It may be objectionable when shown, and then is the time for purifying or annihilating criticism; on the other hand it may not, and then art has gained a point in her eternal struggle for the evolution of beauty. True conservatism in music is never repressive. It encourages growth, but takes care to pull up weeds. The distinctive character of Mr Cusins' work lies partly in its melodic, partly in its harmonic structure; chiefly in the last named. As to melody, it is only in certain movements that the composer appears to place any reliance upon that most obvious and powerful resource. Moreover, his themes—no doubt designedly—have a flavour of ecclesiastical archaism, owing to the frequent omission, in ascending passages, of the third and seventh of the scale. Examples of this elsewhere will occur to the musical reader, whose thoughts may revert, for instance, to a well-known point in Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. Mr Cusins' use of the ancient form is emphatic; indeed, the first four vocal bars contain a complete pentatonic scale. The effect, of course, can be no other than marked; we must look, however, to the harmonic method of the work for its greatest peculiarity. Here, it would seem, Mr Cusins has been largely influenced by Herr Brahms, as that master appears in his "German Requiem." We note the same emphatic reliance upon the effect of harmonic progressions as distinct from harmonized melody; and the same freedom in the employment of chords without reference to their tonal affinity; also a very liberal use of inverted chords, particularly of the six-four, and a frequent resort to pedal points. It would be absurd to cry out against this *per se*. The question is as to the effect produced, since in music it may be allowed that the end, when worthy and successfully gained, sanctifies the means employed. We cannot pretend to admire every result in the present case. In some instances the word "ugly" suggests itself by way of fitting comment; as when the male voices have a unison theme in C major, with a "half-close" to its first section, yet with no more accompaniment than a tonic pedal. On the other hand, examples of far greater daring are striking and impressive. Such is the treatment of the thrice repeated "Holy," which, coming after a passage in A major, is given first as a chord of the sixth on F natural, next as a six-four-two on G natural, and next as the common chord of F, a harp cadence following each. This would have made the queues of old masters stand on end; but in its particular connection it is appropriate and therefore good. Certain parts of the "Te Deum" are treated contrapuntally with success, the final verse above all. The composer has here hit upon a good diatonic subject, and works it with freedom and effect, though not elaborately, since few of the recognized devices of fugal work are employed. To sum up. While we cannot accept many things in this "Te Deum," there are many others of undeniable merit, and the general intention pleads with power for respectful consideration. The performance, though conducted by Mr Cusins himself, was not better than the difficulties to be overcome made probable, and in one instance a complete collapse seemed for a moment or two inevitable. Miss Beebe, Mr Lloyd, and Mr King did all that was necessary for the solo passages; but the work as a whole met with a cold reception. At this we were not surprised. The music needs to become familiar in order to be understood.

Mr Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* brought the concert to an end. In this now well-known work the solos were taken by Miss Annie Marriott, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, Mr King and Mr Cross. Let us congratulate Miss Marriott upon her appearance as the priestess-victim. She sang with high intelligence and abundant feeling. Mdme Patey's rendering of "The love-sick maiden" was again a perfect example of true art-work; while Mr Lloyd, by his charming talent, enhanced the beauties of the Prefect's two songs. The performance, as that of Mendelssohn's Psalm, was conducted by M. Sainton, who once more demonstrated that his position as Sir Michael Costa's *locum tenens* is no violation of the "fitness of things." M. Sainton, presiding on the Sacred Harmonic platform, is eminently that once much-talked-of person, "the right man in the right place."—*D. T.*

CAUSERIES DE COULOIR.

No. I.

Madame Labelle.—Pardon, Monsieur; Je ne vous remettais point.

Monsieur Lelaid.—Madame, vous me faites trop d'honneur.

Petipace of Minchelsea.

Rome.—Matters looked very unpromising recently at the Teatro Apollo. Discouraged by the difficulties with which he had to contend, the manager almost decided, it is said, to forfeit his caution money and close the theatre. People even spoke, too, of a telegram from Gayarre, saying he could not break his engagement with the manager at Monte Carlo. The crisis has now been surmounted. Gayarre has formally announced that he will arrive on the 11th inst., and, after a few rehearsals, sing in *Il Duca d'Alba*—the "posthumous" opera of Donizetti.

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BALFE'S *ETOILE DE SEVILLE.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In connection with the recent production of Balfe's opera of *Moro*, allow me to inquire what has become of *Elvira*, an opera with Italian words, produced at Trieste when Balfe was in the height of his popularity? Can this be the same work as *Moro?*

Again, and this is an inquiry of more moment, why is *L'Etoile de Seville*, composed for the "Grand Opéra," not unearthed? I was assured by one of the best musical judges of Paris that the lasting success of this opera was only prevented by a cabal. It was composed shortly after the production of *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon* (our *Castle of Aymon*), which, as everybody knows, had a grand success at the "Comique," in spite of intrigues, and made the round of Europe. Balfe told me himself that when he was at Vienna it was being played in three theatres at once, and well did it deserve its success, with its admirable "Sentinelles!" the lovely romance, "The shades of night were falling fast"; the charming song for the soprano; and, perhaps, above all, the delightful concerted piece at the close of the second act, which Balfe looked upon, he told me, as his *chef d'œuvre.*

Everybody knows that Balfe did not take as much trouble as he might to do his best. Full of vivacity and fire, he lacked, alas! artistic conscientiousness, and was too apt to value things more for their pecuniary success than real worth, and see through the public's eyes. And he was, unfortunately, vulgarized by the ambitious twaddle and long heroic couplets of Mr Alfred Bunn, whose idea of writing for recitative was to imitate Byron's *Corsair* and *Lara.* This it is which dragged down, and more or less spoilt, *The Bondman*, and other well-meant productions. But for once, in composing *The Star of Seville* for what was supposed to be a highly critical public, Balfe really exerted himself. I imagine that there may have been something objectionable in the subject, as in his *Puits d'Amour;* but that alone would not account for the practical failure. I was told that it was sacrificed to Donizetti's *Favorita*, to which it was really superior—less languishing, and more fiery. Ought this *Star of Seville* to suffer permanent eclipse?

My liking for Balfe is partly personal. He came to Paris to see and meet his daughter the Duchess, married to a very wealthy grandee of Spain, to whom he seemed devotedly attached, and who appeared as fond of him. He read me, I remember, a most charming letter of hers, previous to her arrival, in which she gave him a very graphic account of an aristocratic hunting expedition which she and her husband had just organized in Spain. I saw Balfe on two occasions at Paris. On the last, he passed an entire winter there in a charming apartment provided for him by his child, he having come to Paris partly to pass some months with her, and partly to superintend the production of a rather laboured "refacimento" of his *Bohemian Girl* at the Theatre Lyrique, with the part of the Queen of the Gipsies largely developed, a whole act of choruses and ballets in honour of the Gipsy wedding, and a new last act. I thought the dramatic and in parts fine music of the new parts a little out of keeping with the easy ballad-character of the original. It seemed like grafting, were that possible, grapes on raspberry bushes, and the result was an anomaly. However, Balfe interested me so much by his *bonhomie*, simplicity, and tender affection for his daughters, that I wrote two or three books of operas, specially "at his intention"—*Namouna, a tale of Samarand; The Feast of Roses;* and *Olympia the Flowergirl*—and I have a letter from him, from England, written only a month before his death, in which he tells me, with his usual good-nature, that whenever he felt in rather low spirits he took these out and refreshed his soul by reading them again.

It is a great pity that so much of his time and genius was wasted on bad and essentially unmusical subjects, most unmusically treated. This does not apply to his last opera, though the third act of that is very undramatic also.

Still I do not think that we are half proud enough of Balfe, and I see it is too much the fashion to talk as if genuine melody grew on every bush! This is one of the bad effects of the Wagner panic for formlessness and noise. Allow me to say that I acknowledge Wagner's inspiration at his best, but he might as well set a column of the *Times* newspaper to music as the leading long speeches he places on the lips of emperors, heralds, &c. Bigness frequently impresses the world as greatness, and proves only an inflated wind-bag after all. About Balfe there is no pretension. Certainly he has not as strong a dramatic faculty as Wagner, but he deals far less in noise and thunder, trumpets, drums, and effort; he has, when he likes, almost all the grace of Auber at his best. I am not sure that he has produced anything so purely poetical as Loder's *Night Dancers*, and certainly he is inferior in orchestral power to Macfarren, or even Wallace. Still Balfe is Balfe, the scatterer of countless musical flowers, a very fountain of light and happy melody. The time will come when giant formlessness will cease to monopolize attention. Fireworks blaze and vanish. The stars shine on. I do not say that the best parts of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, the *Flying Dutchman*, &c., will not live. They will. And there is sufficient merit in Wagner's vast cyclus to justify the forthcoming production of it. He has large and bold conceptions, great ideality marred by a Philistine love of noise, and a dramatic faculty which recalls "Gluck," but without the latter's exquisite tact and intense refinement. Wagner's is a comparatively plebeian muse; witness his early subjects, which recall the "Sturm und Drang Periode" of *The Robbers* and *Fiesco*, which we had hoped to have left behind us. But no man understands the orchestra as he does, or produces such marvellous effects. He is one of the grandest of hydrangeas, so to speak, by whose side Balfe's music seems like a violet or heartsease, while Gounod alone is the stately lily.—Your faithful servant,

ARCHER GURNEY.

Rhayader Vicarage, Feb. 28.

—o—

MR SIMS REEVES' CONCERTS.

At his concert on Tuesday night Mr Reeves was, unfortunately, unable to appear, owing to a sudden attack of hoarseness and sore throat. For this disappointment a written apology was distributed in the room and elsewhere, stating, in consequence, that Mdme Trebelli and Mr Santley "had kindly consented to sing extra songs—the lady the 'Habanera,' from *Carmen*, and the gentleman Schubert's 'Erl King' (in place of the duet, 'All's Well,' intended to be sung with Mr Reeves)." Both artists were warmly received. Mdme Trebelli was obliged to repeat the "Habanera," and Mr Santley was heartily "called" after Schubert's dramatic *scena.* Misses Santley, Spenser Jones, and Carlotta Elliott, with Mr Herbert Reeves, were the other singers. Miss Santley's singing of "Wapping Old Stairs" (repeated "by desire"), in which the charming young artist made so great an impression at Mr Reeves' previous concert, made no less an impression on the occasion under notice; and Miss Spenser Jones earned well-merited applause for her delivery of the Irish ballad, "My lodging is on the cold ground." Mr Herbert Reeves was most successful in Donizetti's charming romance, "Una furtiva lagrima," which is especially suited to his sympathetic voice; Mdme Trebelli was twice "called" after the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia;* and Mr Santley could do no less than return, after the hearty applause he received for "The Vicar of Bray," and treat his audience to "Father O'Flynn." The Anemoic Union gave selections from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, as well as the *andante* and *finale* from Mozart's Quintet in E flat; Mr Lazarus played his own arrangement, for the clarinet, of Scotch airs, winning a unanimous "call"; and Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the songs with his well-known ability.

—o—

MAD. ALBANI AT MONTE-CARLO.

On Saturday, the 18th inst., we were present at the first performance of *Rigoletto*, with Mesdes Albani, Scalchi, MM. Maurel and Gayarre. Let us at once say with legitimate pride that never was Verdi's work more finely rendered at any theatre in the world. The 4th act especially was given with incomparable *maestria.* After the quartet, the house was electrified and presented a superb sight. When we beheld the audience standing up, applauding and recalling the artists, while the stage was strewn with flowers, we thought of the grand nights when Faure, Mad Carvalho, and Mad. Adelina Patti sang on the same stage. The quartet was encored.

It was the first time of Mad. Albani's appearing here. Gifted with a voice of large compass, mellow, supple, and agreeable in quality, the lady, who is a consummate musician, proves herself a great actress by the dramatic manner in which she renders the character of Gilda. She imparts to her singing a real and scholarly expression of the sentiments of love and anguish which the composer wished to depict when he penned the thrilling pages of his opera. Next Tuesday, we shall have occasion to return to the subject and discuss the various aspects of Mad. Albani's great talent as exhibited in *Faust.—Journal de Monaco, Feb.* 21*st.*

PIACENZA.—Salvatore Auteri-Manzocchi's opera, *Il Negriero*, has been well received at the Teatro Municipale. Though written for, and produced at, Barcelona some years ago, it was new to Italy.

HAMBURGH.—Saint Saëns' opera, *Samson und Dalila*, with a German version by E. Pohl of Ferdinand Lemaire's French libretto, will be the next novelty at the Stadttheater. The cast includes Mad. Sucher and Herr Winkelman, Dr Krauss, Herren Kögel, Sedlmeyer, and Ehrke.

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Knights of the Swan.

Sub Mapleson.

(Sub Rosa.)

"Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

MR CHARLES OBERTHÜR has returned from Paris.

MR J. T. CARRODUS is engaged as solo violinist by Miss Roselli, for her concert at Cheltenham next week.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of *Moro, the Painter of Antwerp*, Balfe's latest published opera.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has completed the music he has been composing for Mr Irving's revival, on Wednesday next, of Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet*.

MDME LIEBHART undertakes the direction of the Ballad Concert to be given at the Royal Victoria Hall on Thursday next, March 9th.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MDME SCHUMANN

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Handel)—Miss Spenser Jones; Fantasia, in C major, Op. 17, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mdme Schumann.

PART II.—Chaconne, in D minor, for violin alone (Bach)—Herr Joachim; Song, "On every tree that blossoms" (Schubert)—Miss Spenser Jones; Trio, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for violin, viola and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti; Song, "Love in her eyes" (Handel)—Mr Harper Kearton; Presto, Pastorale, and Scherzo, for pianoforte alone (Scarlatti)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Duo Concertante, in A minor, Op. 67, No. 1, for two violins (Spohr)—MM. Joachim and Straus; Song, "The Centurion's Song" (J. F. Bridge)—Mr Harper Kearton; Trio, in D minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schumann)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Joachim and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATHS.

On Friday, Feb. 24th, at 31, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, ELIZABETH, the dearly-beloved wife of CHARLES BENTLEY BINGLEY, of Stanhope Park, Greenford (formerly of Regent Street), aged 62 years.

On March 1st, at 8, Marlborough Place, St John's Wood, ALICE, the dearly beloved wife of JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT, aged 28.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882.

MUSIC IN EGYPT.

We copy the subjoined from the *Egyptian Gazette* (Alexandria, Feb. 8th) :—

> "We (the Alexandria Musical Society) are requested to remind performing members of the above Society that the last three Practices for the forthcoming Concert, which is to take place on Friday the 17th inst. are to be held in the Salle Storari as follows :—
>
> 'Saturday the 11th inst. with full choir and orchestra at 2.30 p.m.
>
> 'Tuesday the 14th inst. with full choir and piano at 5 p.m.
>
> 'Thursday the 16th inst., *General Rehearsal* with full choir and orchestra, at 2.30 p.m.'
>
> "We understand that Mr Arthur Sullivan, the celebrated English composer, has signified his intention of being present at the Concert, and that the Conductor of the Society has offered his *bâton* to the eminent composer and conductor for this occasion. We believe that there is every probability of the offer being accepted."

[It *has been* accepted. The programme comprises Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and a large selection from Handel's *Messiah*. Well done, Egypt! Well done, Arthur Sullivan! Let our countrymen win the ear of the young Khedive, and the rule of the Pharaohs will come back. Arthur will be Prime Minister, transmitting corn and wine to his famished countrymen at home, in the shape of AN EGYPTIAN SYMPHONY. This will be looked for at his hands; for no musician is more impressionable than he. *Be chesm!* On my eyes be it!—Otto Beard.]

—o—

A Prompt Decision.

(*Behind the curtain at Her Majesty's.*)

MANAGER (*impetuously*).—Lyall!

MR C. LYALL.—"I am here," as Fechter used to say in a drama which Balfe afterwards set to music for Louisa Pyne and Harrison and ——

MANAGER (*furiously*).—Bother all that! I heard "Hungaria" last night.

MR C. Lyall.—And your impression?

MANAGER.—My impression was that it would be advisable to put off *Cellini*.

MR C. LYALL.—Ben trovato!

MANAGER.—No.—Benvenuto.

—o—

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of December 31st, 1881, I find an article from your New York correspondent criticizing my way of doing business this season, and, at the same time, reflecting on the reputation of the artists of my company. It is evident from the article in question that your correspondent is either wilfully malicious or has been misinformed. My company consists of some of the best artists known on the Italian stage, amongst whom I may mention Mdlle Leslino, Mdme Prasini, Signori Giannini, Lazzarini, Perugini, Ciapini, Sweet, Mancini, and Carboni; with all of whom Mdme Gerster has expressed herself perfectly satisfied, and all of whom have been accepted by the New Orleans public, one of the most fastidious in America. I pay them as good salaries as any manager in the world is willing to give them —salaries for which they themselves have stipulated, and which by no means are what your correspondent seems fit to call starvation prices. I have never played, nor will play, opera in barns, but always give my performances in the best theatres obtainable, and my prices of admission range from 3 to 50 dols. — the usual prices charged in this country for Italian opera. Finally, I give seven performances a week, and not four only, as your correspondent also erroneously remarks.

You will therefore observe that your correspondent has grossly abused me and my company, and I would beg you that, in justice to myself and to them, you would kindly publish this letter, and oblige yours truly,

MAX STRAKOSCH.

New Orleans. La., February 8th, 1882.

THE *Morning Post* informs us that Mario is in London with his married daughter, Mrs. Pearce. "He has," says our contemporary, "been going a round of the London theatres, and experienced a cordial reception from some old friends by whom he was recognized at the Savoy one evening last week. He looks hale and hearty." [Strange I should not have come across, or encountered him.—Dr Blimp.]

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From Hungaria.

FUGITIVE.—*Mille bombes de bombes! Sapristie!*

—o—

Symphonic Poem.

MAJOR WHALE (*groaning*).—Oh! Oh! Oh! When will Dr Sprat arrive?

DR SPRAT.—Here I am. What's the matter with you now?

MAJOR WHALE.—I've been to the Philharmonic and heard "Hungaria." Oh! Oh!

DR SPRAT.—I warned you of it. Here swallow this poemetic.

MAJOR WHALE.—Oh! (*swallows poemetic, and, feeling revived, unconsciously swallows Dr Sprat.*) Oh! I am much better. Thank ye, Doctor. I'll have no more Hungarian.

—o—

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The attendance at the Palace on Saturday, Feb. 25th, was very large, drawn by the two-fold attraction of light and music; and perhaps there was a third, royalty, for the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the "International Electric Exhibition" by their presence on that afternoon. The nave and transepts were illuminated with wonderful brilliancy. Monster lamps, hung on high, threw out searching rays far and wide, while below tiny beams, struggling through ferns and flowers, were seen to shed a mild radiance upon the glass and china of a dining table. The place and the day seemed dedicated to Apollo, the god of light and music. The ancient heathen myth, uniting the two attributes in one deity, was not, after all, very far wrong, for does not modern science support the notion? Tyndale, in his lectures, published under the title "Fragments of Science," labours to prove that light and sound are identical in origin, both being caused by vibrations of molecules. As far, however, as the ordinary concert attendant was concerned, the eighty good players in the orchestra were the only agents recognised in the manufacture of sweet sounds. Beethoven's overture, *Leonora*, No. 2, opened the concert on Saturday, and renewed the delight former hearings had given. Amongst the few things in life that weary not by familiarity must be placed the music of that great man. It seems to give ability to appreciate as well as the materials for enjoyment. The overture, played in perfection, operated upon the ear as a flash of lightning upon the eye; it took some time before the sense could regain its accuracy of perception. The symphony was Spohr's *Power (or Consecration) of Sound*, which had not been performed at the Palace since 1875. How much the melancholy Jaques would have enjoyed the entrances and exits of the many strains whilst wandering in the forest of Arden! He would have thought, in the *allegro* of the first movement, that the birds had been granted a fresh music master, enabling them thus to combine their varied notes and trills into such embracing concord. In listening to the cradle song he could scarcely have kept from rocking himself to and fro in sympathy with the strains lulling the "mewling and puking infant;" nor, grave as he pretended to be, would his feet have kept still when the dance of the "whining school boy" struck up holiday pleasures. Doubtless resentment would have flashed from the fantastic pessimist as the violoncello sobbed out the "woeful ballad." Where would he have been, however, when the martial music thundered along in barbaric splendour? Surely the cynical laugh would have changed into a cry of ecstacy, and, like a truant school-boy, he would have marched away alongside the troops to the beat and measure of drum, trumpet, and fife, giving himself up for the moment to the delirium of heroic strains. And when, in the *larghetto*, the sighs and wailings of mourners were heard mingling with the dirge of choir, then poor Jaques would have felt the utter desolation of the final stage of "this strange eventful story." It need hardly be said that the entire symphony was, under the able direction of Mr Manns, interpreted most admirably. Without being guilty of presumption it may be hinted that the beginning and ending of the symphony are felt to be not altogether satisfactory. The logic of the untutored mind will not receive the idea that music can be employed to depict the "silence of Nature before the birth of sound;" and in the *finale* the gloom of the grave calls for a glimpse, at least, of its sequel—the effulgence and harmony of heaven. The *andante* and *finale* from a concerto for violoncello and orchestra, in D minor, Op. 26 (MS.), by Signor Piatti, afforded Herr Hausmann a good opportunity of showing his dexterity, fine tone, and breadth of phrasing, making thereby a favourable impression, afterwards confirmed by renderings of solos by Schumann and Fitzenhagen. Madame Patey, in excellent voice, introduced to the palace audience a recitative and air, "Why is thy countenance sad," from a sacred cantata by J. Caldicott, brought out at the recent Worcester Festival. The melodious excerpt, well sung, procured the artist a unanimous recall. Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture* concluded the concert.—PENCERDD GWYFYN.

CLERKENWELL POPULAR BALLAD CONCERTS.—In our last impression we alluded to the attractions of the concert given on Monday evening, February 20th. It was successful in every way. The appearance of Lady Colin Campbell excited great interest, and her singing of Salaman's "I arise from dreams of thee," and Gounod's "O that we two were maying," afforded delight. Her beautiful contralto voice and cultivated method did justice to the compositions, and secured the applause of the audience. Miss Wigan also pleased greatly by her rendering of Gounod's "Worker," and (in the place of Miss Lawson), the "Serenade" by the same composer. An important feature of the concert was the introduction of several songs with clarinet and violoncello *obbligati*, the performers being Mr Lazarus and Mr Vollmar. The tenor vocalist was Mr Lake, the barytone being Mr Isidore de Lara. Mr W. Henry Thomas proved again an able conductor.

A VERY enjoyable *réunion* was held in the London Art Galleries on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., under the auspices of the Robert Burns' Club. The following was the concert programme, given under the leadership of Mr Sinclair Dunn:—"When the tide comes in" (Barnby), sung by Miss Delia Harris; "Behind yon hills" (Burns), by Mr Sinclair Dunn; "The Yeoman's Wedding" (Poniatowski); Quartet, "Ye banks and braes" (Burns)—arranged by S. Dunn—Miss Hall, ——, Messrs Dunn and Grimshaw; "And ye shall walk in silk attire," Miss Ella Hall; "My darling of old" (Diehl), Mr Sinclair Dunn. The accompanist was Mr W. G. Wood.

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The students of Mr M. H. St John Robinson's Musical Academy gave their first concert this season at the Principal's residence, Blomfield Crescent, Westbourne Terrace, on Thursday evening, Feb. 9th, when a long and yet agreeable programme was gone through with more or less effect. Among the pianists who "came to the fore" were Miss Marie Power, Mdme Matilde Dembowski, and Mr Sumpter, who respectively played Wollenhaupt's "Caprice Ærien," a Scherzo by Chopin, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," &c. Among the singers the most effect was made by Miss Keble in Wellington Guernsey's "Beacon," Miss Constance Richards in Schubert's "Adieu," Miss Jessie Cobb in Holmes' "Fisher Lad," and Miss Swinnerton in Sir Robert Stewart's "We two passed by." The concert, which was ably conducted by Mr St John Robinson, concluded with the National Anthem. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended.

Kensington Popular Concerts.—The eighth of these concerts was given on Tuesday evening at the New Town Hall, and the audience was considerable; those who availed themselves of the "twopenny" and "sixpenny" tariff being, as usual, the most enthusiastic. This was as it should be, inasmuch as the indications it gave of musical susceptibility among a class to whom such names as Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, and Bach, could hardly be supposed to interest, speaks well for the instinct which it has been the province of these meetings to stimulate and instruct. This concert was the last of the present series, and it can but be hoped that the efforts of Mr Ridley Prentice, aided as they have been by the influential countenance and the valuable amateur services afforded him, have not been without the moral and humanizing reward anticipated. Of the financial results of the concerts now terminated, we know nothing, but the attendance in the reserved section of the room when we have been present certainly suggests that there has been substance as well as sentiment in the patronage of the undertaking. The leading features of the programme of Tuesday were Mr Geaussent's choir (some thirty in number), the singing of Miss Marian McKenzie, and the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello playing of Mr Ridley Prentice, Mr Burnett, and M. Libotton. The choir was heard to attractive advantage in Mendelssohn's grand psalm, "Judge me, O God," Gounod's "Ave verum," part-songs by Henry Smart and Leslie, and other works. Miss McKenzie, in spite of a semi-comic apology made for her on the grounds of indisposition, sang Barnby's charming ballad, "When the tide comes in," Pinsuti's duet, "Venezia" (with Mr Robertson), and the piquant song, "Peggy and Robin," in her own popular manner; and Mr Ridley Prentice, in Mozart's quartet in G minor, evinced his customary ability and intelligence as an exponent of music in one of its most beauteous forms. Nor should Mr Burnett remain unmentioned as his coadjutor in the violin part of the quartet, in which, as well as in Bach's "Gavotte" (from the Suite in D), he displayed much superior accomplishment. Songs by Mr Robertson and a pianoforte solo by Mr Fuller Maitland were among the remaining incidents of the programme, which, it will be seen, was full of good and varied matter.—H.

Athenæum, Camden Town.—The sixth annual concert of the Athenæum Amateur Orchestral Society took place at this hall on Wednesday evening, 1st inst., and, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, the room was well filled. A somewhat classical programme was provided, with which the audience were evidently well pleased. The vocalists were Mr Lance Calkin and Miss Damian, who sang Cowen's ballad "Regret," and "Good-bye," by Tosti, this last with such feeling and expression that an "encore" was the result. The orchestra of about forty members performed the overture to *Zauberflöte*, Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, *adagio* from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, &c., also the accompaniment to Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor, the solo instrument being ably undertaken by Mr F. Manby. Doppler's duet for flute and oboe, played by Messrs J. Rooke and Varniss, was well received. Great praise is due to the accompanist and conductor, Mr David Beardwell, for the energy and pains taken in training the members to such a state of efficiency. W. A. J.

A concert was given in the Town Hall, Kilburn, on Monday evening, Feb. 20, in aid of the church expenses fund of St Paul's. Miss Edith Kelly (amateur), a pupil of Mr Sydney Smith, began the concert by playing, with taste and ability, Wollenhaupt's "Marche heroique." Mr Sydney Smith also gave his valuable assistance playing for the first time his two new pieces, "Speranza," and "Nonchalance," with which the audience were so pleased that Mr Sydney Smith was compelled to return to the platform, when he favoured his audience with a charming little gavotte of his own composition. Mr Smith afterwards delighted his hearers by playing two of his most popular pieces, "Rhapsodie," and "Marche Militaire," (*"En Route"*). The audience had also the pleasure of hearing Mr Oberthür play some of his admired compositions for the harp, including his "Clouds and Sunshine," his "Cascade," and his fantasia on *Martha*. Among the vocal successes were those of Miss Catherine Penna in the waltz song from Gounod's *Romeo et Juliet*, Miss Helen Meason in Stephen Adams' "Children of the City," and Mr Trelawny Cobham in "Tom Bowling." The concert concluded with the late Sir Henry Bishop's trio, "Maiden fair," sung by Miss Catherine Penna, Messrs Trelawny Cobham and May. We hear that, besides his valuable services, Mr Sydney Smith has contributed handsomely to the Church Fund.

PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—On Thursday, Feb. 23, being the 197th anniversary of Handel's birth, the first portion of Sir Herbert Oakeley's programme was appropriately filled by selections from the great master's works. The organ and platform were decorated with evergreens, and seventy-two volumes, all full scores, of Handel's works, crowned with laurel, were exhibited, giving some idea of the astonishing number of compositions which were produced by the "Saxon giant." A *fac-simile* copy of the autograph of the original score of *The Messiah*, photographed by permission of her Majesty from the copy at Buckingham Palace, was also shown. The three selected choruses were admirable specimens of Handel's genius. The "Nightingale" chorus (which was loudly encored) was followed by the "Hailstone," and both contrasted effectively with the third—"Then round about the starry throne." The Professor's song, "The Troubadour," was brilliantly given, and was very heartily re-demanded. The classroom was crowded, and amongst the general audience were Lady E. Carnegie and Hon. E. Elphinstone, Lady Louisa and Miss Wardlaw Ramsay, the Hon. Mrs Montgomery and the Dean of Edinburgh, Lady Stewart of Murthly, &c.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Leeds.—The Free Organ Concerts are to be resumed this (Saturday) evening, at the Town Hall, when the following compositions will be played by Dr Spark (organist to the corporation):—Grand Marche Cortège, *Irene*, (Gounod); Andante, F major, from the Sonata in C major, No. 7 (Mozart); Two Bourées, B minor and G major (J. S. Bach); Recit. and Air, "Orynthia, my beloved" ("The Pilgrim of Love") (Bishop); Fantasia and Variations on Mendelssohn's popular *Volkslied* (George Hepworth); and Organ Sonata, D major (Lemmens). These concerts appear to be thoroughly appreciated by thousands of the lovers of organ music who abound in Leeds.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The last concert of the season promoted by the Chamber Society was given on Tuesday night, Feb. 14. The artists were Messrs Carrodus, Nicholson, Doyle, and Howell. Mr Carrodus, a pupil of Molique, and the most distinguished English violinist at the present time, is a great favourite in this town; his coadjutors are also artists of high rank, their quartet playing was therefore one of those rare musical treats not easily to be forgotten by people who can appreciate perfection in music. The programme included Beethoven's quartet in C minor, Op. 18; the andante in G, and scherzo in E major, from Mendelssohn's quartet, Op. 44, and Haydn's quartet, in G, No. 82. This quartet was performed at the first "Popular Chamber Concert" given this season. All those who have frequented these concerts, where artists of reputation have been performing the best works of the old composers, will no doubt look forward eagerly to another season, when they will be resumed. It would be well if chamber concerts were more supported by various grades of society, on account of their beneficial influence in educating the popular taste for abstract music of the highest order. A feature in the programme was Mr Carrodus's fine rendering of the adagio from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. No composer ever knew better than Spohr how to write for an instrument of which he was himself such a consummate master.

Sheffield.—Messrs. Peck and Wainwright's "Saturday Popular Concert" came off on February the 25th, at the Albert Hall. The programme consisted of instrumental music only, comprising organ solos by the best writers, played by Miss Anna Vogt (pupil of the Rev. Scotson Clarke), the performances of a small but efficient orchestra, and of Mr. John Cheshire on the harp. Mr. Cheshire gave several compositions of his own, and was re-called three times after his second solo. The interest of the programme was so well sustained throughout, that the omission of a "vocal star" was as prudent as it was to dispense with inferior singers, of which there is a surfeit just now; thanks to the daily growing facilities amateurs have of obtaining a "so-called" musical education, and to the frequent opportunities for public display. This public amateur element is, I humbly think, much to be deprecated.—A. B.

Stockton.—The first of two dramatic and musical entertainments was given in the Exchange Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th. The attraction of two distinguished amateurs, Lady Monckton and

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Sir Charles Young, was powerful enough to bring together a very large and brilliant assembly. The entertainment commenced with a solo on the pianoforte by Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, and a violoncello solo by H. Hollmann, each of whom showed perfect mastery of their respective instruments, and at once won the warm approbation of their audience. The dramatic sketch which followed—the composition of Sir Charles Young—was entitled *Yellow Roses*. The conception and working out of the sketch is exceedingly clever, and the fine acting of Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young lent an additional interest to it. Mrs Hutchinson, of the Monday Popular Concerts, took the place of Victoria de Bunsen (who, we regret to learn, has been laid up for some time by a severe illness but is now recovering). She possesses a rich and beautifully clear voice, sang several times, and each time was honoured by an encore.

DEVIZES.—Mr. Millington gave his subscription concert here on February 20th, and at Trowbridge on the 21st. The vocalists were Misses Gwynne (Guildhall School of Music) and Myers. Messrs. Millington were respectively the pianist and violinist, and Mr. John Cheshire solo harpist. The programmes were attractive and the attendance unusually good.

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More Persuasion.

MISS KENSINGTON SOUTH.—Come live with me and be my love.

MR TENTERDEN HANOVER.—No-a, no-a, I can't.

MISS KENSINGTON SOUTH.—Why not?

MR TENTERDEN HANOVER.—You live too far off. Besides, I'm a member of the Arts Club, and H.R.H. is coming to dine with us.

MISS KENSINGTON SOUTH.—Oh treachery! Next door to the "R.A.M."—What after, I wonder! (*Loosens her gripe on Mr Hanover and returns in an omnibus.*)

MISS KENSINGTON SOUTH (*in omnibus.*)—Never mind, we've got 10,000.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The twelfth of Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concerts at St James's Hall took place on Wednesday evening, and was fully attended. The singers were Misses Mary Davies and Carlotta Elliot, Mdmes Trebelli and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Frank Boyle, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley, together with The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. The successful songs were an old song "The Clear Cavalier," Bucalossi's "Storming the Breach," and Edward Loder's "Brave old oak," sung by Signor Foli (encored); an old song "The leather Bottèl" (encored, and "The Barkshire Tragedy" substituted), "The Friar of Orders Gray," and Villiers Stanford's "New Cavaliers' Song," sung by Mr Santley; Goring Thomas's serenade, "The keen stars were twinkling," Alexander Lee's "Soldier's Tear," (encored, and Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" substituted), together with "Sally in our Alley (encored), sung by Mr Edward Lloyd; Louis Diehl's "My darling of old," sung by Mr Frank Boyle (encored); Sullivan's "Looking Back," Meyerbeer's canzonetta, from *Dinorah*, "Fanciulle che il core," and Offenbach's *bolero*, from *Les Bavards*, "C'est L'Espagne," sung by Mdme Trebelli; Cowen's "Never Again," Molloy's "Darby and Joan," sung by Mdme Antoinette Sterling; and "The Ash Grove," sung in the Welsh language by Miss Mary Davies. The South London Choral Society gave some of the most popular part-songs, and Mr Sidney Naylor was the accompanist. The concert altogether gave general satisfaction. The last concert but two of the present series is announced for next Wednesday evening.

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WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The present musical season will be memorable for its wealth of orchestral concerts. Presently they will come thick and fast, in numbers embarrassing to the public, and, perhaps, inconvenient to themselves; wherefore, it may be, those are best off which put in an appearance early. In such a case we may congratulate Mr Walter Macfarren, the first of whose three performances took place in St James's Hall on Saturday evening, and was attended by a very large concourse of professors and amateurs, all eager to show their sympathy with a musician for whom personal qualities and artistic skill have won general favour. As far as can be gathered from the programmes already published, Mr Walter Macfarren leaves to others the task of bringing forward works belonging to what their admirers, with amusing assumption, call the "advanced school." Apart from a few of his own compositions—which will certainly betray no affinity with the school in question—he confines himself to the music of the great classical masters. Than this English amateurs ask nothing better. A concert-room where such music is to be heard affords them a rallying point, and a place where they can steady themselves against the advances of a pernicious propaganda that, with its unabashed sensuousness, tempts them as Venus tempted Tannhäuser.

The acknowledged masterpieces in Saturday's programme comprised the overtures to *Oberon* and *Die Zauberflöte*, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Our business obviously lies, not so much with these happily familiar and treasured works, as with their performance, which was generally of a superior character. Mr Walter Macfarren has engaged a superb orchestra of seventy players, nearly all of them English by birth or adoption. In this number are included Messrs Sainton (*chef d'attaque*), Burnett, Viotti Collins, Nicholson, Doyle, E. Howell, White, Svendsen, Barrett, Horton, Lazarus, Wootton, Mann, Harper, and Hughes, to the mention of whose names nothing need be added. We may say, however, that the violins are particularly brilliant, and more effective than a much larger number is often found to be. Here we have one advantage resulting from the engagement of Englishmen, who, as a rule, work with good tools. In Mendelssohn's Concerto the solo instrument was played with astonishing *verve* by M. Sainton, whose exertions on the previous day as conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society were not the best conceivable preparation for such a task. It is always interesting to hear a work of this kind performed by M. Sainton, whose temperament colours all he does, and who could not by any possibility proffer a coldly correct, cut-and-dried version, modelled in the school of Mrs General, of "prunes and prism" fame. His performance was distinctly individual; brilliant and impulsive, yet tender and, above all, sympathetic to the point of extreme delicacy of sympathy. This gave the always charming work a new attraction—such an attraction as, in one form or another, is never wanting when a true artist, and not a mere executive machine, holds the instrument. M. Sainton was received with hearty applause and recalled with enthusiasm.

The programme contained two novelties from the pen of the concert-giver, namely, the "Concertstück," for pianoforte and orchestra, dedicated to Miss Kuhe, and played by her at Brighton in February, 1881, and the overture to Shakspere's *King Henry V.*, composed for the Norwich Festival of last year. Mr Walter Macfarren is happy in the Concertstück, the interest of which, beginning with the first bar, ends only with the last. Its principal movement, led up to by an introduction in freer style, is observant of the ordinary form; but this does not hinder the composer from making large use of opportunities afforded by the nature of the means employed. The movement, however, carefully avoids diffuseness; and to the consequent variety is due much of the strength with which it holds attention. Perhaps the two principal themes lack sufficient contrast; but so agreeable is their melodic character and so gracious their treatment that no one will seriously urge this objection. The solo part was played by Miss Margaret Gyde, pupil of Mr Macfarren at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Gyde made a promising first appearance, although she felt the responsibility of a *débutante*. She played with correctness and taste, showed ample command of the key-board, and manifested the intelligence which is the *sine quâ non* of an artist. The young lady was loudly applauded and re-called at the close of her task. The prelude to *King Henry V.* having been fully noticed in these columns on the occasion of its production at

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Norwich, it will suffice now to say that Mr Macfarren's work confirmed the favourable impression made in the first instance. It is a bright, pleasing, and musicianly overture, not to be heard without admiration for itself and respect for its author. The vocalists were Miss Mary Davies and Mr Santley, each of whom—need it be said?—was very successful; the lady in "I rejoice in my youth" (*St John the Baptist*) and Spohr's "Rose, softly blooming," the gentleman in "Non più andrai" and "O ruddier than the cherry"—piccolo *obbligato* capitally played by Mr Barrett. Mr Walter Macfarren, conducting throughout from memory, showed high qualifications for his important post, amongst others clearness, decision, and untiring watchfulness.—*D. T.*

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(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The *Daily News* of the 24th inst. gave an interesting sketch of the public career of the late Dowager Countess of Essex. May I supplement that with two or three facts which, if they furnish not a slight proof that voice and musical ability run in families, may not be without interest to your readers. The elder sister of the "more famous" Miss Stephens, afterwards Mrs John Smith (referred to in the sketch), made her *début* as Mandane in Dr Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes* (that being the character in which most of Tom Welch's pupils made their first appearance), and a brilliant success her *début* was. She was a public singer for little more than a year, for she married and retired from the profession; but during the short period that she practised as a vocalist she often had the honour of singing duets with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. She became the mother of two sons and three daughters (all now dead, save one), who were musicians or singers. Some of your readers will remember the great success achieved at the St James's Theatre when the celebrated John Braham, its builder and owner, was also its manager, by the Misses Smith, who became the most popular, as well as the most perfect (if we allow perfection to admit of degrees), duet-singers of the day. For reasons I need not refer to they left London for Edinburgh and Glasgow, where they remained for some years. In Scotland and also in Ireland the echoes of their very great popularity have hardly yet ceased to resound. To one of these young ladies at the St James's Theatre Mr Braham (who had sung in all the great opera-houses in Italy) said, "Of all the beautiful voices I ever heard in my life, not one was comparable with that of your aunt; it was like a beautiful instrument—once heard, never forgotten." This niece was the god-daughter of the celebrated vocalist and the mother of a soprano singer now before the people, alike remarkable for her ability to sing the most difficult music *a prima vista*.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC PENNA.

Feb. 27, 1882.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.*

I whispered my love to the driving clouds,
Drifting away to the sea,
But a sorrowful wind encompassed it round,
And wafted it back to me;
And ever, forever the sad wind sighs:—
Take thy love to thy heart again,
For the driving clouds beyond the sea,
Would breathe it to her in vain.
For the driving clouds, &c.

I whispered my love to the moaning wave,
As it restlessly broke on the shore;
But swiftly an echo murmured it back
To my heart forever-more;
And my soul is full of a love that is vain!
Of a love that will live till death!
For the love of a man is the love of a life,
And speaks in his dying breath.
For the love of a man, &c.

* *Copyright.* HERBERT J. MELVILLE.

MDME SCHUMANN has arrived, and will appear at the Popular Concert of Monday evening.

A NEW overture, by Mr F. Corder, is promised for the third Philharmonic Concert, as well as Brahms' "Choral Ode," *Nänie* (for the first time in England).

MILAN.—Massenet's *Hérodiade* has been produced at the Scala, for which it was expressly written. Its success is reported as very decided. Three pieces were encored and there were some twenty calls. M. Massenet was present with his librettist, M. Paul Milliet. (Two hundred calls.—Dr Blitz.)

INTERESTING SALE IN PARIS.

A short time since the musical works belonging to the late Léon Escudier were offered for sale by Maitre Cherrier, notary. Nearly all the publishers of the capital, as well as several composers and artists, were present. The whole stock was estimated at 530,000 francs, but many of the works were not sold, as the prices were considered too high, but, having been fixed by the Court, could not be lowered. They will be offered again when the upset prices have been legally altered. The sale embraced the plates, the copies in stock, and the French copyright. The score of *Rigoletto*, put up at 54,000 francs, was knocked down to M. Léon Grus for 62,000, while *La Traviata* was purchased for 72,000 by M. Benoit. MM. Choudens bought for about 40,000 francs a number of Verdi's scores, including *Giovanna d'Arco, Attila, Aroldo, I due Foscari, Luisa Miller, Macbeth, I Masnadieri, Alzira, La Battaglia di Legnano, Il Finto Stanislas*, and *Stiffelio*; MM. Heugel, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and M. Leo Delibes *Le Roi l'a dit*; M. Lemoine, Bazin's *Maitre Pathelin*; and M. Bathlot, Grisar's *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, as well as Offenbach's *Ba-ta-clan*. Arban's *Méthode de Piston* fetched 32,000 francs.

Among the works not sold were Verdi's *Aida* (upset price, 90,500 francs), and *Requiem Mass* (5,500); four scores by M. Ambroise Thomas—*Le Caïd, Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté, La Tonelli*, and *Raymond ou le Secret de la Reine* (37,000 francs); Verdi's *Don Carlos, Ernani, La Forza del Destino, Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and *Jerusalem*; Auber's *Gustave III., Premier Jour de Bonheur, Rêves d'Amour, La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*; Halévy's *Magicienne*; Donizetti's *Dom Sebastian*; the Brothers Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare* and *Una Folia a Roma*; Prince Poniatowski's *Pierre de Medici*, &c.

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VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

Referring to the revival of Gluck's *Orpheus* at the Imperial Opera-house, the papers give some interesting facts connected with the composer's career in this capital. The "Court Theatre in the Ball House" was opened on the 14th May, 1748, with his opera *Semiramis*, for which he received the sum of 412 florins. After the German actors returned in 1763 to the Kärntnerthor Theater, French comedy alternated at the Burgtheater with Italian opera. His *Orfeo ed Euridice* was performed there for the first time in 1764; his *Alceste*, in 1768; and his *Paride ed Helena*, in 1772. The Burgtheater was leased to Afflisis and Gluck as managers (deed of partnership, 11th October, 1769). The debts of the undertaking amounted to 110,000 florins. In a letter to Prince Kaunitz, Gluck complains bitterly of the losses he had suffered through Afflisis. He says that nearly the entire fortune of himself and his wife had been "sakrifised" ("*Zugebrockt*"), and that his wife's health was ruined in consequence. On the 26th July, 1780, a new operetta from his pen, *Die Pilgrime von Mekka*, and on the 23rd October, 1781, his *Iphigenie auf Tauris* were given for the first time in Vienna, the latter being repeated on the 30th October, at a "free performance."

FROM a statistical return we learn that in 1880 the Grand Opera, Paris, took 3,087,414 francs; the Théâtre-Français, 1,863,044; the Châtelet, 1,591,523; the Opéra-Comique, 1,396,968; the Hippodrome, 1,201,802; the Porte Saint Martin, 1,133,739; the Variétés, 1,120,604; the Folies Bergère, 968,233; the Cirque Franconi, 845,107; the Renaissance, 803,541: the Vaudeville, 802,364. Then came the Gaîté, the Palais Royal, the Folies Dramatiques, and the Nouveautés, which took above 700,000 francs each; the Gymnase, 590,000; the Ambigu, 521,000; the Odéon, 473,410; the Château-d'Eau, 308,414; the Bouffes, 386,363; the Nations, 324,943; the Cirque Ferdinand, 193,773; the Fantaisies Parisiennes, 197,152; Cluny, the Panorama, the Theatres of Belleville, the Batignolles, Grenelle, the Gobelins, and Montmartre, above 100,000 each. Finally, the receipts were less than the above at each of the following theatres: Tour d'Auvergne, Athénée, the Villette, Montparnasse, the Folies Marigny, Déjazet, and Des Arts. In 1880, Paris spent 22,614,018 francs on theatrical amusements.

Mdme Trebelli and M. Musin's tour on the continent commences on March the 7th at Nice, from whence they proceed on the 17th to Stuttgart. On the 20th they will be at Dresden, on the 22nd they are due at Cologne, and on April 2nd at Paris, where M. Musin will appear at M. Broustet's grand concerts in the Champs Elysees.

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WAIFS.

At the third Philharmonic Concert (next Thursday) Herr Joachim will play—let us hope his own Hungarian Concerto.

In the absence of Herr Strauss, the post of leading violin at the first and second Philharmonic Concerts was held by that intelligent and experienced artist, Herr Wiener.

We understand that Professor F. F. Rogers, of Malvern, is at present engaged on a sacred cantata, entitled *Deborah*; Mr J. Stewart a frequent contributor to these columns, having supplied the libretto.

Bizet's *Carmen* has been given at Carlsruhe.

Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, is giving concerts in Vienna.

Mdme Gerster will sing this month in Italian opera at Chicago.

Artôt Padilla and her husband have been giving concerts at Tilsit.

August Wilhelmj was giving concerts a short time since in New Zealand.

A new Vocal Association, the Orphéon français, has been founded at Santiago.

The father of Bilbaut-Vauchelet, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, died recently.

Bianca Bianchi has met with a flattering reception at the Teatro Reggio, Turin.

A new musical society, the Nuevo Liceo, has been founded at Valencia, Spain.

Amalie Stahl, formerly of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is engaged at the Milan Scala.

Mdlle Donadio will shortly appear at Genoa as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*.

Theresa Singer has been singing at Palermo. She is engaged for next winter at St Petersburgh.

The subscriptions for the re-erection of the Teatro Communale, Trieste, already exceed 200,000 florins.

Emile Fournier, horn player and director of several vocal associations, has died in Lyons, aged forty-four.

A director of the Istituto Musicale Rossini, Pesaro, has at length been chosen; Carlo Pedrotti is the person.

The 2nd September next will be the centenary of the opening of the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Anton Rubinstein's *Dämon* was to be performed, under the composer's direction, on the 1st inst. in Cologne.

The death of M. Alfred Jaell, the pianist, is announced as having taken place, suddenly, in Paris on Tuesday last.

Emil Scaria, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has sung three nights at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Jenco Hubay has been appointed to succeed Vieuxtemps as Professor of the Violin in the Brussels Conservatory.

Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*, with Bianca Donadio as Ophelia, has been performed sixteen times at the San Carlo, Naples.

The Common Council of Marseilles have voted the Theatre, by twenty-one votes against five, a grant of 250,000 francs.

Anton Rubinstein has completed the music of a ballet and is far advanced with that of a comic opera, *Madame Don Quixote*.

El Numero fatal, buffo opera, music by Mangiagalli, has been tolerably successful at the Teatro de las Variedades, Madrid.

Hans von Bülow has given a concert in Pressburg, and handed over all the proceeds towards erecting a monument to Hummel.

Anton Rubinstein's Symphony in G minor was performed, under Rheinthaler's direction, at the fifth Subscription Concert, Bremen.

A one-act comic opera, words by Clément Michaëls, music by M. Van Synghel, is to be produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Capoul intends making a second trip to America. He will, however, previously visit Nice, and then undertake a tour in Spain and Portugal.

Anton Rubinstein's Symphony in G minor was performed, under the direction of Herr Lüstner, at the eighth Curhaus-Concert, Wiesbaden.

The fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, on the 13th February, 1832, was recently celebrated at the Brussels Conservatory by a special concert.

The *Persai* of Æschylus, with music by C. B. (Duke Ernest of Saxe-Meiningen), has been performed at the concert of the Academical Vocal Association, Jena.

We regret to announce the death, on Wednesday last, of the wife of Mr John Francis Barnett, a lady highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Le Capitaine Noir, three-act comic opera, book by M. Gustave Lagye, music by M. Joseph Mertens, has been successfully produced at the Theatre Royal, the Hague.

Franz Tewele has retired from the management of the Carl-Theater, Vienna, and will be succeeded by Steiner. Meanwhile, the Theatre is carried on by the company.

New York soon hopes, says *Kunkel's Musical Review*, to have in the Wood College of Music an institution that will rival, if not surpass, the College of Music, Cincinnati.

Il Conte di Chatillon, a new opera by a young composer, Niccolo Massa, formerly pupil of the Milan Conservatory, has met with a favourable reception at Reggio (Emilia).

Willem Brand, chapelmaster at the Church of the Redemptorists and director of the Vocal Association, Het Vlaamsche Volk, died in Antwerp, on the 2nd ult., aged only 29.

The Belgian Government has entrusted to the new Society of Music the task of organizing the fifth Musical Festival, to be held in August at the Palace of Fine Arts, Brussels.

Pauline Lucca commences her engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, on the 10th April. In June she will appear for ten nights at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

After witnessing at the Carlo Felice, Genoa, Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt's impersonation of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Verdi went on the stage and warmly congratulated the famous actress.

The Musical Society of Antwerp, now studying an oratorio by Haydn, has included in its programme for next season Emil Mathieu's *Hoyoux*. ("*An*" oratorio by Haydn! Good.—Dr Blinge.)

Napravnik has resigned the directorship of the Society-Concerts, St Petersburgh, a post he held for many years. At the eighth concert of the present series Davidoff, the violoncellist, conducted.

Mdlle Epstein, of the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Mdme Basta, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, have been invited to give a series of performances at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The funeral of M. Rouzaud, the husband of Mdme Christine Nilsson, took place on Friday, last week. The religious ceremony was held in the Church of St Eloi, and the burial in the Pieput Cemetery, Paris.

Pedro Sarmiento y Verdejo, who enjoyed a high reputation as a flautist, died at Madrid on the 5th ult. He was professor at the National School of Music and one of the original members of the Society of Concerts.

A one-act comic opera, *Nichette*, was recently produced at the Grand Théatre, Ghent. The music is by an artillery officer, M. Carman, son of the ex-baritone Carman, now a professor at the Royal Conservatory, Liége.

Mr Charles E. Stephens was unable to be present at the conference at St James's Palace on Tuesday, on the subject of the proposed Royal College of Music, having to attend the funeral of his aunt, the late Dowager Countess of Essex, which took place on that day.

Mr Frederic Penna's Lecture on "The Art of Singing.—Mr Frederic Penna has had the honour to receive a letter from Claremont expressing His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany's entire concurrence with all his (Mr Penna's) views upon the Art as conveyed by Mr Penna to His Royal Highness.

It is rumoured that Mr Gladstone intends to offer a peerage to Sir Moses Montefiore. Every Englishman will hope that the rumour is true. Mr Gladstone could not pay a more graceful compliment to the distinguished man, who is not only beloved by the Hebrew race throughout the world, but has earned the respect and esteem of everyone who has heard his name. And who has not?

Ess and Esses.—"So you have finished your studies at the seminary? I was much pleased with the closing exercises. The author of that poem—Miss White, I think you called her—bids fair to become known as a poet." "We think the authoress will become celebrated as a poetess," remarked the young lady pertly, with a marked emphasis on two words of the sentence. "Oh!—ah!" replied the old gentleman, looking thoughtfully over his spectacles at the young lady. "I hear her sister was quite an actress, and under Miss Hosmer's instructions will undoubtedly become quite a sculptoress." The young lady appeared irritated. "The seminary," continued the old gentleman, with imperturbable gravity, "is fortunate in having an efficient board of managereseses. From the presidentess down to the humblest teacheress unusual talent is shown. There is Miss Harper, who as a chemistress is unequalled, and Mrs Knowles has already a reputation as an astronomeress. And in the department of music few can equal Miss Kellogg as a singeress." The young lady did not appear to like the chair she was sitting on. She took the sofa at the other end of the room. "Yes," continued the old gentleman, as if talking to himself, "those White sisters are very talented. Mary, I understand, has turned her attention to painting and the drama, and will surely become famous as a painteress, and even as a lecturess." A loud slamming of the door caused the old gentleman to look up, and the criticess and grammarianess was gone.—*Abroath and Kansas Sheet.*

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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

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VOL. 60.—No. 10. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, March 11th, at Three. The programme will include Symphony, in E flat (Mozart); Violin Concerto, No. 6, in G (Vieuxtemps); Air and two Gavottes, from Suite in D (J. S. Bach); "L'Invitation à la Valse" (Weber, orchestrated by Berlioz). Vocalist—Miss Carlotta Elliott. Solo Violin—Mdme Norman-Neruda. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY next, at Eight. Last Evening Concert but One. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, Miss Spenser Jones, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mdme Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will include the following: Violin Solos, Cavatina, by Raff, and Sarabande and Tambourin, by Leclair (Mdme Norman-Néruda); "There's a Bower of Roses," "When the heart is young," and "The Miller and the Maid" (Miss Mary Davies); "Sunshine and Rain," "The Three Fishers," and "John O'Grady" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "Uncle John" and "Peggie and Robin" (Miss Marian McKenzie); "On the Banks of Allan Water" and "Will he come?" (Miss Spenser Jones); "Alice, where art thou?" "Phillis is my only joy," and "Serenade" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "Hands All Round," "For ever and for ever," and "Simon the Cellarer" (Mr Santley); "I fear no foe," "True till Death," and the "German Drinking Song" (Signor Foli). Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit Six to Stalls), £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR EDWARD LLOYD will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the London Ballad Concert, St James's Hall, Wednesday next, March 15th.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.

WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.—SECOND CONCERT, This (SATURDAY) Evening, March 11. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora* (No. 3); Mendelssohn's Overture, Scherzo, Notturno, and Wedding March, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and Walter Macfarren's New Symphony in B flat; Piatti's Fantasia Romantica—Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Sterndale Bennett's Concerto, in C minor—Pianoforte, Mr Charlton T. Speer. Tickets at popular prices, 3s., 1s., and 7s. 6d.

MISS JOSEPHINE AGABEG (Pupil of Mr Ganz) begs to announce her THIRD ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, on TUESDAY next, March 14th, at Eight p.m. Violin—Herr Ondrieék. Violoncello—M. Libotton. Pianoforte—Miss Josephine Agabeg and Mr Ganz. Vocalists—Miss Emma Allitsen, Messrs James Sauvage, Ernest Cecil, and Cecil Traherne. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Tickets—Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; to be obtained of Miss JOSEPHINE AGABEG, 133, Ledbury Road, Bayswater; and at the Hall.

MDLLE ROSINA ISIDOR'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, SATURDAY, March 18, at Eight, ST JAMES'S HALL. Vocalists—Mdlle Rosina Isidor and Mdme Patey; Mr Joseph Maas, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Signor Foli. Pianoforte—Herr Ernst Lœwenberg. Harp—Mr John Thomas. Harmonium—Mr Louis Engel. Flute—Mr Keppel. Accompanist—Signor Antonio Mora. Stalls, 21s. and 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at the usual Agents; and at Austin's, St James's Hall.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. Members are informed that the arrangements for March are as follows, viz.:—The 103rd and 104th *Soirées Musicales* on Wednesdays, 15th and 29th March, due notice of which will be given. The Second Concert (70th since formation of Society—Schumann's Compositions in first part of programme), will take place at the Langham Hall, on Wednesday, 19th April. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE MUSIC PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

TO THE MUSIC TRADE.

AT a General Meeting of the Association, held at Messrs Metzler & Co.'s, Great Marlborough Street, on Tuesday, the 7th inst., it was proposed by Mr Boosey, seconded by Mr Enoch, and duly carried: "That this Meeting is of opinion that the custom which prevails to some extent of Wholesale London Houses purchasing music through provincial dealers is prejudicial to the interests of the Trade, and that it is resolved by those present at this meeting to close accounts with all provincial dealers having transactions of this kind with London Houses. By order,

B. LUCAS,
Secretary.

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March 8, 1882.

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THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

The Marylebone Theatre! Where is it? Such, probably, would be the response of any, save the most inveterate, or veteran play-goer, when interrogated as to his knowledge of the edifice in question. Yet though this modest temple of the muses—located, as its name implies, in the north-western district of the metropolis—has, for several years, relapsed into the obscurity which characterized its earlier existence, the Marylebone Theatre possesses, nevertheless, a history of its own, and, in days long past, could boast of more than one management, whose intelligent efforts to popularize the best specimens of the Poetic Drama were fully recognized, and fairly supported, by the general public.

The Marylebone Theatre, then, is situated in Church Street, a thoroughfare which connects Portman-Market with the northern extremity of Edgware Road. It was originally built by a Mr Loveridge, and opened, under the management of Mr Hyde, on Monday, the 13th November, 1837. That the new theatre was to appeal exclusively to the humbler inhabitants of its, even then, thickly populated neighbourhood, might be inferred from the nature of the first night's programme, which offered nothing better than a melodrama, entitled *The Beggar's Haunt, or Fortune's Changes*. The only names of any mark, in the new company, were those of Cobham—looked upon, in his time, as the Kemble of the minor theatres—and Mr J. W. Ray, who developed, later, into a comedian of more than average ability. There was a pantomime at Christmas, preceded by Lillo's old tragedy, *George Barnwell*, and early in the ensuing year we find such plays as *Pizarro*, *Jane Shore*, and *John Bull* in the bills, but the venture apparently did not prosper, and the house eventually closed for some months. It was re-opened for the winter season of 1838-9, by Mr Johnson and Mr Nelson Lee, with a company which included the names of Attwood, John Douglass, Fenton, Collins, the pantomimist, Paul Herring, Miss Thornton, and Mrs Stanley. As the results, however, did not appear to be favourable, they abandoned it, early in the summer, to Mr Fox Cooper, who did not long continue his speculation.

We have failed to discover any trace of its doings in the two following years, during which the place probably remained shut up altogether, but it seems to have been in a great measure re-constructed in 1842, and was re-opened on Monday, the 12th of December, in that year, as the New Theatre-Royal, Marylebone, under the leaseeship of Mr Douglass, and the stage-management of Mr Edward Stirling—always a reliable name. The new theatre was built to accommodate 2,300 people, and was pronounced very handsome. The list of performers comprised the names of Freer, Attwood, Rayner, and Cobham. Mr Osbaldiston and Miss Vincent played during the following week, and Mr Nelson Lee provided a new pantomime at Christmas.

The house, at length fairly started, remained, for some years, in the hands of Mr Douglass, whose management not only answered, in a pecuniary sense, but was characterized by a good deal of spirit and energy. Its more noticeable events were as follows: Mrs Waylett, a delightful singer, and actress, in her day, appeared in February, 1843, and Freer also played in *Rob Roy*, as well as in the now forgotten, but once famous melodrama, *One o'Clock, or The Knight and the Wood-Demon;* another fossil, the burlesque of *Bombastes Furioso*, was in the bills, a few months later; and in December, the *Coriolanus* of Shakspere was respectably presented. Freer, Charles Dillon, the tragedian, Mr Otway, and Mrs W. West, were the leading players throughout this year, as well as during the greater part of 1844. In March of the latter, *The Castle Spectre* of Monk Lewis was given, with success. On its original production at Drury Lane, in 1797, Kemble and Sarah Siddons had not felt themselves above appearing in this play, which was long the favourite ghost drama of every theatre, or even barn, throughout the United Kingdom. That it has now to a great extent become obsolete, is probably due to an improved taste, which declines to tolerate the inflated language which Mat Lewis has put into the mouths of his leading characters. Yet, to a purely melo-dramatic audience, *The Castle Spectre* must ever prove attractive, owing to the cleverness of the various situations, and the admirable skill with which the interest is led up to the several appearances of the ghost. Although its kind may not be of the best, the old play is still the best of its kind; and, as a matter of fact, under the slightly altered title of *The Spectre of Conway Castle*, it remains to this day a stock-piece in the repertory of the theatre in Portman-Market.

Wright, Paul Bedford, and Miss Emma Stanley were engaged in September, 1844, and were followed by Mr Denvil, in Lord Byron's *Manfred*. A Mr Hudson Kirby played on Wednesday, December 17th, for the benefit of that once popular transpontine manager, Mr Almar. For Mr Douglass's benefit, early in 1845, Wright and Paul Bedford again acted, in company with Widdicombe, Cony, Blanchard, and Mr E. F. Savile. When the theatre re-opened for the winter of this year, the celebrated *mime*, Wieland, was engaged to play the *Imp* in the ballet-pantomime, *The Daughter of the Danube*. In October, Mr and Mrs Honner were to be seen, in the pretty old drama, *Mary, the Maid of the Inn*. A Mr Grattan Dawson also "starred" in *Macbeth* and other plays. The clown, Paul Herring, was engaged for Easter, 1846. Mr Rayner appeared as Hamlet, in January 1847, and afterwards, the American Dwarf, Tom Thumb was exhibited. In February, Mr Bayntun Rolt played in *King Richard the Third*, and a transatlantic actor, Mr J. R. Scott, in *Pizarro*, and *Damon and Pythias*. Mr Charles Dillon returned at Easter, in *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. These efforts at legitimacy, though not without merit, were all of the rough-and-ready order, and were alternated, it may be added, with such sorry stuff as *Paul the Poacher, Jack Ketch, Bone Squash, The Last Link of Love, Sarah the Jewess, or The Extorted Oath*, and lastly by a piece with the imposing title, *The Royal Crusader, or The Black Brand of Rome!*

Mr Douglass's management terminated at the end of June 1847, and on the 1st of the following August, an announcement appeared in the daily papers that Mrs Warner, who had recently withdrawn from Sadler's Wells—then, and long afterwards, under the ever-memorable direction of Phelps and Greenwood,—had taken the Marylebone Theatre. Mrs Warner, in her preliminary circular, promised "the performance of such plays as may appear best suited to the resources of the establishment," and added that "an earnest endeavour will be made to illustrate these plays appropriately and effectively. The engagement of a company, selected with a reference to the task of duly rendering the text of the great dramatic authors, the assistance of artists of the first competence, in the scenic and mechanical departments, and the liberal and careful provision of all the other accessories to the histrionic art, will, it is hoped, enable the management to accomplish this purpose."

Having been thoroughly cleansed and re-decorated, the house opened for the season, on Monday the 30th August, with Shakspere's play, *A Winter's Tale*, in which it is needless to say that Mrs Warner played Hermione—one of her finest parts—in her finest manner, and was well supported by Mrs. Tyrrell, as Paulina, by Miss Angell, a pleasing young actress, from Bath, as Perdita, and by another and very clever *debutante*, from Birmingham, Miss Charlotte Saunders, as Mopsa. Mr Graham, a prominent member, some years previously, of Macready's company at Drury Lane, was the Leontes of the night, Mr. James Johnstone, from Liverpool, Polixenes; Mr George Vining, also from Bath, Florizel; and an excellent Autolycus was discovered, in Mr Henry Webb, who though almost unknown to London, had long enjoyed exceptional popularity, as a comedian, throughout the provinces. Generally speaking, the performance was of the most careful kind. The scenery and accessories, as promised beforehand, were rich, and in good taste, and the whole entertainment augured well for the success of the experiment.

(To be continued.)

SIGNOR PINSUTI'S NEW OPERA AT VENICE.

The following telegram from Venice reached us on Thursday morning:—

"*Signor Pinsuti's new opera*, Margherita, *was given last night for the first time, and obtained a decided success. The house was full to excess. The performance went off splendidly, and the composer was called out eighteen times.*"

We sincerely congratulate Signor Pinsuti on having satisfied the exigencies of a very critical public. It is well known how severely new works are judged in Venice.

ROME.—The Russian singer, Mdlle Adler, will remain here till May, subsequently visiting London and Paris.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

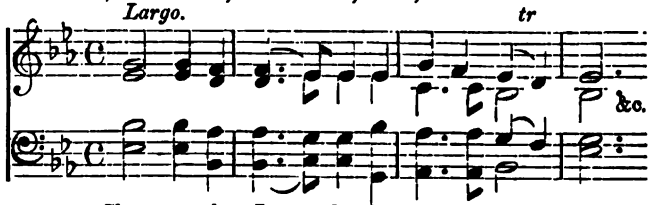
The Glee.

(Continued from page 132.)

Another glee of Bishop's, "Sleep, gentle lady," from his opera, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, is in two movements, both in the same key. The first, in slow time, is in the miniature sonata form of the ballads, a phrase beginning :

Ex. 134.

Alto, 1st Tenor, 2nd Tenor, Bass, with Accompt.



ends with a half close and a second ends with a full close. The quick movement is a miniature of the first Scarlatti form, with a modulating second part (like the Preludes of Bach described before), but with the addition of a coda. A first strain :

Ex. 135.

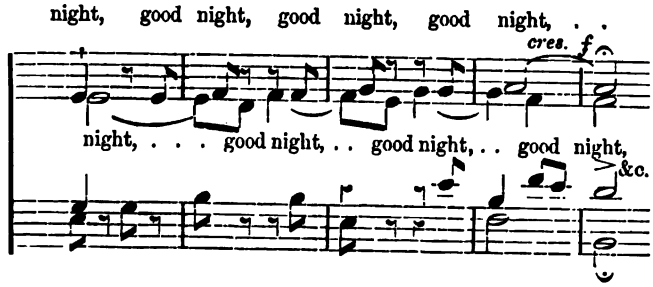
ends with a full close. After this has been repeated with a varied accompaniment, a second strain follows with modulation :

Ex. 136.

A half close brings back the original key with the first strain as at first (see ex. 135), and from the close of this a coda grows out :

Ex. 137.

night, good night, good night, good night, . .



The great success of this beautiful little piece induced Bishop to treat it in somewhat of an utilitarian manner, after a habit of his, by arranging it for other voices than the original, viz., S.A.T.B., and also for three voices.

Some say these glees of Bishop's are not glees, but concerted pieces with accompaniment. This matters very little, for we have then only to say that Bishop re-discovered or re-invented concerted pieces with accompaniment of the same kind as, but much better than, the concerted pieces with accompaniment, which Playford called glees ; that he extended the use of them for the stage, and that they were appropriated for concert and home use, and that thus his music set an example to composers of oratorios, operas, and single pieces of later years, who put some of their most beautiful thoughts into the same form, although they do not call them glees.

Oliveria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

THE REID FESTIVAL.

(Supplement—from the "Edinburgh Courant.")

It may be added that the palms, &c., in front of the platform came, by permission of Professor Dickson, from the Botanical Gardens; and that the wreaths for busts, and the button-hole bouquets with which all the members of the orchestra were decorated, were presented by the Countess of Rothes. We hear that among other floral offerings on this occasion was a box of cut flowers, addressed to Mr Frederick King, accompanied by a card on which was written, in a fair hand, "*To the rising Baritone of Kings;*" and some beautiful specimens of southern violets, accompanied by the following appropriate lines, were received by the Reid Professor, Sir Herbert Oakeley :—

"Sweet fragrance rising from the earth
Proclaims the purple violet's birth ;
Sweet music floats upon the air
Where all who honour Art repair
To tender homage at her shrine.
Happy, who hear those sounds divine,
Whose ears are open to discern
Her glorious thoughts that live and burn !
But yet, like all beneath the sun,
A brilliant triumph is not won,
Save at stern cost of care, and toil,
And anxious thought—a tangled coil.
The flame of much self-sacrifice
Must touch the incense ere it rise ;
And bleeding feet must lead the van
Ere hope and progress come to man.
Not for light meed of fame or praise
Such clear-eyed souls devote their days :
Enough for them if, ere they cease,
New voices raise the Hymn of Peace ;
They sow the seed with toil and pain—
Others may reap the golden grain.
Yet may the gods, propitious, bless
Such efforts with deserved success !
May all men feel that not in vain
Is raised to-night the full toned-strain :
So, as all hearts responsive thrill,
These echoes from the Heavenly Hill
Throughout the year may vibrate still !"

CAUTION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Allow me to draw the attention of my musical friends to the following facts. There has recently appeared at Berlin a spurious edition of my Gavotte in A minor (from the suite dedicated to Mdme Essipoff), arranged—or rather disarranged—for four hands. Not only has the meddler and muddler spoilt my piece, but has inserted with much industry chords of his own, so that he managed to get the harmonies wrong as well. Fearing that people might think that I committed them, I now beg you, through the medium of your valuable paper, to assist me in exposing the gross injustice done to me by the publisher, Mr Erler, who refused to withdraw the edition, notwithstanding my pressing request.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

8, *St Lawrence Road, Notting Hill, W.* E. Silas.
March 5, 1882.

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EMMA ALBANI.

(Condensed from the Berlin "Vossische Zeitung.")

Mdme Albani-Gye, a born Canadian, the admired *prima donna* of Covent Garden Theatre, possesses one of those eminently beautiful sopranos in which the metallic quality and the melting character of the tones are perfectly balanced, and which rule over the entire scale of sound-colours, from nervous energy to the gentlest breath. The voice moves through every possible gradation of strength, from *forte* to *pianissimo*, and the *decrescendo* especially possesses an unusual fascination. According to the accepted classification, Mdme Albani's voice is a high *mezzo-soprano*, which may be called full and powerful up to C, and masters the D with a light and certain head-sound; the middle and lower registers continue with perfect smoothness, and are free from any admixture of an unfeminine chest-register. The intonation is irreproachable. The lady's facility in *bravura* is something extraordinary. She executes the most difficult specimens with ease and perfect neatness, as well as with that rhythmically-delicate continuity without which *fioriture* have no artistic value. The *bravura legato* prevails over the *staccato*, just as in fact a partiality for interweaving the notes tenderly and tastefully into each other, together with the art of doing so, is a peculiarity of the fair artist. Her chromatic scales and shakes—the latter generally with rhythmical stress on the principal note, which is more difficult than the opposite plan—are incomparable. The lady's mode of expression is especially beautiful in all that is lyrical and full of deep feeling, without, however, any want of vigorous accentuation in dramatic passages. Mdme Albani is more dramatic than Etelka Gerster, if less daring and energetic than Adelina Patti. As with most vocalists trained in the Italian school whose studies are usually limited to a few parts, everything with Mdme Albani is accurately calculated beforehand. She does not abandon herself so freely and completely to the inspiration of the moment, as Pauline Lucca, but sings as a speaker who has most carefully prepared his speech. We may regret the absence of that warmth which springs from the inspiration of the moment, and might even prefer trifling technical shortcomings; but even this certainty in the impersonation has its value.

G. E.

—o—

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Although every musician present at the meeting, called by the Prince of Wales, and held in the banquetting room of St. James's Palace, on Tuesday morning, February 28th, would be justified in feeling honoured and flattered by the interest royalty and its surroundings were taking in him and his works; yet it would be as well for him to bear in mind that solicitude, not for any one, or any class of professors, but for the art itself, was the prevailing sentiment, and the actuating motive. It was decidedly instructive for him to obtain a view of his art from a different, if not a higher stand-point, than that usually occupied, and to listen to speakers regarding the subject free from the personality, necessarily attending his own perception. The follower of music, as a calling, is generally, in the first place, led to the art from sheer love of it, and for the pleasure the pursuit of it affords, and, afterwards, adopts it as a weapon to wield in the "struggle for existence." Thus the art with him is bounded by inclination and occupation. What was once a pleasure becomes a business. But the speakers at St. James's, looking beyond the individual, dwelt upon the influences of the art upon the nation at large. His Grace of Canterbury pointed out its value to the Church, and the duty laid upon her officers to encourage the cultivation of the highest gifts of harmony, so that fitting aids may be provided for public worship. The Premier, and the leader of the Opposition, meeting on neutral grounds, both eloquently insisted upon the policy of directing the musical instinct of the nation to a higher level than it now occupies; whilst the Prince of Wales extolled the practice of music as a source and means of ever-increasing enjoyment. The musical resources of the empire, he maintained, were not at present satisfactorily utilized; and he declared, that the spreading knowledge and exercise of the art, seen in town and village, in public assemblies, and private homes, called for recognition and guidance, without which talent was often wasted, and genius lost. To remedy this state of things, the Prince proposed to establish a Royal College of Music upon the model furnished by the *conservatoires* of the Continent, and earnestly pleaded for aid in the patriotic endeavour. As yet the response made has been fairly encouraging. But is not "aid to the cause of music" a somewhat new cry? Is not the recipient of favours too near home for the exhibition of that spontaneity which now and again moves the world to admiration? Whatever the result, loyal affection will be felt by musicians generally to the Heir to the throne for the able advocacy of their cause, and the lead he has taken in a movement made on behalf of their art.

If the Prince then is worthy of honour and thanks for care and interest manifested, he certainly commands sympathy for the many difficulties that beset his undertaking. There can be no manner of doubt that he is the very last man in the world capable of bearing harshly upon a deserving institution that stands in the way of his projects. Yet circumstances seem to lead him to that unpalatable occupation—for is not the Royal Academy of Music in peril of losing by his action some of its hard earned advantages? It played an up-hill game for a long time, and only a few years back the professors had to make sacrifices in order to keep the good ship afloat. Now, however, it has, in a very large degree, secured the confidence of the public. The crowded state of the class-rooms testifies to the good management of the directors, as well as to the ability of the professors; and it may be said that there is scarcely a musical man living who is held in greater respect, or worthier of it, than the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Therefore, any loss of prestige or diminution of success sustained by the institution would be felt by some as little less than a public misfortune, and, by a large majority, the differences, seemingly irreconcilable, that keep the Academy and College apart, are sincerely regretted. Other difficulties are in the way of the promoters of the new School. One is the doubt of it getting a wise management—a doubt engendered by witnessing the collapse of the earlier founded "Training School," and confirmed by the remarkably able letters by "Amateur" upon the subject in the *Daily Telegraph*, and reproduced a few weeks back in the columns of the *Musical World*. Besides, does not the musical profession, in great part, withhold at present its full confidence, and particularly members resident in the provinces? They are naturally jealous of a centralization likely to work them mischief, and contend that the clever pupils will be attracted more than ever to London. The announcement that degrees will be granted by the proposed college scarcely relieves their anxiety, for already they complain of the system, largely adopted in the country, of examination of pupils by London professors, and fears are entertained that the new college will increase the evil by flooding the country with certificated teachers. Consideration should certainly be shown, by any body of men entrusted with the power of bestowing degrees, honours, and certificates, towards country music-masters, not a few of whom would successfully stand a general comparison, if not a special examination, with their town-dwelling judges. It should be borne in mind that many of them received their training in cathedrals scattered over the country, where the most solid education was to be found that England afforded. Yet fear is felt that such a practical class of men will be affected by regulations of a central body taking no heed of isolated modes, and scant opportunities of combined efforts in the musical education of past times. To hear of these matters the Prince of Wales did not at the meeting think fit to call upon musical professors for speeches. Perhaps he was wise therein. The professor is often, particularly if he hail from the north,* found gifted with a sustaining eloquence that neither halts nor fails, and had such an one addressed the meeting the disputed *clôture* would have had a chance of proving its merits. Still, it is desirable that a conference of London and provincial musicians should be held, not to cavil at, much less to oppose, the proposals of our Prince, but rather to assist, by clear statements and sage councils, in the establishment of an institution honestly and generously intended for the good of national art and its professors.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

[That institution might be founded without prejudice to the Royal Academy of Music, Mr Gwffyn. The public would soon find out where the best teaching is to be got.—D. B.

NEW YORK.—Returned from her concert-tour in the Southern States, the ineffable Adelina Patti was to appear in opera at the Germania Theatre. The works selected are *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Dinorah*.—[In all of which she is without compeer.—Dr Blidge.]

PARIS.—On Friday, the 3rd inst., Frédéric Szarvady, who died, aged 60, at his residence on the Boulevard Malesherbes, was conveyed to his last home. He was connected with music by his union with Wilhelmine Clauss, who now bewails his loss. Hungarian by birth, Szarvady had been mixed up in the politics of his native land, but for many years was settled in Paris.

* Or sou'-east by sou'.—Dr Blidge.

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

St James's Hall was filled to the doors on Monday night, and a number of people greatly desiring an entrance were turned away. The axiom that an effect has always a sufficient cause applies in this case as in every other, but the sufficiency must be more than commonly obvious when it is considered that Mdme Schumann, now a rare visitor to this country, made her first appearance for the season. Robert Schumann's widow, and the great artist who, more than a generation ago, made the name of Clara Wieck famous, will command increasing interest as long as she appears before the public. It is natural that this should be. The period she more particularly represents is rapidly receding towards that point in the past where venerated traditions begin to form, and where a nimbus of heroism akin to that of divinity encircles with a growing radiance illustrious heads. Besides, every year brings forward those to whom, on account of their youth, Mdme Schumann is little better than a name, and who desire a fuller knowledge while the opportunity of it remains. Consideration of these facts gave peculiar and touching interest to the reappearance of the great pianist on Monday night. It explained the eagerness with which her advent was awaited; the applause that greeted her presence, and the almost religious attention with which every note she produced was heard. Mdme Schumann played only once, but in doing even that she taxed her physical powers with a severity best appreciable by those who know what is involved in a performance of her late husband's Fantasia in C major (Op. 17). The chance of hearing this piece interpreted by the single artist who can do so with supreme authority was the more precious because the composition is not likely to be often attempted. It demands, besides rare manipulative skill, uncommon patience and perseverance of study, while the effect is, to say the least, uncertain upon other than a special audience. Mdme Schumann hid away the difficulties and the occasional crudities of the work under an easy masterfulness that brought out every element of beauty. It would be idle to say that the now venerable lady showed all her old power. The greatest in art lies as open as the least to the influence of Time, which, like the grim spectre that dogs its steps, knocks at all doors. But when an illustrious artist reaches this stage, he resembles some ancient temple—

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Hath swept the lines where beauty lingers."

—a temple made the more lovely for the mellowing influence of years. Mdme Schumann's performance was a model of purity in style, of reverence for the author, and of modest self-pretension. Aiming at nothing but a simple translation of the composer's thoughts into sound, it achieved everything that legitimately crowns the work of interpretive art. That the opportunity of hearing Mdme Schumann on future occasions will be eagerly sought is a safe prophecy.

The programme contained, besides the Fantasia in C, Beethoven's Quartet in E minor, most exquisitely played by Messrs Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti; the same master's string Trio in C minor, and Bach's Chaconne for violin alone, the last named once more serving Herr Joachim for a marvellous effect. Miss Spencer Jones was the vocalist, and sang with marked acceptance.—*D. T.*

—o—

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The programme selected for last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was eminently classical, but—excepting one or two numbers of the programme—eminently dull. After "God save the Queen" had been played, in allusion to the recent attempt to shoot her Majesty, the band gave a fine performance of Spontini's overture, *Olympie*—a work which, despite their efforts, struck the public ear, now accustomed as it is to blare and flare, rage and roar, mystic utterances, and nothing much to utter—as a faded piece of tapestry would appeal to the public eye after the bright oil-paintings of the most glaring English colourists. Mr Manns and his devoted orchestra went for their losing game with a will; it was no fault of theirs that Spontini's voice was the voice of a slow period, that the Mendelssohn of the afternoon was a Samson bound by the Delilah of religious opposition, or that, as in the case of the national Hungarian "Rsgoczy" March—quoted from Berlioz's *Faust*—they could not transform themselves into Hungarians for that occasion only. The enthusiasm of the performers, individually and collectively, saved the concert from entirely crushing the spirits of the audience, as, less perfectly rendered, such a programme must inevitably have done. The "Reformation" Symphony, which followed Spontini's overture, might be described by non-appreciators of the great subject as a long-drawn-out lugubriosity—by faithful adherents thereof and consequently swearers-by the good John Bunyan—as a musical *Pilgrim's Progress*. The spirit which changed the fanciful flights of a Meyerbeer into the grovelling groanings of the Anabaptists, might well curb the magnificent ideality of a Mendelssohn! A spirit, perhaps, of centering, causal, good, but whose rays alone, and whose substance never, could penetrate into art, the monarch of abstraction. Causes and art will never, can never, be amalgamated, any more than water and oil. Art is essentially homogeneous with effect. It is not the cause, but the effect, which links the subject with the artist. It is this which but too often enlists the artist on the wrong side; for beautiful causes have hideous effects, and *vice versâ*. In the case of the Reformation, however grand, lofty, pure the cause, the effects were undeniably antagonistic to art. Mendelssohn's soaring spirit must have been attracted by the bold simplicity of his subject. To imagine he would embody a theme which could not compel that spirit's allegiance would be a dastardly insult flung upon his revered and respected grave. But, on approaching his subject it is evident that he was thrown back upon the very mental fount of his being, that fount which is out of the pale of expression. Cause alone can deal with cause, and from the effects of the Reformation his power of expression shrank. For, artistically speaking, what were they? Stripped churches, rudely whitewashed,—pictures, statues, every graceful art adornment destroyed, dreary discourses from black-robed, in many cases illiterate, men, instead of gorgeous ritual and polished addresses. The delicacies of life, fitting attire, house-decoration, politeness, all the subdued glitter of well-appointed society cast aside as "filthy rags;" instead, the bare human being glorying in uncouth ugliness and savagely upright as a John the Baptist! In but one instance was the great master himself, where, in the *scherzo* in which musical thought naturally becomes more puerile and feminine, he seemed to dream of some inaccessible Margaret, some fairhaired Puritan maiden whose mind, spotless as her coif and kerchief, was fixed as steadily upon her spinning-wheel as were her peaceful eyes. The dissatisfaction of the composer with his work is manifest in its close, which, attempting a climax, fails for very want of heart. "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," might tell, sung with rugged fervour by Puritan choirs, but played by a nineteenth century orchestra, it is a sham.

If Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*—a long domestic wail of sad bliss—had been applied as a final trial to patient Grisel, the chances are the good old tale would have been related otherwise. Frau Cosima must have a long-suffering soul, and Herr Wagner is to be congratulated on the possession of a son (the effort was made on behalf of his male infant), who, if he has not yet "learnt to labour," has evidently "learnt to wait," perhaps a more useful quality in the human young.

The soloists in this strange musical representation of the darkly dreary in life were Signor Foli (vocalist), and Miss Marie Krebs (instrumentalist). Signor Foli, who, to judge by the seemingly increasing bulk of his voice, should have a throat the size of the Tun of Heidelberg, gave Caspar's famous Aria, "Taci, Taci," from Weber's *Freischütz*, and Gounod's "She alone charmeth my sadness," the latter contribution doubtless creating a wish among the audience that there could really be present some "she" potent enough to charm away a growing sadness which even the bright, brilliant performances of Miss Marie Krebs failed to dispel. This clever German pianist chose to play an antiquated concerto of Ferdinand Ries, of which the best which can be said is, that the good old master looking into his mind, turning it upside down even, for a drain, and finding it empty, went out into the fields and tried to transcribe from the pleasant sounds provided us by Nature. Nature, perhaps, has appreciated the compliment, and has brought Miss Marie Krebs to be the interpreter of her acknowledgment. But even the long-practised fingers of the German lady failed to give life to the reflections of rustic scenes in the dimmed mirror held up by Herr Ferdinand Ries. Miss Krebs gave for her solos a *ballo* and *bourrée* by Gluck, and a charming "Octave Study" by her late father, Herr C. Krebs, her unusual mechanical skill earning her a well-merited re-call. The audience, indeed, in spite of their evident dejection, gratefully acknowledged the manifest efforts of the soloists by re-calling them after each of their performances; they also burst into applause at the sudden blaze of the Edison electric light, a new interest which revived them almost into an animated retreat, when the "Ragoczy" March brought the sorrowful concert to a close. ASTUR.

[I should like to have been at the concert described in such funereal hues, if only for the sake of that dear old Reformation Symphony ("bless it!"). No doubt, if our highly esteemed contributor (*who sat the programme out, by the way*) applied to Abbé Liszt, that famous laye(*c*)lastic, would re-arrange (or derange) the peccant work, which might thenceforth be announced as

Symphony in D—"*Reformation*"——MENDELSSOHN-LISZT.

The improvement would be impetuously manifest.—OTTO BEARS.]

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Balfe's opera, *Moro; or the Painter of Antwerp*, was given on Saturday morning instead of *Rienzi*, as originally announced. The cast was the same as heretofore, with the difference only that Mr Betjemann, with his usual readiness, performed the part of Orsini instead of Mr D'Egville. In the other parts Miss Burns, Mr M'Guckin, and Mr Crotty especially distinguished themselves, and the audience, fully impressed with the beauty and freshness of the melodies, received the work most cordially and applauded very heartily at every possible opportunity. The melodies of Balfe, in spite of what may be said, still find their way to the hearts of all lovers of music, and prove that he was possessed of the divine art of "finding out musical tunes," and had he been anything else but a child of Great Britain his countrymen would have given more honour than has yet been paid to him. At present "he lives in the people's hearts" chiefly, but it may be hoped that justice will speedily be rendered to him, and that at least a memorial tablet will be allowed a place in the National Walhalla, Westminster Abbey.

No other English musician has been so highly esteemed at home or abroad for his artistic powers as Michael William Balfe. No other single musician, English or foreign, has written for the best theatres in France, Italy, Germany, and England operas to *libretti* in the several tongues, many of which hold a good place in the repertoires of the lyric stage to this day. It is true there is a fine statue of him in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, the home of so many of his triumphs, but something more is wanted. The memory of the man who has given many thousands of his fellow-countrymen a series of the purest pleasures of sweet melody during his lifetime should be honoured by some national recognition in some spot hallowed by the relics of a thousand worthies in art, literature, and music, and the sooner this is done the sooner will one cause of reproach be lifted away from among us. Englishmen are not ungrateful to their heroes, excepting those in music.—*Morning Post.*

—o—

Wagner's Ring in London.

(Communicated.)

On the 5th day of May next there will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre in London the performances of Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. This grand work of music, which extends over four nights, will be represented four times. It is out of the question to give more than these four Cycles in England, since director Angelo Neumann has to return to Germany with his distinguished *troupe* of artists at the end of May. It will no doubt be of considerable interest to the musical public, to know something further about the artists who are going to take part in these remarkable performances. They are in fact the élite of all the most eminent and famous singers of the whole of Germany. On the top of the list stand Herr and Frau Vogl, who form the chief ornament of the Opera at Munich which is famous for possessing the very best singers in existence. The first appearance of this couple of singers in Berlin gave a striking proof of their unresisting power, which carries all before them. It is no wonder then, that Richard Wagner has entrusted Herr Vogl with the chief part in the ensuing performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. To this artist is joint Herr Albert Niemann, Opera Singer to H.M. the King of Prussia, who is acknowledged by the whole musical world to be the foremost representative of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin. Besides his art in singing, Herr Niemann possesses also an uncomparable talent for dramatic action, which renders him of the highest value for Wagner's Music-dramas. The two prima-donnas, Frau Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann and Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, are stars of uncommon splendour; both were discovered by Herr Neumann; both have carried the Leipzic Opera to an unprecedented height of excellency; and both have created the loudest enthusiasm on the occasion of their appearance in Berlin. Herr Emil Scaria of Vienna possesses a base voice of such extraordinary power that he creates a sensation wherever he appears; in the characters of Wotan and Wanderer in the *Nibelung's Ring* he gained the highest admiration at Berlin last Spring. Herr Otto Schelper and Herr Heinrich Wiegand are both prominent members of the Leipsic Opera and rank equal in their artistic speciality with the two singers from Munich: Herr Theodor Reichmann and Herr Carl Schlosser, the former is a great favourite with the public wherever he goes and the latter was the celebrated "Mime" at the Bayreuth Festival Plays. Among Herr Neumann's Wagner Opera Company the following artists of excellent reputation must further be mentioned: Mesdames Antonie Schreiber; Orlanda Riegler; Auguste Kraus and Katharina Klafsky as well as Herr Eilers. The direction of the Orchestra is placed in the hands of Herr Anton Seidl who has won the favor of Richard Wagner in the highest degree through the mastery with which he interprets his works. As Mr Neumann has been favoured with the special permission from H.M. the King of Bavaria to use all the splendid scenery, costumes, armours, &c., which were employed at Bayreuth he hopes to render the representations in London even superior to those in Berlin. The Crown-prince of Germany at the time of the *Nibelungen* performances in Berlin expressed his conviction to Herr Neumann, that such perfect representations of this unique work would be sure to find full appreciation in London.

—o—

WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

(Condensed from the "Brighton Guardian.")

When a real musician, composer, and pianist takes the responsibility of directing a series of concerts, we are bound to listen; but when that composer brings together seventy of the best instrumentalists of the day, entrusting the lead to a veteran like M. Sainton, and standing himself forward as conductor, we admire not only his pluck, but his reliance upon the public for support. Mr Macfarren presents us with orchestral concerts at popular prices, and after attending the first of these concerts what answer have we to give him? Are we to stand coldly looking on, or to applaud his motive and the manner in which his ideas have been carried out? No one can imagine that a tried and experienced man of the world, and a musician, believes that in a venture like this he sees profit. Mr Macfarren can have had but one object in view—a desire to show what can be done in music by earnest application and assiduous preparation. We have not too many good conductors at the present day, and this gentleman's appearance in front of his orchestra, without music or desk, directing Beethoven's C minor Symphony, was of itself noteworthy. Was it not Titian to whom a young artist exhibited a picture he had painted with his finger, and was received with this gentle reprimand, "Why did you not take your brush?" We may find some exclaiming that composers frequently give concerts to bring their own works before the public. On the present occasion, however, the *Concertstück* for pianoforte and MS. overture to *King Henry V.* did not exhibit any large amount of egotism, and Mr Walter Macfarren merits our thanks. Such a concert as he gave in St James's Hall is a gain to art and a boon to a music-loving people, who congregate most where moderate charges are demanded. Go to Carl Rosa's performances and look through all parts of the house, even the pit and the gallery, and afterwards tell us where you find the most commonplace people. It will assuredly not be in the cheaper parts of the house. Mr Macfarren has fixed his prices so low that every class imbued with a love for music can be gratified. Opening with the overture to *Oberon*, including Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, the MS. overture to *King Henry V.*, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture, and the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, the orchestra had plenty to do. The performance was all good, and some of it remarkably so. Mr Macfarren's *Concertstück* in E, for pianoforte, has been heard on several occasions, and bids well to become a concert-room favourite. Miss Margaret Gyde did full justice to the pianoforte part. There was no attempt at display, but thoroughly correct execution was combined with genuine taste. M. Sainton played Mendelssohn's concerto. The vocalists were Mr Santley and Miss Mary Davies.

PHOSPHOR.

TIME.*

Time may rob the eye of brightness,
Take from nimble feet their lightness,
Sunny locks may turn to gray,
Cheeks may wither, health decay;
But time can never, never part,
The true love from a faithful heart.

Time may bring us joy and gladness,
Or may change our mirth to sadness;
Who knoweth as each day comes round
If 'tis for weal or woe we're bound?—
But *this* we know can ne'er depart—
The true love of a faithful heart.

Time, alas! we know must sever,
For we cannot live for ever;
But still the recollection's sweet,
We live in hopes on High to meet;
For never, never can depart
The true love of a faithful heart.

* *Copyright.*

EMILY JOSEPHS.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opens at the Royal Standard Theatre on Monday evening with *Mignon*, the *caste* being the same as at Her Majesty's Theatre.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, Op. 161, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schubert)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," *Joshua* (Handel)—Miss Santley; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdme Schumann.

PART II.—Fantaisie-Stücke, Op. 88, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schumann), first time—Mdme Schumann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti; Song, "Zuleika" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Santley; Quartet, in G major, Op. 64, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 11, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Ständchen" (Schubert)—Mdlle Kufferath; Sonata, in E flat, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdme Schumann; Kol Nidrei (Hebrew Melody), for violoncello, with pianoforte and harp accompaniment (Max Bruch)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Das Veilchen" (Mozart), and "Frühlingslied" (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Kufferath; Quartet, in D major, Op. 64, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. P.—Good; but to publish your letter would be high treason.

SHEEPSHANKS OF THE SHETLANDS.—When you talk about Mendelssohn you should never talk about Schumann—and *vice versâ*. They had absolutely nothing in common. Ask Omega of the Orkneys.

MARRIAGES.

On Jan. 24th, at Tarbes (France), JULES LASSERRE, violoncellist, director of the Musical Union, London, to MARIE, daughter of Antoine Clarens, Inspecteur des Ecoles, Tarbes, France.

On March 7th, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, by the Rev. W. Conington, M.A., Vicar, FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, eldest son of FREDERICK BOWEN JEWSON, Esq., of 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, to HARRIETT, only daughter of the late HENRY DUNBAR PERKINS, Esq., of 16, Ovington Gardens, South Kensington.

DEATHS.

On March 1st, at Jessamine Cottage, Boxmoor, Hants, JESSIE MILLAR, daughter of the late ANDREW THOMSON, of Glasgow, in her 56th year.

On March 6th, at 23, Wells Street, W., JOHN KELLY, R.A.M., for forty years a member of the Orchestras of Her Majesty's Theatre and Royal Italian Opera, aged 62.

Sonnet.

Marsile! I writ thee letters full of import,
Whereunto thou hast payèd no attention.
Yet, held they matters worthier of mention
Than usually are found within a shrimp port.
They were not noticeable for their trim port,
Nor for such wit as should deserve a pension,
And yet they never asked for a subvention
Of any kind—And yet—However, *n'importe.*

I find that when I write to thee a letter
Longer than others, I receive scant answer,
And know not, therefore, how to act.—On Monday
I fare me back to Paris, where I met her,
And where I trust to meet thee, passing one day
To Parzival, what time the world's in Cancer.

TURPIN L'ARCHEVÈQUE.

Hech! sirs, fine feathers ne'er mak' guid singin' birds.
HAL-O'-THE-WYND.

(At a Hostelry in the Nethergate, Dundee. SAM., the waiter, and BOOTS owre a dram). SAM. loquitur:—

Ye heard yon birkie frae the Sooth
Wha sang sae sweet yestreen,
Eh! man, he left his Sawbath claes
Awa' in Aberdeen.

It seems thae porters i' the North
Hae fa'en intae a mess—
They packed his boxes i' the van
That gaed tae Inverness.

He'd jist arrived at sax o'clock,
An' in anither 'oor
The concert room, quoth he, will be
Cramm'd tae the verra door.

The coat he wore was heather tweed,
His waiscot, breeks, an' a';
Withoot his swally-tail, he vow'd
He couldna sing ava'.

An' whan the "half-past sax" cam' in
Withoot his traiv'lling kist,
My verra hert gaed tae my moo
Tae see him shak' his fist.

His curly pow bleezed in a low,
His e'en sic daigers gleamed,
I thocht the birkie had gane wud,
He raved, he bann'd, he screamed.

He spak' o' fifteen hunner poun'
The Company wad pay
For keepin' back his Sawbath claes,
Or sendin' them astray.

Weel, whan the storm was at its hicht,
The landlord he cam' doon,
But stood dumfoondered at the door
Tae see the gyted loon.

Oor landlord is a ready chiel,
An' ne'er was kent tae fail;
He winks his e'e, "Come, Sam," says he,
"Strip aff yir swally-tail."

"Na, na," quoth I, "I'm sax fut twa,
Ye ken that winna dee,
The birkie in his stockin' soles,
Stan's only five fut three."

"Come, come," says maister, "strip yir coat,
An' shorten't wi' some steeks,
Gang up the stair at ance, an' bring
My pair o' Sawbath breeks.

"Yir waiscot's noo a wee thing glazed,
An' mine's a mile owre big,
Gang doon the yaird, get ostler Jim's;
We'll mak' a sonsie rig."

"Nae suner said than dune," quoth I
We dressed him in a trice,
It micht ha'e been his weddin' suit,
He looked sae sprig an' nice;

Folks winked and smiled, some said he'd come
Frae Poole's, dressed tae a T,
Sent doon by speshal telephone
Tae chairm us in Dundee.

WEETSTAR.

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To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

WAGNER'S KUNDRY.

OF all the characters Richard Wagner has imagined, that of Kundry, in *Parsifal*, is incomparably the greatest. To say that it might figure in the Gallery of Shakspere's women, and fairly hold its place among them, is but unvarnished truth. Whoever represents Kundry at Bayreuth will have to undergo a trying ordeal. Now that Rachel has left us, we can only imagine *one* Kundry—Sarah Bernhardt. Think what we may about Wagner as musician, those who fail to recognize in him a mighty poet, a poet to be named with any, from Æschylus to Shakspere, had better rub up their intellectual spectacles, and take a clearer view. In music he is Satan, if you please; in poetical drama quite the other thing. In either instance he is a man to be looked at with mixed curiosity and awe—a phenomenon, in short, whether for good or for evil our postcursors may instruct us by Telephone.

—o—

Who shall decide? &c.

St James's Hall.

ANAXIMANDER.—Well—*now*, what do you think of the *Mephisto-Walzer?* Bache knew how to conduct it.

ANAXIMENES.—Confound the *Mephisto-Walzer!* Give me a waltz by Strauss.

ANAXIMANDER.—You are incorrigible. From what I have gathered, you don't catch the ineffable subtlety of "Hungaria."

ANAXIMENES.—I nearly caught the *tritolus* after hearing it.

ANAXIMANDER.—What is the *tritolus?*

ANAXIMENES.—Such a combination of eccentric frenzy and involved maundering as makes up "Hungaria" invites *tritolus.*

ANAXIMANDER.—I thought you went enchanted.

ANAXIMENES.—Yes—enchanted to go.

[*Exeunt severally.*

AN ACADEMY OF MUSIC FOR SCOTLAND.—At a meeting held in Edinburgh on Wednesday last it was resolved to establish an Academy of Music for Scotland. Subscriptions of £500 each have been promised by the Duke of Buccleuch and Earl Rosebery.

CONCERTS.

A CONCERT, under the patronage of the Duchess of Leeds and other ladies of rank, given by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir in aid of the Lily Mission, Notting Hill, took place on the 21st ult. at the Vicarage room, Kensington. Oberthür's pretty and graceful cantata, *The Red Cross Knight*, was performed by the choir, the principal soli parts being taken by Mdme Worrell and Miss Spenser Jones. Besides this, the lady amateurs sang Henry Smart's part song, "The Honey Bee," and Schumann's "Gipsy Life," arranged by Arthur O'Leary for ladies' voices only. In all these pieces the choir evinced, as result of their training, a precision and certainty, combined with so much musical *vrve*, that the fashionable and numerous audience was fairly taken by surprise. The result must be as highly gratifying as it is creditable to the musical enthusiasm of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, under whose direction the concert took place. Lady Benedict, who was warmly received, kindly gave her valuable assistance, and played "Pappendieck's Minuet" and Chopin's "Valse Posthume." Mdme Worrell sang Gounod's "Worker," and Rosetta O'Leary, "I know my love lovesme," the last being warmly applauded. Miss S. Jones gave "The Banks of Allan Water," and Mr W. Bolton, Tosti's "For ever and for ever," together with Barri's "The King of the Company." The concert concluded with Herr Oberthür's arrangement for harp and piano of airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, excellently played by the composer and Miss Frances Smith, which proved a spirited wind-up to a highly successful afternoon. Miss Foskett and Mrs E. Fowles assisted in accompanying the songs.

HERR RIECHELMANN, for many years organist of St Paul's, and director of a successful series of popular concerts in Malta, where he achieved a deservedly high reputation as a musical professor, is now resident in this country, where he has instituted a similar series of concerts, the first two being held at New Cross, and the third at Forest Hill. The programme of the last concert included two of Herr Riechelmann's compositions, the first, a song entitled "The Easter Robe," sung with true artistic feeling by Mdme Crewe-Riechelmann, with organ *obbligato* (Mr A. Crockford); and the second, a pianoforte solo entitled "The Volunteer's Farewell," which, with a "Nocturne" by Chopin, afforded Herr Riechelmann an opportunity for the display of his ability as a pianist. His performance was thoroughly appreciated. Mdme Crewe-Riechelmann, in addition to gaining an encore for "The Easter Robe," gave "Caller Herrin'," and "The Miller and the Maid" (Marzials), which were both heartily encored. Gifted with a soprano voice of unusual compass, Mdme Riechelmann sings with judgment and ability, and cannot fail to secure due recognition in the world of music. Her rendering of the favourite old Scotch song was especially praiseworthy, and the song substituted as an encore, "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," was no less acceptable.

HAMMERSMITH.—Mr and Mrs John Cheshire gave a concert at the Broadway Lecture Hall on Monday evening, March 6. The artists were Mesdames Frances Brook and Frith; Misses Georgina Burns and Helene Arnim; Messrs Arthur Hooper, Alfred Moore, and Edwyn Frith; Mrs John Cheshire (pianist), and Mr Cheshire (harp). The programme consisted of songs, duets, &c., chiefly by modern composers, and though long, nearly every piece was redemanded. Herr Lehmeyer very ably accompanied the vocal pieces, and the attendance was satisfactory.

HERR BONAWITZ gave an evening concert on Tuesday, March 7th, at St James's Hall, in aid of the funds of Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home. He was assisted by Mr William Carter's choir and orchestra, and by the Misses Annie Marriott and Helen D'Alton, Mr William Shakespeare and Signor Foli (vocalists); Mdlles Bertha and Cecilie Brousil, Messrs Alvis and Adolph Brousil (instrumentalists). The first part was taken up by the performance (under Herr Bonawitz's direction) of that composer's Requiem, a clever work abounding in contrapuntal skill, which obtained favour on a previous occasion when introduced to the musical world of London. The Requiem was first produced by Mr Faulkner Leigh (for whom the tenor music was originally written), at St Matthias Church, Earl's Court, on March 11th, in last year (see *The Musical World* of March 19th, 1881). The subject necessitates a certain dreariness of theme. Herr Bonawitz, doubtless feeling how easily he might be dull where he would most wish to be sublimely solemn, has chosen short subjects and treated them shortly. If he has thus temporarily clipped the wings of his muse that she might not soar into the heights of post-mortem thought where Verdi revelled, the effect upon the hearer is that Herr Bonawitz is a modest as well as a clever man. Perhaps he is heard at his best in the second of the two movements of his Quintet in G minor, which he played in conjunction with the Mdlles and Messrs Brousil. In this essentially charming *scherzo*, or rather *intermezzo* (an *allegretto* with a flowing legato subject), there is imagination, pathos,

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and fanciful and suggestive thought, which can hardly be said of the equally masterly Requiem. The second part of the concert included songs by Misses Marriott and Helen D'Alton, Mr William Shakespeare and Signor Foli, all of whom were applauded and recalled, Signor Foli obtaining a perfect ovation for his magnificent rendering of "Qui sdegno." Signor Bonawitz appeared, late in the evening, in the capacity of solo pianist, playing the first movement of Schumann's Fantasia and Chopin's Polonaise in A flat.

On Tuesday evening the Schubert Society held their 102nd *Soirée Musicale*. The *locale* was the Marlborough Room, which was completely filled by an enthusiastic audience. Want of space compels us to omit details. Suffice it that all exerted themselves *con amore*. Herr Schuberth, the energetic director, must be congratulated on the success of the *soirée*.

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PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—Before the weekly practising of the University Musical Society on Friday week at the Music Class-room, Sir Herbert Oakeley said—The first piece in our concert programme which ought to be sung to-day by loyal subjects of the Queen, represented by students who come to the University of Edinburgh from most parts of an empire on which the sun never sets, is "Here's a health unto her Majesty," and, before we separate, the National Anthem. When I heard in London of the atrocious attempt, I determined to return in time for this meeting to hear you sing "God save the Queen," and perhaps to convey your indignation at what has occurred, and your thankfulness for what has been mercifully averted. I need hardly ask you, gentlemen, to rejoice at the providential prevention of that which might have been a terrible calamity. The practice "went" with unusual spirit, and at its close the National Anthem was sung by the students, to the full power of the organ, with the utmost loyalty and enthusiasm. The following telegram was sent:—"Herbert Oakeley, Edinburgh, to General Sir Henry Ponsonby, Windsor Castle. A choral class of students now assembled respectfully desire to express horror at dastardly attempt, and gratitude at its frustration. National Anthem just sung with loyal devotion. God save the Queen!"

Rochester.—The number of successful concerts given by the Rochester Choral Society has been increased by that of Monday evening, Feb. 20th (the twenty-ninth subscription concert, and second of the present season). The band consisted of some of the best players attached to the famous Crystal Palace orchestra, led by Mr Jacques Rosenthal, and the principal singers were Mdme Patey and Mr Abercrombie, the lady winning unanimous approbation and an encore for M. Watson's "Winter Story" (harmonium *obbligato*, the Rev. W. H. Nutter), and the gentleman for Handel's "Where'er you walk." The band, ably conducted by the Rev. W. H. Nutter, played, among other pieces, the overture, *scherzo*, and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, together with Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde* remarkably well; and the chorus "scored" a success with a concerted piece from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Mr Rosenthal, the highly-esteemed leader of the orchestra, played the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and acquitted himself to perfection. He was most ably accompanied by the band, and, at the conclusion, compelled to return and bow his acknowledgments for the hearty applause awarded to his performance. Mr F. E. Gladstone's nautical chorus, "A wet sheet and a flowing sail," which concluded the first part of the programme, was capitally rendered by the members of the Society, conducted by the composer, who, at the conclusion, received quite an "ovation." The successful performance by the band of Herr A. J. Kappey's gavotte, "Stella," must be chronicled. It was admirably conducted by the Rev. Mr Nutter, in the unavoidable absence of the composer. This was followed by Mr Gaul's setting of Longfellow's "Silent Land," so well sung by the choir that it met with general approbation. Miss Kappey and the Rev. Mr Nutter accompanied the songs.

Cambridge University Musical Society.—A new Symphony (MS.) in D minor, "Elegiac," by C. Villiers Stanford, organist of Trinity College and conductor of the University Musical Society, was brought to a first hearing in public on Tuesday evening last, at the Society's Lenten terminal orchestral concert in the Guildhall, Cambridge. Its entitlement, "Elegiac," is to be accounted for by the fact that it is intended to reflect the ideas and emotions embodied in Tennyson's lines (in his *In Memoriam*), "I cannot see the features right"; but how far it does so, or whether it might not with equal reason be entitled "Tragic" or "Heroic," may best be left to future discussion, especially as it is by no means improbable that shortly it will be heard in London, and that thus an early opportunity of reverting to it will be accorded. For the present it suffices to state that full justice was done to it in performance by an excellent band brought from London, led by Messrs A. Burnett and R. Gompertz, conducted by the composer himself; and that the general impression it made, and the reception it met with, were most favourable. The programme of the rest of the concert, which was exclusively orchestral, was a highly exemplary one, including, as it did, Beethoven's overture, *Coriolanus*, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, Brahms' Violin Concerto, and Joachim's Variations for Violin and Orchestra; Herr Joachim, the "lion" of the evening, being the incomparable exponent of the last two named works.—C. A. B.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

With the *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* at hand, it was not expected that Mr Carl Rosa would in any serious degree commit the fortunes of his present enterprise to Herr Wagner's Meyerbeer-cum-Spontini opera, *Rienzi*—the work of a time when the master was casting about to get on in the world, and could not feel the weight of principles he had not formed. *Rienzi* was given on Monday night for the first and last time this season, with Herr Schott as the Roman tribune, and Madame Alwina Valleria as a new representative of Irene. The general performance lacked nothing of scenic effect, for the stage manager, upon whom the work so much depends, did his best with the means supplied by a liberal *entrepreneur*. All was pomp and show—a series of pictures elaborate in design, brilliant in colour, and varied in character. Neither as to music nor drama, perhaps, would Herr Wagner, condescending to notice this outcome of his artistic "wild oats," have been completely satisfied; but neither could he have blamed with more than light and passing words, seeing that the representation was an ephemeral feature of the season, holding the boards for a night only. We have no new criticism upon Herr Schott's *Rienzi*. As a vocal effort it remains somewhat painful, and the fact consoled us for the loss of the prayer in the final act; that and much other having to be omitted owing to the lateness of the hour. As a dramatic effort it claims higher rank, perhaps, than before. Herr Schott certainly makes a hero of the strange mediæval man, who, at one moment, promised to revive the glories of ancient Rome. Dignified and noble in bearing, generous in prosperity, and brave in adversity, he enables an audience to comprehend the marvellous fortune of the character, and throws into high relief the fickleness and ingratitude which since history began have prompted mobs to destroy the erstwhile objects of their worship. The German tenor once more made a great "hit" as an equestrian. A clear stage was kept for him by the Roman forces, and he witched every looker-on with noble horsemanship, those excepted, perhaps, who being near were terrified by such unwonted caracolings. The steed, it must be owned, was neither fiery nor impatient. Piebald of aspect, appropriately Roman as to nose, and contemplative in point of mood, Herr Schott's charger preferred to stand still and regard with mildly speculative eye the appearance of Mr Randegger. But the rider had armed heels, and with these he produced a semblance of equine vigour highly becoming a war-horse whose neck should be clothed with thunder and whose voice should respond "Ha, ha!" to the trumpets. Altogether the exhibition was a grand success, and when, in obedience to a re-call, Herr Schott dashed on to the stage with seeming intent to leap the orchestra, triumph reached a climax. As Irene, Mdme Valleria showed how competent she is to represent Wagnerian heroines. The part is not a very important one, and some of the best music was, for the reason already stated, left out on Monday night; nevertheless, Mdme Valleria, by her intelligent acting and sympathetic singing, invested the Tribune's sister with a charm greater than might have been anticipated. Among recent incidents in the record of the lyric stage none is more noteworthy than the powerful use this gifted lady has made of her opportunities. She now occupies a position not less enviable than deserved, and one all the more to be prized because it has been gained by a steady course of development before the eyes of those among whom her lot is cast. Miss Yorke made good use of her opportunities in the really important part of Adriano, and gained much applause after her chief pieces; while characters of inferior consequence were sustained more or less well by Miss Clara Perry (Messenger of Peace), Mr W. Bolton (Orsini), Mr H. Pope (Raimondo), Mr Dudley Thomas (Baroncelli), and Mr Snazelle (Cecco). The performance was conducted by Signor Randegger with extreme care and corresponding success. No point seemed to escape his watchfulness either in the orchestra or on the stage.—*D. T.*

Friedrich Grützmacher will, in compliance with the request of the committee, play Raff's Violoncello Concerto at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Pesth. He will afterwards visit professionally other Hungarian towns.

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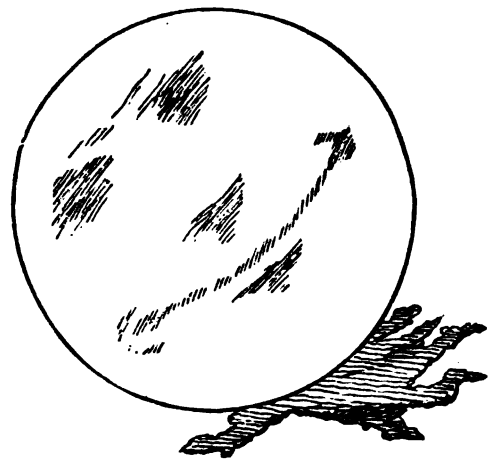
MR BACHE'S CONCERT.

Regarding the works performed at Mr. Bache's concert in St James's Hall, on Thursday evening, and as to the manner of their execution, there is very little to be said. Liszt was the only composer favoured by his devoted and self-sacrificing pupil, while the pieces chosen from the catalogue of that master—and Liszt is a master of his own peculiar theory and practice—were not given for the first time. The "Mephisto-Walzer" and the "Faust Symphony" had been heard and discussed on a previous occasion, which fact may have supplied a reason to most people why they should not come forward again, and is certainly a justification for present silence about their particular character and claims. Uncommon merit in performance goes without saying. Having made his choice, Mr Bache is not the man to spare any effort or outlay demanded by the exigencies of the music. This is right enough and praiseworthy; the wonder, of course, lies in such a selection as that we have indicated. But "so many men, so many minds," and there never yet has been a monstrous or eccentric development in art without plenty of otherwwise sensible people to swear by it.

Talk is occasionally heard of a change now going on in musical taste amongst us. We do not believe that it exists. Somewhat more curiosity appears to be felt with regard to novelties, and the sign is a healthy one, while the demonstrations made on first nights by the German colony give an appearance of enthusiasm which might easily be mistaken for English. It would, no doubt, be absurd to contend that the strange developments of modern music are supported in this country by foreigners alone. There are plenty of Englishmen who put their faith in the gospel of incoherence, noise, and vulgarity. But they are a very small minority, and thus far no sign of successful proselytizing appears. Mr Bache, assuredly, cannot boast of success as Liszt's missionary. For years he has been "instant in season and out of season;" yet, under the most favourable circumstances, he is unable to fill St James's Hall. We are sorry for him. His endeavour is pathetic in its constancy, and deserves a better fate as well as a better cause. But we cannot pretend to feel regret on account of art. Who weeps when a good ship, paying no heed to false lights that would lure to destruction, goes safely on to her appointed harbour? As far as the good ship music is liable to be affected by Liszt's "symphonic poems," there is even special reason for gladness, since those works exemplify all that is most harmful in the fantastic ideas we are now-a-days asked to accept as advanced. Taking Liszt's "symphonic poems" at the estimate formed of them by their admirers, the noblest function of music belongs to the past. The "divine maid" has no longer a mission of her own to which she, of herself, is competent. "C minor" symphonies are out of fashion, together with the appeal they make to the seat of feeling and imagination, and the power with which they lift a sympathetic hearer above material things into a world which words cannot describe or thought compass. We are far from saying that programme music is illegitimate. It has a rightful place; but, while allowing this, we contend that the place is, by comparison, a humble one. Programme music can rise no higher than its subject, and at what a low level that subject is often found! It even bids us descend lower and lower as time goes on. Sebastian Bach was satisfied to deal with a family incident, but in their eagerness to gratify the sensationalism of the age, the great master's latest successors drag music through charnel-houses; make her associate with dancing skeletons, the very rattle of whose bones she is called upon to imitate; put her on horseback with galloping fiends, and soil her purity with the filth of the stews. Everyone knows that this is so. Examples are frequently before us, and are held up to our admiration, in the name of liberty and progress. The war against such things, and the principles from which they spring, should be a war to the bitter end. There can be no compromise consistent with fidelity to the pure art so prostituted and made ashamed. As regards the method of Liszt in his orchestral music enough is known. The piano virtuoso, thanks to Mr Bache, no longer stands upon his trial, nor can less than the blindness of the typical fanatic refuse to see the justice of condemnation. To this end the concert of last Thursday served, and was, therefore, not without good. Apropos, let us congratulate ourselves that Liszt is far from being a very dangerous foe to orchestral art. He comes in no disguise, nor need we ask for the touch of Ithuriel's spear to reveal his true nature. This is something, because an evil discerned is half disarmed.—*D. T.*



NO "TEACHIN POWER" IN ENGLAND.

* * * * * *

Mr Charles Hallé, in moving a resolution approving the scheme for the establishment of a National Conservatoire, said England was the only country in Europe which did not possess such an institution, and yet it was the most music-loving, as distinguished from music-making, country in the world. There was a great lack of competent teaching power in the country,* and there were no means by which young people who promised to become good musicians could be trained, unless their parents were possessed of ample means. The lack of teaching power would be met by the proposed institution, which would create a number of thorough musicians. It was intended to give education gratuitously to all pupils at the Conservatoire, but they would be bound to go through the full course of five or six years' study. In this respect the Conservatoire would differ from existing institutions, where pupils paying fees could enter for as many terms as they pleased. There would be more English vocalists and more musicians in the front rank if they could complete their education at home. A Frenchman, a German, a Swede, a Dutchman could complete his education in his own country, but an Englishman had to be sent abroad to finish his musical education.† This would no longer be necessary when the Conservatoire was established, and he believed it would be so beneficial in its effects that it would change the musical face of the country completely.

BERLIN.—Marianne Brandt, who leaves the Royal Operahouse on the 1st May, has had offers from managers in Germany and abroad. In May and June she is engaged for six weeks at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. She then goes to London for a brief period. In July and the first half of August, she will be in Bayreuth, to "create" the part of Kundry, in Wagner's *Parsifal*. In October and November, she gives a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, Munich. For December of the present year and March, 1883, she has signed with Angelo Neumann for his Wagner-representations; with Stägemann, of Leipsic, she is engaged for four weeks, and among other impersonations she includes Lea in Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*.—To fit themselves for appearing at the Royal Operahouse, several Italian "stars" are studying German. Among the gentlemen may be named the tenor, Sylva, while among the representatives of the gentler sex is the too fascinating Belocca, expected to appear in May. At present, the gifted lady is at St Petersburgh.

* Who taught Sterndale Bennett?

† Because the Germans wont let them stay at home.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert (the last evening concert but two of the present series), given on Wednesday evening at St James's Hall, met with the usual success of these very popular entertainments, the singers being Mdmes Marie Roze and Antoinette Sterling, Misses Mary Davies and Damian, Messrs Frank Boyle, Barrington Foote, and Santley, together with the South London Choral Society. The first part of the programme chiefly consisted of Mr Arthur Sullivan's compositions, the exceptions being the grand scena from *Der Freyschütz*, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," given with dramatic fervour by Mdme Marie Roze, who was twice called back to receive the well-merited applause she deserved, Bishop's "Pretty mocking bird" (flute *obbligato*, Mr Nicholson), sung by the same lady, and unanimously encored; and Marzials' "Leaving yet loving" (Mr Barrington Foote, "re-called"). In the second part, repetitions of Stephen Adams' "Children of the City" (Miss Damian); the same composer's "Little Hero" (Mr Maybrick); Sullivan's "Chorister" (Mdme Sterling); Molloy's "Boatswain's Story" (Mr Santley, who then gave "Gipsy John"); and Harrington's part-song, "Dame Durden" (South London Choral Society), were insisted on, and acceded to with becoming politeness by the several artists named. At the concert on Wednesday next, a new patriotic song by Tennyson, entitled "Hands all round," the music arranged by Mr Villiers Stanford, will be sung by Mr Santley. Mr Sidney Naylor was, as usual, accompanist, and the hall was fully and fashionably attended.

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MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

A more ambitious effort than has hitherto been made by that clever company of dramatic vocalists giving a distinctive character to the entertainments presented at St George's Hall, Langham Place, is to be recognized in a recent addition to their always inviting programme. Under the title of *The Head of the Poll*, a drawing-room operetta in two acts now occupies the place of the light musical sketches formerly furnishing a couple of hours' agreeable diversion, and the sustained interest shown by the audience in the novelty claiming their close attention through a longer period than usual affords the best testimony to the histrionic as well as vocal ability displayed by those engaged in the representation. This lively musical comedy, written by Mr Arthur Law, is associated with some tuneful compositions by Mr Eaton Faning, whose ballads and concerted pieces have at least the recommendation of falling pleasantly on the ear. Mr Jeremiah Upshotte, a wealthy man of low origin and high ambition, employs his money to secure a place in Parliament and a private secretary to write his speeches. Speedily he finds a desire to distinguish himself without the ability to sustain his position has created a series of terrible embarrassments, and he at last perceives that to be at the "head of the poll" is not to attain the height of human felicity. Mr Alfred Reed very humorously depicts the attributes of this aspiring vulgarian, while Mr Corney Grain, as an artful fortune-hunter known as Colonel Deeplock, presents a careful study of character remarkable for force of expression and finish of detail. Miss Fanny Holland prominently appears in the cast as the shrewd Mrs Lovell, who ingeniously contrives to unmask the schemes of the mercenary adventurer; and Mdme Alice Barth and Mr North Home satisfactorily fill their respective positions as the pretty niece, Arabella, and her ardent admirer, Charles Wardale, whose disinterested attachment is suitably rewarded. A humorous song, admirably rendered by Miss Fanny Holland, and a pretty ballad, sung by Mr North Home, naturally invite demands for a repetition. The woodland glade, in which the bustling incidents of the last act take place, is a remarkably effective sylvan scene. Mr Corney Grain's new musical sketch, called *Not at Home*, introduced for the first time on Saturday afternoon to the very numerous audience assembled on the occasion, is a most important feature of the re-constituted programme, and, under the influence of this accomplished interpreter of the language of music, nearly every note struck on the piano becomes the signal for a peal of hearty laughter. Explaining that once in his bachelor chambers he had declared himself "not at home," he proceeded to show how the perpetration of this very venial fib was punished by the intrusion into his apartment of a series of tiresome visitors, who would not accept a society phrase in a literal fashion. Among his several persecutors, whose distinct peculiarities are all most graphically depicted, is numbered a popular "entertainer," who insists on giving a portion of a musical monologue offered to the public under the title of "Grigsby's Grins." How Mr Corney Grain sings a polyglot ballad in English, German, French, and Italian; imitates a violoncello solo interrupted by the sound of a saw and the popping of soda-water bottles; trolls forth an exhilarating laughing song running through the whole gamut of merriment; adds a Scotch ditty with marvellous mimicry of the bagpipes; and winds up with "Jumbo," a minstrel melody of the approved "Moore and Burgess" school, will soon become pleasant subjects of comment in many social circles. *Not at Home* exhibits refined humour and artistic skill once more most happily commingled.—*D. T.*

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THEODOR KULLAK.

By Alb. Friedenthal.

A sad piece of intelligence will spread from Berlin over the entire musical world: that great artist and incomparable professor of the pianoforte, Theodor Kullak is no more. The celebrated master was suddenly and unexpectedly carried off by apoplexy in the 64th year of his age. On the day before his death, he was teaching in his Academy till 6 o'clock, p.m.; he then attended a concert got up by his lady-teachers; went to bed in good health, and rose in good health next morning, the 1st inst. He was just about to begin giving his lesson, at half-past 7 a.m., when he suddenly felt ill. The fit followed—and he breathed his last. The writer of these lines has seen him in his coffin. There lies the man we shall never forget; his features wear a pleasing, mild expression, without a sign of pain. His burial will take place with due solemnity next Saturday afternoon.* Let us cast a glance over his life.

Theodor Kullak was born on the 12th September, 1818, at Krotoszin, not far from the Russian frontier. His father, who held a secretaryship there, directed his earliest studies. The boy showed wonderful talent when he was only five, being able to play any melody he had once heard. When in his seventh year, he composed a march, which was publicly performed by the military bands in Meseritz. Shortly afterwards he went to Posen, and became known to Prince Anton Radziwill, who soon took a lively interest in him. He here had musical lessons of an excellent master, named Agthe. Prince Radziwill then sent him to Berlin, where he created an extraordinary impression at Court, especially on the King. Unfortunately Prince Radziwill died not long subsequently, and the pecuniary assistance afforded by him stopped, so the boy, then twelve years old, was sent to the Gymnasium at Züllichau, where he remained seven years. After passing his examination, he went to study medicine in Berlin. He was then in very bad circumstances. He industriously pursued, however, his musical studies under Dehn, and his former master, Agthe, who had settled in the Prussian capital. He quickly once again attracted the attention of families of distinction. A Mdme von Massor sent him on a successful artistic visit to Austria, and in Vienna he completed his musical training under Czerny, Sechter, and Nicolai. He was then recalled to Berlin to give lessons at Court. He was soon teacher to all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, especially the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess Victoria. In 1846, he was appointed Pianist to the Court. In 1850, he founded, in conjunction with Stern and Marx, a Conservatory, but, in 1855, took the sole direction of it himself. He called it the New Academy of Music (*Neue Akademie der Tonkunst*), and two years ago celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence. It is, probably, the largest art-academy in the world, being attended by about 1,200 pupils, and employing some 100 teachers. Kullak taught there for twenty-seven years, from early in the morning to late in the evening, only taking a holiday-trip of from six to eight weeks in the summer. At present, there he lies, the great master to whom pupils flocked from all parts; the great master who formed so many pianists and music-teachers, now scattered about in all quarters of the globe; there he lies—in his coffin!

Leipsic.—Compelled by a severe nervous attack, Arthur Nikisch, conductor at the Stadttheater, has gone to Sorrento to recruit his health. In consideration of his meritorious services, the Town Council voted him a special grant for expenses.—The programme of the Bach Society's second Sacred Concert contained: "The Forty-second Psalm for Chorus and Orchestra," Handel; "Toccata in D minor for Organ," and cantata, "Halt im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ," J. S. Bach. Degenhardt presided at the organ.

* The 4th inst.—Ed. *M. W.*

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MR WALTER (FRANZ) BACHE (LISZT).

(From the "Daily News.")

This event (last week) gave fresh evidence of Mr Bache's enthusiastic belief that Liszt is a great composer, this year's concert having been a still stronger demonstration of Mr Bache's conviction than any of the previous occasions, inasmuch as the programme consisted only of Liszt's music. As every one of the pieces then performed has before been commented on, and as we have several times recorded our opinion that Liszt's ambition far exceeds his power, and that he frequently mistakes aggressive self-assertion, contempt of all classical models, and incoherent frenzy for original genius and genuine musical inspiration, we need merely record this fresh effort of Mr Bache to gain wider acceptation of his favourite composer. Mr Bache has the merit of being the first to enable an English public to form a judgment of Liszt's orchestral works by the hearing of fine performances, but this has usually been done in association with works by recognized masters. The departure this year from that course argues an impression either that such a mixed programme would offer comparisons unfavourable to Liszt (a very likely result), or that his music is so great as to command undivided and prolonged attention. Opinions differ on this last point, and will probably long continue at variance. At all events, Mr Bache's concert drew a large number of hearers, most of whom listened attentively, if not admiringly, to the Festival March composed for the commemoration of Goethe's birthday, at Weimar, in 1849; the Mephisto-Walzer (from Liszt's musical illustrations to scenes from Lenau's *Faust*), and the *Faust* Symphony, this last occupying upwards of an hour in performance. Of this monstrous piece of exaggeration the best that can be said is that the least disagreeable portion is the second division, illustrative of Margaret's love scenes, which may compare advantageously with the preceding Faust movement, and the closing Mephistopheles division. The tenor solo was well declaimed by Mr Barton M'Guckin, and the "chorus mysticus" efficiently sung by a choir of about eighty voices—tenors and basses. The orchestral playing was excellent.

Mr Bache conducted with a zeal and care that would have been more worthily bestowed on better music.

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ALFRED JAELL.

The obsequies of this pianist, one of our most renowned "virtuosos," took place last week. He was the son of a violinist of repute, and first saw the light in Trieste on the 5th March, 1832. After coming out between the acts of an opera at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan, he commenced a course of travels, which made his talent known throughout Europe and even America. For some years, however, he was settled in Paris, and, without abandoning the career of a travelling artist, devoted himself especially to teaching. He married one of his most brilliant pupils, Mdlle Trauttmann, whose playing formed an interesting contrast to his own. He was no less distinguished and respected as a man than as a musician. His loss is deeply regretted by those who counted among his friends; and they were many. In his volume dedicated to contemporary "virtuosos," our eminent musicographic professor, Marmontel, has reserved for Alfred Jaell a place of honour. Among the biographical details, we find the following interesting lines:—

Little Alfred Jaell began learning the violin as soon as he was five years old. His progress was so rapid that, when he was six, he played in public Rode's Concerto in A minor. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, who was passing through Trieste, where he enjoyed the confraternal hospitality of Jaell Senr., was astounded by the child's precocious virtuosity; Alfred tried to imitate Ole Bull and discover the secret of his mechanism. A long illness, however, obliged him to give up the violin. When he was seven, he entreated his father to give him pianoforte lessons, his delicate organization interdicting him from studying the instrument of his choice. His father held out long, but at length yielded. The infant prodigy made such progress that, when only eight years old, he took part in a concert given by his father. At ten, he played at the Scala, Milan, and subsequently at Venice, Genoa, and Florence. Finally, his father, feeling that the boy required for his special education a master of the highest authority, left Trieste and took him to Vienna, where he studied under Czerny, a master universally consulted. After some years under Czerny, Jaell undertook a tour through Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium; being everywhere welcomed as an infant prodigy. On passing (in 1845) through Stuttgart, Liszt gave him a kind greeting, and presented him to the Court of Wurtemberg. In 1846, Jaell first went to Paris, where he received advice from Chopin—then approaching the last period of the disease which ended in his too early death. Jaell preserved a grateful recollection of these relations of his youth. Chopin's memory and works were still for him the *beau idéal*. In 1817, the *Gazette Musicale* and the *Journal des Débats*, speaking with the authoritative voice of Hector Berlioz, published a eulogistic notice of the two concerts given at the Salle Erard "by a young pianist of fifteen, named Jaell." Berlioz, who seldom praised "virtuosos," said that the boy possessed all the mastery of a "virtuoso" of fifty, "who had practised fifteen hours a day!" —(*Le Ménestrel.*)

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THE CENTENARY OF AUBER.

(From the "Musical Times.")

The celebration of the centenary of the birth of the composer Auber, which has recently taken place in Paris, was the occasion of one of those *fêtes* which are so thoroughly in harmony with the genius of the French people, and into the spirit of which they enter with such adorable enthusiasm. In doing honour to the memory of their most representative composer, the Parisians were not merely discharging a debt due to a most eminent musician, a Frenchman, and, above all, a Parisian of the Boulevards; they honoured also the genius of comedy, both as exemplified in the animated dramatic works of Scribe, and in the rare genius of the master of *opéra comique*. In the quaint town of Caen, so typical to Englishmen of all that is Norman, there is to be unveiled next May a statue by M. Delaplanche of Daniel François Esprit Auber, to be placed between those of Elie Beaumont and Malherbe. The father of Auber has been variously represented as having been a dealer in prints in Paris and in charge of the royal preserves, the latter being probably his occupation at the time of the birth of the composer; it is certain that his illustrious son was born at Caen on Jan. 29th, 1782, and that he died in Paris on the 11th of the melancholy May of 1871. With the exception of a short sojourn in London when a youth, in the uncongenial atmosphere of an office, Auber lived the whole of his long existence in Paris, and in an extremely circumscribed area of that city, mostly in the Rue Georges, frequenting the Boulevards, and occasionally varying his rides and drives in the Bois de Boulogne with an excursion to St Germain. His love of Paris and city life was as consistent and remarkable as Johnson's love of Fleet Street. He was in the habit of noticing the return of summer, the long days of which season he heartily disliked, by replacing the curtains and hangings of his room with those of lighter texture and colour, remarking that his *collaborateur*, Scribe, brought to him in his plays all of the country he found requisite for his purposes. When the rigorous exclusiveness of this town life is considered, the unvarying and delightful freshness of his compositions is most remarkable; it would seem that he possessed in an eminent degree one faculty of the poet, that power of complete self-absorption and clear command over the creatures of his reveries, for he was by nature a visionary. The large expressive eyes of the musician and the strong development of the temples, as are well shown in his portraits, indicate his possession of the idealizing faculty. The freshness and fecundity of his inspiration are alike marvellous. It is notable how throughout his long and successful career the same wonderful freshness of melody, the engaging charm of his style, the facile spontaneity of phrase, are always apparent: from the production of his first successful work, *La Bergère Châtelaine*, in 1820—from the climacteric periods that witnessed the success of *La Muette de Portici* and *Fra Diavolo*—down to the work of his old age, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, these qualities are more or less present in all his works. That the operas of Auber are little performed now in England is partly owing to the caprice of fashion, partly to the fact that *opéra comique* has never found but a very temporary home in our uncongenial atmosphere; we find, as a people, infinite solace and delight in the lofty and dignified works of MM. Offenbach and Hervé, whereas the frivolities of *Le Domino Noir* and *Dieu et la Bayadère* are an offence to our gravity. The very even tenor of Auber's life was broken by nothing more exciting than a *première* at the Opera and the usual *réunions* in his artistic circle; and it is probable that the last weeks of his life were more fraught with trial to the venerable composer than any period of his existence. In the circumstances of his death it is a touch of irony that he who had made the heart of Paris to be merry for half a century, and with such success,

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should die in the midst of the discordant and convulsive throes of the Commune.

It is curious to mark that, at a time when the influence of Wagner was making itself powerfully apparent in the works of other composers, the French alone seemed to be beyond that influence. The cause is not far to seek; for, with all their cosmopolitanism in art, they have ever been in music the most intensely national of music-producing people. Auber, the most characteristic of Parisians, did not set himself a great moral and regenerating task as Wagner had done; he was possessed by no theories, and no passion for the illustration of them, nor for the formation of a propaganda for their promulgation. He produced, in surprising and bewildering abundance, his exquisite melodies, even as Béranger and Burns produced their songs, impelled only by an uncontrollable exuberance of lyrical emotion. He never felt that his works required the dubious moral support of pamphlets, and knew that their justification consisted in their very *abandon* and pure unaffected nature; and his appeal for recognition was not made to any one school, or in the diseased hope and fatuous ambition of proselytism, but to the whole heart of humanity. It is easy to affirm of many popularities that they are ephemeral, and that *vox populi* often proves to be *vox diaboli*; but the old reading of the proverb is far more often true than otherwise, and in Auber's case its judgment is beyond quibble or doubt. His insusceptibility to foreign influence has been very helpful in assuring to him his firm place among the great composers; his services to the muse of Comedy were purely voluntary, and the product of his own unassisted genius; and it is his special praise that he has revivified and exalted the *opéra comique*, which, but for him, might have sunk into the abysmal depths of farcical *bouffe* and the infamy of burlesque. Through the whole of his long life he was ever true to the instincts of his own genius, and if, in the astonishing fertility of his fancy, he framed some works that do not rise above mediocrity, he has only erred in that direction with most other opera composers. It is true that it has been reported by one who knew him, M. Blaze de Bury, that on the occasion of the last performance before the war of his greatest work, *La Muette de Portici*, he expressed his acute sense of dissatisfaction and disappointment, affirming it was not the creation he had imagined, and hinting that he would write it in a far different style had he to undertake the theme once more; but we have here merely another instance, added to others familiar to all, of a great author's usual retrospective view of his work, a view which has always something of pathos in its incomplete sense of vision. It is almost absolutely certain that had Auber reconstructed the setting of the incomparable melodies of this work, and substituted for the existing orchestral accompaniments others more elaborate and recondite, and possibly Wagnerian in form, *La Muette* would no longer be what it is, the glory of French opera. It would have been nothing less than a disaster had the aged composer set to a work of revision, under the domination of Wagner's genius, after having from his youth upwards produced his compositions with the unerring instincts and unembarrassed facility of an improvisatore. The evil effect of the influence of the master-mind of modern music upon one who never can be *en rapport* with that spiritual force is clearly discernible in a recent production of Verdi: the Wagnerian element in *Aïda* is too often suggestive of an unholy alliance, or, at least, it exists as an incongruity which strikes the hearer with a sense of pain, and makes him recall, with an avidity of compensating appreciation, the masterly force and originality of *Rigoletto*. It is far otherwise when such an influence is exerted over the first productions of genius, when there exists, as in the case of Boito, a natural affinity between the dominating force and the plastic and fecund imagination that is conscious of the divinity that temporarily overawes it. This has ever been—Wagner himself not having been exempt from this natural law, as a study of Beethoven's symphonies and Meyerbeer's operas suffices to show; and it is through this subtle and spiritual interchange of influence that the philosophic historian of music is enabled to trace, in the diverse compositions of the great masters, the ethereal and protean links of a mighty chain of intellectual and sensuous production that has ever been in progress towards its sublime completion and fruition in the future. It is idle to talk of the music of the future as if music had no past, or were self-existent independent of that past; equally futile and uncritical is it to deplore Auber's comparatively narrow compass of creative power. His work as an artist is essentially his own, and his place is as irrevocably decreed to him, and with as much certainty, by fate as that of far greater men; and no foolish regrets that he was not such an one as this writer or that, and no pamphleteering, will affect his position or cause any settling in the pedestal of his statue in the temple of fame. It is not a little thing to make one of the vestibules of that mighty temple sweet with tenderest reminiscences of unsophisticated melody; and this is the glory of Auber.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1882.

Programme (subject to revision).

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.		
Rehearsal in the Cathedral		10 a.m.
Rehearsal in the Shirehall		7.0 p.m.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.		
"ELIJAH"	*Mendelssohn.*	1.0 p.m.
Miscellaneous Concert		8.0 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH.		
Judas Maccabæus	*Handel.*	11.30 a.m.
Symphony in B flat	*Beethoven.*	
137th Psalm	*Goetz.*	
Magnificat in D	*Bach.*	
St Paul	*Mendelssohn.*	8 p.m.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.		
The Shunammite	*Dr. Garrett.*	11.30 a.m.
Mass in C	*Beethoven.*	
Abraham	*Molique.*	
Miscellaneous Concert		8 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.		
THE "MESSIAH"	*Handel.*	11.30 a.m.
Chamber Concert		8 p.m.

LANGDON COLBORNE, *Conductor.*

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WAIFS.

Tamberlik is with his company at Santander.

Berlioz's *Requiem* has been performed at Boston (U.S.)

The eminent pianist, Alfred Jaell, died recently at Paris.

New York is to have three Italian opera-companies playing at the same time.

The new Singakademie in Halle lately gave a performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus.*

Beethoven's ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, has been revived at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Handel's *Messiah* has been given by the vocal Union, Cleves, under the direction of C. Fiedler.

Mdlle Dore Desvignes, a young contralto of reputation on the continent, has arrived in London.

A new theatre, which will probably be called the Teatro Calderon, is in course of erection at Madrid.

Lefèvre's lyrical drama, *Judith*, has been performed, under the direction of Peter Benoit, in Antwerp.

A young tenor named Fenaroli has made a hit as Radamès, in *Aïda*, at the Teatro Principal, Valencia.

Masini (the tenor of Verdi's Mass) is in Madrid, where he made his first appearance as Raoul in the *Hugnenots.*

The first performance of Mihalovich's *Hagbar und Signe* is fixed for the 14th March, at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A new opera, *El Asedio de Medina*, by Joaquin Espin y Guillen, will be produced next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Ernestine Gindele, formerly of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is now engaged—to M. Alexandre Guillaume, of Bordeaux.

Clarus, formerly at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, has been appointed choral director at the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.

Von Reichenberg, basso of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, has been invited to sing in August at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Tichatscheck, the Nestor of German tenors, has had a slight apoplectic fit, but hopes are entertained of his prompt recovery.

The members of the orchestra at the Monnaie, Brussels, have petitioned the Municipality to increase its annual grant to the Theatre.

The Strakosch Italian operatic season at Booth's, New York, with Mad. Gerster as the star, began on the 20th ult., and was to last a fortnight.

Götz's *Bezähmung der Widerspenstigen* has been performed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, with a new ending by Gericke. (Oh! —Dr Blitge.)

Soamarin, an actor of Moscow, has had the cross of St Stanislaus, third class, conferred on him. He is the first of his profession ever decorated in Russia.

In consequence of some disagreement among the shareholders, the Liceo, Barcelona, will not be opened, for the present, at any rate, except for masked balls.

The Baltimore (U.S.) Oratorio Society, numbering 600 members, recently gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah.* Among the solo singers were Aline Osgood and M. W. Whitney.

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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, March* 11, 1882.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 11. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, March 18th, at Three. The programme will include Concert-Overture, in G (Joachim); Violin Concerto (Brahms); Symphony, in B minor, unfinished (Schubert); Duo-Nocturne, "Bénédict et Béatrice" (Berlioz); Kaiser-March (Wagner). Vocalists—Mrs Hutchinson and Miss Hope-Glenn. Solo Violin—Herr Dr Joachim. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL.—The LAST EVENING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY next, at Eight. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Santley, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Damian; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley, Mr Oswald, and the South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit Six to Stalls), £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, March 29, at three o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Blandy, Miss Santley, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. The South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit Six to Stalls), £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.; to be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that his LAST CONCERT, previous to resuming his farewell tour in the provinces, will take place, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY next, March 21st, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Mdme Patey, Miss Clements, and Miss Spenser Jones; Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Mr Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Mdme Arabella Goddard (who has kindly consented to appear on this occasion). Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. The Anemoic Union (under the direction of Mr Lazarus). Flute—Mr H. Nicholson. Oboe—Mr Malsch. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Horn—Mr T. E. Mann. Bassoon—Mr T. Wotton. Pianoforte—Mr S. Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

WALTER MACFARREN'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.—Herr Joachim, Miss Cantelo (her first appearance), and Miss Clara Samuell, at the LAST CONCERT, SATURDAY Evening Next, March 25th. Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound," Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and Overtures, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, Walter Macfarren's *Hero and Leander* and *King Henry V.* (by desire). Band of Seventy performers. Principal Violin—M. Sainton. Conductor—MR WALTER MACFARREN. Tickets at Popular Prices, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s.

MR WALLWORTH'S BENEFIT will take place at the ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE, on SATURDAY Morning Next, March 25, when "KEVIN'S CHOICE," an Operetta in Two Acts (Music by T. A. WALLWORTH), will be performed. Principal characters by Mdme Edith Wynne, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr H. Walsham, Mr Wallworth (who will appear on this occasion only), and Mr H. Pyatt. The Opera will be preceded by a CONCERT, in which Mr Joseph Maas (specially engaged), Mr Redfern Hollins, Mr J. T. Carrodus, and other Artists will appear. To commence at Two o'clock precisely. Prices as usual.

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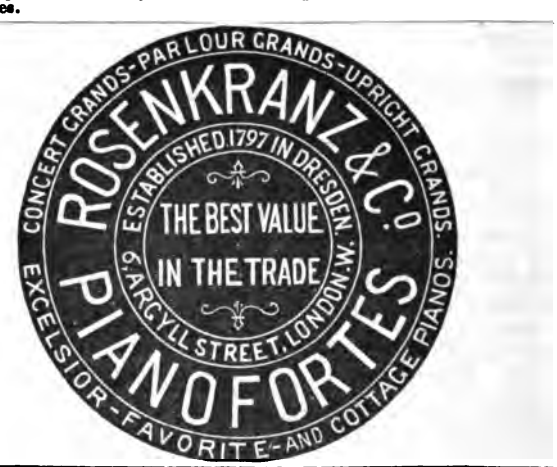

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THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Continued from page 147.)

A Winter's Tale was followed by *The Hunchback* and *The School for Scandal*, both of which were acted and mounted with equal propriety, and on Monday, the 11th of October, *Hamlet* was produced in a very artistic manner. Mrs Warner, herself, did not disdain the part of Gertrude, and Ophelia was judiciously performed by Miss Huddart. The Hamlet of Mr Graham had many good points, and Mr James Johnstone exhibited no mean elocutionary power, as Claudius. Mr Belton was the Laertes, Mr Harvey, Polonius. Mr. Henry Webb developed a rich fund of humour as the First Gravedigger, and all the subordinate parts were well filled. The *mise-en-scène* was of the most creditable description, and, in particular, the comings and goings of the Ghost were so ingeniously contrived as to make this revival, for the time being, quite the talk of the town. The Ghost itself, by the way, found an efficient, though rather youthful representative, in the person of Mr George Vining. *The Gamester*, *The Jealous Wife*, and *The Provoked Husband*, with Mrs Warner as Mrs Beverley, Mrs Oakley, and Lady Townly, respectively, were next given, in addition to *The Bridal*,—as Sheridan Knowles's not very felicitous alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's pathetic *Maid's Tragedy* was called—with Mr George Vining as Melantius, Miss Angell, Aspatia, and the Manageress, Evadne—a part which she might be truly said to have made her own.

On Monday, the 29th of November, an almost unique experiment was made in the revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *The Scornful Lady*, skilfully purified, and adapted to the modern stage, by Mr T. J. Serle. *The Scornful Lady* had not been seen in London, since March, 1746, when it was given at Drury Lane, for Mrs Woffington's benefit—if we except a version under the title of *The Capricious Lady*, produced, for the celebrated Mrs Abington, at Covent Garden, in 1783. The heroine of this fine comedy is a lady—anonymous—who, from pride, conceals in public, the love which she really cherishes for her admirer, the Elder Loveless. Loveless having kissed her in the presence of company, the lady banishes him, for a year's travel in France. Apparently complying, he departs, leaving his house and estate to the care of a spendthrift brother, the Younger Loveless, who is under the surveillance, however, of his steward, Savil. The steward proves unfaithful to his trust, and mingles with the younger brother and his boon companions—a Captain, a Traveller, a Poet, and a Tobacco-man—in every description of wild revelry. Meanwhile the elder brother returns, disguised as a mariner, and introduces himself as a friend of the exiled lover, whom he describes as having been drowned at sea. This intelligence induces a usurer, Morecraft, to offer a sum of £6,000 to the prodigal, as the price of his brother's estate. The lady, meanwhile, has detected her lover's disguise, and retorts on his stratagem by affecting a willingness to console herself by accepting another suitor, Wilford. The Elder Loveless then declares himself, and the lady repeats her sentence of banishment. He retaliates by laughing at her, and the lady swoons. Worked upon by this, Loveless is unable to maintain his show of indifference. Whereupon the lady recovers, and overwhelms him with ridicule. He forthwith affects to abandon his suit altogether, and goes so far as to introduce Wilford, in the disguise of a woman, as the mistress whom he intends to marry. This last device brings the scornful lady to terms. She consents to an immediate union, and Welford is compensated with the hand of her sister, Martha. There is also an amusing underplot—very coarse, in the original version—bearing upon the courtship of the Lady's curate, Sir Roger, and her waiting-gentlewoman, Abigail. The cast at the Marylebone was as follows :—

Elder Loveless, Mr Graham; Younger Loveless, Mr Belton; Welford, Mr George Vining; Morecraft, Mr Harvey; Savil, Mr George Cooke; Sir Roger, Mr Henry Webb; Captain, Mr James Johnstone; Traveller, Mr Potter; Poet, Mr Saunders; Tobacco-man, Mr Rolfe; Abigail, Miss Charlotte Saunders; Martha, Miss Huddart; the Lady, Mrs Warner.

Everyone of these characters was thoroughly well played, and the Scornful Lady of Mrs Warner stood out, as a histrionic portrait, which will long remain a tradition in the annals of the modern stage.

The manner in which this fine comedy was mounted, reflected, no less than its presentment, the highest credit on the management. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were remarkable for their correctness, in a day when research and accuracy were so far less sought after, than is the case at the present time. The interiors, in which the action was laid, were all compiled from historical sources, and one truly magnificent scene, the Lady's Parlour, with its chimney-piece of white Carrara marble, china vases, clocks, and the *then* luxury—at 1616, the date of the play—of small carpets, was simply a marvel of completeness and refined taste. The grand old play proved worthy of its mounting, and was unanimously received, by a house filled to overflowing with artists, critics, and *litterati*, with every token of the most unqualified success.

The Scornful Lady ran up to Christmas, when an excellent pantomime, by Mr E. L. Blanchard, entitled *Eyes, Nose, and Mouth*, was brought out, with Tom Matthews, the acknowledged legitimate successor of Grimaldi, as clown. *The Lady of Lyons*, in which Mr George Vining performed Claude Melnotte, was given in January, 1848, and on the last day of that month, Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* was put up. Here, Mr Graham, as Sir Giles Overreach, had to measure weapons with Mr Gustavus Brooke, who, then in the first flush of his metropolitan fame, was playing the same character at the Olympic—and was not worsted in the encounter.

The Wrecker's Daughter, by Sheridan Knowles, with Mrs Warner in her original part of Marian, was the next revival, and, subsequently, Shiel's *Damon and Pythias*, Sothern's *Isabella, or The Fatal Marriage*, and Lovell's beautiful play, *Love's Sacrifice*—with Miss Fanny Vining as Margaret Aylmer—were given, as well as a new fairy extravaganza, *The Enchanted Tower*, by Mr Charles Selby, in which the more juvenile members of the company were exhibited to advantage.

Mrs Warner now made another raid upon the Elizabethan Drama, and produced, on Monday, the 2nd April, Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, or, rather, tragic melodrama, *The Double Marriage*, with the subjoined cast :—

Juliana, Mrs Warner; Martia, Miss Fanny Vining; Lucio, Miss Charlotte Saunders; Ferrand, Mr Lacy; Virolet, Mr Graham; Brissonet, Mr James Johnstone; Camillo, Mr Tindall; Rouvere, Mr Potter; Villio, Mr Henry Webb; Castruccio, Mr George Vining; Pandulpho, Mr Clifford; Duke of Sesse, Mr Johnstone; Ascanio, Mr Belton; Boatswain, Mr George Cooke; Master, Mr Howell; Gunner, Mr Saunders.

The story is as follows :—

Virolet, a Neapolitan noble, plots with some friends to effect the downfall of Ferrand, King of Naples, but is betrayed by Rouvere, and concealed by his wife, Juliana, who, in consequence, is put to the torture. He is then liberated and sent on a maritime expedition. This brings the first act to a conclusion. In the second, Virolet is captured by a proscribed Duke of Sesse—now turned pirate—brought on board his ship, and drawn into contracting a second marriage—unknown to her father—with the Duke's daughter, Martia. He escapes with his new wife in one of the ships boats, and is forthwith pursued by the pirates. The third act finds them all assembled at Naples; depicts the various phases of court-life, and the humours of a royal favourite, Castruccio, who has been given permission to assume, for one day, the robes and authority of the King. Next occurs a stormy meeting between Juliana, Martia, and Virolet. A divorce is arranged between Virolet and his first wife, but the second is simultaneously informed that her marriage must remain merely nominal. Meanwhile, the Duke and his band conspire to revenge themselves on Ferrand, Virolet, and Martia, at once. At the beginning of the fourth act we find the pirates enrolled as guards in the service of the King. Martia visits Juliana for the purpose of insulting her, and threatens to be revenged upon Virolet, for her disappointment. Juliana seeks Virolet to warn him of his danger. Their interview is broken in upon by Martia, who disdainfully gives him back "his love, his vow," and then proceeds, with Rouvere, to sell her honour to the King, as the price of his assistance, in her scheme of vengeance. The Duke and Virolet, in the meantime, have formed a counter-plot against Ferrand, and the latter assumes the dress of Rouvere in order to obtain access more easily to his sovereign, whom he intends to slay. But Juliana had also conceived the purpose of assassinating Rouvere, and, encountering her husband, wounds him mortally by mistake. The popular commotion, set on foot by the pirates, now grows higher, and in

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the midst of it the King himself is killed by Sesse. Then lastly comes the terrible interview between the Duke and his infamous daughter, which is ended by the Boatswain stabbing the latter, and excusing the act thus:—

"I confess
That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it;
In *me* 'tis murder; in *you* 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!
And in that love I did it."

This formed a striking and unlooked for *dénoument*, which brought the piece to a triumphant conclusion.

This play, re-arranged with much ability by Mr Serle, cannot be considered as amongst the author's best. As may be inferred from the above description, its plot has no lack of incident. But the incidents are over-crowded, and for the most part revolting, whilst the characters, from the weak-minded, vacillating Virolet to the worthless Martia, are one and all repulsive, if we except the devoted and deeply-wronged Juliana, pourtrayed, on this occasion—specially in the torture-scene—with powerful and admirably sustained skill by Mrs Warner, who had been rarely seen to greater advantage. *The Double Marriage*, nevertheless, abounds in effective situations—Beaumont and Fletcher were complete masters of stage-effect—more particularly the scenes between Juliana, Virolet, and Martia, which were followed with unmistakable interest by the audience. As a whole, however, the impression which it made was not equal to that of *The Scornful Lady*, though, as a theatrical curiosity—it had not been given in London since 1683—it was interesting to amateurs, and did not detract from, if it did not add to, the high reputation won by Mrs Warner for her management. The drama was superbly mounted, and the scenery of Mr Cuthbert, which included the deck of the ship—a very elaborate set—the Pirate Chief's cabin, an antique chamber in the palace, and a view of Naples, seen through a ruined archway, was universally admired.

(To be continued.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The concert given by this society in St James's Hall on Thursday evening, March 9, was one of decided interest, arising from the presence of novelty. Not that new works, *per se*, are entitled to rank as kindlers of interest. We have met with a good many lately that inspire a different emotion. On this occasion, however, something at least of sympathetic feeling was warranted by the contents of the programme, among which figured first and foremost a concert-overture, *Ossian*, by Mr F. Corder. The composer of *Ossian* was once a holder of the Mendelssohn scholarship, and is now engaged as conductor of music at the Brighton Aquarium, where he has done good service by carrying on, with success, an annual series of classical concerts. He belongs, it is said, to the most "advanced" school of modern musical faith and practice. He translates Wagner, professes to comprehend the ravings of Liszt, and with his little Brighton orchestra attacks their works in the most gallant manner. He is ambitious, too, in other matters, having composed two operas, a cantata, and an orchestral suite, besides *Ossian*, which was originally intended to prelude a lyric drama on the subject of *Fingal*. So much energy and daring bespeak a man who should be heard at once, since he will be heard sooner or later, and we may now assure any who recognize the duty, but are disposed to shrink from it, that *Ossian* is not the formless and incoherent thing which, taking note of Mr Corder's reputed sympathies, might have been expected. Happily, it is sometimes the case that our young composers belie in practice their enthusiasm for theories which, because they are new and affect to be progressive, captivate their undiscerning and inexperienced minds. Mr Corder, for example, has written an overture having very little in common with "progress" up to date. It is guilty here and there of exaggeration in point of style, and some cloudiness of expression, but it adheres mainly to recognized form; its themes are tuneful, as well as tinted with "local colour," and the general effect is one that commands attention. Definite judgment upon such a work after a single hearing would be absurd, but even a slight acquaintance serves to show that the composer's high aim is not entirely unwarranted by his resources. Let Mr Corder persevere. He may do something yet, and, should his faith and his practice diverge still more, the public, having the results of the one, will not greatly care about the other. Mr Corder conducted the performance, making a mistake in so doing. He is certainly not a born *chef d'orchestre*, and his overture would have gained in the more experienced hands of Mr Cusins. The work was received favourably. A second novelty—Brahms's setting of Schiller's *Nänie*—proved to be a disappointment, made all the more decided by comparison with Hermann Goetz's lovely music to the same text. Herr Brahms is a thoughtful man, and may have some good reason for associating the German poet's lines with a long string of harmonic progressions very interesting in themselves, but just as interesting without words as with them. Be his reason what it may, we entirely fail to see it. It must be very profound, indeed, because the poetry has a decided character and is picturesque withal, standing, so to speak, a thousand miles away from music which resembles an experimental exercise in chords on a great organ. The *Nänie* of Brahms will certainly not extinguish that of Goetz, but rather make its pure and beautiful radiance shine the brighter. We cannot compliment the Philharmonic choir on their performance, which, however, we have no difficulty in excusing.

The third novelty was a scena, (MS.), "Che vuoi, mio cor," for contralto, with an accompaniment of strings. No particulars respecting this work were given in the programme-book, but we gather from the catalogue appended by Dr Julius Rietz to "Mendelssohn's Letters," that it was composed in 1824, when its author was only in his fourteenth year. This fact should clearly have been given to the Philharmonic audience, because, without it, they had a difficulty in understanding the weakness of the music. Doubtless, every bar written by a great composer should be accessible, but risk of misjudgment is always incurred when the important matter of date is kept back. As the work of a mere child, we can admire the contralto scena; as the work of a man—and a great one—it is not worth a thought. It naturally derived immense advantage from the singing of Mdme Patey; but even that excellent artist failed to breathe into it the breath of life. There are no miracles now-a-days. Last of the unwonted array of unfamiliar things at this concert came a contralto solo and chorus, "The Water Nymph," by Herr Rubinstein. Here the Russian composer presents himself, as Agag did to Samuel, "delicately," not as a "son of thunder," nor with the smallest disposition to the Ercles vein—"the vein to tear a cat in, to make all split." "The Water Nymph" is a very pretty and attractive piece, with an expressive solo, most beautifully sung by Mdme Patey, charming choral passages, and all the glamour of muted strings and mysterious orchestration. It met with great favour, and received thus no more than its due. The rest of the programme comprised the "Eroica" symphony, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played in his old and often-eulogised manner by Herr Joachim, and the overture to *Jessonda*.—*D. T.*

COLOGNE.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Der Dämon*, has been well received at the Stadttheater. On the first two nights, the composer himself conducted.

BRUSSELS.—First produced in 1853, at the Paris Théâtre-Lyrique, and then, after being remodelled and abridged, performed at the Opéra-Comique, Grisar's *Amours du Diable* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It will probably not remain long in the bills.—The following works will constitute the programme of the Musical Festival to be given in August at the Palace of the Fine Arts: "Alexander's Feast," Handel; an Overture, Beethoven; *Requiem*, Johannes Brahms; a composition (not yet definitively selected), Benoit; and another (ditto), Samuel. Kraus and Faure, soprano and barytone, are in the list of vocalists.

NEW YORK.—Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer's concert, at Chickering Hall, took place on Saturday night, Feb. 18. There were many popular attractions elsewhere, but the hall was nevertheless well filled. That Mdme Bohrer played well "goes without saying." She received able assistance from the famous artist, Mdme Anna Bishop. There was much of interest in the concert; but to the lovers of music there was an attraction in the singing of Mdme Anna Bishop entirely distinct from the rest of the programme. The appearance of this great artist suggests the reflection that the singers of to-day would do well to listen to her, and to seek to imitate her method. That her method is perfect there can be no doubt, and it is indisputable that Mdme Anna Bishop, after singing in every part of the world, can afford to smile at the efforts of her followers, who were not born when she was at the highest of her fame. She sang "With verdure clad" (*Creation*) with the expression of an experienced artist. There were, of course, occasional lapses; but, on the other hand, there was beautiful vocalization and some genuine soprano notes that it was a delight to listen to. It was interesting to hear her, and confirmed the theory that artists good in youth will never offend critical taste though years or sickness may impair their original powers.—*Abridged from the "New York Times."*

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.

(Continued from page 148.)

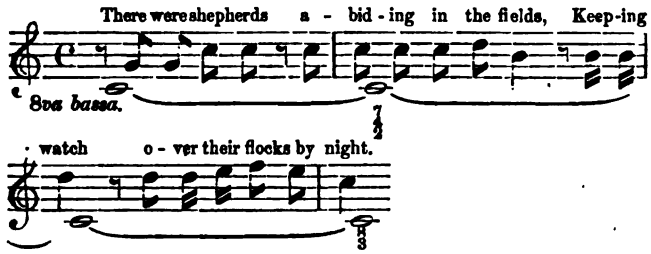
Recitative is in its nature without form. It is without the rhythm of parallel phrases and is rhythmic only in the sense that each individual bar has its accent, both primary and secondary, and that each individual phrase or section is complete. It has key-form only in the sense that each key is made complete and clear before another is touched. It has form of idea only in the sense that each phrase is clearly stated before another is suggested, and that in some cases the intrumental interludes form connecting links between the phrases of the voice, and are expressive of the poetical thought. Beyond this, musical form is absent from recitative. Everything hangs on the declamation; on the accent or value of each word and the meaning of each sentence. It is the music of the orator rather than of the poet, and may be called *prose in song*, as ordinary rhythmic music is *verse in song*.

Varieties of recitative may be reckoned under three heads: speaking recitative, accompanied recitative, and recitative in time.

The distinction between the two first kinds lies chiefly in the accompaniment. In old times the written accompaniment of speaking recitative was nothing more than a bass note filling up the time of, perhaps, several bars, then changing to another, perhaps, for several bars more. An unbroken chain of tradition from Handel, through Joah Bates and Sir Geo. Smart, tells us that this by no means represented the part to be played on the harpsichord, which was the usual accompanying instrument, but was a sort of shorthand or memorandum from which the player was to fill up as seemed best. Thus the harpsichord-player was to "sprinkle" chords at the points which require emphasis; sometimes on an important word, but more often in the rests of the voice, so as to mark the commas, semicolons, and full-stops of the words.

In such a way is the accompaniment of the short recitative in Handel's *Messiah*:

Ex. 138.



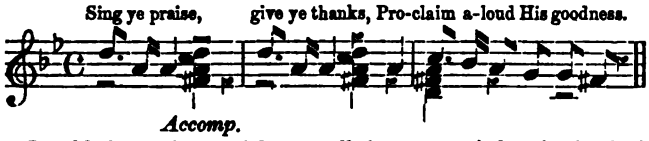
The harpsichord, or cembalo, had even less power of sustaining sound than the pianoforte, therefore it was impossible for these accompaniments to have been played as they were written.

A partial indication of the manner of filling up these memoranda is at the end of the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye," in *The Messiah*. In this, the band, having had the accompaniment throughout, keeps it when the voice breaks into speaking recitative, and the chords are written as to be played, viz., single crotchets with rests.

In some music the chords accompanying speaking recitative have been written as short notes, but still something has been left unexpressed for the player to regulate with his own intelligence, namely, that the chords were written on the accents of the bars though they were to be played in the manner described above.

Of late years the chords have been written in the place where the composer intended them to be played, whether after or on the accent of the bar, as the following example from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* will show:

Ex. 139.



In old times, that which was called accompanied recitative had the band for its accompaniment—not the harpsichord. This gave more importance to the accompaniment, which was written of old as it is now, in full; and instead of the simple chords which accompanied the speaking recitative, interludes of interest and expression appropriate to the words were brought in between the vocal phrases. These were necessarily in time, though the time of the vocal phrases still remained, as it does now, at the will of the singer.

The third kind, recitative in time, was, and is now, frequently interchanged with the other kinds. This is not free as to time, but it retains the characteristic declamation and the absence of rhythm of phrases, and, as a consequence, becomes tedious if carried on very long.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

E. D'ALBERT IN VIENNA.

Last Sunday, after a seven weeks' pause, the Philharmonic Society resumed their Orchestral Matinées with this programme: Mozart, Symphony in C major (composed in 1783 at Linz); D'Albert, Pianoforte Concerto in one movement (new), performed by the Composer; and Berlioz, Symphony, *Harold en Italie*. The selection of Mr d'Albert's novelty was, as it were, a piece of improvisation, to fill up a gap occasioned at the eleventh hour, so to speak, by a message from Herr de Swert, who should have played a new violoncello concerto of his own composition, saying he could not attend. It is necessary to premise this, because generally we should be obliged, on principle, to protest against such items in a programme as the Pianoforte Concerto above mentioned. Mere pupils' efforts, no matter what talent, accomplishment, and readiness they may exhibit, are out of keeping in the scheme of the Philharmonic Concerts, the object of which is, above all things, to cultivate the classical element, that is, what is artistically thoroughly mature. E. d'Albert, however, the composer of the Pianoforte Concerto we recently heard, is yet a learner; he is only seventeen—from his appearance he might be taken for still younger—and he is said to have been no more than fourteen when he wrote the oft-named Concerto. If we consider his youth, and not what he has done, as something of itself, (which, as we have said, is not the proper standard to be adopted in the case of the Philharmonic Concerts), we must certainly wonderingly admire the Concerto less on account of its thematic fancy—for among the leading thoughts the very graceful second melody alone is entirely the young composer's own, the first theme belonging to the most hackneyed phrases of the Mendelssohn-Schumann school (let anyone only call to mind the commencement of Schumann's A minor concerto and Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte*, 5th book, in G minor), while towards the conclusion Richard Wagner is most evidently copied—than on account of the lightness, certainty, and jauntiness with which it is all put together; on account of the spontaneous and uniformly continuous current with which the stream flows on from beginning to end. There speaks from out the novelty the most amiable affection and love for composition, the most genuine enthusiasm for the noble play of tone—factors which of themselves are guarantees of a certain amount of talent, which in this case only critical short-sightedness or intentional ill-feeling could overlook. Young d'Albert's gifts are displayed much more strikingly as a reproductive artist, as a virtuoso on the piano; the tender lad, with his frank open look, really expands to man's full growth when he touches the keys; such impetuous zeal, nay, enthusiasm, inspires, lends wings to, and heightens his powers of execution, already very considerable, though now and then—as is only natural—too youthfully precipitate, and his brilliant bravura. His appearance at the Philharmonic concert recalled to our mind in many respects the early fulminating feats before the public of Carl Tausig, who died so soon; whether in d'Albert's case, as in Tausig's, the gold will gradually be purified from the dross, the frothing be changed to generous, clear wine, is something the future must decide. The young Anglicised Frenchman, who enjoys in London the tuition of that esteemed virtuoso and pianoforte teacher, Ernst Pauer, but for some weeks has been the guest of Hans Richter here, was rewarded by most of the audience with loud applause, which we cordially endorse as well deserved by the sympathetic musical Hotspur—in so far as he receives it not as unreserved appreciation of what he absolutely did in his double capacity of composer and executant, but as kindly encouragement to him to continue his fresh and joyous work of creating, or rather, of learning, more.—*Wiener Signale*, 4th March.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—According to the returns prepared for the general meeting of shareholders in the New Theatre Company, the total receipts amounted to 1,314,566, and the expenditure to 1,295,254 marks, leaving a surplus of 19,312 marks.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 94.)

We see by the above reminiscences of an artist who was born in Florence, and who, being himself mixed up with the musical life of the town, was in a position to know and appreciate things, that Cherubini's first masters were not unworthy of their pupil's high intelligence. It is certain that his first steps were so guided as to set him in the right path, and that vigorous and solid instruction prepared him for profiting by the noble and powerful faculties which Nature bestowed on him; consequently, after only four years' study, spent under the direction of the two Felicis, he came out as a composer with an important work—a four-part mass with orchestra (in D), which was performed in one of the churches of Florence. This was in 1773, and Cherubini was, therefore, barely thirteen. A fact like this, which would be remarkable at any time, was particularly so at an epoch when musical instruction, especially in Italy, was singularly imperfect and laborious—not from the fault of the masters, but from that of the methods of teaching, or, rather, from the absence of any method at all, the systems followed being entirely empirical. With reference to this, Picchianti, whom I quoted above, has drawn a curious and sometimes striking picture of the manner in which musical studies were then conducted there. The fragment is too full of interest, and the facts adduced by the writer are too little known for me not to think myself bound to reproduce it here:—

"The reading of music," says Picchianti, "was always taught through the medium of *solfeggio with nuances*, or according to the pretended system of Guido d'Arezzo;* modern modality was mixed up and confounded with the ancient modality of plain-song; no exact rule, no appropriate mechanical exercises had been devised to facilitate the study of the harpsichord; nor had harmony reached the point where we behold it to-day, when it is presented to us as a systematic science. Despite the impetus given in the opening years of the century to the new theory of music by the celebrated Rameau, and subsequently by various illustrious Italians, the theory still remained enveloped in the physical phenomena of sound, and continued to be based upon calculations and geometrical demonstrations referring only to the mathematical determination of the number of vibrations that is, of the volume or other elements of the sonorous body, whence it resulted that such and such intervals were admissible in musical compositions. The sensations produced by hearing these intervals had not yet been made the object of philosophical observations, and no one had got so far, by logical analysis, as to determine their homogeneousness, and modal relations, from which flows principally the affinity which should always be present in music between different sounds, successive or simultaneous. Theory being in this state, and absolutely unable to offer clear and sufficiently developed rules for the study of harmony and modulation, blind practice was substituted for it. The consequence of all this was that the art of counterpoint was encumbered with a host of observations and rules each of which, invariably deduced from particular cases and not from general principles, gave rise to a host of exceptions. To succeed in mastering all the rules and the aggregate of all the exceptions, the student was obliged to go through a long and fatiguing process; he had to compose examples of counterpoint, first simple and then with certain artifices, both above and below a melody in plain song, the master making him write a single part and then combine in various manners six, seven, and eight real parts, with all scholastic and pedantic rigour. It was indispensable for the pupil to go through each of the eight tones constituting the ancient system of modality, before proceeding to the study of the fugue, in which he had to introduce in the most ingenious fashion all the grand artifices of double, triple, and quadruple counterpoint, simple, contrary, or reversed motion, as well as strette and canons. When these immense obstacles had been surmounted and the pupil had learnt to compose correctly such calculated productions of art, he was considered an accomplished artist, and as a doctor of music bade farewell to the school. Next, taking for models contemporary composers, he was bound, for a considerable period and with the assistance of advice now and then from his master, to learn how to treat musical compositions according to the forms of the day, which were very dissimilar to those he had been taught, and then, subsequently, he had to grope his way in the dark and endeavour to assimilate a few instrumental effects.

"These mediæval remains of scholastic empiricism possessed such vitality in Italy that they survived to nearly the commencement of the nineteenth century except in a single town, Naples, in the conservatories of which various highly important reforms affecting musical education had been effected, especially in the exercises indispensable for learning harmony, counterpoint, and every part of composition. The new style and new forms contained in the works of Leo, Pergolese, Vinci, and Jomelli were the result; but the new scholastic systems remained still ignored by the musical republic, though rather perhaps from indifference than in consequence of any jealous monopoly."

The above details show us how difficult it was to acquire a sound musical education in Italy when Cherubini was pursuing his studies, and how extraordinary it was that a mere child like him—only thirteen—should have been able, after working no more than four years, to write such a work as a multipart mass with orchestral accompaniment. As the manuscript has disappeared I cannot estimate the value of this composition, but it certainly could not have been entirely devoid of interest, since it was publicly performed in one of the churches of Florence, and since, in the course of the five subsequent years, the child-artist, encouraged by the reception awarded to his first essay, wrote sixteen other works in various styles, all of them obtaining the honour of performance.† We must not, however, exaggerate the importance of these juvenile works; interesting they undoubtedly were, if we take into consideration the tender age of him who wrote them; they were, too, correct; but, as regards their bearing the impress of individuality and genuine inspiration, a good judge, who cannot be accused of hostility towards one whom he loved and revered like a father, shall tell us what was the true state of the case. Halévy, who, after his master's death had the curiosity to render himself acquainted with the latter's early essays, which Cherubini had concealed from every eye, expresses himself thus about them:

"I saw, on going through them, that it was, as it were, out of respect for himself and from a desire to spare these early works, that he had kept them from all eyes. Everything in them announced the intelligent child brought up in a good school and nurtured on good precepts, but nothing indicated the genius which was destined to be revealed at a later period; the Cherubini who had become illustrious was anxious about his reputation as a child, and fearful of injuring the glory of the Cherubini of thirteen; it was a sort of not unbecoming and pardonable coquetry."

Cherubini's earliest compositions were, therefore, what they ought to be, what such compositions are when written by young musicians who have received a sound education; essays doubtless deserving encouragement and attention, but devoid of originality. What rendered them really interesting was the fact of their being the work of a mere child, who was evidently endowed with exceptional aptitude, and who seemed to promise one day to turn out a master. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, destined to become afterwards Emperor of Austria, saw this. That wise and enlightened Prince, who appeared to be a descendant of the Medici, and whose reforms, dictated by a benevolent and liberal spirit, had in a short time made of Tuscany "the diamond of Italy," employed himself in fostering with intelligence not only commerce and trade, but likewise literature and the fine arts. Young Cherubini was pointed out to him as an object eminently

* As we are aware, this barbarous system was based, not on the gamut of seven notes, but on the combination and irregular agreement of the hexachords, which, as their name indicates, comprised only six notes, and were mixed up with each other in the most extraordinary fashion. In solmisating by nuances, the seventh note, B, did not exist. More than a century of persevering efforts, and the expounding of a host of systems by intelligent French, Flemish, and German theoreticians was required to supersede this plan, at one and the same time illogical, difficult, and ridiculous, and replace it by the employment of the modern gamut, so rational and clear. We see that, as regards solfeggio, Italy, even at the end of the eighteenth century and at the full height of her great musical glory, was still following the old ways.

† I read in the Notice dictated to Beauchesne: "Cherubini composed successively, from 1773 to 1778, seventeen pieces, comprising masses, interludes, psalms, oratorios, and separate airs, all performed with equal success in the churches and amateur theatres of his native town." The catalogue of his works, scrupulously drawn up in two forms by himself, mentions among his early compositions two other four-part masses with orchestra (both in C); a cantata, *La Publica Felicità*, composed in honour of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and performed in the Cathedral; an interlude, entitled *Il Giuocatore*, written for a private theatre; a "Miserere;" a "Magnificat" and a four-part motet with orchestra; two two-part "Lamentations," with orchestra; an oratorio performed in the church of San Pietro; a four-part "Te Deum," with orchestra, &c., &c.

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worthy of his kindly patronage, and it was not long before the latter was exerted for the boy's advantage. Cherubini had conceived the idea of terminating his musical studies in a thoroughly practical manner under a master then celebrated throughout Italy, namely, Giuseppe Sarti, resident at Bologna. But Cherubini's father, burdened with a numerous family, whom it was only with great difficulty he managed to support by the exercise of his art, had not the means of sending his son to Bologna, and defraying his expenses for several years. The Grand-Duke took this task on himself, allowing out of his privy purse the young artist a pension, which enabled him to repair to the master whose pupil he was ambitious of becoming, and to live there as long as necessary. Thanks to this favour, of which he was in every respect worthy, Cherubini was enabled to go to Sarti, and started for Bologna towards the beginning of the year 1778.‡

(To be continued.)

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The closing performances of this company at Her Majesty's Theatre called for no special remark, but it would be wrong to let Mr Carl Rosa's season pass without some words of review. In the first place the enterprise supplied English lovers of opera not only with that article in their own language, but under conditions of excellence approaching in many respects, in a few even transcending, those hitherto monopolised by opera in Italian. For many years native and naturalized lyric drama in the metropolis has so existed as to make necessary the most abject apologies from its friends for the offence of continuing in life at all. Its career has been of a fitful and vagabond character: here to-day, gone to-morrow; picking up stray crumbs of patronage anywhere, and always presenting a more or less shabby, down-at-heel appearance. Without Mr Carl Rosa it would have died long ago. He, unwearied by labour because never out of hope, has worked for it "through evil and through good report"—principally evil—and now we have seen opera in English not only lodged in the home of the foreigner, but commanding a degree of attention and exerting a measure of influence before unthought. Who can tell where this development will stop? or whether Italian opera in London is not destined to encounter a rival even more formidable than the German enterprise which threatens to come upon us like a flood? The issue depends, perhaps, upon Mr Rosa, who has the faith which proverbially moves mountains, and the perseverance that uses one position gained simply as a point of vantage from which to capture another. We do not know how the manager's confidence in his cause could have been better shown than by the luxury and completeness with which, during the season just ended, he put Balfe's *Moro* and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* upon the stage. The lavish outlay upon these works may, indeed, have appeared superfluous and extravagant to some witnesses. But Mr Rosa knew perfectly well what he was about, and is rightly credited with having looked beyond the present to the future which his shrewdness is shaping. Every penny spent in making his stage equal to that of Italian opera was a seed dropped into the ground to spring up and bear fruit at no distant date. Opera, however, is not dresses and decorations, which, however important, are only accessories. It must stand, if at all, by musical merit, a fact ever, we may be assured, kept before his eyes by Mr Rosa. Here a provider of opera in English faces his greatest difficulty. Till the other day, when the Royal Academy of Music established a class for the training of students in lyric drama, managers had to choose performers from raw or irregularly-prepared material. Their artists absolutely educated themselves—if they may be said to have done so at all—before the public, who, wearied by incompetence, became more and more inclined to regard English opera as impossible. This state of things is illustrated, even at the present moment, by the *personnel* of Mr Rosa's troupe, with its considerable proportion of Americans, and we may justly wonder that the foreign element does not enter yet more largely into its composition. But we see the greatest reason for surprise, under circumstances so adverse, in the high average excellence of Mr Rosa's people. A company, including Miss Gaylord, Miss Yorke, Miss Burns, Mr M'Guckin, Mr Packard, Mr Leslie Crotty, Mr Snazelle, and others whose names will readily suggest themselves, is one by no means to be despised either for its capacity or for the assurance it gives that English opera may enjoy all the advantages derivable from genuine talent. How much the season at Her Majesty's gained by the accession to the company of Mdme Valleria is obvious, and it may be that the enlisting of so able an English-speaking artist into Mr Rosa's ranks marks the beginning of a new and important development in the history of his enterprise. Mdme Valleria, by her charming impersonations, was a mainstay of the season—she, in turn, reaping enormous benefit from an opportunity of showing powers the existence of which only close observers of her previous doings may have seen reason to suspect. Mdme Valleria, we understand, has been specially engaged for a certain number of representations during Mr Rosa's next provincial tour. This is well, because the result must be to strengthen the position of the English lyric stage in all our great towns. A word should, in simple justice, be given here to the orchestra, which proved one of the chief attractions of the season, and also to the intelligence and skill of Mr Betjemann, who justified his position as stage manager by an almost unheard-of feat. He actually contrived to make an opera chorus exhibit signs of an intelligent interest in the drama they helped to play. That Mr Randegger suffered in health from the excessive anxiety and labour incidental to his position as conductor, was unfortunate. He attempted too much; but in all he did great skill came to the aid of intense earnestness, and the two made their rightful mark. Mr Randegger is one of the few good conductors we have amongst us, and must henceforth be careful to reserve himself for special occasions. How ably he was assisted during the season by Mr Pew and by Mr Rosa, whose appearance with the *bâton* always gave the signal for an "ovation," frequenters of Her Majesty's well know.

It would be superfluous to pass in review the performances that closed on Saturday night; and unjust to reproach the management with not having met every pledge given in the prospectus. Amateurs, no doubt, anticipated *Benvenuto Cellini* with great interest and pleasure; but in the degree of their reasonableness is their present discernment of sufficient cause for disappointment. There may be no limit to a man's purposes, but there is a very decided one to his means of carrying them out when they are in excess. As to the objection that *Benvenuto Cellini* should have taken precedence of Balfe's *Moro*, we need only remind those who make it that Mr Rosa is a manager of English opera, and would have laid himself open to inevitable and not unjust reproach had he allowed his season to pas without striking a blow for English art. In future years, it may be, he will do even more than produce a work written years ago for another stage than ours. There are composers rising amongst us who give promise of ability to justify and reward practical encouragement. Mr Rosa is the man to see this, and to act upon it with the large liberality that distinguishes him. In such a case substantial results may follow, and future historians of music in England may have to record the growth of a native opera from the seed sown with so much patience and perseverance by a German who succeeded in winning the English heart.—*D. T.*

‡ Though generally very exact in his statement of facts, Picchianti is guilty of an error in connection with this journey. In opposition to most of the biographers, he asserts that it was to Milan that Cherubini went to place himself under Sarti. Now the latter was not then in Milan, but still in Bologna. I have as a certain proof of this a note which I find in the chronological catalogue drawn up by Cherubini of his works. The first piece inscribed under the date of 1778 is a four-part antiphony (*Montes y Colles*), the title of which is followed by the remark: "At this epoch I was at Sarti's school, in Bologna." He stopped there with his master till 1779, for it is not till the first piece composed by him that year that I find this other note: "In Milan." He must, therefore, have lived a whole year in Bologna, and that was evidently the town to which he went on leaving Florence.

Moscow.—The principal works composing this year's repertory at the Russian Opera have been: *Life for the Czaar*, Glinka; *Eugen Onegin*, Tschaikowsky; *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; *The Princess Ostroffsky*, Wjasemsky; *Count Stulin*, Lischen; and *The Power of the Evil One*, Seroff.

Georgetown (Demerara).—The concert promoted by Mr Colbeck, organist of Christ Church, which took place in the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 21st, was an unqualified success. To particularize the artists, is to break through the trammels of custom in treating of amateur entertainments; but, although we refrain from doing so in the case of the three ladies who specially distinguished themselves, the vocal excellence displayed by the Rev. W. G. G. Austin, and Mr J. A. Dalziel, must be our excuse for mentioning their names. Taken altogether, the performance was of a character seldom attained outside of professional circles. An amateur theatrical entertainment in the Philharmonic Hall, on the night of February the 16th, was largely attended; and the artists, most of whom are prominent members of a local society, sustained their parts with grace and spirit. The "Lacy Town Crèche," for whose behoof the performance was given, will doubtless be in receipt of a handsome sum as the result of the entertainment.—*The Colonist.*

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "The river sings" (Cowen)—Mr Abercrombie; Ballade, in G minor, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdlle Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Sonata, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Tartini)—Herr Joachim; Song, "The Herdsman's Song" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Abercrombie; Trio, in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdlle Marie Krebs, MM. Joachim and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 18, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3 (dedicated to Count Rasoumowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda (her last appearance this season), MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Sonata, in C sharp minor, "The Moonlight," for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdme Schumann; Song, "Herbstlied" (Franz)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Sonata, in G major, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (Brahms)—Mdme Schumann and Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Quand tu chantes bercée" (Gounod)—Miss Carlotta Elliot—violoncello *obbligato*, Signor Piatti; Serenade Trio, in D major, for violin, viola, and violoncello, repeated by desire (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

* * *

One summer evening languorous and mild,
I dreamed among the melancholy firs
That I was gazing on that face of hers
The little lips whereof unclosed and smiled.

And I had kissed her mouth but for the spell
That holds the dreamer bound as if in death.
And while I gazed with eager panting breath,
The long dark lashes of her eyelids fell;

And, like some flower pleading for the dew,
Her head drooped down—How beautiful she was!—
And then she faded from my dream, because
My blinding tears I could not see her through.

GANELON.

WE have reason to believe that Mr George Grove will be invited to take a leading part in the management of the new Royal College of Music, with the title of "Director" of the institution. —*Times.*

MISS ROSA KENNEY, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Charles Lamb Kenney, announces her intention of reciting, among other poems, Tennyson's "Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava," at the Marlborough Rooms, on Tuesday morning, March 28th. Miss Kenney will be assisted by Mdme Edith Wynne and Mr Charles Wyndham, together with other well-known artists; and we trust the numerous friends, as well as the many admirers of Miss Kenney's talent, will rally round her on this important occasion.

MR AND MDME BODDA'S (Miss Louisa Pyne) "students'" concert, to be held at "Bonally" (Cambridge Gardens), the residence of the esteemed professors, on Monday evening, will interest not only "parents and guardians" naturally anxious to note the progress of their "belongings," who are pupils at the Academy, but also the public, as the programme includes two cantatas—Spohr's *God Thou are great* and Franz Abt's *Water Fairies*. The performance of these two works will be a test of Mr and Mrs Bodda's method of teaching, so much eulogised by those who have studied under them.

DEATHS.

On February 24th, Mr GEORGE PERRY, Professor of Music (son of the late Mr George Perry, many years leader at the Sacred Harmonic Society, composer of *The Death of Abel*, and other oratorios), aged 63.

On February 26th, at Philadelphia, United States of America, Mdme ERMINIA MANSFIELD-RUDERSDORFF, formerly of the Royal Opera, Drury Lane, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

On March 13th, at Blomfield Crescent, W., MURIEL GERTRUDE, infant daughter of Marmaduke H. St John Robinson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TURPIN L'ARCHEVÊQUE.—Bravo "Beppo"! Healthy tone. No more eye-droopings, starfish that gleam, dancing rocks, quails that quiver, &c.—Read Mark Twain's "A TRAMP ABROAD." Get a friend of the "softer" sex to hold your sides "what time" you are reading. The "Cyclus" is at hand. Then comes *Parsifal.*

EDINBURGH.—Next week. Cordial sympathy.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.

Cambridge University.

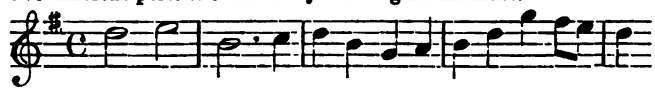
FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

[Pills for Candidates.]

Thursday, March 9, 1882. 2 *p.m. to* 5 *p.m.*

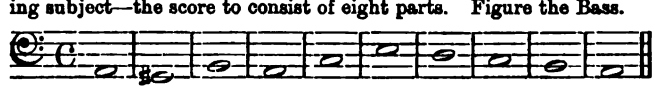
COUNTERPOINT.

1. Write a Fugue in five parts on the following subject: The Fugue must comprise, after the Exposition, entries of the Subject or Answer, or a portion of either, in the keys of E, B, and A minor, and C major. It must have some points of Stretto, beginning at two different periods of the Subject. Figure the Bass.

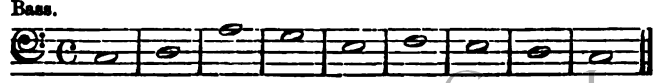


2. Continue the following as a Perpetual Canon for four in two in the octave. The Canon must comprise at least twelve bars within the repeat, and may have one or more free bars of Coda. Figure the Bass.

3. Add Counterpoint of the First Species for two Sopranos (not Trebles), two Altos, two Tenors, and a first Bass above the following subject—the score to consist of eight parts. Figure the Bass.



4. Write Counterpoint of the Second Species for Soprano, of the First Species for Alto, and of the Third Species for Tenor above the following subject—the score to consist of four parts. Figure the Bass.



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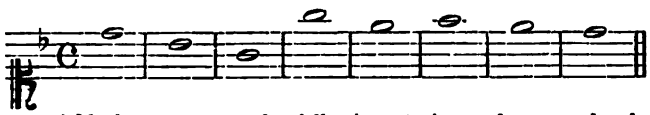
5. Write Counterpoint of the Fifth Species for Second Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass below the following subject, having shorter notes in one or more of the moving parts against longer notes of the others—the score to consist of five parts. Figure the Bass.



6. Add three parts to the following strain to form quadruple Counterpoint. The score need be written but once, but statement must be made of how many inversions a quadruple Counterpoint is susceptible. State the name of the tune from which the extract is taken, and also that of its author.

7. Write answers to the following Subject and Countersubject, with their inversion at A, and to the two Subjects at B and C. State whether the Subjects are Real or Tonal; and if the latter, whether Authentic or Plagal.

8. Write the Subjects of the following Fugal answers at A and B. State whether the answers are Real or Tonal; and if the latter, whether Authentic or Plagal.

Mdme Erminia Rudersdorff was so ill, we informed our readers, a short time since, that her life was despaired of. We regret now to state that she expired at her residence in Philadelphia on February 26th.

Mdme Scalchi, having paid Mr Gye £800 forfeit for breach of contract, has sailed for Buenos Ayres. Her place at Covent Garden will be filled by Mdme Trebelli, in association, it is reported, with Mdlle Stahl.

CONCERTS.

Mr W. Macfarren gave the second of his three orchestral concerts at St James's Hall, on Saturday evening, when the programme was as follows:—

Pastoral Overture (W. Macfarren); Concerto in C minor, pianoforte (W. Sterndale Bennett); Scena ed Aria, "Che faro senza Euridice," *Orfeo* (Gluck); Fantasia-Romantica, for violoncello (Piatti); Overture, *Leonora* (No. 3) (Beethoven); Symphony, in B flat (W. Macfarren); Song, "The Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" (violin obbligato, M. Sainton), *Lady of the Lake* (G. A. Macfarren); Overture, Scherzo, Notturno, Wedding March, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn.)

Mr Macfarren's overture and symphony had been several times performed; the first at the Crystal Palace; the other at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and both in the provinces. Admirably rendered by the exceptionally fine band which Mr Macfarren has the good fortune to conduct, the pieces again produced a favourable impression, the remaining orchestral works being rendered to perfection. The overtures by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and the *scherzo* by the latter, produced a special effect. The violoncello fantasia, of Signor Piatti, skilfully written for the display of rare executive powers, was given for the first time in London on this occasion, and played by its composer with that beauty of tone and finished execution in which he is unrivalled. Mr C. T. Speer played Bennett's fine concerto with much success, some signs of fatigue being apparent in the last movement. Mdme Patey was the vocalist. —*D. N.*

Schubert Society.—Owing to want of space, we omitted in our last to notice that the first concert of the sixteenth season (sixty-ninth since the formation of the Society) took place at Langham Hall, the old quarters of the Society, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, on which occasion, in conformity with the rules of the Society, the first part of the programme was devoted to Schubert's compositions. The concert opened with his Trio in B flat, played by Herr Hause (pianoforte), Herr Poznanski (violin), and Herr Schuberth (violoncello). The vocal pieces included "Schaefers Klagelied," introducing Herr Korn to the members of the Society; "Gretchen and Spinnrade," sung by Mdlle Mathilda Enequist; and "Serenade," by Miss Ronayne (zither accompaniment, Herr von Goutta). The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Mendelssohn's grand Trio in D minor, by the same gentlemen who played Schubert's trio; Mr Barrington Foote sang "Leaving, yet loving" (encored); and Herr Poznanski had to repeat his violin solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The members who appeared for the first time were Mdme Duncan, who was very much applauded for "Barney O'Hea," and Herr Korn, the new German tenor. The hall was very full and the concert a decided success. The second concert devoted to Schumann's compositions will take place at the same *locale* on Wednesday, the 19th April next.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The concert of last week consisted of a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, a work so familiar and rendered by singers so well known that slight record of the fact may suffice. The choruses were finely sung and produced a great effect, particularly "Awake the harp" and "The heavens are telling." Miss M. Davies gave the solo soprano music with much effect, particularly the airs "With verdure clad" and "On mighty wings." Mr E. Lloyd in the recitative, "In splendour bright" and the air, "In native worth," gained great and deserved applause; while Signor Foli's fine bass voice was heard to advantage in the solos, "Rolling in foaming billows" and "Now heaven in fullest glory." In the absence of Sir Michael Costa, M. Sainton again acted efficiently as conductor. Costa's *Eli* is to be performed at the next concert on March 31.—*D. N.*

London Conservatoire of Music.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 25, a *soirée* was given by Mr Lansdowne Cottell, at his new residence in Tavistock Square, to illustrate the attainments of the ladies and gentlemen who, as members of the above Conservatoire, are graduating under his instruction with a view, it may be presumed, to professional life. The *soirée* was well attended both by the friends of Mr. Cottell and the pupils, besides others who were invited to witness and bear testimony to the excellence of the teaching and the promising quality of the results. The programme was necessarily of a mixed character, embracing, as it did, many kinds of vocal, pianoforte, and other instrumental music. The examples of the high class proficiency acquired by the students were several, and honourable mention may fairly be made of Mdlle Eleanor Crux, Miss L. Gardiner, Miss Maud Spencer, Mdlle Vollenweider, and Miss Emilie Dawson, who, in Smart's "Lady of the Lea," Bellini's "Ah non giunge," Nathan's "Why are you wandering,' Masse's "Chanteuse voilée," and Roeckel's "Angus Macdonald,' exhibited gifts in an instance or two of remarkable worth, and always, exemplifications of properly directed and effective singing Mr Edwin Lilley, in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where ar

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thou?" Mr C. Hetherington Smith, in Sullivan's "Distant Shore," and Mr S. Davis, in Handel's "Arm, arm, ye brave," entitled themselves to commendation on similar good and sufficient grounds. The principal pianoforte specimens on the part of the lady scholars were contributed by Miss Clara Blackburn, Miss Alice Gould, Miss Isabel Ruff, and Miss Sorrell, and with unequivocal success on all sides. Altogether, the performances at the concert were creditable from every educational point of view, and spoke well for the system of training and development pursued by Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and his professors at the "Conservatoire" over which they so diligently preside.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Miss Marie Krebs gave an interesting "recital" of pianoforte music on Wednesday afternoon, March 15, at St James's Hall. The programme, consisting entirely of duets either for two instruments or for four hands on one instrument, possessed a welcome aspect of novelty, and to the amateurs who were present it must have been one of considerable enjoyment. The pianists in question have long been acknowledged as "queens-regnant" in the domains of pianoforte playing, and any examples of "duet" music which might be confided to them for performance would assuredly be illustrated with the keenest mutual sympathy, and, as a matter of course, with all the technical perfection so often revealed to us at Mr Arthur Chappell's Monday and Saturday "Popular Concerts." All that we need do in referring to the present recital is to put on record the works which were performed by these excellent artists. The programme opened with Hummel's four-hand "Grand Duet," once so popular with pianoforte students and so instructive an illustration of a composer for the instrument, who scarcely deserves the desuetude into which he has fallen; Reinecke's Impromptu (two pianofortes) on a theme from Schumann's *Manfred;* a group of Schubert's fanciful and discursive "marches" (four hands); Mozart's melodious and captivating Sonata, Op. 53 (two pianofortes); Mendelssohn's graceful and vivacious "Allegro Brillante" (four hands); and Saint-Saëns' ingenious and supremely difficult variations on "a theme of Beethoven's" (two pianofortes). As regards the delivery of this varied and well-contrasted list of duo pianoforte pieces, it is unnecessary to make further remark than that the two distinguished artists associated with them won over and over again their best honours, and retired with the sincerest homage of all present who could fortunately listen to them with the requisite knowledge and appreciation.—H.

Miss Josephine Agabeg gave her third annual concert on Tuesday evening last at Steinway Hall in the presence of a numerous and brilliant audience. Miss Agabeg selected for her principal solo, Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor, of which she gave a thorough artistic reading. She also took part with Messrs Ondricek (violin), and Libotton (violoncello), in Beethoven's trio in C minor; with Mr Ganz, in Thalberg's arrangement for two pianofortes on themes from *Norma*, and with Mr Libotton in Chopin's Polonaise for violoncello and pianoforte, finally contributing Liszt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" as the termination of the programme. Mr Libotton earned a double call by his admirable rendering of a *sarabande* by Corelli, and a *tarantelle* by Popper, while Mr Ondricek received an encore for his clever performance of a mazurka by Wieniawski. Mr James Sauvage gave, with extraordinary energy, Gounod's well known song the "Valley," but failed to realize the fact that the little room in Seymour Street does not require the same expenditure of voice that might be necessary in Albert Hall. Mr Ganz conducted in his well known skilful manner, and also effectively assisted Miss Agabeg in the duet for two pianos alluded to above. Miss Emma Allitsen, Messrs Ernest Cecil and Cecil Treherne also took part in the concert; Miss Allitsen contributing "My Mother's Song," by W. Ganz, together with Professor Goldberg's characteristic setting of the verses made by Chadwick Tichbourne of himself in the Tower, the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn fields for treason, A.D. 1586, and Messrs Cecil and Treherne, Masini's duet, "I Mulatieri." L. K. T.

Bow and Bromley Institute.—The choir connected with this institution, under the direction of Mr M'Naught, a very well known and able teacher of the Tonic Sol-fa system, gave a concert on Tuesday evening, at which was performed Dr G. A. Macfarren's Glasgow cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*. We have not now to speak of the work in which the Cambridge Professor has so ably, and with such an abundance of appropriate local colour, illustrated Sir Walter Scott's poem. Its merits were acknowledged by us at the time of its first hearing, and there is nothing new to say, unless we express an opinion—the more decided because of the effect produced on Tuesday night—that it has been unduly neglected in London. A good thing, however, can afford to wait, which fact may comfort those who think well of *The Lady of the Lake*. The performance was chiefly of interest apart from its subject, as showing the capacity of Mr M'Naught's choir, a body comprising 130 voices, chosen with care, and only accepted after satisfactory proof of ability. On the whole, the choral singing was very good. As regards volume and quality of tone, something, no doubt, was left to desire; but precision, expression, the fluency which comes of confidence were pleasantly conspicuous throughout. It was evident that these East-end singers are thoroughly well taught, and no less, that they are apt pupils. The solos in Professor Macfarren's work were successfully given by Miss Larkcom, Mrs Mudie-Bolingbroke, Messrs Barton M'Guckin, Albert M'Guckin, and Hutchinson; the accompaniments being confided to Mr E. J. Turpin (organ) and Mrs M'Naught (pianoforte). A large audience attended and gave unquestionable proof of interest in the cantata, as well as pleasure in the performance.—*D. T.*

The annual concert of the "Whitechapel Church Young Men's Association" came off on Wednesday evening, March 8th, in the large room, St Mary's Street. There was a very large audience. The Viscountess Folkestone gave her valuable aid and sang Wallace's "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," Sullivan's "Where is another Sweet, as my Sweet?" the old English air, "Cease your funning," and her own song, "It was a thorn" (violin *obbligato*, Mr Leslie), accompanied by herself on the pianoforte, and winning genuine and unanimous applause for each. The other singers were Misses Bessie and Emilie Webber, Messrs John Cornwall and Frank Holmes, together with a select choir under the direction of Mr James A. Birch (gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal). Misses Moore and Beard were the pianists, and Mr W. H. Leslie, violinist. They sang with effect Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair?" Eaton Faning's "Vikings," Caldicott's Part-song, "Jack and Gill," and Macfarren's "Sands of Dee." Miss Moore played Brinley Richards' arrangement of the soldiers' chorus from Gounod's *Faust*, as well as Sydney Smith's *Huguenots*, and Miss Beard, formerly a pupil of the veteran professor, Mr W. H. Holmes, a caprice and a "Grande Marche Dramatique," Mr Leslie contributing the March, Musette, and Gavotte from Handel's Suite in D for the violin. The Misses Webber gained due applause for Glover's duet, "The Hawthorne Hedge"; Mr Cornwall winning approbation for his rendering of De Foye's "Tell her I love her so," and Mr Frank Holmes giving Weiss's "Village Blacksmith" with more than usual success (accompanying himself on the pianoforte), as well as Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding," in both exhibiting vocal qualifications that will bring him, with practice and perseverance, to the front rank of his profession. In the course of the evening Mr H. P. Matthews gave an amusing selection from his "Repertoire of Mirth and Music."

PROVINCIAL.

Middleton.—On Saturday evening a successful concert was given in the National Schoolroom, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the vestry of the parish church. There was a good attendance, the front seats being filled. The singers were Mrs Theo. Jackson, Misses Alice Walker, Brewster, and Read, Mr Wormell, and a glee party; solo pianist, Dr Horton C. Allison; and reader, Mr Ben. Brierley. Miss Walker, who made her first appearance in Middleton on the occasion, received a well-merited encore for "A Summer Shower"; Mrs Jackson sang "La Serenata," the effect of which was enhanced by the violin accompaniment of Mr F. R. Jones; the trio, "O Memory," by Miss Walker, Mrs Jackson, and Miss Brewster, met with hearty and prolonged applause; Miss Read contributed two songs with taste and feeling, and, being encored in Reichardt's "Thou art so near, and yet so far," repeated the last verse; Mr Wormell was called upon to repeat "England, freedom's home," but sang, instead, "Simon the Cellarer." Of Dr Allison's pianoforte performances we need say little, except that he fully maintained his high reputation as a master of that instrument, in the manipulation of which he has few equals in this part of the country. He gave with great effect an improvisation of airs from Gounod's opera of *Faust*, and, in response to an encore, played the well-known air with variations, "Home, sweet home."

Mr Wallworth, the well-known and esteemed professor of singing, announces his benefit at the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Saturday morning, March 25, when an operetta from his pen, entitled *Kevin's Choice*, will be heard for the first time, preceded by a concert at which Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Redfern Hollins, and Mr J. T. Carrodus, the eminent violinist, will lend their valuable assistance.

It is reported that Gayarre, the Royal Italian Opera tenor, will go to the Teatro Nacional, Buenos Ayres, instead of Stagno. (*Orchestra*, &c.—Dr Blitge.)

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TONIC SOL-FA.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr Mundella, M.P., Vice-President of the Council, by Dr G. A. Macfarren, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music :—

SIR,—I am told it is contemplated by the Council of Education to authorize the use of the Tonic Sol-fa system of musical notation in elementary schools throughout the country, and, as I think strongly on this subject, I trust you will allow me to offer my carefully-formed opinion for your consideration. I think the system to be bad, because it hinders the acquisition of a sense of pitch, which is a most valuable quality for musicians; because it confounds the characteristics of keys, which have distinctly different harmonic derivation; and because many of its signs are so vague that persons familiar with the system often mistake them. I think it to be inconvenient, because it can only apply to music up to a very definite limit; because persons who have learnt from this system have greater difficulty to acquire the ordinary technicalities of music than those who begin to study the art from the standard notation; and because persons who can read only from this system are unable to participate in musical performances with those who read from the usual alphabet. I think the adoption of the system unjust, since imposing on the poor an expenditure of time and money which they can never turn to any practical account, and placing them at a disadvantage with the rich, who are able to read musical publications of all countries; whereas the use of this exceptional notation is confined to a sect in England and some of its colonies alone.—I have the honour to be, sir, faithfully yours,

7, *Hamilton Terrace.* G. A. MACFARREN.

A ROYAL VOLUME OF MUSIC.

An interesting addition to memorials of the late Prince Consort has been made by the publication, in one handsome volume, of a number of musical pieces from his pen. Although it is not stated that the forty compositions thus brought together are only a part of his Royal Highness's musical work, there appears to be good reason for thinking so. The Prince was devoted to the art, and fond of committing his thoughts to paper. Indeed, not long after he came to reside in this country so many pieces bearing his name were accessible that some ingenious persons conceived the idea of working them up into an opera, and were only induced to relinquish the project upon payment of a sum of money by the illustrious and alarmed composer. If the secret history of the present volume were written, it would probably appear that a selection has been made, under exalted auspices, of the Prince's best and most serious work; but, be this as it may, a large circle of amateurs will welcome the book, not only for what it is as music, but because it exemplifies the grave and earnest spirit of a man who truly loved the art; who, as his famous letter to Mendelssohn shows, knew how to honour artists; and who strove, as far as his abilities and manifold duties allowed, to be an artist himself.

The volume contains pieces that, in one form or other, are already known, such as "Morgengebet," the original of a psalm-tune called "Gotha"; the "Christmas Hymn," which has long had a place in collections of music for use in public worship; the *Te Deum*, and the cantata for voices and orchestra, *Invocazione all' Armonica*. But while its contents are not wholly unfamiliar, the book comes with enough of novelty about it to aid the interest of its origin in making up a considerable attraction. It begins with a number of songs to German words by Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg; by the composer himself, Von Kleist, Michael Beer, and others. In looking through these it is impossible not to see how the grave and tender nature of the Prince is illustrated by his choice of subjects. All the themes are poetical, and some display a vivid fancy; but there is a more or less obvious tinge of seriousness running through each. In this spirit the composer treated them. His music is most often sedate and measured of utterance. Occasionally it borders upon liveliness, but never approaches flippancy. Honest in all things, the Prince here exemplifies what was undoubtedly his own prevailing mood, and likewise his distinct conviction that art is a serious pursuit. The structure of the songs shows a certain homeliness, or, perhaps, conservatism of method. Into the new lyric world which Schubert opened up by the composition of his matchless *Lieder*—a world whither Schumann pressed, and Liszt, and Franz, and all the lights of modern song—Prince Albert either declined to enter as a matter of taste, or because he distrusted his ability to advance so far. Hence we do not find that co-ordination of voice and pianoforte which sometimes in its impulse overshoots the mark and makes the voice subordinate. Rather is the pianoforte strictly limited to the province of accompaniment in the usual forms of full harmonies, broken chords, *arpeggios* of sedate movement, an occasional passage of *tremolo*, somewhat liberal use of chords in syncopation, and so on. Meanwhile the voice part has about it a good deal of the simplicity of the *Volkslied*. As a rule, its compass is limited; its character diatonic; its rhythm regular, and its phrasing studiously symmetrical. Here, then, clearly, is no lesson adapted for study in the "intense" school. These plain and simple themes, with their equally plain and simple harmonies, are the expression of one who found the ordinary resources of music sufficient for his purpose. Under the circumstances, perhaps, we should withdraw the word "ordinary" from the foregoing sentence, because the songs give us what most contemporary composers are frightened at and run away from—the "unadorned eloquence" of a diatonic theme. Than this there is nowadays nothing more extraordinary in the higher regions of musical art, which bid fair eventually to banish melody of any kind. The Prince Consort is nearly always happy in his themes. They seem to be the natural, unforced expression of one who sang as the poetic subject moved him to sing; and when this is the case, assuming that the composer really has a soul for art, the result is never without truth, and, consequently, never without charm. His Royal Highness once congratulated Mendelssohn, in a memorable sentence, upon preserving the true faith amid the "Baal-worship of false art," and we are bound to say that there are no signs of "Baal-worship" in these pieces—no cutting with knives, and leaping and shouting, no grimaces and distortions, in a vain effort to draw down fire from a godless heaven.

The *Invocazione all' Armonica* is, comparatively speaking, an ambitious effort, and fills thirty-five folio pages with solos and choruses, but the broad and general characteristics of the piece are precisely those which we have pointed out in the songs. The distinguished composer would not get out of his depth, though the temptation was great. Hence we find a grave and measured style, and a profound submission to the "tyranny of the tone-families." That the Prince could have ventured further with safety seems clear enough, after looking at one episode of a specially agitated character; but he chose to put his trust for the most part in the power of simple melody and massive diatonic harmonies. This is further exemplified in the *Te Deum*, some passages of which are decidedly felicitous, as, for example, the ascending sequence of keys on the verses beginning "The glorious company of the Apostles," and the really able treatment of the fine contrast between the "sharpness of death" and the opening of the kingdom of Heaven. All this is truly sacred and in the best taste. Points of considerable merit are obvious also in the *Jubilate* and the anthem, "Out of the deep," although in the second case the Prince, following many old English models, cut up his work into too many short movements. The "Christmas Hymn" and chorales, together with the melody for violin, which close the volume, call for no special remark, nor need anything further be said to recommend a book having a peculiar claim upon English amateurs as presenting the works of a man who ever used his exalted position for the good of the art he professed to love, and who, with a thousand claims upon his attention, not only found time for self-culture but for stimulating the development of others. We cannot conclude without acknowledging Mr Cusins' careful editing and the handsome manner in which the volume has been turned out of hand by the publishers.—*D. T.*

At St Petersburgh, a new opera, *Snégourotschka*, by Rimsky-Korsakow, occupying five hours in performance, proved a failure.—After leaving St Petersburgh, Mdme Sembrich proceeded to Moscow, where she was to sing seven times at the Italian Operahouse.

CINCINNATI.—The festival at Cincinnati was an immense success, both artistically and financially, the amount made being 100,000 dols., 40,000 of which was Mapleson's share. In speaking of the conductor, Signor Arditi, the press are unanimous in their praises. A local journal, writing about the festival, says :—"The orchestra is here of equal importance with the voices, and it may be justly said their performance during the week was admirable. Their amount of 'tone' was ample, the purity of intonation, for so large a body of instrumentalists was admirable, and the perfection with which they accompanied the vocal music placed the band, as an opera orchestra, on the same pinnacle of efficiency as the Thomas Symphony Orchestra. Signor Arditi has a mastery over the complexity of opera music, which is surpassed by no conductor and equalled by few. His intelligence seems to be omnipresent and every detail is infallibly watched by his quick eye and followed by his sensitive ear."—*(Extract from a private letter).*

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last evening concert but one of Mr John Boosey's present series of Ballad Concerts brought together a large audience on Wednesday, at St James's Hall, the attraction, besides the accustomed singers at these entertainments, being the queen of lady violinists, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and a new patriotic song, by the Poet Laureate, entitled, "Hands all round." Mr Tennyson's stanzas are thoroughly to the purpose, as our readers will acknowledge on perusing the first of the three verses (subjoined) into which the sentiment of the poem is embodied :—

"First pledge our Queen, my friends, and then
A health to England every guest,
He best will serve the race of men,
Who loves his country best!
May freedom's oak for ever last,
With larger life from day to day:
He loves the present and the past,
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

CHORUS.

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound!
To the great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round."

These lines, set to a melody (by an amateur, we are informed), "arranged by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford," were finely declaimed by Mr Santley, and well responded to, in chorus, by the South London Society. Mdme Néruda met with unanimous approbation for her performance of a "Sarabande and Tambourin," by Leclair (for which she was twice called back to the platform), a Cavatina by Raff, and a Mazurka by Wieniawski. At the conclusion of the Mazurka, the audience would not be contented until it was repeated. The other successes were Tosti's song, "For ever and ever," and Hatton's "Simon the Cellarer" (Mr Santley); Pinsuti's "I fear no foe" (Signor Foli); Blumenthal's "Sunshine and rain," together with Hullah's "Three Fishers" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "On the banks of Allan Water" (Miss Spenser Jones); a new song, "Uncle John," music and words by F. E. Weatherly (Miss Marian Mackenzie); and Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" (Mr Edward Lloyd); all of which were encored. Mr Sidney Naylor conducted with his accustomed musicianly skill. The last evening concert is announced for Wednesday next, and the last morning concert for Wednesday, March 29th.

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday night the extraordinary attractions now presented by these concerts led again to a crowded house and an enthusiastic audience. No result could have been more natural, which fact we are entitled to insist upon because previous familiarity with the same combination of talent may have dimmed public perception of its rare value. Mdme Schumann, the worthy bearer of an illustrious name, and the representative of a grand school, is a host in herself; but when to the charm of her pianoforte playing is added that of such a quartet as MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, instead of wondering that St James's Hall is full, we marvel that the place is not by many degrees too strait for the throng of those who fain would enter. Monday's programme was one of much interest, notably because there figured in it a *Fantasiestücke* by Schumann, written for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and never before performed under Mr Chappell's auspices. The novelty of the piece may have aroused suspicion as to its merit, since it was reasonable to argue that a good work by such a master would long ago have obtained a hearing. We are not going to contend that, in the light of facts, the suspicion appears unreasonable. The composition, though full of interest, is not one of Schumann's best. It exemplifies a large number of his mannerisms, and presents but few of his characteristic beauties—that is to say, the chief ideas are frequently worked to death, without the relief afforded by the exercise of fancy; the violin and violoncello are properly treated only in one movement; and the *finale* is, in effect, little more than a string of episodes, having hardly other connection than that of contiguity. To this the excepted movement just mentioned is a valuable contrast. In form a duet for violin and violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, its graceful and melodious character won unanimous approval, to which result the exquisite playing of Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti contributed no little. Throughout the work prominence is given to the pianoforte, and, as may be supposed, Mdme Schumann took advantage of it not only to show her own executive genius, but her passion for the genius of her illustrious husband. Notwithstanding the much-vaunted "higher development" of pianoforte playing, the one "prophet" of Robert Schumann is still Robert Schumann's widow. Mdme Schumann was further heard in Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 27)—a comparatively modest and easy work, familiar, perhaps, to every amateur present on Monday night, and certainly the intimate acquaintance of all those who most appreciated the simple dignity and perfect interpretative art with which it was played. Every such performance is a valuable lesson at the present juncture. It shows what a grand school was that in which Clara Wieck learned her lessons, and how far below it is the more modern academy which inculcates the virtue of muscular exercises and nervous spasms. Mdme Schumann's reception, and the applause she received at the close of her task, were enthusiastic and prolonged enough to warrant a belief that there are more than 7,000 in our Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal. But what chance, in the long run, has distortion against classic grace? Other features of the programme were Schubert's Quartet in D minor and Haydn's in G major—both of them familiar and esteemed. The vocal music had the attraction of Miss Santley's charming talent. Alike in one of Mendelssohn's most popular songs and in Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre!" the daughter of our eminent baritone showed herself worthy of the stock from which she has sprung. More tasteful, refined, and artistic singing not even an ultra-fastidious taste could desire.—*D. T.*

—o—

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At last, *Namouna*, the new ballet in two acts and three tableaux, book by M. Nuitter, "choreography" by M. Petipa, and music by M. E. Lalo, has been produced at the Grand Opera, but the result is not very satisfactory. M. Nuitter was not as well inspired as usual when he wrote the book, which is certainly not characterized by thrilling interest, and turns upon the love of a fair slave, Namouna, for a young man, Ottavio, who languishes for some other beauty. The music does not aid the book. It is too uniform; deficient in dash, brilliancy, and, above all, action. Many of those who generally admire M. Lalo's compositions say that he has no idea what kind of music is required for a ballet. Mdlle Sangalli played the heroine. She was most charming, as vigorous as graceful, as clever a pantomimist as she is a marvellous dancer. The dresses, designed by M. Eugène Lacoste, are marvels of good taste and elegance; the scenery by those well-known artists, MM. Lavastre and Rubé-Champeron, is quite worthy their reputation. Since the first night, several judicious cuts and alterations have been made and the ballet goes somewhat better, but it can hardly have a long run.—The Library of the Opera was quietly opened, without any set ceremony, on the 1st inst. Writers on subjects connected with musical and theatrical history will find it rich in materials. Cards of admission are to be obtained on application to M. Nuitter, Keeper of the Archives.—One of M. Vaucorbeil's leading artists, M. Lassalle, had a somewhat narrow escape the other day. As he was driving along the boulevard in his brougham, the latter came into collision with a street cab and was overturned, horse and all. Fortunately, no one sustained any serious injury.

On Friday, the 10th inst., there was an explosion of gas at the Opéra-Comique, an hour or two before the opening of the doors. Some gas-fitters, employed to do something to the meter, in the Rue Marivaux, carelessly neglected to provide themselves with the safety lamps they are bound to use on such occasions. The result was an explosion, followed by an outburst of flames, and but for the heroism of Fringuet, the gasman to the theatre, who, at the risk of his life, twice dashed through the flames to turn the gas off at the main, the consequences might have been most disastrous.

A three-act buffo opera, *Coquelicot*, has been brought out at the Bouffes Parisiens. The book, founded on a vaudeville written by the Brothers Cogniard and produced in 1836, is by M. Silvestre; the music, by M. Louis Varney, composer of *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*. The music is pleasing but not very original. The dresses and scenery are exceedingly splendid.

The biddings at the sale of the second portion of the Escudier copyrights, &c., were far more brisk than at the sale of the first. *Aïda* fetched 100,000 francs, the purchaser being M. Alphonse Leduc. M. Heugel & Son bought M. Ambroise Thomas's *Songe* and *Caïd* for 40,000 francs, as well as Auber's *Gustave*. Verdi's *Ernani* and *Requiem* fell to M. Lemoine for 20,000 francs; his

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Don Carlos and *Simon Boccanegra* to Ricordi, of Milan, at least, so it is said. Sig. Vianesi acquired *Jerusalem* for 7,000, and M. Kybourtz, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, for 6,100 francs. M. Bathlot gave 7,400 francs for Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* and *Rêve d'Amour*; 3,200 for *Una Follia a Roma*, by the Brothers Ricci; and 650 for *Pierre de Médici*, by Prince Poniatowski. Clapisson's *Gibby, la Cornemuse* and *Gastibelza*, Maillart's first work, were bought by M. O'Kelly for 350 francs. Arban's *Méthode* was adjudged to M. Leduc for 33,000 francs, and Bottesini's (for the Double-Bass) to M. Lemoine for 4,200. The total of the upset prices was 193,470 francs; the sum realized, 263,000.

A VISIT TO MAD. PASTA.*

(To Monsieur Heugel, Director of the "Ménestrel.")

You ask me, my dear Monsieur Heugel, for a little narrative of my visit to Mad. Pasta. With all my heart. I eagerly seize the opportunity of gratifying one who knows so well how to be agreeable to others.

It was about 1858. I was on the point of setting out for Italy. Rossini said to me: "Go and see Mad. Pasta at her villa on the Lake of Como. I will not give you a letter. Mention my name, tell her yours, and you will be well received, for she is a good sort of woman." One morning, a few days later, I got into the little boat moored to the steps of the Hôtel d' Angleterre on the Lake of Como, and was conveyed to Mad. Pasta's villa. On my arrival, I gave the servant my card, and, following him closely to a tolerably handsome drawing-room, perceived, surrounded by two or three visitors, a stout homely woman, with thick black eyebrows, a slight moustachio, a red complexion, and regular features, buried in a large armchair, and very anxious to find her eyeglass, but very much embarrassed how to do so, as it was probably lost behind her back, and she greatly needed it to read the name on my card, for she was exceedingly short-sighted. I entered too soon for her to continue her search, and there she sat, with my card in her hand, without knowing who I was. I took advantage of this to have a little fun. At the mention of Rossini's name her face brightened up, and I recognised something of her whom I had so admired as Anna Bolena and Desdemona, in *Tancredi*, and as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*. I turned the conversation to Italian music, in which I was at home, for, during three years, I had not missed, whenever I was in Paris, a single performance at the Théâtre Italien. I belonged to the category of passionate dilettanti; section of the fanatics. I began by speaking to her about herself and each of her creations. I discussed in detail the characters she gave the different personages, and the particular effects produced by her as actress or singer; I even mentioned several performances in which she had surpassed herself. As I spoke, I saw her glance sideways at my card in the hope of reading my name, while she thought: "Who can the man be?" So I went on, comparing her to Malibran, to Mdlle Sontag, and to Mad. Pisaroni, and endeavouring to define the talent of each. The more I spoke the more her curiosity increased, and the more she interrogated the accursed little card—which for her bad eyesight was mute. After a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes of my little exhibition of dramatico-lyric fireworks, I took my leave, and, jumping lightly into my boat, started on my way back to the Hôtel d' Angleterre. But, before I arrived, I heard behind me another boat coming along as fast as oars could urge it, and someone hailing me. On looking round, I saw it was Mad. Pasta's boatman. "Sir, Sir!" he said, "Madame is exceedingly sorry! She did not know who you were! She is coming to call on you directly." "By no means! By no means! I will go back to her." Half-an-hour afterwards, I re-entered her drawing-room, and she ran forward to meet me. "Ah! my dear friend" (we had never seen each other before), "you puzzled me nicely," she said. "But come, seat yourself there, and let us have a chat." Then I understood what Rossini's observation meant, and his observations always meant something, when he said she was a good sort of a woman. We do not see many such in France. We have a great many women who are good, but very few, especially among artists, to whom the designation, a good sort of a woman, is applicable. As much goodness as you can desire! But we seldom meet with *bonhomie*. With the fair artists of France, there is always a touch of coquetry, a something of the pretty woman, and in this Mad. Pasta was utterly wanting! I could not credit my eyes. Was that the queenly being I had seen! Was all her nobleness of physiognomy, her beauty of attitude, and the sovereign grace, which Talma so admired, come to that! She looked like a worthy shopkeeper's wife. There was no studied elegance of dress; no defence against the attacks of age.

"You must know, my dear friend," she said, "that I get up every morning at eight o'clock, and then go and water my vegetables, only, as the grass is very damp, I put on boots, and," she added, laughing as though she would split her sides, "*I dress like a zouave*. . . . But all that has nothing to do with the question. We will, if you do not mind, talk a little about our art. I read in the papers of your writing Mad. Ristori a Medea that was very successful."—"I did so," I replied without false modesty, "and I am very glad of it."—"I, too, used to play Medea, in a piece written by Mayer; it was one of my finest characters. I should like to hear what Ristori did. In the first place what was her costume?"—"An antique costume designed by Scheffer from a Greek vase."—"Very rich?"—"No, very simple. It was rather sombre in colour, but very much spread out and full."—"And her head-dress?"—"Her hair."—"No diadem?"—"None! She had copied a Medusa's head from an antique medal, and a mass of hair, falling on each side of her face in close ringlets, resembled a number of small serpents. It was something terrible."—"I had a diadem, put together with great care and trouble. I introduced into it precious stones and metal plates, red and blue, to represent flames! I wanted, when I appeared, to look like a sorceress."—"Because your Medea was one."—"Of course, she was. And yours?"—"Mine was a woman and a mother."—"So was mine."—"Yes, but, as regards myself, resolutely putting aside car, magic wand, winged dragons, and invocations, I concentrated all my efforts in painting Medea's heart, with its fits of despair, of resentment, and of fury; only, to leave her her tragic and epic character, I did not make her a Greek, but a barbarian. I gathered, so to speak, round her figure and soul all the storms from the shores of the Black Sea; I made her a kind of priestess of the sanguinary divinities of Tauris."

Mad. Pasta listened to me with the deepest attention, as if endeavouring to reconstruct the new Medea. Suddenly she said: "My dear friend, will you do me a great favour?"—"Certainly."—"Read me the principal scenes of your piece."—"In French?"—"Yes, in French, but you must explain to me Mad. Ristori's intentions and the effects she produced,"—"Nothing is more easy, for I have a copy which I brought to offer you, and I went through the part, syllable by syllable, so thoroughly with my admirable interpretess that I can give her to the life! . . . . Only, I make one stipulation."—"What is it?"—"Why, that when I have finished, you, in your turn, shall sing me some passages from your Medea."—"But, my dear friend, I do not sing any more."—"Well, you shall sing for me, as I will read for you."—"So be it, I accept."

I began. As I read, I described all Mad. Ristori's stage business, and sometimes even reproduced her intonations in Italian. In a word, I did all I could that my hostess might, so to speak, witness the performance. She followed me with impassioned intelligence, interrupting me from time to time for the purpose of saying: "I am sorry that I was not given that sentiment! It would have been admirable for singing." After I had read more than an hour, I stopped and said: "Now it is your turn."

She took her place at the piano. Scarcely was she seated and had commenced her air, before her face was transfigured! Her eyebrows quivered, her mouth was raised, and all her features assumed an expression of pathetic grandeur. The Pasta of other days rose up before me; it seemed to me as though she had been touched and metamorphosed by a magician's wand. And I was right. The magician was art! Every great artist grows young again in the presence of the God. I once saw a more than septuagenarian actor reappear in some special performance. His dash, high spirits, and animation were something wonderful. . . . He was thirty! When the piece was over, I ran to his dressing-room to compliment him; I found him tottering on his legs, with trembling limbs, and uncertain speech; he was a hundred! Mad. Pasta presented to my view the same process of rejuvenescence. Her voice, it is true, had grown weaker, the high notes were somewhat exhausted, and the execution was imperfect; but

* From *The Ménestrel.*

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there remained what we admire in some half-destroyed frescoes of Leonardo da Vinci, beauty of outline, style, emotion; and heard thus, quite close, her singing had about it something mysterious and indefinite, which enabled the hearer to dream what she who was called Pasta had been! I carried away a deep remembrance of it with me.

To complete our artistic entertainment, she took me to the end of her garden and showed me a small rotunda-shaped pavilion, where I perceived, placed in niches in the wall, six busts. They were those of the great female artists with whom she had sung: Grassini, for whom she professed real admiration; Catalani, Pisaroni, Malibran, Sontag, and Mad. Damoreau. Recollecting that she had created Norma, at Milan, with Grisi as Adalgisa, I said: "I do not see Grisi. Why have you not put her in your little Pantheon?"—"Oh! *mio caro!*" she replied, with half a smile, marking thus, with a word, I might almost say an intonation, the enormous distance separating artists of the first rank from the most brilliant virtuosas of the second.

Such, my dear Monsieur Heugel, is a faithful narrative of my visit to Mad. Pasta, and I shall be happy if it amuses, for a moment, the readers of the *Ménestrel*. E. Legouvé.

—o—

WAIFS.

Joseph Wieniawski has left Paris for Brussels.

A Society for Classical Music has been founded at Perpignan.

Lohengrin has been well received at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The First Austrian Ladies' Quartet have been singing in Riga.

Hans von Bülow recently gave a "pianoforte evening" in Breslau.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* is in rehearsal at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Ciro Pinsuti's new opera, *Margherita*, is still performing at the Fenice, Venice.

Mdme Fursch-Madier has returned from St Petersburgh, and was recently in Milan.

An Italian version of Johann Strauss's *Lustiger Krieg* is a success at the Valle Theatre, Rome.

Mdlle Marianne Eissler, a young Austrian violinist, is in Paris, with the view to giving concerts.

Gounod's *Tribut de Zamorra* has been performed at the Teatro Regio, Turin, with moderate success.

It is said that Massenet's *Hérodiade* will shortly be performed in Geneva and, somewhat later, Bologna.

Vizentini will, ere long, retire from the management of Italian Operas in St Petersburgh and Moscow.

The Augsburg Municipality have selected Ucko, of Stuttgart, as manager of the Stadttheater, from next autumn.

Mad. Sophie Menter has been making an enormous sensation in Moscow. (Menter—Liszt, of course.—Dr Blidge.)

Medini, the bass, has been compelled by indisposition, to cancel his engagement for the Italian operatic season in Odessa.

Mdlle Bianca Bianchi selected *La Sonnambula* for her *début* at the Milan Scala. The "*cognoscenti*" were charmed with her talent

Frank Kullak will carry on the New Academy of Music, Berlin, directed for so many years by the late Theodor Kullak, his father.

The Italian operatic season, under Ciampi's management, at Odessa, was inaugurated with *Lucia*. The second opera was *Il Barbiere*.

Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* is to be revived at the Milan Scala. The cast will include Mad. Borelli, MM. Mierzwinski, Naunetti, and Maurel.

The Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen has conferred on G. Lederer, "heroic Tenor" of the Stadttheater, Leipsic, the title of Chamber-Singer.

Müller-Kaunberg, formerly of the Ducal Theatre, Coburg, is engaged for five years in place of our own Schott, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Accounts from Liége speak in high terms of the *début* of a twelve-year-old pianist, named Flohr, pupil of the Liége Conservatory, and a native of Bonn.

Zumpe, conductor at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is engaged from the 1st September, in the same capacity at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

Masini, the Verdi tenor, has been offered a three years' re-engagement in St Petersburgh with a salary of 130,000 francs for each year.—(330,000.—Dr Blidge.)

Mdme Krauss, in return for her co-operation in the performance, at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the victims by the calamity at the Ringtheater, has been created an Imperial Chamber-Singer to the Emperor of Austria.

Count Geza Zichy, the one-handed noble Hungarian amateur pianist, is making a concert-tour in Germany, and will devote the proceeds to charitable purposes.

Engel has secured the services of Mdme Schröder-Hanfstängl, *prima donna* in Stuttgart, and of Theodor Wachtel for the approaching season at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

On account of distinguished professional merit, Ernest Schuch, Court *Capellmeister*, Dresden, has had the title of Royal *Hofrath* conferred on him by the King of Saxony.

Zoribal, a new opera, words by C. Hofmann, music by Friedrich Wick, a member of the orchestra, has been given amid general approbation at the Court Theatre, Sondershausen.

At a concert for a charitable purpose, in St Matthew's Church, Leipsic, the programme included Handel's "Jubilate," Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and Johannes Brahms's "Triumphlied."

A lecture on the great German composers, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, was given by Mr Sinclair Dunn, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, under the auspices of the Manchester Tonic Sol-fa Council, in the Association Hall, Peter Street, on Wednesday last. Mr James Hindle was the accompanist. Excerpts from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn were very creditably rendered.

Since the public journals are apt to give advice and instruction to theatrical managers on the subject of precautions against fire, Mr Hollingshead is not perhaps unreasonably proud of the success which crowned the efforts of his staff to extinguish a fire on Saturday morning in the premises of our contemporary the *Morning Post*, caused by a rather alarming explosion of gas. As the flames were quickly communicated to the ceiling of apartments in the basement there seems some reason to believe that both the newspaper offices and the Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant, which form one block of buildings, might by this time have been in ruins but for the prompt assistance at hand. We learn that within about three minutes after the first alarm the Gaiety firemen, under the direction of Mr Talbot Smith and Mr Hartt, had connected the necessary lengths of hose with their powerful hydrants, and within ten minutes had entirely extinguished the flames.—M. T.

THY WILL BE DONE.*

In this wide world we all must bear
Much bitter pain and vexing strife,
There lives not one who does not share
The sorrows of the human life.

It matters not if rich or poor,
If noble or of lowly birth,
Each one their burthen must endure
Till death removes them from this earth.

How oft our projects are laid low,
And all our brightest dreams depart,
By means of some deep crushing blow
That pales the cheek and breaks the heart.

When death from those we love doth sever,
It gives to us the greatest pain,
For it has parted us for ever,
Ne'er on earth to meet again.

Yet let us strive with all our might
That it be fully understood,
Whatever God sends us is right,
Whate'er He does is for our good.

So therefore, 'midst our grief and pain,
Tho' oft with sorrow overcome,
Let us with chasten'd heart exclaim—
Thy will, O God! not ours be done!

* *Copyright.* Emily Josephs.

Vienna.—Some time since, Ernestine Gindele, the well-known operatic singer, gave Stahl, broker and money-changer, 110,000 florins to invest in public securities. On her betrothal to Guillaume, wine-grower and merchant of Bordeaux, she requested Stahl to let her have her money back. Stahl then confessed that he had lost nearly the whole in speculations on Change, 17,000 florins, found at his office when searched, being all that was left.

Munich.—The attraction this week at the Theatre Royal has been Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*. *Das Rheingold* was given on the 14th inst.; *Die Walküre*, on the 15th; and *Siegfried*, on the 17th. The *Gotterdämmerung* concludes the series to-morrow, the 19th. The work will be given at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, with all the Bayreuth scenery, dresses, properties, &c., by Angelo Neumann, on the 28th, 29th, 30th August, and 1st September.

Stuttgart.—The Association for Classical Sacred Music, under the direction of Dr Faisst, recently gave a Historical Concert with the subjoined programme: "Präambulum," Johann Maria; "Gloria," Josquin de Prés; "Improperieu," Palestrina; Chorale, Jacob Prätorius; Song, Giacomo Carissimi; "Giacona," Dietrich Buxtehude; Song, Johann Wolfgang Franck; "Magnificat," Francesco Durante; Organ Concerto, Friedmann Bach; "Offertorium," Mozart; Psalm, Maximilian Stadler; "Responsorium," Eduard Grell; Recitative and Air from *Die Zerstorung Jerusalems*, Ferdinand Hiller; and Psalm, Mendelssohn.

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Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, London, March 5th, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Some time since, being greatly fatigued with over-work and long hours at business, my health (being naturally delicate) became very indifferent. I lost all energy, strength, and appetite, and was so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As you are aware, I sent for a dozen of your Extract of Meat and Malt Wine, which, in a few days, pulled me up marvellously. Three or four glasses of it daily have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever, "without the assistance of a doctor." I am now giving it to my son, twelve years of age, whom we have always thought consumptive, and from a puny, ailing boy, he seems to be fast growing into a strong, healthy lad. Enclosed you have cheque. Please send me two dozen of the "Extract." With thanks for your prompt attention to my last, I am, Sir, yours truly, GEORGE A. TYLER.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE (COLEMAN'S).
Granspound, February 25th, 1881.

Mrs Coulson thanks Mr Coleman for the book and stamps, and she has no doubt but that "the tonic" is a good one. Mrs C. encloses twelve stamps for basket.
Mr Coleman.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, March* 18, 1882.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 12. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY, March 25th, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Spring* (Goetz); Symphony in E flat, "The Rhenish" (Schumann); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G (Beethoven); Pianoforte Solos (Rubinstein and Thalberg); Suite, "The Language of Flowers" (Cowen). Vocalist—Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianists—Miss Marie Krebs. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Continued from page 164.)

The Double Marriage tided the theatre on till Easter, when Macready came over for a short series of performances in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. In these plays, he was supported by the Ghost, Iago, and Macduff of Mr Henry Marston. Mrs Warner, as before, played Gertrude, nor did she consider Emilia beneath her talents. Her Lady Macbeth had long been held by old playgoers as by far the finest seen since the days of the famous Mrs Siddons. With a revival of *King Henry VIII.*, in which she sustained the character of Queen Katherine, this lady took her leave of the Marylebone Theatre on Monday, the 8th of May. Mrs Warner had to confess the failure of her efforts to create an audience, and pecuniarily she was a heavy loser by her speculation, but in an artistic sense she had covered herself with glory, and her experiment, so honourably conceived, and to the end so consistently carried out, will ever remain a memorable feature in the chronicles of the English stage.

After remaining closed for some weeks the house was re-opened by Mr Walter Watts, in the middle of July, with Mr and Mrs Keeley in Bayle Bernard's romantic drama, *Lucille; A Tale of the Heart*. Mr Watts began by managing on the starring system, but his stars were supported by a good working company, and the same careful attention was bestowed upon all the embellishments of the stage, as during the reign of Mrs Warner. If there was not the same continuous design, there was still enough of merit and elegance in the performances, to retain the *prestige* already gained. The Keeleys remained for some weeks playing in *The Dream at Sea*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *The Forty Thieves*, and other of their old Lyceum pieces, and were succeeded by the Irish comedian, Mr Hudson; by the Americans, Mr Davenport and Mrs Mowatt, the latter an actress of more sweetness than power, endowed with rare personal loveliness and charm; and by Mr T. P. Cooke, who, of course, brought with him *The Pilot*, *Poor Jack*, and the inevitable *Black-Eyed Susan*. A one-act drama, which still lives, *The Midnight Watch*, by Mr Maddison Morton, first saw the light here in October, and was very well acted by Miss Fanny Vining, Mr H. T. Craven, and Mr James Johnstone. Early in November, Mr Buckstone and Mrs Fitzwilliam commenced with *The Flowers of the Forest*, an engagement which lasted for the remainder of the year.

Mr Davenport and Mrs Mowatt returned at the beginning of 1849, and the management then settled down to a steady course, relying upon the production of the Modern, in conjunction with the Elder, Drama. The company, in addition to the above, consisted of the Misses Fanny Vining, Villars, M. Oliver, and Charlotte Saunders; Mrs Newberry and Mrs Johnstone; Messrs James Johnstone, H. T. Craven, Belton, George Cooke, Herbert, Norton, and J. W. Ray. "A new and original five-act drama" of the picturesque and romantic school, entitled *Armand, or the Peer and the Peasant*, of which Mrs Mowatt herself was the authoress, was the first event of the new year. Tobin's delightful comedy, *The Honeymoon*, was given in February, with Mr Davenport as Duke Aranza, Mrs Mowatt as Juliana, and Miss Vining as Donna Volante. Mr Watts also produced *A Dream of Life*, written by himself, at the end of March, and Mr Benjamin Barnett appeared as Monsieur Jacques in his brother, Morris Barnett's version of Scribe's vaudeville. *Pizarro* was revived in a very creditable manner, with Mrs Mowatt as Elvira, Miss F. Vining as Cora, and Mr Davenport as Rolla, in March. The Easter novelties consisted of a five-act play, *The Heart's Trials*, by Mr Hughes, of the Adelphi Theatre, followed by a burlesque on *Guy Fawkes*, written by Albert Smith. A little later Mrs Mowatt appeared as Juliet, to the Mercutio of Mr Davenport, and the Romeo of Miss Fanny Vining. In May a version of Latour's tragedy, *Virginie*, adapted for the London stage by Mr John Oxenford under the title of *Virginia*, was brought out for Mrs Mowatt, who had seldom been seen to greater advantage. Early in June Mrs Centlivre's comedy, *The Wonder*, was given with Miss Vining as Violante; and a week later Mr Henry Spicer's drama, *The Witch-Wife*—a composition of high merit—was produced, in which Mr Ray created a marked impression as Sir Gerald Mole, and Mrs Mowatt sustained the part of Cecil Howard with much grace and feeling. The season closed in July, with a performance of *Love's Sacrifice*, and the old melodrama of *Luke the Labourer*—with Mr Johnstone's Luke—as the after piece.

The theatre re-opened on Monday, the 17th of September, with a new tragedy, *Velasco, or Castilian Honour*, by an American author, Mr Eps Sargent. In this Mr Davenport, Mr James Johnstone, Misses Vining and Oliver appeared. Planché's extravaganza, *Fortunio*, was then revived on a scale of much splendour, and Mrs Mowatt re-appeared as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Charles Kemble's play, *The Point of Honour*, was produced for Mr Davenport and Miss Vining in October, and we find O'Keeffe's old musical farce, *The Poor Soldier*, also in the bills. A more important event was the revival of Shakspere's *Cymbeline* at the end of this month. The *ensemble* was found unsatisfactory, but Mrs Mowatt was an ideal Imogene. A new drama, *The Crusaders*, by a Mr J. Ebsworth, written chiefly in blank verse, was given with success early in November, and Planché's *White Cat* succeeded *Fortunio*, as the after-piece. During the last weeks of the same month the excellent acting of Mrs Mowatt as Neighbour Constance, and the richness of the decorations, gave considerable importance to the representation of Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*. The final "circumstance" of Mr Watts' management was the revival of the *Twelfth Night*, in which Mr Davenport played Malvolio to the Viola of Mrs Mowatt. The season terminated on Monday, the 10th of December, the piece chosen for the occasion being Knowles's *Wife of Mantua*, in which Mrs Mowatt played Mariana, and Mr Davenport St Pierre. Mr Watts* removed to the New Olympic Theatre at Christmas, as offering a wider field of enterprise, and the Marylebone was sublet to Mr Edward Stirling.

Mr Stirling commenced operations on Boxing night with a pantomime, *Harlequin Fairy-Land*, the joint invention of Mr Walter Watts and Mr Nelson Lee. This was followed by a series of his own dramas, such as *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Mendicant's Son*, *The Road of Life*, *Jane Lomax*, and others, all of the domestic order, in which Mrs Gordon took the lead. At Easter, 1850, Mr Gustavus Brooke was engaged for a series of Shaksperian performances, supported by Messrs James Johnstone, Belton, Herbert, and Mrs Seymour. In the middle of November Mr Joseph Stammers, the well-known *entrépreneur* of the once popular Wednesday concerts, became lessee, and brought with him the charming Mrs Nisbett, who, as Lady Gay Spanker, Neighbour Constance, and Helen in *The Hunchback*, delighted the inhabitants of Marylebone, but showed the limit of her powers, by attempting Portia—to the Shylock of Mr James Johnstone. There was an excellent pantomime, *Harlequin Alfred the Great, or The Magic Raven and the Mystic Banjo*, from the pen of Mr George Herbert Rodwell, at Christmas, with Tom Matthews as Clown. Mr Stammers dignified his theatre with the imposing title of the "London English Opera." The only pieces given, however, with even the slightest lyric pretention, were the old musical dramas of *Rob Roy* and *The Slave*, and, perhaps, Shakspere's *Macbeth*, with Locke's choruses, and Mr Henry Drayton as Hecate.

(To be continued.)

BERLIN.—After a rest of thirty years, Gluck's *Alceste* has been again performed at the Royal Operahouse. A complete failure when originally played in Paris on the 23rd April, 1776, it was first produced in this capital on the 15th October, 1817, and frequently repeated down to 1853. The present cast includes Mad. von Voggenhuber, Alceste; Herr Niemann, Admetes; Herr Betz, Herakles; and Herr Fricke, High Priest.—Owing to want of support, the Italian season at the Victoria Theatre was brought to a conclusion sooner than originally intended. Yet the company was a good one and counted among its members Mdlles Turolla, Pasqua, Signori Corsi, Verger and De Bernis. The last novelty produced was Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, one of the few new operas written by Italian composers during the last ten years which have maintained their position on the lyric stage in Italy.

GENEVA.—Though the Corporation had not decided whether or no they would give the extraordinary grant demanded for the scenery of *L'Hérodiade*, the manager of the Theatre made up his mind some time since to bring out that work.

---

* A few months later Mr Watts, who was a clerk in the Globe Insurance Office, was arrested on a charge of defalcation, and died shortly afterwards, by his own hand, in prison.

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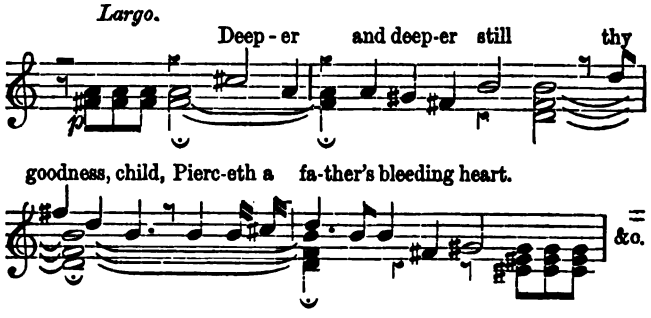
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 165.)

Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," in the oratorio of *Jephthah*, is an example of accompanied recitative with occasional bars in time and of speaking recitative.

After several repetitions of a chord the voice enters over the same chord sustained. This and the following phrase may be considered *speaking recitative*, for the accompaniment of sustained chords does not impede the voice, and, therefore, though the music is written in exact common time in every bar, the voice may take its own time in somewhat of the following manner:—

Ex. 140.



The accents of the bars must be preserved as written, but the actual length of each bar is not restricted to the four crotchets of common time in which it is written, and may vary with every bar. After a very short interlude the next vocal phrase, being accompanied with repeated chords, must needs be sung in time, and, therefore, it is *recitative in time*.

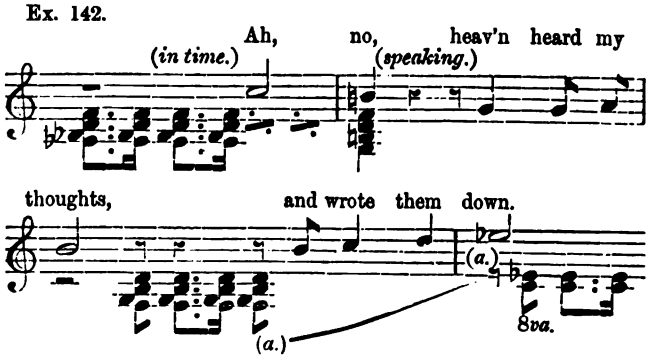
Ex. 141.

Several short interludes occur, each followed by a short vocal phrase in which the voice, being alone, is free as to time, and, therefore, sings in *speaking recitative*.

After more repetitions of a chord, as at first, the voice has short phrases in *speaking recitative* over sustained chords, which, though written on the accent of bars, must be first sounded in the rests of the voice.

A longer interlude follows this, and the voice enters *in time* over the last few notes, and after the cessation of the interlude breaks into *speaking recitative* of short phrases divided by short interludes.

Ex. 142.



At (*a.a.*) it must be noticed how a single part, when it is the only one sounding at the moment, can be sufficient resolution for a whole discord.

After this, an accompaniment of rapidly repeated chords obliges the voice to be *in time*, but the close must be *speaking*, and the two last chords fall after the close of the voice, thus:—

Ex. 143.

The remainder of the recitative is in short phrases; those of the voice free as to time and alternating with groups of repeated chords in the accompaniment, which fill up the rests of the voice and help out the stammering and halting expression of the father. Though these groups of chords can scarcely be called interludes, they are yet of importance in the expression and thus prevent this part from being considered simply as speaking recitative.

Another recitative of the same kind is that allotted to Semele, in Handel's so-called oratorio of that name, when she begins to realize and to feel the doom that is falling upon her, "Ah, me! too late, I now repent."

We may wonder why so much has been, and still is, left incomplete in the writing of music for singer and accompanist to fill up. The answer is in the gradual growth of the writing of music for many hundred years, and in the fact that it never can be complete; for, were every musical point noted down, there must still be the soul of it left unwritten which singer and player must find out and shew by their sympathy with the composer's thoughts. Happy is it for music, for performers, and for listeners, when this soul is thus found out and shewn.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

At a meeting in St James's Palace on behalf of the proposed Royal College of Music, the Lord Mayor assured his Royal Highness the chairman that the Corporation would assist as far as funds would permit. It lay upon the speaker's mind, perhaps, that a school of music exists which owes its life to civic enterprise, and has a first claim upon consideration; but, be this as it may, the Guildhall academy continues to receive abundant official support, remains in a flourishing state, and bids fair to take a high place among institutions of the kind. We the more rejoice thereat since education is given freely to amateurs, the aim of the school not being limited to the increase of an already crowded profession, many of whose members find it hard to hold their own against fierce competition. The concert given by the Guildhall pupils at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon was on several accounts a satisfactory display. Its details are not for criticism, but we may bear our testimony to the merit shown, and offer timely words of encouragement to the young performers—words never more welcome than amid the doubt and diffidence incidental to first setting out on a course the end of which is particularly hard to foresee. Some choral pieces proved that *ensemble* singing is by no means neglected at the school, while in one or two instances they served to show the existence of creditable ability in composition. We may cite as an example Mr D. Davies's setting of "It was a lover and his lass." Mention should also be made of Miss Allitsen's "Stars of the summer night." This is for a single voice, and was well given by Mr. Henderson. The instrumental solos were, perhaps, even more suggestive of fair ability and cultivation. Prominent amongst these were a caprice (Vieuxtemps), capitally played by Master Leipold, a pupil of Mr Carrodus, and a work for violoncello, in which Mr B. L. Johnson distinguished himself. Not to enter further into particulars hardly called for by circumstances, we may say generally that the concert not only gratified a large audience, but did great credit to Mr Weist Hill, the conductor, and to the professors engaged in training the pupils who appeared.—*D. T.*

DRESDEN.—The 75th anniversary of the Dreyssig Singakademie was duly celebrated on the 6th inst. by a special concert, attended by Herr von Nostitz, one of the ministers, and various other persons of distinction. In honour of the occasion, the king conferred on the conductor, Herr Adolph Blassman, the Albert Order, first class. The Society, which now numbers 198 members, was founded in 1807 by Herr Dreyssig, court organist, chiefly for the cultivation of classical sacred music. At his death its conduct was assumed by Theodor Weinlig, in 1815. Then came the Precentor Mende (1823), Dr Johann Schneider (1832), Rob. Pfretzschner, Adolph Reichel, Gustav Merkel, and lastly, in 1873, Herr Adolph Blassman.

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MUSIC FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET."

The beautiful and appropriate music with which Sir Julius Benedict has enriched the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum reminds us that this is not the first time that an attempt has been made to stimulate the imagination of the spectator by introducing musical performances into the representation of this play. Who was the composer of the Dirge which used to be sung by chorus and solo vocalists at the commencement of Act V. does not appear; though his rather obtrusive efforts seem to have been eminently acceptable to the tastes of audiences of the latter half of the eighteenth century, and were even in favour down to the days when Elliston played Romeo at Drury Lane to the Juliet of Mrs Henry Siddons, and when Master Betty and Miss Smith represented the same characters at Covent Garden. So important was this embellishment of the poet's work considered that a whole scene representing "the inside of a church" was interpolated expressly for its accommodation, wherein the body of Juliet was seen to be carried to the tomb, followed by a long funeral procession singing the chorus, "Rise, rise, heartbreaking sighs," &c., on which the solo singer exclaimed:

How couldst thou, Death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parents' joy?

and implored for strength "To bear the loss of thee." To do him justice this ridiculous scene, though tacked on to Garrick's version, and played in association with it for sixty years or more, does not seem to have been introduced by Garrick. As far as is known, it was first added in 1750 by Barry in the revival at Covent Garden, when that celebrated actor played Romeo, and the no less distinguished Mrs Cibber, sister of Dr Arne, the famous composer, appeared as Juliet.

It may be worth a note that this—the first recorded appearance of Mrs Cibber in the part—was made at the age of thirty-eight; Barry, the Romeo of the occasion, being five years younger. The lady was forty-two in 1754, when Garrick, then thirty-eight, played Romeo to her Juliet at Drury Lane. Garrick's first appearance as Romeo appears, from the evidence of Genest, to have been made at the age of thirty-four; his last in 1756, when he was forty. Edmund Kean's first appearance as Romeo was in January, 1815, when he was in his twenty-eighth year.—*Daily News.*

CAPE COLONY.

(From a Correspondent.)

It may interest some of the readers of the *Musical World* to receive a few notes from South Africa. A little more than six months ago the "Suburban Choral Union" was formed, with the object of studying the works of the great composers, as well as for the practice of vocal music generally. The effective members of the Society number seventy altogether, with a limited roll of subscribers. Within the short space of time the Society has been established it has met with marked success, two concerts having been given during the season—the first, a miscellaneous selection, including Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and the second lately given, when Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, was performed to a large and appreciative audience. By those capable of judging, the last-named especially was pronounced to be a highly creditable performance. The solo parts were taken by Dr Murray, Messrs Biden and Stapleton, and the Misses Graham, Berg, Tait, and Wright. Miss Berg's clear voice was heard to great advantage in the first sopranos and in the beautiful duet, "The Seraph Band"; and Mr Biden, who has a rich bass voice, was much admired in the solo, "Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship." The somewhat difficult choruses, "About, about, in reel and rout," and "The upper air burst into life," were rendered with much precision, and the concluding chorus, "What loud uproar," was well sustained to the end. It can be truly said that the vocalists, one and all, seemed to enter fully into the spirit and design of the composer. For the undoubted success of the performance, thanks are mainly due to the conductor, Signor Maggi, who has taken considerable pains with the individual parts to raise them to so high a pitch of excellence. The piano accompaniment was played by Mr C. V. Thomas, organist of St George's Cathedral, and the harmonium by Mr G. H. Smith. The secretary and treasurer of the Society is Mr G. E. Goodban, long and favourably known as a skilled amateur violinist.

Since writing this short notice, the cantata has been repeated at the Claremont Hall, in aid of the Society's funds. A. A. D.

STUTTGART.—Spohr's *Jessonda* has been revived at the Theatre Royal, with Mdme Schröder-Hanfstängl as the heroine. Despite the admirable manner in which it was executed, under the direction of Herr Abert, it found but a cool reception from the public, who appeared no longer to take any warm interest in its beauties, and it will, probably, not be often repeated.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last evening concert of the present series of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts came off on Wednesday, the singers being Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Misses Santley, Mary Davies, and Damian, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Oswald, and Santley, together with the South London Choral Society. The concert gave general satisfaction, the audience being very demonstrative and insisting on the repetition of many of the songs, including Hugh Clendon's "Good Night" (Miss Mary Davies), Behrend's "Once, and once only" (Mr Edward Lloyd), "O ruddier than the cherry" (Mr Santley, who responded with Hatton's passionate address "To Anthea"), Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (Mdme Sterling, with her talented husband's pianoforte accompaniment, Mr Sidney Naylor presiding at the organ), Molloy's "Old Lace" (Miss Damian), Blumenthal's "Far away, where angels dwell" (Mr Edward Lloyd, who substituted Balfe's "When other lips"), "Wapping Old Stairs" (Miss Santley, who gave "Truant Love" instead), Villiers Stanford's arrangement of the Irish song, "Father O'Flynn" (Mr Santley, who acknowledged the compliment by singing Sullivan's "Curate's Song" from *The Sorcerer*), and Marzials' "A Summer Shower" (Miss Mary Davies, who replied by singing Hudson's "In Arcady"). Sir R. P. Stewart's part-song, "Bells of St Michael's Tower," sung by the South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables, was also unanimously encored. We must also mention that Mr Venables' arrangement of "The Last Rose of Summer" was so much applauded that the clever conductor was obliged to return to the platform and bow his acknowledgments. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied.

Mr John Boosey announces a Morning Ballad Concert for Wednesday next, March 29th, being the last concert of the present season.

NEW YORK.

(Correspondence.)

Mapleson's operatic tour in the Western States of America is reported to have been very successful.—D'Oyly Carte will shortly return to England.—President Arthur went from Washington to Baltimore to witness a performance of *Patience* by an amateur company from this place.—Mdme Adelina Patti is to sail, as at present arranged, for England on the 5th April.—The marriage of the American *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, has been postponed.—*The Musical Record*, Boston (U.S.), says: "It is hinted that Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, now being composed, will be entitled *Independence*."—Mr J. Levy, the well-known cornet-player, long resident here, is suffering from paralysis of the upper lip.—Mdme Adelina Patti made her long-expected appearance in Italian opera this side the Atlantic, on Monday, the 27th ult., at the Germania Theatre, New York.—Mr Gye is to be the manager of the New National Operahouse here.

Donizetti's posthumous opera, *Il Duca d'Alba*, was brought out, with decided success, at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, on Wednesday night. All the musical and art world of the Eternal City were present, including Her Majesty Queen Margherita and the aristocracy of rank and wealth at present in Rome.

The President of the French Republic has presented a Silver Medal of Honour, First Class, to the gasman, Prinquet, who behaved so well when the explosion of gas lately took place at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

MILAN.—Among the most fashionable and most numerously attended social gatherings this winter have been the "Monday Evenings" of Signora Stolz, at her magnificent residence in the Via Bigli, which on these occasions has been the rendezvous of all the rank and beauty as well as of all the celebrities in the world of science and art to be found within the walls of this famous old city. Music was an especial attraction. The gathering on the 13th inst. was particularly brilliant. Among the fair artists present from the Scala were Signore Gazzaniga, Colson, Vaneri, Spezia, Wiziak, Stahl, and Stolzmann; the stronger sex was represented by Adalghieri, Moriami, Mierzwinski, and Carpi. Then there were the composers Scontrino, Albitis, and Badia. With the last was his charming daughter, Carlotta, who entranced all present by her exquisite rendering of some of his songs, "with a voice which reminds one of Adelina Patti's," as the critic of the *Perseveranza* remarks. She took part, likewise, in a duet with Signor Carpi. Signore Stahl, Crossmann, and Spezia, also, sang various airs, &c., while Mdlle Untersteiner and Signorina Cognetti played on the piano, the former a Scherzo by an accomplished amateur, M. Dahmen; the latter, compositions by Schubert, Rubenstein, and others.

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Tannhäuser just now.
(Last impression.)

Tannhäuser in May will be depicted (*pro formâ*) by Lyall the Limner.

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An Italian Composer at a Wagner Opera.

ITALIAN COMPOSER.—What is that for music? I no understand (*sings*):

"*Pavi—pavi—pavi—parvi!*"

—and not four bars in same key! It give me indigestion. It make me ill. I no sleep. *Basta!* I go home. [*Exit.*

Sonnet.

Against the gloomy rock, Andromeda
Quite motionless and beautiful and bare
Stands. And the wind blows forth her loosened hair,
Damp as salt sea-weed on a rainy day.
With dull eyes gazing at the ocean grey,
And lips bereft of words by sheer despair,
She waits until that Agony be there
To clasp her life and crush it into clay.

She shudders. And her weary eyelids close.
The overwhelming horror slowly grows
Between her and the bay, the far-off banks
Of sand shell-silvered under briny dew,
And, with the flash of sunlight on his flanks,
A white horse prancing in the waters blue.

Polkaw.

THE veteran J. L. Hatton purposes visiting London during the "merry month of May," and we have no doubt he will bring with him, from Stuttgart, the results of his long absence in the form of some new compositions from his fluent and graceful pen.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quintet, in G minor, No. 6, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Rhapsodie, No. 2 (Brahms) and Andante and Scherzo from Sonata in G minor (Schumann), for pianoforte alone—Mdme Schumann.

PART II.—Prelude, Loure, Minuets, and Gavotte, in E major, for violin alone (Bach)—Herr Joachim; Spanisches Liederspiel, Op. 74, for four voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, first time (Schumann)—Vocalists, Mdlle Friedländer, Mdme Fassett, MM. Von zur Mühlen and Pyatt—Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 25, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 74, No. 10, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Liederkreis (Beethoven)—Herr Von zur Mühlen; Duo Concertante, in G minor, for two violins (Spohr)—MM. Joachim and Straus; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATHS.

On March 9, at 43, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, HAYDN COLLARD, in his seventy-sixth year.

On March 17, at Hyères, France, ALICE, the beloved wife of Adolphe Smith, and only daughter of Blanchard Jerrold.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

Cambridge University.

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

[Pills for Candidates.]

Friday, March 10, 1882. 9 *a.m. to* 12 *p.m.*

HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

1. Write parts for Second Soprano, Alto, and Tenor, according to the figuring, between the following two. State at what bars, and into what keys, the music modulates. Insert occasional passing notes in any of the parts. All discords, except passing notes, must be prepared.

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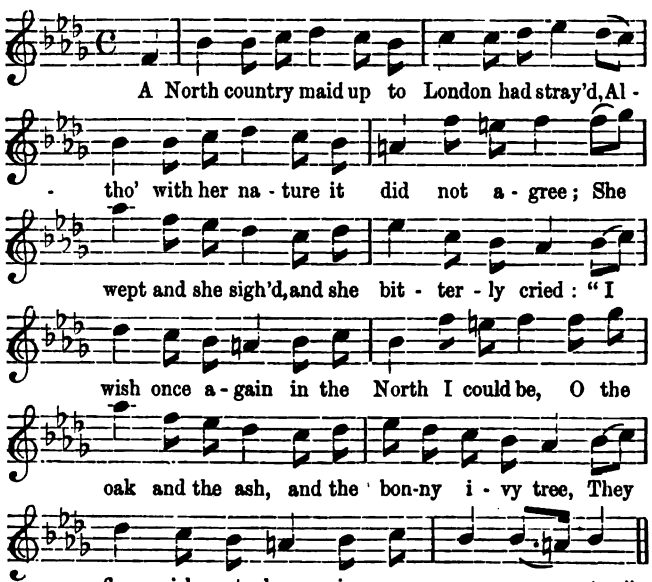
2. Add parts for Treble, Alto, and Tenor, according to the figuring, above the following bass. State what note of the Chromatic Scale is the root of each inverted chord.

3. Write parts for Second Treble, Alto, Two Tenors, and Bass, below the following tune, fitting the words to every part. Figure the Bass.


A North country maid up to London had stray'd, Al -
- tho' with her na - ture it did not a - gree; She
wept and she sigh'd, and she bit - ter - ly cried: "I
wish once a - gain in the North I could be, O the
oak and the ash, and the bon-ny i - vy tree, They
flour - ish at home in my own coun - try."

4. State between what notes of the Diatonic or Chromatic Scale consecutive fifths can be used with good effect, and give any hypothesis to justify their exceptional use.

5. State from what three degrees in any major key the Diatonic major scale is derived, and from what three degrees the Chromatic Scale is derived. Say also which degree of the scale differs in pitch when it is the fifth in a Chromatic chord, from the corresponding note in a Diatonic chord.

6. State what is the difference between the chord marked A and the chord marked B in the following two phrases. Say with what other notation the chord marked B is sometimes written by the great masters. Add two parts above or between the others to each phrase.

7. State in what keys, other than that of the Dominant, the Second Subject is sometimes written of an instrumental first Movement in a major key. Give some harmonic reason for the use of such keys, and name examples from the Chamber Music or Overtures of Beethoven.

8. State who was Giovanni Animuccia, what was his relationship to San Filippo Neri, of what important class of composition was he the first composer, whence did the class of works derive its name, and at about what period were the first of these produced.

—o—

CONCERTS.

Mr Sims Reeves's Concert.—The fifth and last of the concerts given by Mr Sims Reeves previous to his departure for the provinces, took place on Tuesday evening, at St James's Hall, and there was not only a crowded room, but no disappointment, as on the fourth occasion, regarding the presence of the great tenor himself. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of his reception; and as he was apparently in tolerable health, and, fortunately, in good voice, the enthusiasm of his listeners was kindled to the utmost. How well he declaims Handel's famous recitative "Deeper and deeper still," is a fact in the musical records of the present generation, no less than his singing of its touching sequel, "Waft her, angels," in which his tenderness of style finds so perfect a vehicle for its illustration. The "Adelaida" of Beethoven, in which he was accompanied by Mdme Arabella Goddard, is another example of that impassioned vocalization with which his name is identified. The applause that awaited these two performances exemplified the unweakened admiration of the public for their old favourite; and could he have been persuaded to have repeated them, the general pleasure would have been so much the greater. The "Death of Nelson" was likewise a promise, but for the redemption of this he asked, through an official spokesman, on the score of hoarseness, to be excused. One of the special attractions of the concert was the re-visit of Mdme Arabella Goddard to the scene of her many triumphs. For some years past this accomplished lady has been content to remain unheard in public, although by no means forgotten; and the announcement that she would play at this concert could but awaken much public interest. Hence, her appearance, when led on by Mr Sims Reeves, was the signal for a very sincere welcome on the part of the audience, especially from those who knew, by frequent experience, her high qualifications as an artist, and could remember the exalted position she occupied in the concert room during the period when she was one of its most cherished idols. Her performance upon the present occasion of Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 26), revived all the old associations, and conclusively proved that, in spite of the legion of pianists who have of late years come and won celebrity, she still holds her own as an executant of the noblest distinction in all that appertains to the technique of the instrument, and as an unsurpassed expositor of the highest forms and intellectualities of pianoforte music. Her delivery of the sonata in question (one of the loveliest musical poems that Beethoven has bequeathed us), indicated most agreeably that her hand had lost none of its early cunning, while her reading of it, as of yore, was clear, sympathetic, and unaffected. It would be difficult to conceive a more sensitive rendering of the melodious and oft-quoted theme and variations which open the sonata, or of the impressive solemnity of the Funeral March, to which the bright and impatient *allegretto* provides so exhilarating a contrast; no less panegyric being subsequently her due in Beethoven's "Adelaida," which she never "ac-

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companied" with happier finish, often as she has been associated with Mr Sims Reeves in this most charming of love apostrophes. The remaining incidents were excellent of their kind. Mdme Patey, always looked for and greeted with pleasure, sang in her own superior and engaging way Giordani's "Caro mio ben," "Auld Robin Gray," and "The Soldier's Tear," in each case meeting with the warmest tokens of approval. Miss Spenser Jones and Miss Clements, pupils of Mrs Sims Reeves, were severally heard in Cowen's "Better Land" and Arne's "Pray Goody," Donizetti's "Ragnava nel silenzio," and Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and to advantage, both of the young ladies making an excellent impression and bearing ample testimony to the judicious character of their teaching. Mr Herbert Reeves was, of course, not likely to be absent from the programme. He is evidently finding favour in the concert-room, and commendations were freely bestowed on his execution of Pinsuti's "Miller's Daughter," and Blumenthal's "Requital," in which latter he reflected, as in a mirror, no little of his father's well-known style and manner. Another vocalist was Mr Barrington Foote, to whom the audience were indebted for effective versions of Verdi's "O tu Palermo" and Macfarren's capital song from *Robin Hood*, "The Monk within his cell." The Anemoic Union was in occasional and valuable requisition.—H.

Philharmonic Society.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), were present at the concert on Thursday evening, Mdme Schumann playing Mendelssohn's pianoforte Concerto in G minor (50th anniversary of its production), and the orchestra Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, as well as the overtures to *The Veiled Prophet*, by Mr C. Villiers Stanford, and Weber's *Euryanthe*. Mdlle Kufferath sang Mozart's "Ah lo so" (*Zauberflöte*), and Schumann's "Lust, O lust"; Mr Maas the centurion's song from Dr Bridge's *Boadicea*, and "Waft me, ye zephyrs," from Weber's *Euryanthe*. Mr W. G. Cusins conducted all but Mr Stanford's overture, when the *bâton* was held by the composer. The room was crowded.

Albert Hall.—The Grand Irish Festival, under the direction of Mr William Carter, took place on the evening of Friday, March 17 (St Patrick's Day). The programme contained the following well-known Irish songs: "The meeting of the Waters" and "The Last Rose of Summer" (Mdme Marie Roze); "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Minstrel Boy" (Mdme Mary Cummings); "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen" and "Killarney" (Miss Mary Davies); "Come back to Erin" and "Barney o'Hea" (Miss Anna Williams); "Silent, oh Moyle" and "The Irish Emigrant" (Mr Vernon Rigby); "Eily Mavourneen" and "Molly Bawn" (Mr Joseph Maas); "Oft in the stilly night" (Mr Redfern Hollins); and "The Cruiskeen Lawn" (Signor Foli). The specimens of more recent Irish ballads were "Kitty Tyrrell" (C. W. Glover) and "Eva Tual" (Charles Salaman), beautifully sung by Mdme Isabel Fassett; and "Norah" (Louis Diehl), a ballad with a genuine Irish ring, sung with real pathos by Signor Foli. "Love's Young Dream" and other melodies arranged as part-songs by Mr William Carter, were sung by the choir, the tenors and basses of which also took part in the "Miserere" (*Trovatore*), the solos being given by Mdme Marie Roze and Mr Joseph Maas. The hall was well filled, and encores and re-calls were the rule of the evening. One of the most successful numbers of the programme was a duet for pianoforte and organ (Fantaisie Impromptu on "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," &c.), played by Mr William Carter (pianoforte), and Mr Edwin Bending (grand organ). This cleverly conceived and executed composition, accurately rehearsed and capitally played, displayed the charms of each instrument in contrast, and, blending these charms, produced such a peculiar mixture of sound, that occasionally the unearthly music held the audience spell-bound, and their enthusiasm at the close of the duet was simply natural. A new effect in musical sound is a rarity, but on this occasion a new effect was distinctly present. The band of her Majesty's Scots Guards varied the programme by their performances, and the conductors of the concert were Mr William Carter, Mr Edwin Bending, and Mr J. P. Clarke (Bandmaster Scots Guards).

Misses Chaplin's Concert.—An excellent bill of fare was provided for those who "assisted" at the concert given by the Misses Nellie and Kate Chaplin on Thursday week at the Athenæum, Camden Road. A glance at the programme was sufficient to show the large gathering that a wide variety of tastes had been consulted in the selection of the various items. The following artists, one and all, ably exerted themselves, and the result was a thorough success: Mrs Bradshawe Mackay, Senorita Carreras, Mdme Dukas (*née* Van Noorden), Miss Ellen Marchant, Messrs Dudley Thomas, Arthur Thompson, Sackville Evans, and Alfred Moore, vocalists. With the Misses Nellie and Kate Chaplin were associated, as instrumentalists, Miss Blanche St Clair and Signor Dinelli. The opening piece in the programme, a Trio in D minor (Fesca), was finely rendered by the Misses Chaplin (piano and violin), Signor Dinelli handling the violoncello in masterly fashion. In Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia" Miss Nellie Chaplin displayed great powers of execution, the orchestral parts being ably given on a second piano by Miss Blanche St Clair; while, later on, Miss Kate Chaplin showed marked progress on the instrument of her predilection in a violin solo by Wieniawski. Senorita Carreras received a well-deserved encore for her delivery of Verdi's "Merce dilette amiche," and Miss Ellen Marchant gave, with much expression, Cowen's "The old and the young Marie." Mrs Bradshawe Mackay touched the hearts of her audience by her pathetic rendering of "The Children of the City" (Adams). Sullivan's "Distant Shore" found an able exponent in Mr Arthur Thompson; and Mr Alfred Moore evoked the risible propensities by his humorous recital of "The Wedding of Shon Maclean" (Hatton). Last, but not least, Mr Dudley Thomas was loudly applauded for the exquisite taste with which he gave the two pieces set down for him—a barcarolle by Auber, "Young Agnes," and the well-worn song by Braham, "The Anchor's Weighed." Our notice would be incomplete without honourable mention of the effective elocution of Miss Minnie Bell, whose delineations of Le Fanu's "Shemus O'Brien" and "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" (W. S. Gilbert) not only afforded variety to the programme, but gave evidence of powers of a high order. Two youthful prodigies, Misses Ida and Ethel Fraser, respectively about ten and twelve years of age, were afforded an opportunity of displaying their precocity in a Tarantelle, for two pianofortes, by Raff. Mr Handel Gear was, as on former occasions at these concerts, the able conductor.—Weistar.

Mr and Mrs Atherton B. Furlong gave a concert at the Marlborough Rooms on Thursday evening, March 16th. These artists are very well known in America, their native country, and bid fair to be equally popular in England, where artistic excellence is always acknowledged. Mrs Furlong obtained an encore for Mr John Thomas's ballad, "There be none of Beauty's daughters," and also for a piquant and bright little song, "Sweet sixteen," composed and written by her husband, Mr Atherton Furlong, who, though evidently suffering from over-fatigue, managed, nevertheless, to do justice to Mendelssohn's "Be thou faithful unto death" and to David's serenade, "O ma Maitresse." Among the most attractive songs in the programme must be mentioned Mrs Mina Gould's "Time of roses," which has all the freshness of the typical English ballad, and, with the advantage of Miss Henrietta Beebe's interpretation, secured a deserved encore. A new song by Mr Hutchison, "I'll conquer or die," vigorously and effectively sung by Mr James Sauvage, was favourably received. Miss Clara Myers, Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke, and Miss Clara Spence, with the assistance of Signor Tito Mattei and Mr Henry Parker, contributed to the success of the concert. Mdlle Doré Desvignes, a young contralto of continental reputation, sang most artistically Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" (*Tancredi*). When the names of Sir Julius Benedict and Mr John Thomas are mentioned as being among those who "assisted" it will be seen that the entertainment was far above the usual standard.—B. B.

Highbury Philharmonic Society.—More than usual interest was attached to the second concert of this society held at the Highbury Athenæum on Monday evening, March 20th, owing to the first performance in English of Weber's opera, *Euryanthe*, the libretto translated for the occasion by Mr W. Thornthwaite. The plot is weak, and suffers to a certain extent by the translation; but, altogether, Mr Thornthwaite has succeeded in increasing the romantic beauty of the music, which, however, was not heard to perfection, owing to various orchestral defects. Mr Joseph Maas was not in his best "form," but sang some of the "numbers" with good effect. Mesdames Florence Norman, Catherine Penna, and E. Gibson satisfactorily filled the parts of Euryanthe, Eglantine, and Bertha. Mr Bridson, who was to have taken a leading part as Count Lysiart, had an attack of bronchitis, and Mr W. Forington took the part at very short notice. Altogether, the Society may be congratulated on the performance of such a work as *Euryanthe*, and in having the services of such a good musician and conductor as Mr J. F. Bridge.—W. A. J.

Mdlle Linas Spontini.—A correspondent informs us that a grand-daughter of the once-famous millionaire, Hughes Ball, known as "Golden Ball," recently made her *début*, under the assumed name of Linas Spontini, in a "drawing-room concert" at the Kensington Club, Queen's Gate Terrace, where her sympathetic soprano voice and artistic style of singing were greatly admired. Mdlle Spontini, who is highly connected in England and abroad, is endeavouring to make a position for herself, having scarcely inherited anything from her grandfather, who had run through the greatest part of his fortune. We wish her all the success her exceptional talent deserves.

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PROVINCIAL.

CHELTENHAM.—Messrs Dale and Forty's fourth concert of the season took place on Thursday evening, March 16th, in the Assembly Rooms, which were filled with a brilliant audience. Miss Alice Roselli and Miss Santley sang charmingly, Miss Santley being enthusiastically applauded and "encored" in both her songs. Among Miss Roselli's contributions were "With verdure clad;" the duet, "Quis est homo" (*Stabat Mater*), with Miss Helen Meason; and a new song by M. Roeckel, "Arise, He calleth thee," which was finely declaimed and well received. Mr Cummings sang "The love of long ago," and took part with Miss Roselli in a duet, "Una notte a Venezia," both being warmly applauded. Mr Santley gave "Le nom de Marie," "Father O'Flynn" (encored), and "Simon the Cellarer." Mr Carrodus's two violin solos were above all praise, his execution of a Fantasia by Ernst being the perfection of violin playing. Mr C. Harford Lloyd accompanied.

LIVERPOOL.—The last of the "Ladies' Classical Chamber Concerts" was given in the saloon of the Philharmonic Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 18th. The programme consisted of Haydn's String Quartet in G major, Op. 17, No. 2; Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," for pianoforte alone; Mendelssohn's String Quartet in E major, Op. 12; and John Francis Barnett's Trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The executants were Miss Emma Barnett (pianoforte), Messrs Schiever and Harmer (violins), Mr Speelman (viola), and Mr Vollmar (violoncello). The concert was a great success, Miss Emma Barnett gaining genuine admiration for her performance of Schumann's interesting composition, and no praise can be too high for her talented brother's trio, which, being most ably seconded by her coadjutors, Miss Barnett rendered *con amore*. Mr Barnett's trio was heard, we believe, for the first time in Liverpool, and, judging from the praise it received on every side, it is not likely to be the last. Ample justice was done to the quartets by the clever artists engaged in their interpretation, and the renewal of these admirable Chamber Concerts next season is looked forward to with pleasure.

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COFFEE HALLS.

(From "The Builder," Feb. 18th, 1882.)

It is interesting to the student of history to remark, as a phase of the present times, how many men of note and position are throwing themselves with great energy and great talent into every scheme likely to promote the onward march of progress, to ameliorate existing abuses, and to urge the adoption of measures of sanitary reform. Among these men, whose name is legion, are members of both Houses,—scientific, literary, medical men,—who devote the scant leisure left them by all-absorbing duties to the furtherance and spread of their theories. The very names of the men on some of the committees are in themselves a sufficient guarantee that the project, be it what it may, is at least worthy of receiving a trial.

The immense importance of the *mens sana in corpore sano* is now such a received fact that the ever-increasing necessity of drawing the masses from the slough of despond,—the lower world of our great city,—lies in getting the body healthier by purer air, and food good and more plentiful because cheaper. The mind naturally takes a healthier tone, giving the poison its antidote by offering more intellectual pleasures, not taking their pleasures from them,—forcing them to look from the pictures they have been accustomed to gaze on to those these gentlemen hold up. It is by these means they are hoping to attain their end.

The "way is long"; the wind of opposition, of ingratitude, of non-comprehension, very difficult to struggle against; and it is not to be wondered at that many of these modern Jack-the-giant-killers, who began the fray with apparently indomitable courage, get weary of well-doing, disgusted, and eventually lay down their arms. One would have to be more than a Sisyphus in these modern times,—to have more than the strength of ten to always hold on to the end.

Two of the pet schemes most in vogue at this moment towards attaining the desired end are cheap coffee restaurants for workmen and coffee music halls. In the first they are supposed to be able to get a dinner for sixpence; in the latter, entertainments of all sorts in the music-hall style, but devoid of much of the rather dreary fun and ribaldry that too often characterize some of them; and in the case of the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall, to which I shall more particularly advert, as being the largest, and consequently most important, a concert of a very superior order is given once a week, where professionals of repute give their aid gratuitously, and amateurs of note also assist. It affords accommodation for 2,800 spectators, and who, on looking at the vast building packed from floor to ceiling on Thursday, the 9th, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, ever gracefully foremost and eager to further any good work, went down to judge for themselves, and to show, by the fact of their presence, their approval of a movement meant to be conducive to the further well-being of the people, could not but admit it was a gratifying sight to Miss Cons, the energetic and indefatigable secretary; to Lord Mount-Temple, Lord Brabazon, and other equally well-known members of the committee, to note the vast, the decorous, and, I will add, the appreciative, audience, their efforts had gathered within these walls, and whose hearty enthusiasm when they joined in the chorus of "God save the Queen," was a convincing proof loyalty was not, at all events, out of date in the New Cut.

What a different spectacle to that presented to our mind's eye by Charles Knight in his *Penny Magazine*, of 1846. "Look at our theatres! Look at the houses surrounding them! Have they not given a taint to the very districts they belong to? The Coburg Theatre, now called the Victoria, and the Surrey—what are they? At Christmas time, at each of these minor theatres, may be seen such an appalling amount of loathsome vice and depravity as goes beyond Eugène Sue, and justifies the most astounding revelations of Smollett." Again, Mr Walford tells us that the "Victoria Theatre was called the Coburg out of compliment to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the husband of Princess Charlotte; the first stone was laid by proxy in 1817, and the theatre opened on Whit Monday of the following May. It is situated at the corner of the New Cut, near what was called the Marsh Gate—a turnpike; and probably the building of Waterloo Bridge—commenced in 1811, completed six years later—led to its erection. The foundations of the theatre are extensively composed of the stones of the old Savoy Palace in the Strand (near which the Art Union of London is now located), and which were cleared away in order to form Lancaster Place. The builder of the structure was a clever French carpenter, called Cabanelle, who also invented a peculiar kind of roof, named after him."

(To be continued.)

—o—

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

People here are talking of nothing but the magnificent *Armide* recently given by M. Gevaert in the pretty concert-room of the Conservatory. With the exception of a few not very important scenes, Gluck's score was represented in its entirety to the dilettanti of this capital; a truly princely treat, as we say. We might have thought that, deprived of the seductions of the stage, this admirable work would not produce its due effect, especially as Gluck's music is essentially theatrical, and, so to speak, assumes new colours under the light of the float. Such was not the case, and genuinely enthusiastic demonstrations proved the success of the experiment. The *Guide Musical* even declares the success to have been "excessive," and seems to believe that the public had all agreed beforehand to applaud outrageously. This would have been a strange conspiracy and strikes us as slightly improbable. Supposing *Armide* not sufficient of itself to entrance an audience educated to like grand music—though this is not our opinion; far from it—it is certain that, animated by the inspiration of an exceptional musician who has spent his life in studying the works of his favourite master, *Armide* must have created an extraordinary effect. He who understands himself makes others understand, and the dilettanti of Brussels possess too sure a taste to remain cold before a marvel of art rendered with more than ordinary comprehension of its slightest details. M. Gevaert succeeded in communicating his own sacred fire to the artists, Mdlle Battu, Mdme Duvivier, and the tenor, Bosquin, who, however, were all previously familiar with the style of the master, whose highest and most marvellous conception they were called upon to interpret.—*Le Ménestrel.*

—o—

WAIFS.

Faure has returned to Paris from Monte Carlo.

Vierling's *Alarich* has been performed in Prenzlau.

A new theatre will shortly be erected at Vigo (Spain).

Mad. Galli-Marié has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Ghent.

Mr Charles Dettelbach, the accomplished amateur, has returned from Nice.

The 100th performance in Leipsic of *Lohengrin* will take place this month.

A Quartet Society has been formed at the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, Venice.

The Vittorio Emmanuele and Alfieri Theatres, Turin, will open this spring for opera.

Stagno, the tenor, has been engaged for ten performances at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* has been given at St Francisco with great success.

G. Henschel is re-engaged for next season as the conductor of the Boston (U.S.) Symphony Orchestra.

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His Majesty Charles I. has created Giulio Ricordi Grand Officer of the Order of the Star of Roumania.

The Vicomtesse de Panouze (formerly Marie Heilbronn) will shortly re-visit America professionally.

Great preparations are being made at Arezzo to celebrate, in September, the centenary of Guido Monaco.

Maria di Vasco, libretto and music by Carlo Brizzi, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

A new buffo opera, *Le Sventure del Cosimo*, by M. Deschamps, is in preparation at the Teatro della Pergola, Florence.

It is rumoured that for want of sufficient support the Popular Concerts, Brussels, will cease with the present season.

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passion Music according to St Matthew* will be given by the Berlin Singakademie on the 31st inst.

Kiel's new *Requiem* will be executed on Good Friday by the Singakademie, Görlitz, under the direction of Herr Fleischer.

The Teatro Re Umberto, Florence, has been sold by auction to Vittorio Finzi, who intends introducing various improvements.

Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed, on the 10th inst., in the Thomas Church, Leipsic, by the members of Riedel's Association.

The Musical Academy, Cologne, recently gave, under the direction of Ed. Mertke, a performance of Joseph Haydn's oratorio, *Die Rückkehr des Tobias*.

The opera of *Raymondin*, by Baron von Perfall, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, Munich, has not been very successful in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

A Committee has been appointed by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction to inquire into matters at the Conservatory of Music, Naples. (Good.—Dr Bligge.)

Charles Marie Wicard, formerly a popular tenor and afterwards a teacher of singing, died in Brussels on the 6th inst. He was born at Tournai on the 11th September, 1826.

Jean Becker has been compelled to abandon his projected tour in Northern Europe, his son, Hans, having had an attack of diphtheria, and he himself suffering from erysipelas in the face.

The Siegert Musical Institute, Riga, lately celebrated its eighteenth anniversary. It is at present attended by 143 students, the total number turned out by it since its foundation being 906.

Some of the artists engaged at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, proceeded, on the close of the Italian operatic season, to Warsaw, where the company will include Mdlle Turolla, Corsi, Verger, and Maini.

I have a ridiculous friend
Whose notions are awfully queer,
His curious habits I cannot defend,
He is somewhat *non compos*, I fear!
He mixes with children at play,
And somehow he gains their respect;
He's telling them fairy tales day after day;
Which is sad when you come to reflect—
Such behaviour is far from correct.

And if you're intent on a joke
At somebody else's expense,
Or larkishly trying one's ire to provoke,
His anger is something intense.
"Bah! do unto others," says he,
"As you would be done by, my lad!
Of feeling he very deficient must be
Who'd attempt to make any one sad."
Now, isn't that awfully mad?

"Be kind to the erring," says he,
"Lest *you* might be tempted to fall;
So ne people have ne'er had such blessings as we—
Temptations are common to all."
Now, readers, I put it to *you*,
As persons possessing some sense,
With such an old lunatic what can one do?
The way he behaves gives offence,
And costs him no end of expense.

This party I often upbraid,
For his notions of self are so dim;
The old stupid possesses a *heart*, I'm afraid—
Yes, that's what's the matter with *him!*
He delights to attend to the needs
Of those who feel sorrow and pain,
And numbers of Poverty's victims he feeds,
Which proves that my friend is insane—
And there he is, at it again! (*Fun.*)

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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, March* 25, 1882.

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THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Continued from page 179.)

The house closed rather suddenly at the beginning of February, 1851, and Mr Stammers was made a bankrupt. The name of Mr E. T. Smith next appeared at the head of the announcements, in the autumn of this year. This venture was, we believe, the beginning of a managerial career, which, extending over the next twenty years, or more, included in its course at least six of the metropolitan houses, besides the gardens of Vauxhall, Cremorne, and Highbury Barn. Mr Smith led off with English operas, supported by Mr and Mrs Donald King, Mr Henry Drayton, Mr Gregg, Mr Frazer, Mr Lawler, Miss Lanza, and Miss Helen Condell, all names of a certain note in the musical world of that day. Mr N. T. Hicks and transpontine melodrama were then tried. At Easter, 1852, he sublet the property to Mr George Bolton, who got up a very fair revival of *The Tempest*, for the holiday-makers, and subsequently engaged the eminent tragedian, Mr James Anderson, for a short series of performances, after which Mr Smith himself resumed the cares of management, and introduced, as Sir Giles Overreach, Mr McKean Buchanan, an American, whose style, though not without merit, was marred by an extravagance, which prevented him from securing a definite position on the London boards. During Mr Buchanan's engagement, which lasted for some months, Shiel's old tragedy *The Apostate, or, The Moors in Spain*, was unearthed. This play had been rendered famous at Covent Garden in 1817, by the talents of Charles Kemble, Young, Egerton, and Miss O'Neill, in combination. As might be imagined, it scarcely caused any excitement now. Mr Smith's system of management was certainly not an elevated one, yet he contrived, nevertheless, from time to time, to present some very good acting to his patrons. In addition to Mr Buchanan, Mr James Rogers and Mrs Brougham played in 1852. Charles Freer was here at Easter, 1853, and was followed by Mr Davenport, Mr Charles Selby, Mr T. Mead, and Miss Fanny Vining. Amongst the plays selected at various times, we find John Wilkins' admirable *Civilization*, and Mrs Lovell's no less admirable *Ingomar*, in addition to the time-honoured melodramas of *The Tower of Nesle*, *The Red Rover*, and *The Innkeeper of Abbeville*, not to forget another, newer, and yet more thrilling in its denomination, *The Assassin Monk; or, The Sentinel of the Thirteenth Chime!!!*

In the autumn of 1853, Mr E. T. Smith removed to the larger field of Drury Lane, and the Marylebone Theatre passed into the hands of Mr J. William Wallack, an actor favourably known to the London public by his performances of the Shaksperian drama a year or two previously at the Haymarket. It was evidently the aim of Mr Wallack to regain for the house, if possible, the position which it had held under the direction of Mr Watts and Mrs Warner. For this purpose he engaged a company comprising, besides himself and Mrs. Wallack, an actress of no mean ability, the names of Messrs. Henry Vandenhoff, George Cooke, J. W. Shalders, Edgar, F. Charles, C. Bender, Clinton, and W. Wallis; Misses Harriet Gordon, Fanny Garthwaite, Emily Horton, and Mrs. Robertson. On the opening night, early in October, the old comedy, *A Cure for the Heartache*, and Planché's extravaganza, *The Fair One with the Golden Locks*, were represented, and to these succeeded *Speed the Plough*, *Abelard and Heloise*, and John Daly's drama, *Broken Toys*. On Wednesday, October the 19th, Mr and Mrs Wallack made their first appearance as the Thane and his wife, in a very carefully got-up revival of *Macbeth*. *The Stranger*, *Othello*, *The Bridal*—in which Mrs Wallack as Evadne, and her husband as Melantius, created a powerful impression—and *The Lady of Lyons* followed. Colley Cibber's version of *King Richard the Third* was given in November, with Mr Wallack as Glo'ster, and Mr Henry Vandenhoff as Richmond. Miss Julia Harland was added to the *corps*, for the after-pieces, upon which much attention was bestowed by the management. Among the more prominent of these were Francis Talfourd's burlesque, *Alcestis*, Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and the old burletta *Midas*. A new farce by Mr Albany Fonblanque, entitled *Metempsychosis; or, Which is Which?* was also brought out. Of other revivals we may notice *The Honeymoon*, and Maturin's now forgotten and gloomy tragedy of *Bertram*, originally written for Edmund Kean, in which Mrs Wallack electrified her audience as Imogen. There was a very good pantomime at Christmas, *Harlequin King Ugly-Mug, and my Lady Lee, of Old London Bridge*, written by Mr Nelson Lee. The clown was Paul Kellino. Mr and Mrs Wallack reappeared in *Pizarro* at the beginning of February, 1854, and immediately afterwards Judge Talfourd's *Ion* was produced with new and elaborate scenery and costumes. Mrs Wallack added greatly to her laurels as Ion, and the Adrastus of Mr Wallack also met with general approbation. On the alternate evenings Byron's *Werner* was given, with similar attention to the stage appointments. A version of the French spectacular drama, *La Prière des Naufrages*, which, as *The Thirst of Gold*, had already made a considerable sensation at the Adelphi, was brought out at the end of February under the title of *The Struggle for Gold, and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea*. This was chiefly remarkable for the magnificence of the mounting, and for the highly picturesque manner in which Mrs Wallack supported the character of the Indian girl. A revival, also with new scenery and dresses, of *Romeo and Juliet* was to be noticed for the Romeo of Mrs Wallack, the Mercutio of Mr Wallack, and for the *debût*, as Juliet, of Miss Cleveland, now best known as the accomplished actress and polished elocutionist, Mrs Arthur Stirling. Mr Hoskins, from Sadler's Wells, was engaged at Easter to play in *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, reproduced with Sir Henry Bishop's songs and glees. The holiday programme was supplemented by a fairy extravaganza, *The Magic Branch*, from the pen of a new and competent author, Mr Collis. In this Mr. Shalders distinguished himself in the twofold capacity of comedian and scene-painter, whilst Miss Harriet Gordon and Mr George Cooke completed the effect by their excellent singing and acting. Mr Eliot Galer, Mr Henry Drayton, and Miss Susannah Lowe subsequently gave a few performances of English opera, with an orchestra and chorus directed by the composer, Mr John Francis Duggan. The legitimate drama was then resumed with *William Tell*, *Virginius*, *The Hunchback*, *The Love Chase*, *Jane Shore*, *The Wonder*, *The Wife*, and *The School of Reform*, presented in rapid succession, and a season both honourable and remunerative to the management came to its conclusion at the end of the month of May.

Encouraged by his well-merited success, Mr William Wallack issued a circular to the patrons of the Marylebone Theatre, previous to the commencement of his second season. In this he promised many alterations and improvements, a stage lengthened—by the removal of a back wall—to the depth of 115 feet, and an elegant re-decoration in every part of the interior. More interesting still, however, was his expressed purpose of providing "a home for the highest Drama of England," and of encouraging "to the utmost, the living proofs and witnesses of its indestructible genius." Not only were the plays of Shakspere and the old dramatists to be presented, with every attainable appliance of scenic and decorative art, but "new and original dramas" were, from time to time, to be introduced, and mounted with the same care and cost. "Justice," added the lessee, "will be done to the living, as to the dead; and no means left unattempted to raise the Victorian age, in its dramatic relations, to a level with the Elizabethan era." The tone of this preamble was, perhaps, grandiloquent, but there was, nevertheless, an honest purpose, honestly fulfilled, beyond.

Eventually the Marylebone re-opened on Saturday, the 7th of October, with a revival of *As You Like It*, strictly in accordance with the text of Shakspere, and profusely illustrated with new and beautiful scenery, painted by Mr Shalders, together with costumes of a novel and picturesque design. An overture, *entr'actes*, and some incidental music, were also composed by Mr J. F. Duggan, who himself presided in the orchestra. Mrs Wallack's Rosalind astonished those who had hitherto only seen her in such parts as Lady Macbeth, and was played throughout with a gaiety and youthfulness which literally left nothing to criticize. Mrs Wallack received much graceful support from the Celia of Miss Cleveland. Orlando was neatly rendered by Mr Edgar, and the Jacques of Mr William Wallack proved a very fine specimen of elocutionary power. The other parts were respectably filled, and the whole gave unqualified satisfaction to a crowded and brilliant audience.

(To be continued.)

Moscow.—The inauguration of the monument, in the courtyard of the Conservatory of Music, to the memory of Nicholas Rubinstein was to come off last week. Anton Rubinstein, his brother, was to be present.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 180.)

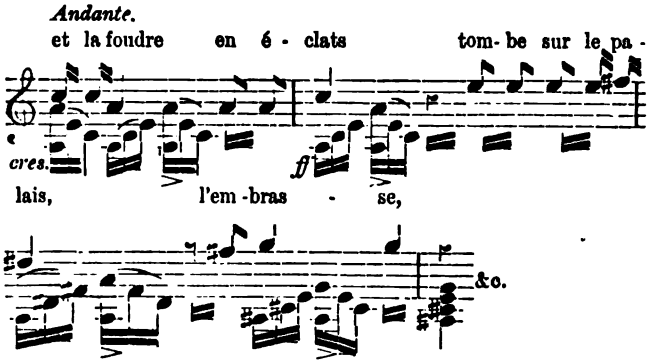
For another example of recitative let us take one of Gluck's. He says, in his preface to *Alceste*, that the proper function of music is to "second poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action, or weakening it by superfluous ornament." So in his recitations the vocal part emphasizes and strengthens the accent of the words, while the harmonies and the interludes of the accompaniment accord with and add to the expression of the sentiments.

In *Iphigenia in Tauris*, after the storm in the early part of the opera, a calm ensues. Iphigenia begins a recitative:

Ex. 144.

"Calm is restored, but in the depth of her heart the storm still rages," and after the word *but* is a rest *, which tells more of the storm which is raging within Iphigenia's heart than many notes. Her companion priestesses have some sympathetic questions, and then a few simple repetitions of a note (*pianissimo*) seem to speak of some coming trouble. Then Iphigenia begins to relate a dream which has made her afraid. At first, she tells of having seen her father's palace, and how tenderly she felt towards him, and for awhile the accents of the music are quiet, and the accompaniment in quiet chords like those of Ex. 144. Shortly, she tells how the earth trembled and lightnings came and overthrew the palace; and the expression of the music becomes changed. It is recitative in time with agitated accompaniment and strong accents.

Ex. 145.



A rapid interlude finishes this idea abruptly.

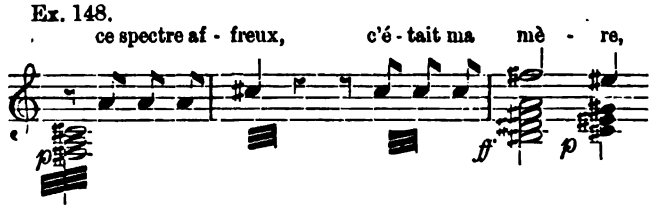
Ex. 146.

After the single chord (*a.*), which, repeated against the accent, seems almost like a choking sob, she tells how there came from the midst of the burning ruins a plaintive voice which touched her heart. Twice again, after the vocal phrases, comes the sobbing chord. She followed the voice. Then she found it was her father; and in her description of his pitiable wounded state, flying from the murderous rage of an inhuman spectre, the sentences are broken apart or disjointed by short *staccato* phrases, of alternately loud and soft notes, which seem to speak both of her horror at the ghastly sight and of her tenderness towards the father who was thus terribly used.

Ex. 147.

A trembling accompaniment is under her next words that this spectre was her mother; and two chords give strong accent to the two syllables of the word *mother*, pointing the thought that terrible as it was that her father should be murdered, it was yet more terrible that it should be her mother who was his murderer.

Ex. 148.



Then her mother armed her with a sword and disappeared, and then Iphigenia fled. The sentences are again broken and disjointed by short interludes, and seem thus to speak of the rapidly changing emotions. Then she relates how she was arrested by a call from Orestes, her brother; and a few syncopated chords seem to stay her. She saw him an unhappy man, and would have helped him. These words are with quiet chords, like those of Ex. 144. But a power she could not resist forced her to stab him. The accompaniment of these words is in decided chords, struck on the strongest accents (**) of the strongest words.

Ex. 149.

Throughout the whole of this recitative every important verbal accent has been strengthened, every sentiment made more evident, and every expression more expressive by the music with which the words are allied.

For recitative in more modern works we may refer to the scene of Desdemona with the "Willow Song" in Rossini's *Othello*, and to the scene of Tancredi's return to his country, in the same composer's opera of that name.

Oliveria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU.

When Liverpool Rensburg sent for Max Bruch,
He wanted a German, by hook or by crook.
No English conductor being used to the bâton,
Herr Rensburg could only say "No," with his hât on.
[*Although Alfred Mellon*
was not quite a felon
And Liverpool owned a composer like Hâtton.]

Drinkwater Hard.

Wink's Corner,
North Malvern, April 1.

Berlin.—Hardly has one Italian operatic company left the Victoria Theatre than another is announced to open on the 8th inst. at the Central Skating Rink. The rehearsals have begun some time under the direction of Signor Oreste Bimboni, as conductor. The opera-season at Kroll's commences on the 6th May. The manager, Herr Engel, has engaged a good regular company. The "stars" at present secured are Mdlle Maria de Sido and her sister, Alix Desta, from London; Mdme Schröder-Hanfstängl, from Stuttgart; Herr Carl Sommer, from Vienna; Dr Krauss, from Hamburgh; and Herr Theodore Wachtel, from——Longjumeau (?).

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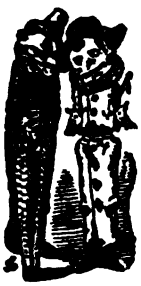
EDINBURGH HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

"Our own Correspondent" sends us the subjoined article from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"That in connection with the projected Royal College of Music and its proposed auxiliary institutions a good deal of nonsense would be talked was, perhaps, only to be expected. At all events, the fact that it is so, need neither disappoint the promoters nor injure the cause. "When a grave and reverend seigneur" like Professor Maclagan sets himself with a solemn countenance to prove that we are more musical than the Germans, for the reason that, for one boy who is met whistling on the street in a German town, five are found to be so employed in Scotland, people who know better



are bound to laugh at the idea of such a test; but this does not affect the main issue. By common consent it is admitted that whatever may be our relative position as to love of music, or taste for music, we have not the facilities which we might and ought to possess for imparting to all who may be disposed to receive it, a musical education. That this want is felt is proof that we are musical, and, at the same time, that we are not so musical as we should be. What must really be deplored are the efforts, on the one hand, already apparent, to stir up professional jealousy; and the only too manifest willingness on the part of a number of laymen, on the other hand, to keep the basis of the scheme thus narrowed and weakened. Both tendencies are emphatically to be deprecated. The Prince of Wales was more careful about nothing than that the inaugural gathering under his auspices should be of a representative character in the widest possible sense. It included princes, peers, politicians, parsons, lawyers, *litterateurs*, musicians, and, as His Royal Highness remarked, 'all the leaders of society.' This fact was duly acknowledged at the time. In the case of Scotland, however, there has been evident from the outset a shortsighted disposition to ignore the professional class altogether, which does not harmonize with the policy of the meeting at St. James's Palace, and which is not warranted by any of the unpleasant things since said by professionals regarding that meeting. It has been complained that 'The Royal Academy of Music was ignored by all.' Well, it is a pity that it should have been so; but the Royal Academy had first its turn of ignoring, and did not fail to avail itself of it, and it is, therefore, not very dignified to declare now, that 'it is no secret that the profession, as a body, besides a vast number of amateurs, are by no means well-disposed to the scheme.'

"In the English case it was not wise on the part of the professional class to seek to depreciate or prejudice a laudable scheme, even supposing they had good ground for considering themselves pushed to one side; for, after all, the professional musician, like the professional painter or actor, depends entirely upon the public opinion of his work, however much he may despise that opinion. Equally petty is it on the part of laymen to take up the position which they seem to have taken up in Scotland, and to say, 'We will have no professional men in the Council.' It is not only petty, but the best way to ensure failure. In regard to such a meeting as that held last week in the city, Sir Herbert Oakeley ought to have been the first person consulted, and certainly his absence did not tend to enhance the musical tone of the movement. The musical men in this part of the world might, or might not, have turned round upon the laymen, as they are doing in the south. That is a point which they themselves should have been left to decide. They should have had, at least, the same opportunity as in the case of the St James's Palace meeting of identifying themselves with the undertaking. The apparent ignoring of Sir Herbert Oakeley, considering that he has laboured with great zeal and assiduity in the cause of music in Scotland for a period of sixteen years, and with no small degree of success, was a deliberate insult, and the sneering remarks made 'in another place' a day or two later concerning 'a professor of music who had been knighted,' constituted a gratuitous aggravation of that insult. Surely it cannot be thought that the cause of the new Royal College or of the Scottish Academy will be promoted by such means? If the scheme is to have the confidence of the public, the difficulties which exist should not, either from want of knowledge or personal prejudice, be made light of, but openly confessed. The speaker who took the most prudent and sensible view of the matter advised no 'friction' with any movements already successful, and that musical appliances or interests already existing should be duly considered. With all good wishes to the project, we trust that such drawbacks to its success may be perceived and removed.

"It need not be thought that the Royal College and the Academy will have a magical effect. Much more needs to be done while the pupils are below academy age, and the £19,000 spent on music by the Education Department might as well be kept in the Treasury so far as any assistance it gives to university agencies is concerned. Even in England the universities have long had the advantage of receiving boys of cathedral training. That is a thing which is only beginning in Scotland, and not until it becomes universal—till music becomes as much a part of the daily curriculum of our elementary schools as—"

* * * * * * * * *

"Our own," with his accustomed occasional negligence, has failed to transmit the end of the article, which we are, therefore, compelled to replace by a line of asterisks. Otto Beard.

BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr Arthur Sullivan's Leeds cantata, *The Martyr of Antioch*, was performed by this Society, at the Angell Town Institution, on Monday evening, and attracted a full house. In itself, perhaps, the event was not of great importance, but it served to provoke remark upon the valuable service rendered by Mr Lemaire and his helpers for a good number of years past. The Brixton Choral Society has always made itself prominent among suburban bodies by a rare spirit of enterprise. Hardly does a new English work appear before the dwellers in South London have an opportunity of making its acquaintance, and it is this which pre-eminently entitles the society to friendly notice at the hands even of those who seldom look so far from the centre of metropolitan art. The performance of Mr Sullivan's work was not satisfactory in all respects. We may speak with some measure of admiration regarding the soloists, especially Miss Hilda Coward and Mr Guy, who respectively sang the music of Margherita and Olybius. Miss Coward was often charmingly pathetic in her expression, while Mr Guy did all his work like the sound musician amateurs know him to be. Miss Annie Gatland (Julia) has not yet passed beyond the stage of promise, but Mr Henry Cross, who played both Calliao and Fabius, may be said to have done so for some time, with results which, however useful, are not specially striking. Curiously enough, the performance failed most where it was expected to be best—in the choral department. We have heard the Brixton singers to infinitely greater advantage than on this occasion. Their attack was timid, and their execution not far short of slovenly. Mr Lemaire must have remarked this for himself, and will perhaps be led to inquire whether anything like a spirit of *laissez faire* has crept into the society. If it has, let the thing be exorcised at once, ere more mischief happen. The pianoforte accompaniment was very ably played by Mr Harvey Löhr, and that for organ by Mr C. Wilkes; it is, however, matter for both surprise and regret that in an extensive district like Brixton a small amateur orchestra cannot be got together.—*D.T.*

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical Standard.")

Sir,—Professor Macfarren deserves the thanks of the musical world generally for his letter to the Vice-President of the Council of Education on the subject of the Tonic Sol-fa system, reprinted in last week's *Musical Standard*. If there were no other objection to the system, I think the first mentioned in the letter a most conclusive one, viz., "That it hinders the acquisition of a sense of pitch." All musicians know how valuable an acquisition this is, and how useful any individual possessing it is amongst a body of vocalists singing from single vocal parts. Surely the slight saving of time which is claimed by the Tonic Sol-faists is not worthy of consideration. I am myself training every week some fifty boys (a portion of whom are at present in my choir, and the remainder preparing therefor) from the established notation; and, if their progress may be possibly slower, I know that it is thorough, and that if they go to any other choir, or take a part in any vocal or instrumental performance, they will not have to commence the study of another notation. In conclusion, I think, Sir, it is time that musicians generally should give themselves the trouble of speaking out boldly on the subject; and if they did so, I feel convinced we should find more than nine-tenths of them endorse the views expressed in Professor Macfarren's letter. Your obedient servant,

Mus. Bac., Oxon.

Stuttgart.—Professor Donndorf has just completed the clay model of the principal figure for the Bach Monument, to be erected at Eisenach. The grand old Master is represented in the dress of the period, with long waistcoat and knee-breeches. His left arm is resting lightly on a music-stand, while in his hands he holds a pencil and a sheet of paper. It is said that the Monument will be inaugurated before the date originally selected, namely, the composer's 200th birthday, in 1885.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

There could hardly be better evidence of the popularity of Berlioz's *Faust* than its production by the Albert Hall Choral Society. For good and sufficient reasons, no doubt, this society avoids speculation on the strength of reputed new beliefs and fancies. Others may rush hither and thither, lured by the hope of exploiting some fresh public taste; but Mr Barnby and his people keep serenely plodding along the straight and beaten track. We do not mention this to blame; far from it. At a time when all sorts of silly and fantastic ideas lay themselves out to ensnare the weak and the foolish, a musical society may do much worse than steadily hold aloft the standard of pure and classic art, even as Moses set up the brazen serpent in the wilderness to be a symbol of healing and health. Having regard to the usual course of the society, the reasons must have been potent which led to the production of *Faust* on Wednesday evening, March 22. We admit their cogency. Indeed, looking at the result, no other course is possible. A very large audience attended, and the interest of the occasion was, on all hands, most marked.

Concerning the work itself, it is barely possible to say anything new. No other has been so frequently performed since Mr Charles Hallé revived it in a happy moment, while the familiarity of the story and the salient features of the music have enabled our public to make acquaintance with its details and comprehend its meaning in a brief space of time. On the other hand, a performance of *Faust* must always provoke remark; either praise for the conquering of special difficulties, excuses for honourable failure, or censure for rash venturing on a heavy task without sufficient means. Berlioz is one of those masters who cannot be trifled with. It takes only a little to turn the balance in favour of defeat or victory where his music is concerned; above all, does every performance of *Faust* convey to those who know what is involved the idea of a lottery wherein the chances in favour of a prize or a blank are nearly equal. We may at once state that the result of the Albert Hall Choral Society's venture upon *Faust* was a prize, and a big one. In some respects the performance commended itself as the best we have yet had in London. It was so, for example, with reference to the choral music. At this, perhaps nobody is surprised. Mr Barnby can train a choir better than most men; while the amateurs under him are people whose capacity is too well known for dispute. None the less should we give honour to the very able manner in which the choruses of *Faust* were rendered. We do not insist so much upon quality of tone, knowledge of the music, and confidence in delivery. The special excellence of the choir went higher into the region of feeling and expression; so that there was no passage which failed to come out as something more than merely harmonized sounds. The gain of this to the performance cannot be overrated. It made the choruses a part of the drama, instead of leaving them at the comparatively low level of *ensemble* episodes. We must also commend the work of the orchestra, though this might be done, inferentially, by stating that the Hungarian March, Dance of Sylphs, and Dance of Will-o'-the-Wisps were all encored by acclamation. There were times, it is true, when the orchestra played too loudly for the solo voices, but these apart, it is a plain duty to congratulate conductor and instrumentalists upon a very successful effort. The persons of the drama were represented by Mdme Marie Roze (Marguerite), Mr Vernon Rigby (Faust), Mr King (Mephistopheles), and Mr Pyatt, some of whom, we believe, discharged this duty for the first time. Mdme Roze won much favour by her appropriate delivery of "The King of Thule" song, and, even more, by the dramatic significance she threw into the love music. Here her stage training proved of value. She sang with meaning and expression as well as with energy, and achieved a frank success. On his part, Mr Vernon Rigby, previously a stranger to the music, showed his capacity for intelligent and successful study. In a smaller hall, the delicate and elaborated music allotted to Faust would, no doubt, have made a greater effect; but Mr Rigby must be credited with having used his opportunities to the utmost. That he sang with invariable correctness need not be insisted on, especially as the higher qualities of taste, feeling, and expression demand acknowledgment. His delivery of the Invocation to Nature was especially good, and put the finishing touch to a demonstration that in this artist we have a capable representative of Faust. Mr. King's Mephistopheles was throughout capital, and certainly none the worse because modelled upon that of Mr Santley. The sardonic spirit of the Tempter had admirable expression—so admirable that he must have been hard to please who saw reason to complain. Almost as a matter of course, the Serenade was given with point and spirit, and had to be repeated. Mr Pyatt did good service in his comparatively small part, and Mr Barnby conducted with all the skill necessary for success in a work which lays a heavy task upon him who wields the *bâton*.—*D. T.*

COFFEE HALLS.

(Concluded from page 186.)

In July, 1833, the title was changed to that of the Royal Victoria, in commemoration, it is said, of the young Princess Victoria and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, having visited it. There are also other interesting records connected with it. In 1830 Edmund Kean was paid £100 for performing there for two nights. Booth, Cooke, Liston, Joe Grimaldi, Buckstone, Benjamin Webster, and G. V. Brooke, trod its boards. It numbered among its scene-painters Clarkson Stanfield; and in 1834 the great violinist, Paganini, performed here for one night—his last appearance in this country.

Yet the Victoria enjoyed a doubtful reputation for some years; the audience which had begun by being respectable, changed into a mob who sat in shirt sleeves, cracked nuts, called the actors by their Christian names, and pelted them with orange peel and apples, so that it was hardly safe for a respectable West-ender to enter. However, with the march of time and education, these things again altered, and in 1871 the audience of the New Cut assembled to bid farewell to their cherished home of melodrama, and, though composed of the rougher classes, were as decorous as need be. The piece given was the same with which the theatre had opened in 1811, *Trial by Battle; or, Heaven defend the Right;* and when Mr Cave announced in a pathetic manner, "the curtain will drop for ever on the Victoria *Theatre*," and it fell, a mournful-voiced, bare-armed young man in the front row of the gallery summed up the case thus: "Ah! the poor old Wic! Pass the 'arf-and-'arf, 'Arry."

Well, it is the question of the "'arf-and-'arf" that has principally led to the establishment of these coffee-halls. Few want to deprive a hard-working artisan of his glass of ale at his dinner or supper, but they wish to prevent his spending the whole of his leisure time in a public-house—a place to which he cannot take his wife or his daughters, and where the temptation of an occasional sip ends too often in confirmed intemperance; and it is well known half the crimes committed come, not from the fair use, but the abuse, of drink. Feeling that some places of amusement were needed where men could take their wives and children to enjoy an evening of harmless recreation, where they could get good coffee, good tea-cakes, and cheap sparkling beverages, these places, of which the Victoria seems to be the chief, are being started. The rate of admission is extremely moderate. There are some seats at higher prices for those in a higher grade of society—a necessary thing, for it is a curious fact that places where only persons in their own position go are not popular with the people; they like to see the "swells."

If, then, the impetus given to the movement were to relax, or were eventually to fall through, it would not be the fault entirely of the class it is meant to benefit. There is not always a sufficiently hearty co-operation on the part of the general public. The danger to any new scheme lies so often in its being taken up with amiable enthusiasm that gradually gets cooler, or it is worked in too *dilettante* or amateurish a fashion, not on a sufficiently commercial basis; sometimes the failure is merely to be attributable to the want of sufficiency of funds to be able to weather and tide over that narrow isthmus that lies between non-success and success, and which almost always has to be traversed. The expenses are sometimes beyond the receipts, as in the Kensington Coffee Tavern, where the rental is £200, and the gas-bill, chiefly for cooking purposes, £160 per annum; so that, it is feared, if they cannot find enough annual subscribers to pay the rent, they will have to close.

Then, I am told the numbers are not many of small drinkers or total abstainers who reside permanently in any neighbourhood, and the working-classes are constantly migrating. Sometimes, too, the restaurants which began by giving excellent dinners at 6d. deteriorate, or the men are kept waiting—an important point when they have only a given time for their meals. Then the public-houses are trying to vie and surpass in their coffee and tea their rivals. And as the making of good coffee is one of the essential elements in the success of this undertaking, this is a point that should be closely looked after. In France coffee is so excellently made, and at such a cheap rate, that it is the universal and favourite beverage.

It is against all these adverse circumstances that the promoters of the present scheme will have to contend. A mere outsider, and in no way mixed up in the movement myself, it appears to me to hold the elements of so much good to thousands as to deserve the good wishes and co-operation, not of one class in particular, but of the general public.

CARLEON.

MILAN.—The revival of *Simon Boccanegra* at the Scala had to be postponed for a short time in consequence of the indisposition of M. Maurel. It is said that he has been offered an engagement to sing in *Hamlet* at Barcelona, with Mad. Marie Heilbronn as Ophelia, and another for next winter at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

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SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At the Grand Opera, M. Vaucorbeil was very anxious that M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* should be produced before Passion Week, but, for various reasons, the realization of his wish was found to be impossible, and so the first night is now fixed "immutably" for the 10th or the 12th inst.

Galante Aventure, the new three-act opera, has been successfully produced at the Opéra-Comique. The book, by MM. Louis Davyl and Armand Sylvestre, is made up of materials which have served on innumerable occasions before, but, being cleverly rearranged and clothed in elegant and polished fiction, were nevertheless received with as much satisfaction as though they were entirely new. Had they even been less skilfully handled, the audience would in all probability still have been pleased; for Frenchmen are never tired of pieces in which female virtue is represented as not altogether immaculate. In the present instance, however, a certain zest is added to the story—which is decidedly *scabreux*—because, at the fall of the curtain, the spectators are left in doubt as to which of two daughters of Eve has fallen a victim to the insidious wiles of the gallant young soldier, Urbain de Bois-Baudry. This interesting hero, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the hand of the fair Armande, whose parents compelled her to marry an old but wealthier suitor, whom they considered a more eligible match than the younger but impecunious swain, went off, some three years prior to the commencement of the action, to fight under Francis I. in the Milanese. There he has remained till the conclusion of the campaign, when he returns to Paris and meets an old brother-in-arms, Vigile. They determine to have a little amusement without being over scrupulous as to where they seek it. As he is roaming about, Urbain is lucky enough to rescue a young female from the hands of some roysterers. Having done this, he escorts her home, and, to prove of course how safe she is in his keeping, enters with her. But who is she? Is she the Marquise de Chandor, wife of a profligate Marquis of the usual pattern, or Gilberte, her maid, or Mdme de Narsay, the very Armande, now a widow, whom Urbain, though not above engaging in a chance amorous intrigue, *pour passer le temps*, still so fondly loves? This is a question which, owing to the very convenient darkness, Urbain cannot answer. But Vigile swears on meeting his friend the next morning that the fair unknown is Mdme de Narsay, and establishes the truth of his assertion in an apparently irrefutable manner. Consequently, when Mdme de Narsay arrives and intimates that, being now free, she is ready to bestow her hand on him who has so long possessed her heart, she is deeply shocked at, and totally unable to comprehend, the way in which she is received. Eventually everything is satisfactorily arranged. The reprobate Marquis de Chandor had contrived a deep-laid plan to carry off Mdme Narsay, but his Wife hears of it, and, accompanied by her maid, Gilberte, determines to get carried off instead of Armande, who is an old friend of hers. For this purpose, she and Gilberte take up their residence in Armande's mansion which, strange to say, is the very mansion whither, as already related, Urbain conducts her whom he has rescued, and who, at all events, is not Armande. Whether she is the Marquise or Gilberte, is a matter about which the dashing gallant does not trouble his head. So all ends happily in the usual fashion.

The music is by M. Ernest Guiraud, who had already presented the lyric stage with *Madame Turlupin*, *Piccolino*, and *Gretna Green*, and is well calculated to sustain the composer's reputation. The orchestration gives evidence of a scholarly and practised hand, while the vocal part is flowing and melodious. Among the numbers more especially liked in the first act may be mentioned a chorus: "Joyeuse Nouvelle;" a romance for Armande de Narsac; a serenade; and a trio for Armande, Mdme de Chandor, and Gilberte. The second act contains a striking opening chorus, a graceful duet for Armande and Urbain, and a fine trio for male voices. The third act is introduced by a pleasing little bit of symphonic writing, which met with special approbation; then comes an effective air for Urbain, and a duet between him and Armande. As Mdme de Narsay, Mdme de Chandor, and Gilberte respectively, Mdmes Bilbaut-Vauchelet, Dupuis, and Chevalier sang and acted their best. The same applies to M. Talazac as Urbain de Bois-Baudry, and M. Taskin as Vigile. M. Grivot, too, was good as the Marquis de Chandor. The chorus under M. Carré, and the band under M. Danbé, did their work well. The scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène* generally were all the most exacting could require.

Taking advantage of her passage through this capital on her return from Monte Carlo, Mdme Albani paid M. Gounod a visit, and went through with him her music in his oratorio of *The Redemption*, to be produced at the Birmingham Festival. She will return after Easter to hear *Françoise de Rimini*. Signor Sonzogno, the music publisher of Milan, is already here for the same purpose, and also to make arrangements for an Italian version of the work.—M. Colonne recently summonsed several members of his chorus for breaking their engagement and transferring their services to a rival competitor for public favour. They were condemned to pay 300 francs and costs.

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DONIZETTI'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA.

Donizetti's posthumous opera, the *Duca d'Alba*, discovered a year ago among his papers, was brought out at the Apollo last night. Expectations had been raised to the highest pitch, which the success of the opera justified. The *Opinione* says:—"There can no longer be any doubt that the *Duca d'Alba* adds a new leaf to the great master's crown, and will certainly live in the Italian repertory." The theatre was crammed in every part. Not only was all the musical world of Rome present, but a number of art notabilities came from Milan, Naples, and other cities. Among them were Ponchielli, Bazzini, and Dominicetti, who formed the commission appointed by the Academic Council of the Milan Conservatoire to pronounce on the authenticity of the manuscript, and Salvi, who undertook the task of completing the orchestral score. All the aristocracies, of rank, wealth, talent, science, and art, were represented, with Her Majesty Queen Margherita—never absent when honour is to be rendered to the Italian name. The audience remained silent during the first half of the first act, but the applause burst forth at a splendid chorus and then continued with increasing intensity to the end. At some parts the audience actually shouted their approval. The first and last of the four acts are wonderfully fine.—*Times correspondence.*

Rome, March 23, 1882.

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MUSIC IN GENEVA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The announcement that M. Strakosch would, with his renowned touring company of stars, give a concert on the 21st ult. in the Bâtiment Electoral, drew a large and fashionable audience, who, on leaving, were delighted to find that all their expectations, however high, had been thoroughly realized.

To descend to details, I may mention that the fair Transatlantic nightingale, Miss Emma Thursby, fairly held her hearers spellbound, both by the delicious quality of her voice and the marvellous feats which she causes it to perform with unerring certainty and such winning grace. In reply to the applause which greeted her rendering of the songs set down for her in the programme, and which seemed as though it would never end, she gave two more songs, one English and the other German, which were not set down for her, whereupon the applause was, if possible, more enthusiastic than before. Mad. Trebelli sang with all the style and power for which she is celebrated "Di tanti Palpiti," from Rossini's *Tancredi*, and the "Habanera," from Georges Bizet's *Carmen*. In recognition of the highly appreciative and somewhat vociferous manner in which the latter was received, the gifted lady threw in an exquisite piece by Chopin. M. Capoul, who, by the way, was rather hoarse, acquitted himself satisfactorily of his part of the programme. M. Strakosch was the accompanist on the piano. Instrumental music, *pur et simple*, found a most efficient representative in that clever violinist, M. Musin, who played, among other pieces, a "Souvenir de Haydn" and a "Berceuse" by Léonard. He was warmly applauded. Altogether, the concert was a most enjoyable one, and will not soon be forgotten by those who attended it.

At St James's Hall on Good Friday a sacred concert is announced, at which Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be sung by Mdmes Marie Roze and Patey, Messrs Edward Lloyd and F. King; to be followed by "gems from the oratorios and other sacred works," rendered by the same vocalists aided by Miss Agnes Ross and Mr Charles Abercrombie. Besides the attractions named, Gounod's "Meditation of J. S. Bach, arranged for orchestra, chorus, violin, and pianoforte," will be given "for the first time in England" by a band and chorus of 300; the solo-violin part to be played by Mr Carrodus, and the pianoforte by Master Carrodus. In addition to which, Mdme Marie Roze will sing "Let the bright seraphim," to the trumpet *obbligato* of Mr W. Ellis.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 3, 1882,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 1, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "Medjé" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Novellette, in F (Schumann), Nocturne, in D flat, and Waltz, in A flat (Chopin), for pianoforte alone—Mdme Schumann; Song, "O swallow, swallow" (Piatti)—Mr Santley—violoncello *obbligato*, Signor Piatti; Concerto, in D minor, for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniment (Bach)—MM. Joachim and Straus, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Tema con Variazioni, in D major, Op. 17, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti; Songs, "O cessate di piagarmi" (Scarlatti) and "Ho messo nuove corde" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Hungarian Dances, Nos. 2, 19, and 7, for violin and pianoforte (Brahms and Joachim (Herr Joachim and Miss Agnes Zimmermann.)

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 1882,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Trio, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, in E major and minor, Op. 14, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Schumann; Song, "Voi che sapete" (Mozart)—Miss Spenser Jones; Trio, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Schumann, MM. Joachim and Piatti; Air, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Handel)—Miss Spenser Jones; Quartet, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMICRON OF THE ORKNEYS.—Good. *Ainsi soit il, pour ainsi dire, si ainsi ose't on s'exprimer.*

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882.

COLDLY CORRECT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The growing taste of a certain clique of amateurs would seem to be for everything in convulsions. I went to a concert in St James's Hall last Tuesday, and heard Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26, played with a chasteness of style, a phrasing remarkable both for grace and purity, and an absolute perfection of mechanism not to be surpassed. Could the divine composer himself have been present he would have run up to the platform and kissed the fingers of the executant. Fancy my astonishment on reading in the musical columns of a favourite journal:—"* * * *, by playing the Funeral March Sonata of Beethoven ('Funeral March Sonata'!) gave a lesson in the coldly correct style to all young pianists." Perhaps the critic prefers the hotly incorrect style. If so, he is welcome. I don't, and shall be gratified if you will allow me to make this protest in your columns. Wrong notes, self-assertion, "tearing passion to tatters," and above all, *noise*, are becoming the fashion with a circle of imaginary æsthetes, who aim at the very existence of music as a genuine art. They want a Gilbert and a Sullivan to show them up in their true colours. It is consoling, however, to know that such madness can only be short-lived.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALGERNON K. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

New Brighton, March 25.

SARAH BERNHARDT commences on the 9th inst. a series of performances at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

MR GYE has issued his prospectus of the "Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Limited." The season is to commence on Tuesday, April 18th.

GERMAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—What is really "German Opera"? Haydn and Mozart, in their *cantilena*, were pure *Italian*. Handel, before them, drew immeasurably from the Italian melodic spring. Gluck, as medium, joined hands with the man of Halle and the man of Salzburg. The three had been to Italy, and two of them (Handel and Gluck) were dexterous highwaymen, though one said his cook could teach the other counterpoint (which was true at that date). *All* music comes from Italy (let Mr Salaman say what him pleases). England took her music from Italy; France also; Spain (alack!) also. Belgium has no music except that which the late Charles Hanssens gathered up in splinters on the field of Waterloo; the music of Holland is the music of frogs; that of Russia, Scandinavia generally (including Mr Cowen's Symphony), Ireland, Scotland, Wales, &c., little better than a sort of mumbling, moaning, howling, blustering about an imaginary past. Germany has no music except that of Bach (the music of whose progeny is the rinsings of the old man's bottles), Lortzing, Weber, and Lanner. The music of Mendelssohn is Jew's music; the music of Meyerbeer is Harlequin's coat; the music of Beethoven can only be explained by Joachim, all the others dandifying it to such an extent that instead of seeing at a glance the wide universe, we see Joseph (not Joseph Joachim) in his coat of many colours, which certain antiquaries persist in putting on Benjamin (not Lumley, who always dressed black). In fact, take away Auber a Frenchman, Dibdin an Englishman, Van Hoof a Dutchman, and there is no such thing as national music—by which I mean the only possible music. Wagner thinks himself a German minstrel, whereas he is simply a hypochondriac mythic ballad monger, groping about for ideas in the dark ages, while Wagner's father-in-law is a raving sybarite. There *was* a Manx (truly Manx) composer, by name Mac; but *he* has taken to engineering and employs all his leisure, which amounts to none at all, in constructing submarine tunnels between Liverpool, Boston, and New York, to expedite the carriage of dynamite and bull rugs. These are my sentiments. Let's hear no more about "national" schools of music.

TEMPEST.

[Blow Tempest.—Otto Beard.]

THE LATE MR JOHN HILES.

We regret to hear that the widow of the late Mr John Hiles, to whom we referred in a recent issue, has been left in circumstances which have necessitated the raising of a subscription for her benefit. If a very small percentage of those who have derived from Mr Hiles' music and works both instruction and recreation were to contribute to the fund being raised, it would soon amount to a considerable sum. Subscriptions will be kindly received by Messrs Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Gray & Davison, Euston Road; Duncan Davison & Co., Regent Street; and Mr Frederic Davison, 24, Fitzroy Square.

WE have more or less substantial cause to believe that the talked-of "Egyptian Symphony" of our gifted compatriot, Arthur Sullivan, will turn out a substantial reality. It will, or we are greatly mistaken, beat Félicien David's *Desert* into smithereens. If not, Mark Twain will ascend the great Pyramid, with his 150 umbrellas, and learn the reason why.

THE Princess Beatrice's two compositions, recently published by Mr Lamborn Cock, entitled "The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song" and "The Green Cavalier's Song," were sung for the first time in public by Miss Lilas Spontini (not Linas Spontini, as inadvertently printed in our last week's impression) at the concert given by the Kensington Club on Tuesday, and met with genuine success, leaving the impression of Her Royal Highness being an accomplished musician. Miss Lilas Spontini afterwards gave Schubert's "Ungwald" (Impatience) with finished expression.

DRESDEN.—The three-act romantic opera, *Hagbarth und Signe*, composed some ten or twelve years ago by Herr E. von Mihalovic, was successfully produced on the 12th ult., at the Theatre Royal. The style is eminently Wagnerian.—*Der Bauer ein Schelm*, a German version of an opera by Anton Dvorak, as yet performed only at the Czech Theatre, Prague, is to be given here.

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SIGNOR GARDONI.

All frequenters of the Italian opera and many personal friends will learn with deep regret that Signor Gardoni has just died in the house in the Rue Tronchet, Paris, which he occupied for many years. Signor Gardoni had been ailing for some considerable time, but, until he was prostrated by the tedious illness which has proved fatal, he was remarkable for his singularly juvenile aspect, and many will probably hear with surprise that he was nearly sixty-two years of age. His numerous successes on the Anglo-Italian stage are too recent to need recapitulation here, but it may be said that he was as much attached to the English public as they were to him. He was almost better known, indeed, in his professional capacity in London than in Paris, where, however, he had, I believe, an interest in a financial house, and where his pleasant and naturally genial manners endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Gardoni married a daughter of Tamburini, the famous baritone, and he leaves, besides his widow, two daughters and a son to deplore his loss.

Gardoni was buried on Wednesday at Montmartre, the funeral service being performed with all the touching impressiveness of the Roman Catholic ritual, in the Madeleine Church. In the large congregation of mourners who had assembled to bid adieu to a much respected friend, I observed but very few professional comrades; indeed, Mdme Albani and M. Faure were the only singers, so far as I saw, who attended to pay a last tribute of respect to their former colleague. Gardoni, for some years past, led a very retired life in Paris, where, although he made his *début* at the French Operahouse he was less known than in London. In the busy life of the French capital old favourites are soon forgotten.—(*Paris correspondence "Daily Telegraph."*)

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CONCERTS.

Crystal Palace.—The Saturday Concerts are going on after the old and approved fashion in which Mr Manns, their director, has always wisely trusted for success. Three have been given since our last notice. The first of these would have been interesting if only on account of a very fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, about which there has been so much discussion, closed eventually in its favour by a unanimous verdict from the genuine musical public. Enough that no work in its kind of equal merit has since been written except by Mendelssohn himself, who was but twenty years old when he completed it. Then the overture to Spontini's *Olympie* is surely (*pacé* the "advanced" school) worth an occasional hearing, as coming from the pen of a master declared by Berlioz to be Gluck's legitimate successor, and who, away from that distinction, has played a part too important in the history of "dramatic opera" to be ignored without ignoring one of the pregnant stages of its progress. Lastly, the once-admired pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor, by Ferdinand Ries—Beethoven's favoured (indeed, only legitimate) pupil, as well as being the son of Beethoven's master—admirably executed by Mdlle Marie Krebs, was heard with infinite satisfaction by those whose taste has not been corrupted by the manifold incoherent rhapsodies which German, French, and Russian musicians of recent years have brought forward in the name of "concerto"—things wholly "without form and void" (chaos after the creation). At the following concert Mdme Norman Neruda introduced a concerto (in G, No. 6, Op. 47) by her master and adviser, the late Henri Vieuxtemps, written expressly for her, and forwarded with a letter couched in terms of equal admiration and affection, a letter which Mr Manns quotes in his well-judged analysis of the work. The concerto is not only the last, but in many respects the best, that came from the "Prince of Belgian Violinists." It is in the *virtuoso* style, no doubt, while adhering to the form which Hummel derived from Mozart; although, unlike Hummel, it vouchsafes that importance to the orchestra invariably to be remarked in the concertos of Mozart. How Mdme Néruda plays, with what consummate ease she vanquishes all the technical difficulties which abound in this, as in all the previous concertos of Vieuxtemps, and with what devotion she strives to interpret the significance of her revered master's essentially *musical* phrases, those who have frequently heard and understood the accomplished Moravian lady at her best need not be reminded. The symphony at this concert was Mozart's truly Orphean "E flat," first of the immortal three, the second and third of which are the "G minor" and the so-called "Jupiter" (C major), all produced (besides other works of more or less importance) from June 26 to August 10 of 1788! On Saturday (25th inst.) the foremost attraction was Herr Joseph Joachim, whose noble and deeply-thought "Elegiac Overture," composed in memory of Heinrich von Kleist, opened the programme. This overture was first performed by the Cambridge University Musical Society, on the 8th of March, 1877, when the degree of "Doctor of Music" was conferred upon its composer, already long ago of European renown. It was appreciated then, was appreciated very shortly afterwards, when produced, under the direction of Mr Manns, at the Crystal Palace, and rose higher and higher in the opinion of connoisseurs on the present occasion. Such music can only be estimated at its worth by increased familiarity—judging from which point of view, it may safely be prophesied that the "Kleist-Overture" is destined to live. Herr Joachim, for the second time at the Crystal Palace, brought forward the violin concerto in D, by his *quasi*-compatriot and intimate friend, Johannes Brahms. Opinions still differ with regard to the intrinsic merits of this elaborate work; but none with regard to the magnificent reading of the solo part by the Hungarian violinist. Brahms, great musician as he is, and as this concerto proves, has yet to learn the art of contriving "bravura" passages for the violin, as exemplified from Paganini to Ernst and Vieuxtemps. His wisest course would be to write a concerto every alternate year for Joachim, who would soon mark out for him the path he might advantageously follow. The *cadenza*—Herr Joachim's own, based, as a matter of course, upon the "subject-matter" furnished by the composer—offers, notwithstanding its extraordinary mechanical difficulty, a case in point. In addition to the concerto, Herr Joachim gave the prelude and Fugue from J. S. Bach's sonata in G minor, his execution of which has gained for him repeated triumphs, from the time of his first introducing them, as a mere boy, in 1844, at one of the *soirées* given by Messrs. G. A. (now Professor) Macfarren and J. W. Davison, in what was then the concert room of the Princess's Theatre, to his last performance of them in St James's Hall. The singers at the concerts thus briefly commemorated have been Signor Foli, Miss Carlotta Elliott, Mrs Hutchinson, and Miss Hope Glenn. The gentleman has long since won his spurs; and of the ladies it may be said that, without exception, they are surely progressing in their art. They select good music, and sing it well.—*Graphic.*

Philharmonic Society.—Whatever this society may have lost by temporary alliance with the "abomination of desolation," as represented by Liszt's *Hungaria*, was regained when, on Thursday, March 23, it invited the public to the garden of sound, wherein bloom such delectable things as Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor for pianoforte, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. A great crowd answered the call, and the occasion was one of the most notable in the society's recent experience. We must attribute this partly, no doubt, to the fact that Mdme Schumann made what was announced as her only appearance this season in connection with an orchestra. Curiosity to hear the great artist under such circumstances was a natural feeling. The opportunity in the nature of things may not occur again, while it is almost a certainty that, should Mdme Schumann visit us no more, we shall have to wait years for the coming of a pianist equally able to interpret the masterpieces of classic art in the spirit of the age which gave them birth. The reception accorded to Mdme Schumann was of the most enthusiastic character, many of the audience rising from their seats to do her honour. As to this, no demonstrations would have been in excess. We have amongst us well-nigh the last exemplar of a grand school, destined to be looked back upon with envy, and to be anticipated in revival—since no good thing can die—with a longing the more ardent because of abounding opportunity for contrast with a worse thing. By all means, then, let us honour this exemplar, and, so doing, show that we know how to recognize talent which is not blatantly self-assertive, and artistic practices which are above the level of quackery. Mdme Schumann's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto—first heard fifty years ago next May—was worthy the jubilee of a work more popular now than when in the heyday of youthful freshness. Addressing herself to the grateful task, the friend of Mendelssohn seemed to recal the vigour of past days, and to re-animate herself with the enthusiasm which time must necessarily abate. She played in magnificent style from first to last, and was honoured at the close with a demonstration utterly out of keeping with the common idea of a phlegmatic British audience. Again and again Mdme Schumann had to re-appear on the platform to bow her acknowledgments. She was, of course, affected by the scene, and will number it among the remarkable events of a long and brilliant career. The concert opened with the overture to Mr C. V. Stanford's opera *The Veiled Prophet*, a work successfully produced in its entirety at Hanover last year, and from which selections have recently been given at the Crystal Palace. The overture was most favourably received and the composer applauded, but it might be well to reserve criticism until the opera is given in England. That time cannot surely be far distant, else all our recent talk about fostering native

talent is so much empty sound, having some other meaning, if any meaning at all, than that of the language employed. The C minor Symphony was performed in a fashion quite up to the improved standard of the society, and the same might be said of the *Euryanthe* overture. Mdlle Kufferath and Mr Maas were the vocalists, the lady failing, probably from nervousness, in Mozart's "Ah, lo so," but giving two German lieder nicely; and the gentleman using his magnificent voice to the fullest effect in the Centurion's song from Dr Bridge's interesting cantata, *Boadicea*, which work, we are glad to learn, is set down for performance at the Chester festival in June next. Mr Cusins conducted, as usual, and with customary ability. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the concert by their presence.—*D. T.*

Mr Walter Macfarren.—This gentleman (writes a valuable contributor) brought his interesting series of Orchestral Concerts to a close on Saturday night last in the presence of a large audience, which included many of our most distinguished professors. The examples given by Mr Macfarren of himself as a writer of orchestral music, consisted of his overtures, *Hero and Leander*, and *King Henry the Fifth*, both of which have challenged praise as compositions replete with happily conceived effects, and much brilliant and picturesque instrumentation. The present hearing confirmed the good opinion already suggested, and Mr Macfarren reaped another crop of well-deserved laurels. The fine orchestra which he had gathered together for these concerts rendered every justice to the above-mentioned works, which, when fitting opportunity arises, ought assuredly to be heard again and again. The programme further contained Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by Miss Cantelo, and Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Herr Joachim. The young lady is a pianist of acquirement and susceptibility. As regards the former qualification, she does honour to Mr Walter Macfarren, under whose tutelage it may be presumed she has graduated, and as regards the latter, evidence was repeatedly forthcoming that her heart was in her work, and that she was directed by intelligence and motive. Schumann's fine concerto is a test of no ordinary trial for any player, but it cannot be denied that Miss Cantelo, after making every allowance for youth and public inexperience, won a measureable degree of credit, which she will doubtless see her way by study and determination to profitably enlarge. Joachim has never been in brighter or grander force than now, and it will easily be felt that the concerto of Beethoven was listened to with all the zealous and loving attention which intimate acquaintance with the music and a reverential belief in the artist could alone inspire. Upon the present occasion his performance of the matchless poem of Beethoven (with which, it is not too much to say, the name of Joachim for the last quarter of a century has been chiefly identified), had lost nothing of its triumphant excellence, whether as a mental or a physical effort, and the pleasure of the audience was excited to the utmost—as well it might be. To the prolonged rounds of applause that awaited him at the close of his magnificent performance, there could hardly have been a person present who did not in the fulness of his delight enthusiastically contribute. Mendelssohn's glowing overture to *Ruy Blas* commenced the concert, and was encored with acclamation; the second part opening with Spohr's symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, which would have been better enjoyed had the programme been of narrower dimensions. Three overtures, two instrumental concertos, and a symphony (by no means of the shortest), constituted too much of the proverbial "good thing," however healthy and exceptional the intellectual digestion of the listener. The vocalities were supplied by Miss Clara Samuell.—H.

The concert given at the Royal Victoria Hall on Thursday evening, March 23rd, arranged by Mr George Gear, gave much satisfaction to the audience. Some compositions of Mr Gear were successfully given, amongst others "The Rose is dead," sung by Miss Edith Ruthven, and a *Rondo brillante* entitled "La Gioja," as well as a "Rigaudon" for the pianoforte, played by the composer, who was unanimously re-called. Misses Rose Moss and Ellen Marchant pleased greatly, and Miss Clara Latham's fine voice in "The Children of the City" and "The Minstrel Boy," as well as in the contralto part of Professor Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," was heard to advantage. Some "recitations" by Miss Minnie Bell were powerfully rendered, the same lady displaying the versatility of her talent by singing "Rory o' More." The duets for pianoforte and violin, played by Misses Nellie and Kate Chaplin, and the violin solo of the last-named were remarkably well played. Messrs D'Arcy Ferris, W. Broughton, Alfred Moore, Sackville Evans, Mdlle and Master von Löhr also assisted. The accompanists were Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr George Gear.

Mr Gustave Pradeau gave a pianoforte recital on Tuesday afternoon, March 28th, in one of the smaller reception rooms of the new Kensington Town Hall, under the patronage of the Princess Louise and other distinguished individuals. The name of Mr Pradeau is unknown to us, but the exemplifications he gave of his attainments were sufficiently numerous to proclaim him a pianist of unfailing readiness and capability. His programme covered a variety of fields, and included the names of Scarlatti, W. F. Bach, Handel, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, and Weber, indicating the superior direction of his tastes and the varied quality of his technical experiences, both characteristics being rendered the more palpable by the fact that he played wholly from the storehouse of his memory—in other words without book or reference. The most important features of the recital were Chopin's Sonata in B minor, and Weber's Sonata in C. His execution of the famous "Moto continuo," which forms the final rondo of the latter, was a marvel of velocity and unweariness of hand.—H.

A series of five concerts of instrumental concerted music, entitled, "Musical Evenings," under the direction of Mr Henry Holmes, have been given during the past month at the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music, the last of which took place on Wednesday evening, before a most appreciative and attentive audience. The executants during the season were:—Mr Henry Holmes (first violin); Mr A. Gibson (second violin); Mr A. Burnett (viola); Mr E. Howell (violoncello); Mdme Haas (pianoforte); Mr W. Henry Hill (second viola); and Mr C. Ould (second violoncello). The concerts have been most interesting to lovers of instrumental music, as the following list of works performed during the season will show:—

First Concert.—Quartet (strings), in B flat, Op. 55, No. 3 (Haydn); Quintet (pianoforte and strings), in E flat, Op. 44 (Schumann); Quartet (strings), in A minor, Op. 132 (Beethoven).

Second Concert.—Quartet (strings), in F, Op. 41 (Schumann); Sonata (pianoforte and violoncello), in D, Op. 102, No. 2 (Beethoven); Quartet (strings), in D minor (posthumous) (Schubert).

Third Concert.—Quartet (strings), in E minor, Op. 44 (Mendelssohn); Sonata (pianoforte and violin), in G, Op. 96 (Beethoven); Quintet (strings), in C, Op. 163 (Schubert).

Fourth Concert.—Sextet (strings), in G, Op. 36 (Brahms); Trio (pianoforte and strings), in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2 (Beethoven); Quintet (strings), in C, Op. 29 (Beethoven).

Fifth Concert.—Quartet (strings), in F, No. 8 (Mozart); Quintet (pianoforte and strings), in F minor, Op. 34 (Brahms); Quartet (strings), in C, Op. 59, No. 9 (Beethoven).

The "Musical Evenings" were established in 1868, by Mr Henry Holmes, when they were heartily welcomed, and now, in 1882, they are, notwithstanding the plethora of music, more welcome than ever.

Herren Carl Weber and Alex. Kummer, in connection with Mons. B. Albert, gave the first of their announced series of four concerts of chamber music in the Royal Academy concert room on Wednesday evening, March 22nd. The programme consisted of Gade's Trio, in F, Op. 42, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor, for pianoforte alone, by Sgambati; Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, for violin and pianoforte; and Beethoven's Trio, Op. 9, No. 2, for violin, viola, and violoncello. Between the instrumental pieces Mdme Isabel Fassett sang compositions by Beethoven and Brahms, accompanied by Mr Harvey R. Löhr. The concert-givers are all highly esteemed professors, Herr Carl Weber being a pianist of superior attainments, Herr Kummer a violinist whose merits have been frequently acknowledged, and Mons. B. Albert a violoncellist whose ability is well known to amateurs as well as to the general public. We need therefore only draw the attention of our readers to the concerts in progress by these artists and they will be amply repaid for their attendance by the excellence of the programmes and the admirable way in which the compositions are sure to be rendered.

Mdlle Rosina Isidor's concert on Saturday evening, March 18, attracted a full and fashionable audience. Assisted by Mdme Patey, Mr Maas, Signor Foli, and Mr Barrington Foote, as singers; with Herr Ernst Lœwenberg, Mr John Thomas, Herr Louis Engel, and Mr Keppel, as instrumentalists, an agreeably varied programme was offered to her friends by Mdlle Isidor, who, it may be remembered, made a favourable *debut* at Her Majesty's Theatre in the autumn season. The possessor of an agreeable voice, which she uses artistically, Miss Isidor made a sensible impression in the well-known air from *Il Trovatore*, "Tacea la notte;" in the duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Sulla tomba" (with Mr Maas); as well as in Cowen's popular song, "It was a dream" (encored), and in a valse song by Mora, "Regina di cuore," gaining unanimous applause and a "call" after each. Mdme Patey contributed to the success of the concert by her fine rendering of "A Winter's Story," by Michael Watson, and her humorous delivery of Behrend's "Auntie." Mr Joseph Maas made a great effect with Blumenthal's popular "Message," and was called upon to repeat Engel's "Darling mine," accompanied by the composer, who afterwards gave his harmonium

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solo entitled "The Piper's Daughter." A flute solo is a novelty at a fashionable concert, and Mr Keppel's brilliant performance of an *air varié* by Böhm was thoroughly enjoyed and warmly applauded. The concert concluded with the quartet "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia*, effectively sung by the concert-giver and her valuable coadjutors.

Miss Rosa Kenney's recital at the Marlborough Rooms on Tuesday last attracted a large and fashionable audience. It was a critical audience, too, although one evidently much interested in the young artist whose career since she made her *début* not long ago as Juliet has been anxiously watched by her friends. Miss Kenney has certainly gained considerably since her first appearance, both in strength of voice and clearness of declamation, the proof of which was evident in Tennyson's "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which she selected as her first piece for recital on the occasion under notice. We were hardly prepared, however, for the spirit and comic humour she displayed in the love scene between Helen and Modus from Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback*. In this Miss Kenney had the valuable aid of Mr Charles Wyndham, whose Modus was delightfully simple. The last piece recited by Miss Kenney was a selection from "The passing of Arthur," by Tennyson, in which her command of pathos and variety of "voice-tone" were prominently brought out. The recital was varied by two solos on the pianoforte by Herr Kranick and some excellent singing by Mdme Edith Wynne and Miss Berta Forresta, ably accompanied by Mr H. S. Trego, who also gave some pianoforte solos. Mrs Aylmer Gowing and Mr Herbert Standing also assisted Miss Kenney, the first named reciting Southey's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," and the gentleman his own amusing story of "The 'Bus Driver." Mr Standing also gave some imitations of well-known actors, which, however, must have been an "after thought," as they were not inserted in the programme.

Mr Lansdowne Cottell's lecture on "Practical Harmony" to the students of the London Conservatoire of Music and their friends was given on March 25 at 6, Tavistock Square. The lecture was "full to the brim" with novel "rules of procedure"—novel, at least, to those unfamiliar with the courses of study in use at the Continental Conservatoires—as well as demonstrations of the errors in many of the ordinary instruction-books, and was delivered in such an interesting manner that it was received with rapt attention, broken only at times by irrepressible laughter at some humorous anecdote, or by enthusiastic applause as an apparently complex theorem was ingeniously made clear. Professor Macfarren's timely hit at the Tonic Sol-fa system was duly quoted and dilated upon. As a practical and instructive discourse, assisted by pianoforte illustrations, Mr Cottell's amusing lecture was certainly a *multum in parvo* of harmony and vocalization worthy of publication *in extenso*.—A. B.

PROVINCIAL.

Bristol.—Mr Brinley Richards terminated his examination on behalf of the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday, March 18, assisted by a local examiner, Mr George Riseley. Mr Brinley Richards expressed himself highly pleased with the ability of the candidates, many of whom came a long distance. The great importance attached to these examinations is shown by the large number of names sent in, there being upwards of 1,200, and tends also to show how rapidly musical education is on the increase in this country. In this respect the Royal Academy of Music is exercising an influence in musical art which, in these days of general education, must be considered a public service of no little value. Professor Macfarren is the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and to him the public are largely indebted for these examinations. The candidates in Bristol have expressed themselves in high terms of the courtesy of Mr Brinley Richards, and in reply to a question that gentleman said that Bristol had done well, and that the results justified him in saying that the candidates reflected the greatest credit on those who were entrusted with musical education in this city.—*Western Daily Press.*

Edinburgh.—The Edinburgh University Musical Society gave its fifteenth annual concert last week, when the usual large audience assembled. Following the practice of former years, an orchestra of about fifty performers supplemented the work of the students' chorus, and two songs were contributed by Miss Wakefield. The chief interest of the concert attaches to the students' chorus, partly because of the association of a too long neglected art with the severer business of college life, and partly because of the interesting features in the programme to be credited to the excellent judgment and taste of Sir Herbert Oakeley. The choir-singing, on the occasion under notice, was enjoyable in a high degree, and when it is remembered that the Professor has every year a body of raw material—musically ignorant and vocally unformed—to work with, the result was more than creditable. The concert opened with the "Gaudeamus Igitur." A fine chorus by Spohr, entitled "To Song," was also given with as much delicacy in the piano passages as could be expected from a chorus so constituted. The highest point of excellence was reached in the noble piece of choral writing, "Freedom," by Weber, which was transposed and most effectively scored by the Professor. Hardly less successful were the renderings of "The Red Cross Knight" and a new choral song, "Omnia Vincit Amor," by the Professor. The latter is a tuneful and vigorous composition, in which the spirit of the old song is happily caught. His arrangements of Scotch melodies have for some years past formed not the least enjoyable numbers in the programmes, and the two given last night, "Cam' ye by Athole" and "Auld Lang Syne," were repetitions easily justifiable. Two pianoforte solos were contributed by young students, both of whom evinced intelligent reading and considerable executive power. Another student, possessing a fine baritone voice, sang an air by Handel, and two songs (modestly entitled *bagatelles*), by the Professor. The first of these, "Partings," is set in a style of appropriate simplicity, with much melodic charm; the second, "Contrasts," is treated with greater boldness and originality, and is an impressive song. Miss Wakefield's contributions were an aria from Gluck's *Orfeo* and Mozart's "L'Addio." Sir Herbert Oakeley, president and conductor of the Society, received an "ovation" from the students at the termination of the concert.—(*Abridged from the "Edinburgh Courant."*)

Windsor.—Mr Orlando Christian gave his annual concert in the Albert Institute on Monday, March 27th. The artists included Misses Jessie Royd and Jeanie Rosse, Sig. Odoardo Barri, Herr Bonawitz, Mons. A. Brousil, Mdlles B. Brousil and C. A. Brousil. There was a large and fashionable audience. Encores were awarded to Miss Rosse in "The old and the young Marie" (Cowen), Miss Royd in "The keel row," and Miss Christian in "The Better Land" (Cowen). A new song, "The Queen's Message," composed by Mr H. R. Couldrey, and written by Mr Welham Clarke, was introduced by Mr O. Christian; this was enthusiastically encored. The composition does credit to a young composer.

Derby.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company have given three representations this week, commencing on Monday night with an excellent performance of *Mignon*, conducted by Mr Pew, the principal character being rendered most charmingly by Miss Julia Gaylord, Mr Barton McGuckin undertaking that of Wilhelm-Meister with genuine success. Filina and Lothario were in the safe hands of Miss Georgina Burns and Mr Leslie Crotty. Mr Lyall, as Laertes, was as mirth-provoking as ever. To quote the *Derby Daily Telegraph*: "It is remarkable to note the apparent ease with which this accomplished comedian lifts into agreeable prominence a character which, given to an ordinary player, would be lost in the ruts of conventionality. Without being in the least degree obtrusive, Mr Lyall so used his opportunities as to leaven the whole of the sad story with most acceptable humour." Miss Kate Chard was a handsome looking Frederic, Messrs Broklyn and Leahy undertaking the parts of Antonio and Giarno. There was a full and fashionable audience.

Birkenhead.—On Tuesday evening, March 28th, the members of the Cambrian Choral Society gave a concert in the Queen's Hall. The programme comprised the first and second parts of *The Creation* and a miscellaneous selection. Mdme Billinie Porter, Mr J. L. Hughes, and Mr J. R. Alsop were the soloists; Miss Maggie Evans presided at the pianoforte, Mr W. Lee at the harmonium, and Mr T. C. Jones conducted. There was a large audience, and the principals were repeatedly "called," and "encores" were the rule, not the exception.

APRIL.*

Hush! hush! ye wintry winds, oh hush!
The flow'rets lift their heads once more;
And Nature, with a rosy blush,
Unlocks from earth her golden store.

The beauteous blossoms bear her brand;
Her children, by her nursed and bred,
Tended with a fond mother's hand,
With gentle showers and dew they're fed.

Sweet April smiles through shade and shine,
Do likewise—thou art truly sage;
Peace, happiness will then be thine
Through this troublesome, hurrying age.

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LISZT'S "CHRISTUS."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I hear in secluded circles that the famous Wagnerian conductor, Hans Richter, is resolved to bring out Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, in London, next year—he (Richter), in concurrence with "C. A. B." &c., placing Liszt next to Wagner, as the greatest composer the world of music can reckon in its chronicles. Poor old England! How has she sinned to be thus visited with one Egyptian plague after another? Surely the *Paradise* ("lost," or "regained," I forget which), held over us, *in terrorem*, by Mr Cusins the Philharmonic conductor, is enough punishment for all the trespasses she may unconsciously have committed.—Yours, sir, with respect,

Tewkesbury. THOMAS NOON GADD.

WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERTS.

The third and last series of orchestral concerts projected by Mr. Macfarren took place on Saturday evening in St James's Hall, and was attended by the public in numbers sufficient to occupy every available seat. On this occasion were performed two overtures by the conductor—that which gives musical expression to the classic story of *Hero and Leander*, and that to Shakspere's *King Henry V.* Our opinion upon both has already been expressed, but we may add that their renewed hearing confirmed the favourable idea previously entertained. Mr Macfarren did well to give his more important works a place in the programme of these concerts, because their light has made possible a clearer perception of his ability. Amateurs have heard in quick succession a *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra, a symphony, and three overtures, all distinguished by fancy and skill. The result is that Mr Macfarren occupies a higher position, both as composer and conductor, than he ever filled before; and for such a result an earnest musician, proud of his art as well as of his own connection with it, regrets neither labour nor risk. Into the pecuniary results of the enterprise we have no right to inquire, but may recall the fact that there are gains which no money can adequately represent.

The programme of Saturday night opened with Mendelssohn's overture *Ruy Blas*, so played by the splendid orchestra as to obtain an enthusiastic encore. Such a success for an introductory piece, is rare, and goes to show that, despite the utterances of certain prophets who prophesy what they wish, Mendelssohn still holds his own amongst us. He will always do so. About that let lovers of the beautiful and the true make their minds the more easy the more hard words are flung up at him from the depths where whimsicality, conceit, and perversion have their abode. Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto followed the overture, and gave occasion for the appearance of Miss Cantelow as a solo performer. The young lady made a very hopeful essay. She plays with fluency and taste; her touch, normally delicate, can be powerful when occasion calls, and it is clear that she is capable of very intelligent study. We expect to hear of Miss Cantelow in the future as of an artist pressing onward to that grade in her profession which will satisfy her ambition and reward her perseverance. The audience witnessed her effort with marked sympathy; applauding every movement, and, at the close of the work, insisting upon a return to the platform. After Miss Cantelow came Herr Joachim, to play Beethoven's Violin Concerto. The great artist had an immense reception, as a matter of course, and discharged himself of his task with a more than commonly happy result even for him. Upon the merit of the performance we need not insist. There are certain truths which it is superfluous to demonstrate, and one of them is that Herr Joachim always plays the violin like a consummate master, who long ago rose above difficulties. The general rendering of Beethoven's noble work was good, and gave universal satisfaction. Spohr's symphony, known as *The Power of Sound*, with the two overtures already named, and some vocal pieces well sung by Miss Clara Samuel. completed the programme. All were given under Mr Walter Macfarren's very able direction, and the vast audience separated regretting, we may confidently assume, that the series of performances had come to an end.—*D. T.*

LIEGNITZ.—There will be no Silesian Musical Festival this year. Görlitz and Breslau have hitherto been the only two places by their size and situation considered suitable for such a gathering, but experience has proved it must not be held in the same town more frequently than at intervals of three years. Hopes were entertained that Liegnitz might prove available, and negotiations were begun for the hire of the large middle hall of the Industrial Exhibition Building, but they led to no satisfactory result, and consequently there will, as already stated, be no Silesian Musical Festival in 1882.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last concert of the present series (the sixteenth season) of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, was given at St James's Hall on Wednesday morning, the programme being as interesting to the lovers of ballad, "whose name is legion," as any of the preceding. The singers were those great favourites, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Santley, and Miss Mary Davies, aided by a new comer, Miss Blandy; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, and Santley, together with the South London Choral Society. The principal ballads were old favourites, and were received as old favourites by the audience, who willingly would have heard them all twice over. There was only one new song, and its name was "Gold," the composer being Mr Frank L. Moir and the singer Mr Maybrick, who did ample justice to it, receiving hearty applause and a "call" at its conclusion. A feature in the entertainment was the performance, by Mr J. T. Carrodus, of Ernst's grand fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, the difficulties of which were vanquished with ease by our great English violinist. Mr Carrodus subsequently played his own fantasia on Scotch airs, and both fantasias were ably accompanied by his son, Master Carrodus. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the vocal music. Mr Boosey announces two morning concerts to be given in the month of May.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The second grand concert of the Société Philharmonique was given on Wednesday evening, March 22nd. The programme consisted of Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, creditably performed by the band under the direction of M. Picard, and "Poëme Symphonique d'après Shakspere, dirigé par l'auteur M. Alph. Duvernoy," which obtained the "prix du concours musical de la ville de Paris" in 1880. The principal parts were allotted to Mdme Brunet-Lafleur (Miranda), M. Bosquin (Ferdinand), M. Giraud (Prospéro), and M. Crépeaux (Caliban). All filled their parts well, and the concluding chorus, sung by the members of the Society, left nothing to be desired. Among the noticeable features was a duo between Miranda and Ferdinand, "Salut Déesse," and a romance for Miranda.

I don't know whether "La Tempête" of M. Duvernoy has been heard in England, but I would certainly recommend it to all good lovers of chamber-concert music.

M. Champagne terminates his run of opera comique et bouffe at the theatre on April 2nd, and gives dramas and vaudevilles during the month of April.

Last Tuesday a rather amusing scene occurred in the house. The first piece was a comedy in one act, *Livre III., Chapitre 1er*, and Massé's *Galathée* was announced for 8.45, to be followed by a highly popular *pièce*, entitled *Le Lapin*, in three acts, from the Theatre del' Athénée. The curtain went down at 8.40, but the audience got impatient when nine o'clock struck, and the stage-manager, coming forward, said: "Messieurs, Mesdames, je suis faché de vous dire que les musiciens ne sont pas encore arrivé, probablement rétenu par une repetition à l'Etablissement." A voice from the second tier vociferated: "Et *Le Lapin*; donnez nous *Le Lapin*." "Messieurs, Mesdames," answered the stage-manager, "*Le Lapin* n'est pas pret." "Alors il faut le faire sauté(r)!" said our friend above. The musicians arrived almost immediately, and *Le Lapin* was not "served up" till 11.15 p.m., when I left the audience to digest it. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 24, 1882.

ROME.—Donizetti's posthumous opera, *Il Duca d'Alba*, has been produced with success at the Teatro Apollo. Gayarre played the leading part. The first performance was attended by the Queen, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Body, and all the rank and fashion of the capital. When the Apollo closes, the Teatro Costanzi will reopen. The attractions promised are *Robert le Diable*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Jael*—a new opera by Caronna. At the Teatro Quirino, Hervé's *Petit Faust* has been succeeded by Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*.—Some time since, the Musical Society offered a prize of 5,000 francs for an oratorio, to be performed at their own expense; but not one of the works hitherto sent in have been considered up to the required standard, though two of the competitors, Collino and Falchi, professors at the Liceo Musicale, have been "honourably mentioned."

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 167.)

Cherubini a Pupil of Sarti's.—The Kind of Master Sarti was.—Sarti and Haydn.—Their Affection and Admiration of each other.—Cherubini becomes the anonymous Colleague of his Master in the Composition of the Latter's Operas.—Excellent Results of this practical Education.—Cherubini's first dramatic Essays.—His first Operas in Italy and their Success.

"Sarti's reputation was immense," says one of Cherubini's biographers; "his compositions were characterized as divine; every town in Italy wanted him to write something for it, and he was unable to satisfy the demands made on him from all quarters. The arrival of such a disciple as Cherubini, already a master in some branches of his art, and able to help in all, was, therefore, very opportune, for Sarti soon formed a correct estimate of Cherubini's intellectual powers. While fortifying him in the science of counterpoint, Sarti paid particular attention to developing in him an ideal style, the genuine source of the Beautiful and the Grand. Energetic and tender, Sarti was prone to exaltation, and, for the purpose of fostering this tendency, was accustomed to work at night, in a large unfurnished room illuminated only by the sombre and vacillating light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Such an arrangement was calculated to act, and, perhaps, acted but too strongly, on the imagination of the pupil. If, however, these material appliances for exciting inspiration were not imitated by him, they must have continued to convince him that art is something sacred, that the practice of it is sacerdotal, and that all inspiration emanates from a muse."*

Sarti was at this period about fifty years of age. Born at the end of 1729, and brought up in the school of the celebrated Father Martini, he made, when still very young, his earliest essays in the theatrical career with some works which achieved a very lively success. Scarcely had he attained his twenty-seventh year ere the reputation in which he was held caused him to be summoned to Copenhagen in the capacity of chapelmaster and professor of singing to the heir apparent of Denmark. While there he wrote several operas which, despite their being excellently performed, were received with great reserve. After a somewhat long absence he returned to Italy and resumed his active career in that country, but not so successfully as when he began. He then went to England, but could not get a single work brought out in London, and had to content himself with giving singing lessons and publishing for the harpsichord a collection of six sonatas, which were very highly esteemed. "There are some artists," says Prince Orloff in his essay on *The History of Music in Italy*, "who are fortunate only after having long laboured to become so, just as we find others who are so from the very first. Sarti's non-success was beneficial rather than injurious to him; it urged him on with the stimulus of glory. Had he been more fortunate, he might have sunk to sleep in the lap of prosperity. He went over to England, but at length scarcely had he returned to Italy, and as though that country, the country of his birth, had endowed him with those melodious gifts in which he always shone, he no sooner appeared at Venice than the operas he composed there were pronounced charming and delicious, people going even so far as to bestow on them the name of divine.† The Venetians, excellent judges, as we know, both of melody and harmony, were never tired of hearing his operas, or the managers of begging him to write new ones for them."

It is certain that from that moment Sarti's reputation went up immensely, not only in Italy, but abroad—a fact of no small significance at a period when Pergolese's native land was adorned with such illustrious artists as Cimarosa, Piccinni, Anfossi, Guglielmi, Salieri, Paisiello, and Gazzaniga. Some of Sarti's works achieved a brilliant success, and among them may be mentioned *Didone, Giulio Sabino, Le Gelosie Villane, Le Nozze di Dorina, Idalide, Fra due Litiganti il Terzo gode, Armida*, etc. He appears to have been no less lucky in the domain of sacred music, and some of his masses are considered works of high style and grand character. The very great esteem professed by Haydn for his talent suffices to give us a favourable idea of it, and, with regard to this subject, Frammery tells an interesting anecdote, which I think has never heretofore been quoted:—

"Haydn," (he says) "had often had Sarti's *Giulio Sabino* performed" (at Prince Esterhazy's) "Sarti being one of the masters whom he esteemed most highly, no doubt because the Italian's energetic and noble style possessed a greater analogy than that of any other composer to the nature of his own talent, and the work in question, one of Sarti's best and most vigorous, was also one of those which Haydn preferred. Being summoned on one occasion to a northern court to write operas, Sarti happened to pass near enough to Esterhazy to turn aside from his road, anxious to see a man whose numerous works, particularly his symphonies, had rendered him celebrated throughout Europe. Sarti wished to ask him for and offer him mutual friendship. He reached the Prince's palace towards the close of day and signified his desire to speak to the illustrious Haydn. 'For the moment,' he was told, 'that is impossible; the Master conducts the opera which is about to begin, for the Prince has just entered his box.' 'Could I not, at any rate, find a place in some corner of the house?' 'Oh! there is no difficulty about that; our orders are to show every respect to all strangers and find them places.' 'What is the opera to be performed?' '*Armida*, the work which the Master likes better than any of his works.' This was a fresh incentive for Sarti, who knew none of Haydn's dramatic efforts; he begged to be located as near as possible to the orchestra, and his wish was gratified. During the first act, the beauty of the pieces which followed one another, astonished, transported, and enchanted him; he applauded with ecstasy; but, towards the end of the second act, he could restrain his feelings no longer; he rose in a kind of delirium, cleared, without asking the permission of those who occupied them, the benches which separated him from the orchestra, and fell round the neck of the surprised composer. 'It is Sarti who embraces you,' he exclaimed, 'Sarti who determined to see the great Haydn and admire his beautiful works but who never expected to hear anything as beautiful as this!' The Prince, who, from the interior of his box, had seen the extraordinary and irregular occurrence, without being able to understand at all what it meant, became alarmed and cried out: 'What is the matter, what is it, what has happened?' 'It is *Giulio Sabino*,' Haydn, seized with the same enthusiasm, replied in a loud voice: 'It is Giulio Sabino, it is the author of that superb music, it is Sarti come to see his good friend, Joseph!' And the two great men, the two friends, who then met for the first time, swore, as they embraced, mutual friendship similar to the esteem they entertained for each other."‡

(To be continued.)

* Miel: *Notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de Cherubini.*

† "*Musica dicina*," "*musica dell' altro mondo*," the Italians used to say

‡ Frammery: *Notice sur Joseph Haydn.*

DEATH'S FOUR VISITS.

Minnie, Minnie, *baby* dear!
I listen to thy wailing
Until my hope scarce conquers fear,
Each day thy strength is failing.
If Death, my Minnie, could but know
That he hath left thee only
Of all my kin to soothe my woe,
He'd turn from one so lonely!
The wind went sighing o'er the moor,
The thunder made a din,
And Death walked round about the
But would not enter in. [door,

Minnie, Minnie, dearest *bride!*
From hope's fond dream awaking,
To see thee dying at my side,
It moves my heart to breaking.
If I should lose my love, my wife,
How could I bear the morrow!
My soul grown blind to all, and life
But one enduring sorrow.
The wind went sighing o'er the moor,
The thunder made a din,
And Death walked round about the
But would not enter in. [door,

Minnie, Minnie, *mother* dear,
Wherefore speak of dying,
Who should tend thy nurslings here,
Thee in the churchyard lying?
Who should sing the song again
That pleased when vain all other?
Could thy love let us remain?
O take us with thee, mother!
The wind went sighing o'er the moor,
The thunder made a din,
And Death walked round about the
But would not enter in. [door

Minnie, Minnie, *old* yet dear,
With holy calm endeavour
Weaning thee from loved things here,
Hopeful as thou art ever.
On thy face a sunbeam falls,
Above a bird is singing,
Fancy deems a spirit calls,
Sees one heavenward winging.
The wind was silent on the moor,
The thunder hush'd its din,
Death paused a moment at the door,
And then he entered in.

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Mr George Werrenrath, who may be remembered a few years ago in London as an agreeable concert-singer, has lately been giving in the United States a series of "classical-song recitals," meeting with success on all occasions. Mr Werrenrath has made arrangements to give the same kind of entertainment in his native city, Copenhagen, and may possibly pay a visit to London previous to his return to the States.

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WAIFS.

After giving a concert in Vienna, Sarasate left for Italy.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has left Cairo and is *en route* for Naples.

The Livadia Theatre, St. Petersburgh, has been burnt to the ground.

A new opera by Robert Stoepel is to be produced at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Der Flüchtling, comic opera by E. Kretschmer, has been produced in Regensburg.

Mercadante's *Orazi e Curiazi* has been very well received at the San Carlo, Naples.

The Sisters Mariani are engaged for two sacred concerts at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

Emilie Tagliana will shortly leave Berlin to fulfil an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Sig. Lebano, professor at the Naples Conservatory, has been giving successful concerts in Madrid.

The Theatre in Algiers has been burnt down; so has the Palais de Cristal Theatre, Marseilles.

Sig. Antonio Bazzini has been appointed director of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Milan.

Alona, romantic opera by W. Hill, will be produced in the autumn at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Wagner will, ere long, visit Athens, to make preparatory studies for a Greek opera, mythical, of course.

Joseph Dupont, the well-known Belgian conductor, has been created Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Masini (Verdi's tenor) has created a favourable impression at the Teatro Real, Madrid, as the Duke in *Rigoletto*.

A new School of Sacred Music for training organists and chapel-masters will be opened in Milan in November.

Sig. Giuseppe Peletti, musical instrument maker, has been created a Commander of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Anton Rubinstein's oratorio, *Das Velorene Paradies*, was given on the 10th ult., in St. Jacob's Church, Chemnitz.

Schumann's opera of *Genoveva* was performed at the Stadttheater, Augsburg, for the benefit of the conductor, Kleffel.

Professor Andrea Guarneri was successful candidate in the competition for conductorship of the Town-Band, Milan.

Leopold Auer, the violinist, has arrived in Berlin from St Petersburgh, and will shortly make a concert-tour in Holland.

The precocious little girl-violinist, Tua, was to play at the inaugural concert of a new Philharmonic Society in Genoa.

Stéphane, ex-tenor of the Paris Opéra-Comique, is at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, where he made his *début* in *Zampa*.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was recently performed by the Zurich "Harmonie," under the direction of Gustav Weber.

Ernestine Epstein, of the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is fulfilling an engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mad. Schröder-Hanfstängl, of the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, began an engagement at the Operahouse, Frankfort, in the character of Norma.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* seems to have pleased in Rome. The composer was called on 33 times the first night.—(333 times.—Dr Blidge.)

Miss Henrietta Beebe, who is becoming a great favourite in our concert rooms, leaves next week for New York, to return, we trust, shortly.

Signora Silvia Della Valle, teacher of singing, Milan, has been made honorary member of the Istituto Academico Umberto I., Leghorn.

A performance of Prince Radziwill's "*Faust* Music" was lately given by the Romberg Vocal Association, under the direction of Schröder.

The *Frithjof*, of Ringler, recently brought out in Nuremberg, has more than confirmed the impression made by its first performance.

An International Congress, to consider the subject of Liturgical Singing, will be held in Arezzo on the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd September.

The death of Mr Beale, the chorus-master at Her Majesty's Theatre, took place, we are informed, on Sunday, March 19th, at St Thomas's Hospital.

In consequence of numerous complaints, a regulation has been published compelling ladies visiting the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden, to take off their bonnets.

Clara Louise Kellogg was to join the Strakosch Opera Company about the beginning of April for a two months' season in the principal cities of the States.

The spring season of opera at the Academy of Music, New York, was inaugurated by Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, with Minnie Hauk as the adorable heroine.

When a man's chestnut hair begins to turn grey, it means that he is fifty. When it begins to turn black, that—he is sixty.—(Wonderful!—Dr Blidge.)

Johann Strauss has signed in Vienna a "conditional" agreement to give a three months' series of concerts, commencing on the 15th May, in the United States.

An unpublished composition of Benoit's *Hymne aan de Schoonheid* (*Hymn to Beauty*) will be performed at the approaching Grand Musical Festival in Brussels.

Mdlle Nevada, whom opera-goers remember as the heroine of Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* at Covent Garden, is now a great favourite at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

It is said that the *prime donne* of the New Operahouse, New York, under the management of Mr Gye, will be Adelina Patti, Albani, Valleria, and Mdlle Van Zandt.

The Stadttheater, Coblentz, will remain closed this year, the Corporation declining to vote the funds for carrying out the necessary measures of precaution against fire.

The Italian operatic season at the San Carlo, Lisbon, was brought to a conclusion with a performance of *Norma* in which Mad. de Cepeda sustained the principal part.

Sig. Platania, director of the Conservatory, Palermo, has definitively accepted the post of chapelmaster at the Cathedral, Milan, and enters on his new duties at Easter.

The report that the Vice-Regal Operahouse, Cairo, will not open this year, on account of the Chamber of Delegates refusing to vote the necessary grant, is stated to be void of truth.

Mr Brinley Richards, who is on his "examination tour," for the Royal Academy of Music, gave, by request, a "Recital and Lecture" at Cardiff, on Monday last (March 27th).

Hans Schmitt, professor at the Conservatory, Vienna, has completed a four-act opera, *Bruno*, the libretto (by himself) founded on Rudolph Baumbach's Alpine Legend, *Zlatorog*.

The Emperor of Russia caused a telegram to be forwarded informing Maurice Dengremont's agent in Vienna that his Majesty desired to hear the young violinist on the 18th ult. at Gatschina.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, included in the programme of a recent concert at Cleveland (U.S.) some "Wedding Music"—in three numbers for full orchestra—of his own composition.

Mr Clement Scott has gained the day against Mr Sampson. The judgment of the High Court was altogether in his favour, and forbids the idea of the defendant succeeding in an appeal to the House of Lords.—*The London Figaro*.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was to be performed twice (afternoon and evening) yesterday, the 31st March, at Philadelphia (U.S.) by the New York Symphony and Oratorio Societies under the direction of Dr Damrosch.

A grand concert was given at the Cercle Philharmonique, Mentone, in honour of the arrival of Queen Victoria and the King and Queen of Saxony. Among the vocalists were Mad. Millié and the tenor, Nouvelli. Wroblewski was pianist.

Messrs John Brinsmead & Sons, of London, by special desire of the King of Portugal, have manufactured for the royal palace a magnificent grand oblique pianoforte, in an ebonized case decorated in the Adams style, with cupids and wreaths of flowers. It is seven and a quarter octaves in compass, and contains all Messrs Brinsmead's latest improvements.

Cavaliero Schira, the accomplished composer, is hard at work on an opera-bouffe bearing the title of *The Isle of Beauty*, the libretto of which is by Mr Desmond L. Ryan. The acute sense of humour the popular maestro is well known to possess will stand him in good stead, and we look forward with great curiosity to the production of a work from his pen so opposite to its antecedents.

Among the many operatic *libretti* sent in to the French composer, Adolph Adam, in the hope that their perusal might inspire him with a desire to set them to music, was one—the work of a youthful poet unknown to fame—bearing the attractive title of *Eve*. Having looked over the text, which proved to be utterly devoid of literary or dramatic merit, Adam very promptly returned it to the author, with the following:—"*Very much honoured sir,—To my lively regret I find it quite impossible to avail myself of the accompanying* libretto, *with an offer of which your great goodness has prompted you to favour*

me. For, believe me, should Adam allow himself to be tempted by this particular Eve, the public would most assuredly undertake, with surprising spontaneity, the part of the Serpent—at least, as far as hissing is concerned. Disastrous precedent warns me against a revival of so sinister a combination; wherefore I hasten to send back your remarkable production, with every assurance of my perfect consideration.—ADAM."

FOR MUSIC.*

It's no use you courting me, Robin Adair,
Now it's no good you following me,
I can't love you, Rob, for I've promised to wed
With my laddie, who sails o'er the sea.
'Twas in his last letter he said he'd return,
That he'd siller enough for us both,
While he sails o'er the sea with heart true to me,
Do you think I'll be breaking my troth.

There's Maggie, she's dying of love for you now,
She will wed you at once I am sure,
And though you have land and a snug little farm,
She would love you, Rob, if you were poor.
Then speed on your wooing, do, there's a good lad,
You will make Maggie happy for life,
For love soon will grow, she's a brave lass I know,
She will make you a good little wife.

Now, Rob! if my heart was once false to its love
Would to yours it more faithfully cling,
If I once could betray a lad's fond trusting heart,
Could such love ever happiness bring?
No—so it is well that we both say good-bye,
It is best, lad, for me and for you,
When you take Meg to wife, I'll see you once more,
Then we'll meet, Rob, as friends firm and true.

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LEIPSIC.—Max Staegemann, new manager of the Stadttheater, has left Berlin and taken up his permanent residence in this town.

VIENNA.—After an unusually long interval between the last rehearsal and the first performance, in consequence of the sudden hoarseness of Mdme Pauline Lucca, who was to play Gretchen, Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* has been produced at the Imperial Opera-house. On the first night, however, Mdme Lucca's unlucky star was again in the ascendant, for about the middle of the opera the lady was so indisposed that she was compelled to retire, and Mdme Kupfer finished the part for her. Herr Rokitansky was Mefistofele, and Herr Müller, Faust, both acquitting themselves admirably. The representatives of the minor characters were equally zealous; the same is true of the chorus and band, while Herr Jahn is entitled to high praise for the manner in which the work has been put on the stage. Mdme Friedrich-Materna embarks on the 11th inst. for America, to take part in the grand Musical Festivals, which, under Mr Theodor Thomas as conductor, are to be held in New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. The principal works performed will be by the great German masters, and will include Beethoven's *Mass* and J. S. Bach's *Passion Music according to St Matthew*. At her first appearance, Mdme Materna will sing the great air from *Fidelio*. On the 6th June she will start on her return voyage, and then proceed to Bayreuth, where she will co-operate in the *Parsifal* performances.

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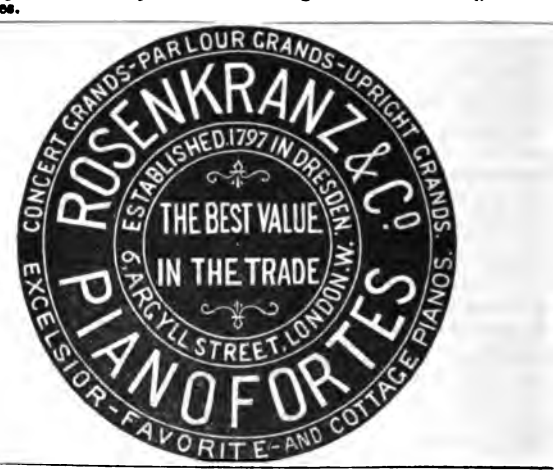

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THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Continued from page 191.*)*

As regarded the new and original dramas promised in the introductory address, it was soon understood that the lessee had accepted three hitherto unacted plays, the respective claims of which would be tested as speedily as possible. The first of these, *Videna*, a drama in five acts, founded on a legend in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and written by Mr John A. Heraud, was given on Monday, the 23rd of October. The subject was found overcharged with horrors, and the action, especially in the last two acts, to be impeded by the dialogue, which was much too verbose; but, thanks to the very fine acting of the Wallacks and Miss Cleveland, and to the beauty of the mounting, the play—in itself by no means devoid of interest—obtained a certain measure of success. The second, *Love and Loyalty*, by Mr Robson, was tried on Monday, the 13th of November. The scene of this play was laid in the reign of Charles II., and contained one very effective and poetical situation. This was where the hero, Marston, son of a cavalier, who had fallen at Naseby, returns to his old home—now in the possession of a Roundhead, whose daughter, Juliet, he loves—and, standing on his ancestral hearth, appeals to his father's portrait, when taunted by the old man with his poverty and consequent unworthiness to be her suitor. The scenes were too prolonged, and the dialogue needed much compression, but the characters generally were drawn with considerable skill. That of Marston had a marked individuality, and, being exactly fitted to Mr Wallack's style of acting, secured the requisite success of the piece.

The management now reverted to the Elizabethan drama, and revived the *Venice Preserved*, of Otway, in which the lessee played Jaffier, and his wife, Belvidera, with all their accustomed excellence. A new candidate for popular favour, endowed with many personal advantages, Mr H. G. Mapleson, showed promise in the part of Pierre. Mr Nelson Lee's Christmas pantomime, *Young Norval on the Grampian Hills*, was produced on a scale of splendour, at that time, unusual in a suburban theatre, and in other respects fully answered its purpose as a temporary source of attraction. The third of the new plays, promised at the beginning of the season, was produced early in February. This turned out to be the old story of the Man in the Iron Mask, dramatized, in five acts, with much taste and skill, by Mr Bayle Bernard, under the title of *Leon of the Iron Mask*. The extreme length of the stage was made the most of by the scenic artist, Mr Shalders, who achieved wonders in a representation of the interior of the Louvre. Shakspere's *Winter's Tale* was revived in a very elegant and elaborate manner on Monday the 5th of March. Much new business was introduced, and the whole revival wore an air of originality. Mr Wallack proved very effective in the part of Leontes, and the Hermione of Mrs. Wallack was a fine classical rendering of the part. The statue scene was greatly applauded. This was the last "circumstance" of Mr William Wallack's management, which terminated at the end of the month. The encouragement bestowed upon his first season was deceptive. The second showed a loss to the treasury, which left him no choice but to relinquish an undertaking which, interesting though it might be to the better class of playgoers, had proved, in a financial sense, so utterly unproductive. His gallant effort, however, to establish a taste for the Poetic Drama, in the north-west suburb of the metropolis, will always remain among the most cherished traditions of the obscure little theatre in Church Street.

Mr Henry Meadows ventured on a spring season, at Easter, and in October, a former lessee, Mr John Douglass, returned to his old quarters, bringing with him Mr Charles Freer, as stage-manager, and a re-arrangement—which meant a reduction—of prices. Miss Edith Heraud appeared as Julia, in *The Hunchback*, and Mr James Anderson played a welcome engagement, on alternate nights with an English opera company, which included the names of George Perren and Hamilton Braham. Mr Douglass, who was a very good actor, of the T. P. Cooke type, appeared as Ben the Boatswain, in February, and Miss Glyn gave a reading of *Macbeth*, in March. Mr E. C. Seaman next leased the house, at Easter, 1856, with a company containing the worthy names of Mr Stuart, Mr Belford, Mr Lewis Ball, Miss Anderton, and Miss Hughes—now Mrs Gaston Murray. Mr Charles Mathews and Miss Fitzpatrick were playing at different times in April, and Mr and Mrs Leigh Murray, Mr Edward and Mr Gaston Murray, Flexmore, Sam Cowell, and Miss Wadham assisted at Miss Hughes' benefit on the 24th of that month. The enterprise having turned out a failure, Mr Seaman was replaced by a Mr Bigwood. During June we find artists like Miss Glyn, Miss Oliver, and Mr James Johnstone lending their services for benefits, but, generally speaking, the entertainments just now were of a very inferior kind. Mr James Anderson again "starred," in conjunction with Miss Agnes Elsworthy, for a week in September, and Mr Bigwood retired from the direction at Michaelmas. The theatre remained closed till Boxing-night, when it was re-opened by the well-known actor, Mr Emery, with Shirley Brooks's drama, *The Creole*, and a pantomime, *Tit, Tat, Toe*, by Francisco Frost. Buckstone's *Isabelle* was revived early in January, 1857, with Miss Clifford, from the Princess's, in the title *rôle*, and a domestic drama, *Ruth Oakley*, by Messrs Harris and Williams, with a plot resembling, in many particulars, that of Kotzebue's *Stranger*, was produced, in which Mr Emery's rough, but natural acting, as a blacksmith, created some attention. A version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* served to introduce Miss Cordelia Howard, an American child-actress of much aptitude, as Eva. An amateur, Sir William Don, made his first appearance in London as the Bailie, in *Rob Roy*, in March. Mr Emery's tenancy, though meritorious, was not more prosperous than those of his predecessors, and the Marylebone again changed hands at Easter, this time opening under Mr Edgar and Mr Elliston with *The Marble Heart*. Mrs Emma Waller played Pauline, in *The Lady of Lyons*, for the benefit of the latter, on Monday, June the 16th. Mr and Mrs Clarence Holt made a praiseworthy fight for legitimacy, with rather limited resources, in the ensuing winter, opening with Wilkins's *Civilization*. Westland Marston's *Strathmore* and Lovell's *Provost of Bruges* were revived in January, 1858. Unfortunately, another failure had to be recorded, and early in the spring the house was once more in the market.

The fortunes of the Marylebone at this period had probably reached their lowest ebb. That the house could boast of the longest stage and the shortest seasons of any theatre in London was a maxim laid down in every greenroom. As a theatrical property, the estimation in which it was held was so low that no speculator would care to touch it. At this crisis in its fate, however, Mr. J. H. Arnold Cave stepped in, and was daring enough to try his chance on a field which had hitherto proved fatal to so many. Commencing his season on Whit-Monday, the 24th of May, 1858, he managed to keep open house for upwards of two years without once closing its doors. That the Marylebone Theatre now took high ground, or that it did much for art cannot with truth be said. But it may at any rate be conceded that Mr Cave succeeded in paying his way, and that,—better still,—he succeeded in making *his way pay him*. The nightly programme at first was that of a mere theatre of varieties, and based on the music-hall principle, but gradually the drama—such as it was—again predominated, and later on actors of acknowledged reputation could now and again be seen here. Mr George Belmore and Mr Henry Forrester, then mere beginners, about this date worked their way to the front on these boards. Mr Townshend, formerly member for Greenwich, essayed to play Shylock, with the aid of Miss Anderton as Portia, in November of this year, and at Christmas Mr Frederic Fenton painted the scenery for Mr Hazlewood's pantomime of *Goody Goose*, in which the lessee filled the part of Greenheart. Mr Edward Stirling's *Aline, the Rose of Killarney; Belphegor, the Mountebank; The Corsican Brothers*, and *Don Cæsar de Bazan* were given in the earlier months of 1859, and for Mr Cave's benefit, on the 16th of June, the nautical drama, *My Poll and my Partner Joe*, together with Shield's old ballad opera, *Rosina*. Sheridan Knowles's *William Tell* was tried in September, and Mr N. T. Hicks, so famous in his own line, reappeared in November. Mr Charles Dillon returned in the following March, and Mr George Belmore and Mr W. Shalders in April. The house closed for cleaning and repairs at the end of July, but re-opened in the middle of August. A very clever boy, Master Percy Roselle, subsequently remembered as the juvenile hero of *King Pippin*, and other Drury Lane pantomimes, came out in November. Mr J. F. Young sustained the leading parts at this date. Miss Marriott enacted Romeo, Hamlet, and Rosalind in April, 1861, and Mdme Celeste fulfilled an engagement in the July of that year, performing in *The Abbé Vaudreuil*, and in Bayle Barnard's *St Mary's Eve*.

(To be continued.)

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

In the just-issued prospectus of the season 1882, a word of three short syllables follows the familiar heading, and seems to indicate the beginning of a new phase in Mr Gye's enterprise, which is no longer the "Royal Italian Opera" simply, but the "Royal Italian Opera (Limited)." Insignificant as the change appears to the eye, in realization it will be immense, since it implies an entire remodelling of Italian opera affairs in London, and their connection not only with the provinces, but with the United States of America. This is not the place to discuss the project once more put forward by Lord Lathom, Count Gleichen, Mr Ernest Gye, and their fellows in the direction of the proposed new company. Though associated with art, it is a financial enterprise, which moneyed men amongst the public will examine on its merits, and accept or reject as they see fit. From a musical point of view we may, however, suggest that it seems highly desirable to consolidate the interests of Italian opera. When the Roman Empire became weak, it wisely withdrew its troops from outlying regions, and massed them for the defence of those nearer the heart of the State. In like manner, Anglo-Italian opera is sagaciously endeavouring to rally its entire remaining force within the walls of Covent Garden, buying up Mr Mapleson, and giving him a subordinate command on the other side of the Atlantic, at the same time taking care, as far as may be, that Her Majesty's Theatre shall not fall into the hands of anybody disposed to perpetuate a condition of divided interests. The move, should the public make up the £200,000 asked for, will, no doubt, give renewed vitality to a languishing cause. It will illustrate the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks; it may even delude some people into the belief that Italian opera is destined to take deeper root amongst us, and flourish even more exceedingly than in years gone by. But nobody acquainted with the conditions of modern musical and social life runs a risk of being so deceived. Italian opera has lost its peculiar *prestige* once and for ever. It will die hard, and may not die at all, but it must take account of rival enterprises, in some respects according better with the taste of the day, and certain, at the least, to divide public patronage. This very season, for example, Covent Garden is doomed to meet with formidable competition both in Drury Lane and the Haymarket, while the time is assuredly not far off which shall bring with it opera in our own tongue. Under such circumstances the new limited company represents Italian opera on its defence, and taking the only possible means to continue a dignified career. Amateurs will wish it success. Though we no longer desire the domination of a lyric stage, which often outrages dramatic truth, there is no wish to see Italian opera become extinct. It has a history not wanting in glory, and, under the stimulus of wholesome rivalry, it may have a future still more illustrious.

The prospectus of the forthcoming season is not by any means a sensational document. Its tameness, however, will disappoint few, having regard to the transition state of the entire enterprise. The directors, or whoever may be responsible—no name is given—absolutely promise but one work now unknown in this country, and that one seems to have been chosen for the behoof of Mdme Patti and Signor Nicolini. It may be a reproach to us that we know nothing of Lenepveu's *Velleda*, and a still greater cause of complaint that we are conscious of no overwhelming sense of curiosity regarding it. However this work may turn out, the fate of the season depends much more upon the production of Boïto's *Mefistofele*, with Mdme Albani as Marguerite, and of Bizet's *Carmen*, with the public's old favourite, Mdme Pauline Lucca, as the gipsy. Both operas have been made familiar by Mr Mapleson, but—perhaps we should say on that very account—they will excite great interest at Covent Garden, and do for the season more than would be possible to almost any other. A conditional promise is given to bring forward Massenet's *Herodiade*, its author's latest and, in some respects, most successful composition; but it is doubtful whether our public would tolerate the story on the stage, and even more open to question whether the management seriously contemplates putting the matter to test. It appears, furthermore, that Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* will be given with an "entirely new Italian version," which description, we suppose, applies to the words only. Turning to the *personnel* of the season we find only one new name among the sopranos—that of Mdlle Olga Berghi, a lady whose reputation cannot be said to have preceded her. Mdme Scalchi disappears from the contraltos for the first time since she made her *début* amongst us, and in her place comes Mdlle Amelie Stahl to assist Mdme Trebelli and Mdlle Ghiotti. The new tenors are MM. Lestellier and Massart, with Signor Frapolli, who is new only as regards this particular house. Among the baritones figure no less than three strangers—M. Bouhy, M. Dufriche, and Signor Devries, about each of whom probably Brussels amateurs could speak from knowledge. On the other hand, there are no new basses, while the name of M. Lassalle is absent, and with the accomplished Frenchman goes Signor Ciampi, whose peculiar ideas of humour are not again to excite reflection upon the eccentricities of the human mind. We may add here that Signor Gayarre is conspicuous by his absence from the list of tenors. The foregoing are all the additions to, and most of the withdrawals from the *troupe* of last year. Their significance will appear later, but the existence of an excellent and even brilliant company is assured. Signor Bevignani and M. Dupont again divide the labours and responsibilities of conductorship. Sir Julius Benedict retains his post as director of private concerts, and Messrs Bisaccia, Carrodus, Betjemann, Pittman, and Hansen continue subject to the duties they have so efficiently discharged aforetime. On the other hand, Signor Tagliafico's place will know him no more. After thirty years' service as artist or stage-manager, Signor Tagliafico retires through failing health, his successor being M. Lapissida, of Brussels. It only remains to add that the subscription is for thirty-four nights, and that the season will begin on Tuesday, April 18th.—*D. T.*

—o—

FERDINAND HILLER.

(From a Correspondent.)

(*Leipsic, March* 30.)—Dr Ferdinand Hiller spent a few days here lately, his friends and admirers being much pleased to find him so well and robust, both mentally and physically. He heard a performance of his Concert-Overture in A major at the Gewandhaus, and at a party given in the Conservatory charmed every one by his pianoforte playing. Kapellmeister Reinecke got up a morning concert at his own house in honour of the distinguished visitor. With the exception of Beethoven's "Romance for Violin" in F major, and a "Chaconne" by J. S. Bach, the programme was restricted to compositions by Hiller himself.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—We beg to inform you that Mr Angelo Neumann has yesterday arrived in London with his technical staff, in order to take the stage arrangements for the *Nibelungen* performances actively in hand. The whole of the scenery, &c., from Bayreuth, has also arrived, and is being put up in Her Majesty's Theatre. Herr Anton Siedl is busy in Germany rehearsing his orchestra, which is to be brought over from Germany. The representations will, no doubt, benefit greatly through being supported by an orchestra already thoroughly versed in this difficult music; it is the orchestra of the "Richard Wagner Theatre," which has been established at Berlin by Herr Neumann for the rendering of all the works (present and future) of the great composer. The chorus will also come from Germany. By special arrangement with Herr Neumann, the artists who have been engaged for the *Nibelungen* will also appear at the Symphony Concerts, and it has been settled that a Grand Wagner Concert is to be given at St James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon, May 25—excerpts from the *Nibelung's Ring* being performed under the conductorship of Herr Siedl, who stands so high in the favour of Herr Wagner as a perfect interpreter of his works.
Yours very truly,
SCHULZ-CURTIUS.

174, *New Bond Street, April* 4, 1882.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen in the *Musical World* of the 25th of March, among the Waifs, that a Committee has been appointed "to enquire into matters" at the Conservatory, Naples. As Dr Blidge seems interested in that matter, will you allow me to acquaint him, through you, that as far back as the year 1872, at the time when Il Commendatore Signor Correnti was Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, I was appointed by his Excellency to proceed to Naples "to enquire into matters" at the Conservatory of Music there. After a stay of a whole month at Naples, and after a full investigation of all matters concerning the Conservatory, in which Cavaliere Laura Rossi very kindly assisted me, I returned to Rome to give a *very unfavourable* report of all that I had seen at the Conservatory, to the Minister of Public Instruction, and at his request proposed many reforms, most of which were adopted and made public in the Official Gazette of Italy. I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,
J. P. GOLDBERG.

London, April 4, 1882.

DRESDEN.—Handel's *Ode to St Cecilia* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* were performed on Palm Sunday at the Theatre Royal, for the benefit of the Orchestra Pension Fund.

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A Case of Psychological Delirium.

At the Bee and Bottle.

Dr Calm.—Well, Major, you made a donkey of yourself in that letter to Dr Beard about German Opera, &c.

Major Tempest.—The impudence of that Beard! I have been in a fever ever since, and am in a fever still.

Dr Calm.—Subside. It's useless raving about nothing.

Major Tempest.—That Beard!

Dr Calm.—Admit you had been dining with Smithers Goldfinch——

Major Tempest.—Well?

Dr Calm.—That accounts for your temporary insanity. Let me apply this soporific?

Major Tempest.—Soporific to me? As well extinguish Vesuvius with a pint of iced water! Besides, I dine with Goldfinch at his club, where I am to meet people who know what's what—confirmed anti-neologists? I shall write another letter.

Dr Calm.—Anti—*what?*

Major Tempest.—neologists.

Dr Calm.—That's enough. You shall *not* dine with Goldfinch; you shall *not* write another letter; but you *shall* take this soporific. Otherwise you'll be too late for the Tetralogy, and then——

Major Tempest (*almost exploding*).—Hang Tetralogy! I hate Tetralogy. I worship Number Nine——

Dr Calm.—Beethoven?

Major Tempest.—Bother Beethoven! Vanini's Number Nine, and the Muses. I admit Heptachord, abominate Triad, hang pictures of Cleopatra, by hundreds, on my special walls, can scent the difference between an ounce and a panther, even in the dark, have staked and lost sums in State-lotteries, and (*half exhausted*)—and——

Dr Calm (*aside*).—And—I see his wits are evaporating. There is but one remedy, and that must be applied without an instant's delay, or he will explode to a certainty. (*Aloud, assuming an aggressive tone and attitude.*) Come, come, master Tempest, subside. You are in a state of cerebral irritation, about which I should regret to have to apprise your friends. Let me apply this soporific.

Major Tempest.—Soporific for me?—not by no means. I will—

Dr Calm (*assuming gigantic proportions*).—You must (*seizing Major Tempest by the throat and administering chloroform*). Now, old man, be quiet—subside.

Major Tempest (*faintly*).—No! no! no!

Dr Calm (*more and more energetically*).—Keep up your stamina, old man.

Major Tempest (*more faintly*).—No! no!

Dr Calm (*master of the situation*).—Don't be uneasy.

Major Tempest (*still more faintly*).—No! (*sinks gradually under the influence of the soporific*)—Oh!

Dr Calm.—I've settled him at last. He shall remain insensible till the cyclone has passed over.

(*Dr Calm assumes his ordinary demeanour. A fiery dragon bears him away.*)*

[It is accredited that Dr Calm is a magician, who has deciphered the books of Blaise, Merlin, and other masters of the art of nigromancy.—Dr Blinge.]

—o—

IN RE——?

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—I observe with regret and surprise the announcement of Massenet's *Hérodiade* as one of the possible novelties to be produced during the forthcoming Italian Opera season at Covent Garden. As I feel sure I represent the feelings of most persons acquainted with this work, I trust you will allow me to utter a protest against its production on the English stage. I am quite incompetent to enter into any discussion of its musical merits, but will merely observe, *en passant*, that it was not considered worthy of being performed at the National Opera in Paris, and that in the opinion of some of the best musical critics its success at Brussels is chiefly owing to the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*. My objection to this work is based on the character of the "libretto," which, besides being ridiculous in itself, is most objectionable and offensive as being a flagrant outrage on literary, historical, and religious good taste. Without touching upon the large question as to whether or not it is advisable to borrow subjects for the drama from the pages of sacred history, we shall, I think, all agree that if this be done, they should be handled with a strict regard to congruity and accuracy of historical facts; and this being the case, I think few persons in England will be prepared quietly to accept the gross caricature of sacred history served out to them by M. Massenet's librettists, who, besides numerous minor breaches of good taste, have turned St John the Baptist into an amorous "ténor du grand opéra," who, in true operatic style, warbles out a quantity of maudlin love ditties to Salome, and have introduced within the sacred precincts of the temple a modern *corps de ballet*. That I am by no means singular in my objections to this work is proved by the fact that, although it had been in active rehearsal for many weeks, the management of the splendid new opera-house at Geneva have been obliged to give up all idea of its production, since the Municipal Council (a body by no means overburdened with religious scruples) have refused to grant any money towards it on the ground that the libretto was of a nature to wound the feelings of many of the ratepayers, and that a numerous and influential memorial to that effect had been presented to them. Of course, as our opera-houses are private enterprises, this is not strictly a case in point; still it goes far to prove that the libretto does contain much that is widely considered to be objectionable, and is also a reason for hoping that you, Sir, will raise your powerful voice in protest against the production in England of M. Massenet's *Hérodiade*.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

E. A. B.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter signed "E. A. B." in the *Times* of to-day, and I think it may interest your readers to learn that before deciding to produce *Hérodiade* in this country, I had the whole libretto changed, re-written, and the music re-adapted, in deference to the feelings of the English public as well as to my own.

Unfortunately, some foreign librettists think differently to us on these subjects, and as in the cases of Boïto's *Méfistofele*, Gounod's *Faust*, and other operas, great changes have to be made before any director would think of giving them in England. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to the lovers of music to deprive them of the opportunity of hearing such a musical work as *Hérodiade* has proved itself to be, simply because the original librettist has fallen into the error of writing a story repugnant to our taste and proper feeling.

However, the Lord Chamberlain exercises a very strict and careful supervision over the libretto of every opera, and I venture to suggest that "E. A. B." would have done wisely to reserve his somewhat factious criticism until the opera is produced on the English stage.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Ernest Gye.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March 30th.

Cologne.—Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* has been given six times in three weeks to crowded houses.

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The twenty-fourth season of these concerts closed on Monday night; and an overflowing audience attended to mark by the applause of thronging numbers a public sense of interest and approval. Amid constant fluctuations in the world of artistic things, nothing is more remarkable than the steady good fortune of the Popular Concerts. They come with the rolling year; everybody welcomes them as spring flowers are welcomed, and when their course is completed, they are dismissed with "To our next merry meeting." The key to such singular good fortune is not hidden away. It may be found by the least discerning in the fact that Mr Arthur Chappell steadily adheres to the principle which he adopted near upon a quarter of a century ago, and has acted upon ever since—the principle of setting before the public nothing but what is the acknowledged best of its kind. Mr Chappell declines to be tempted aside by the clamour of a clique for novelty on its own account. He would please a section of amateurs much more than he does were he to flood his platform with aspirants of pretence, and cram his programmes with a lot of modern productions, the impertinence of which is only equalled by their incoherence. The game, Mr Chappell seems to think, is not worth the candle, and we agree with him. What is far more to the purpose, the public agree with him; sanctioning by their steady support a policy which, though conservative, is yet truly liberal, since genuine liberalism, in art or politics, is never destructive.

The crowded hall on Monday night signified a wide-spread desire to gather the last fruits of the season, and to say "good-bye" to the artists who have so long supported the enterprise. Nearly all of them we look to see again. Herr Joachim, still in the zenith of his powers, may come to us every year for yet many years. So with Herr Straus, Signor Piatti, Miss Krebs, Miss Zimmermann, Mr Santley, and the rest of the proved and faithful ones. Not so, however, with Mdme Schumann; of whom, there is reason to fear, English amateurs saw the last on Monday night. Mdme Schumann has taken no formal leave of her British friends. Had she chosen, the great artist might have courted and obtained a special "ovation," given only to those whom universal suffrage has raised to heroic rank. It was well, perhaps, that she did not so determine. Farewell tours and farewell appearances are now-a-days so abused that the public have lost faith in them, and nearly regard them as on a level with a "selling-off" of commercial procedure. But though nothing was said of Mdme Schumann's performance as valedictory, the best informed among the audience so regarded it—with how much interest and regret we need not say. There is always pain in parting with a great artist, who for many years has shone like a star in the firmament of music. The absolute "last" of anything brings grave reflections to thoughtful minds; but the drying up of a spring of pleasure and edification, the withering of a tree from which, year by year, grateful fruit has been plucked, is in its measure a catastrophe. How much more in this case, where we not only lose the last representative of a great classic school and the noblest witness against the boastful quackery that has succeeded it, but nearly the final link between ourselves and an Augustine age of music. Take away Mdme Schumann, together with the veteran Ferdinand Hiller, and what remains of the generation in which flourished a host of brilliant men, whom only to name would be to stretch this article beyond due length. Around the few representatives of that era gathers "the tender grace of a day that is dead." They make us hear "The sound of a voice that is still," just as on Monday night, when Mdme Schumann played her husband's Novelette in F, she awoke a thousand echoes of a noble past, with which not sound alone, but her own bodily presence, linked us. Possibly these thoughts did not take a well-defined form in the minds of many among her audience. But the spirit of them must have pervaded the place, in however vague a form, and hence the overwhelming signs of more than admiration and regard when Mdme Schumann had completed her evening's work, by adding two of Chopin's pieces to the Novelette. Again and again was the illustrious artist called back to the platform by a public loth to look their last upon one whose memory will be cherished more and more as years go on. Mdme Schumann will carry back to her German home pleasant recollections of her English friends, and she will be cheered in her declining years by remembrance of an affection no less honestly gained than ungrudgingly awarded.

The particulars of the concert need not long detain us, since nothing new was presented. Brahms' Sextet in B flat, played by Messrs Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti, opened the programme, which included Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins (Messrs Joachim and Straus), with pianoforte accompaniment (Miss Agnes Zimmermann), Mendelssohn's theme with variations for piano (Miss Krebs) and violoncello (Signor Piatti), and a selection from Brahms' Hungarian dances, as arranged for violin and pianoforte (Miss Agnes Zimmermann) by Herr Joachim. Mr Santley sang, in the course of the evening, no fewer than four of his most favourite classic songs, so that, well arranged at all points, the entertainment won a complete success, and brought the season to a fitting end. In closing our notice let us acknowledge with emphasis, because the duty has often been neglected, the excellent services of M. Zerbini as accompanist throughout the season, and the yet more valuable labours of Mr J. W. Davison, whose analytical remarks upon the new works have so materially helped to their comprehension, in virtue of qualities, both literary and artistic, that command general approval.

"NYM CRINKLE" (WHEELER) ON MARIE ROZE.

"Ah, what a heavenly voice, with the face of the madonna! Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth is said to speak, and this exclamation passed my lips impulsively as I dropped my lorgnette and leaned back, with Marie Roze's glorious notes still ringing in my ears. No artist ever interested me so much as Marie Roze. I met her once in a social way, and had been charmed. An hour spent in her society leaves a pure impression upon you—a midsummer night's dream. The critical judgment veils itself when it meets such a rare goddess of the earth. If you will not misunderstand me, I should like to say that it is the ripe earthiness of Marie Roze that fills the sense. But now that I have said it, I feel that this bold, inadequate statement utterly fails to convey my idea to you. Because you may think of earthiness as something exactly the opposite of heavenliness. But I always think of it, or try to, as the fecund quality of nature, which furnishes us with all that is beautiful in vital existence. I always liked women better than I liked angels. I never could discover any human endeavour, however skyey, that could escape from the law of gravitation. If you say this is not spiritual, I reply that it is at least scientific. If you desire to pass the pale flowers of æsthetic thought and come to the red rose itself it will cut off philosophy, but you will be gratified. Marie Roze, superficially considered, possesses an extraordinary amount of pure, overflowing femininity. It would be hard to define that quality of sex which resides in a face and form and lends itself to all the tones of voice and every fold of drapery as well. But you and I are not philosophers. Womanly women in art are the greatest desideratum of the day.

"Marie Roze possesses this organic charm. Her beauty is of the large, sensuous type. There are corn and wine and oil in it. It refreshes a man to know that such a woman exists—even when he cannot possess her—for as Emerson says, these women, whether they sit or stand, or only throw a shadow on the wall, confer a favour on the world. As the artist, the excellence of Marie Roze's impersonations and of her pure vocalization are so evenly and thoroughly adjusted to her characters that the effect she produces upon you is not unlike that produced upon the mind when one for the first time looks upon some celebrated and beautiful picture—there is a perfect harmony of colour and drawing. Another fact is, that Marie Roze succeeds with all the disadvantages of a superb face in making her audience forget Marie Roze. It may be said that Marie Roze's art is a French flower grown in Italian sunshine. I have not asked myself whether Marie Roze has voice of phenomenal power. I suppose it is because her voice satisfies me. There are tears in it. On the whole, I think I admire the regular Italian sunset better than I should the phenomenal eruption of the Italian volcano.

"If one can judge from appearances, the American people admire Marie Roze and her voice because both are distinguished for that indefinable quality which is so eminently human and, therefore, sympathetic. They wind about the emotions without any effort whatever."—*New Orleans Times.*

WEIMAR.—The fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's death was observed with becoming solemnity. Laurel wreaths were laid upon the poet's tomb by the Chief Burgomaster, the Intendant-General for the Grand Ducal Theatre, and Dr Friedrich for the Association of German Authors. Wreaths, also, were forwarded from Leipsic Symposium and the publishing house of Cotta. Dr Keil spoke in the name of the Vienna Concordia Society, Julius Grosse in that of the Berlin Press Society, and the Intendant-General, von Loën, for the Schiller Foundation and the German Ladies of Prague, also reading the Grand-Duke's reply to the Ladies.

LEIPSIC.—Louise Härtel, wife of Raimund Härtel, formerly head of the publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, died on the 20th ult. Before marriage, as Louise Hauffe, she enjoyed fair repute as a pianist.

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MARRIAGE OF MDLLE SARAH BERNHARDT.

(Paris correspondence of "The Times.")

The *Figaro* gives a circumstantial account of a flying marriage, which was to come off this morning at the Greek Consulate in London, between Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt and M. Damala, an Embassy Attaché, who recently joined her troupe. They performed at Naples on Friday night, and are to appear at Nice to-morrow night, but they had just time to reach London by express yesterday afternoon, and would have been married at 5 p.m., but for the train being considerably behind its time. The ceremony had, consequently, to be deferred till 8 a.m. to-day, which just left time to reach Nice to-morrow afternoon. The bride, it is remarked, possesses 1,200,000 francs, and the bridegroom, who took to the stage with a passion for it, is already tolerably rich, and will be richer.—*Paris, April* 4.

(From "The Times," April 5.)

Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt was married in London yesterday morning. The ceremony took place in the church of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, Oxford Street, in the parish of St Marylebone, the bridegroom being M. Damala, a Greek gentleman. The bride and bridegroom presented themselves to the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr Greenwood, assistant curate, at the early hour of half-past 10 a.m. They were attended by only one gentleman and one lady, and these, with the verger of the church, were the sole witnesses of the marriage. Mdlle Bernhardt, the bridegroom, and friends in attendance arrived in two hansom cabs from 55, Berners Street, the address given as the residence of the contracting parties. The marriage was by license, which, when the party arrived at the church, it was found had been forgotten and had to be sent for. The ceremony had subsequently to be hurried over in consequence of 11 o'clock matins. The service was that of the Church of England, the responses being made in English by both bride and bridegroom, though M. Damala is said to be very little acquainted with the language. After the ceremony the party entered the vestry and signed the register, the signatories being the contracting couple, their two attendants, and Mr Henderson, verger. Then the party returned in cabs to 55, Berners Street. Mdme Damala soon afterwards sent for a copy of the register, which she had neglected to obtain before leaving the church. The strictest secrecy has been observed in connection with the marriage. The Rev. Mr Gibbs, in answer to a remark on the state of the marriage law, said that "in its present scandalous condition" a clergyman was bound to celebrate the marriage service on a license being presented to him by any couple who would reply *pro formâ* to the few questions required to be put. Mdlle Bernhardt is understood to have arrived in London from Naples on the previous day for the ceremony. After the marriage, at four o'clock in the afternoon, she visited the Gaiety Theatre with M. Meyer, her manager, in order to have an interview with Mr Hollingshead, who, however, is out of town. It is stated that the marriage will not affect the engagements entered into by Mdlle Bernhardt to appear at the Gaiety Theatre in May and June next. M. Damala is stated in one quarter to be a gentleman of wealth, and on the other hand to be likely to appear at the Gaiety with his wife as her lover in *La Dame aux Camélias*. He appears to be of middle age and full height, and is said to be a fine-looking man. Mdlle Bernhardt was married in ordinary walking costume, the most noticeable feature of which was a very long and handsome sealskin cloak, close-fitting and trimmed with fur. She left with M. Damala last night by the mail train from Charing Cross for the Continent *en route* for Barcelona. She is announced to play in Madrid on Sunday next.

—o—

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave an orchestral concert on Saturday evening, April 1st, 1882, at St James's Hall. The programme consisted of—

Mass, No. 3, "Imperial" (Haydn)—solos by Miss Charlotte Thudichum (Parepa-Rosa scholar), Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Hirwen Jones, and Mr Lucas Williams; Concerto, in E flat, first movement (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Mr Samuel Wiggins, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Air, "With verdure clad" (Haydn)—Miss Beare; Overture (MS.), in F minor (F. K. Hatterseley, Balfe scholar); Caprice, in E (Sterndale Bennett)—pianoforte, Miss Marian Davis, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Recit. ed Aria, "Non mi dir" (Mozart)—Miss Charlotte Thudichum, Parepa-Rosa scholar; Concertino, Op. 51 (Romberg)—violoncello, Mr W. Charles Hann; Scena (Fiori)—Miss Josephine Pulham; Overture, in E minor (H. Smith, student); Concerto, in D minor, first movement (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss F. Smith, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Duet, "Children, pray" (Spohr)—Miss Augusta Arnold and Mr Hulbert H. Fulkerson; War March of the Priests, *Athalie* (Mendelssohn).

Mr William Shakespeare conducted. The room was crowded.

TONIC SOL-FA.

(To the Editor of the "Globe.")

SIR,—Mr Wareham questions, in the *Globe*, the accuracy of my statement that the choice of method (Tonic Sol-fa or Staff notations) is left by the London School Board with the teachers. He says that "material would not be provided for a teacher of the staff wishing to teach by Hullah's method." No statement of this kind has ever been made by the Board, for the simple reason that no teacher has ever applied for the material, and therefore the question has never yet come before the Board. I may say that out of the 300 London Board Schools I do not know of half-a-dozen teaching singing by the Staff notation. As regards Mr Wareham's statement, that the Tonic Sol-fa notation "is not an exposition of the relation of scale sounds," all I will say is that the notation does represent the sounds of the scale with perfect accuracy, and your readers can best satisfy themselves on this question by referring to Mr Curwen's *Musical Statics* and *Musical Theory*. As to Helmholtz, his approval was the result of seeing method and notation in actual work. I can best reply to Mr Wareham's incomplete quotation from Mr Curwen's *Primer on Tonic Sol-fa* (Novello's series) by referring your readers to the book itself, pages 12, 13, and 14, and I feel sure that they will agree with me that no genuine or unprejudiced musician ever would cavil at the passage in question; and I will conclude by expressing my regret that any opponent of Tonic Sol-fa should feel compelled to stigmatize the supporters of the method as "dishonest," or as "meeting difficulties with lies."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. EVANS (Music Instructor.)

London School Board, Victoria Embankment.

Signor Bevignani has returned from Moscow to resume his duties at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, the popular conductor stopped at Brussels, on his way to London, for the purpose of witnessing a performance of the much-talked-of opera, *Herodiade*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Sacred Harmonic Society having definitely arranged for the winding up of its affairs, some of the members and subscribers have resolved upon the formation of a new society, and a provisional committee has been appointed with a view to ascertaining the amount of support likely to be obtained from those in any way connected with the old institution and amateurs generally. A meeting will be held on the 18th inst. to receive the report of the committee, and discuss the principles on which the new society shall be conducted. All interested in the movement are requested to communicate with the honorary secretary, Mr H. J. Bishop, Neumeyer Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

A NEW IRISH OPERA.—Mr Wallworth, the highly esteemed vocalist and teacher, on the occasion of his benefit at the Adelphi Theatre, produced an operetta of his own composition, entitled *Kevin's Choice*, the book being founded on a sketch by Miss Hazlewood. The scene is laid in Ireland towards the end of the last century, and the incidents turn on the loves of Kevin (a student) and Kathleen (a farmer's daughter), the father of the former having made a will, leaving his wealth to the church, and enjoining his son to become a priest. The despair of the lovers is ultimately removed, and their union secured, by the discovery of a subsequent will, revoking the former one. There is an underplot concerning the loves of Patrick, an Irish peasant, and Bridget, Kathleen's cousin. Mr Wallworth's music is unpretentious, but well written for vocal effect, generally pleasing and always melodious. It is entirely for solo voices, with accompaniment of a small orchestra. Among the pieces that made the most effect in the first act were the duet, "Oh, how I hate," for Bridget and Patrick; Kathleen's ballad, "A youth met a maiden;" Kevin's sentimental air, "My heart some strange foreboding chills;" a smoothly-written duet, "Sleep, sleep," for Kevin and Kathleen; a very telling song for the priest, Father Beamish (encored); and a well-concerted quintet for all the characters. The second act contains an expressive air, "I cannot own," for Kathleen; a plaintive song, "Awake, awake," in serenade style, for Kevin; a genial duet, "Be firm," for Kevin and Bridget; and a spirited quintet. Mdme Edith Wynne as Kathleen sang right well, notwithstanding evident indisposition, and was efficiently supported by Miss Lucy Franklein as Bridget. Mr H. Walsham displayed a resonant tenor voice in the music of Kevin; Mr Wallworth acted and sang with considerable humour as Patrick; and Mr Pyatt gave the Priest's song and his share in the concerted pieces very effectively. There was a well-selected orchestra, which Mr K. Meyder ably directed. The piece was preceded by a miscellaneous concert, the vocal parts in which were contributed by Miss P. Featherby, Mrs A. Furlong, Madame Telma, Messrs Maas, Furlong, Victor, and R. Hollins. Mr Carrodus played a brilliant fantasia on Scotch airs in his most brilliant style.—*D. N.*

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL BE RESUMED

EARLY IN OCTOBER NEXT.

DEATH.

On March 31, at 25, Brecknock Crescent, Camden Town, N.W., CAROLINE, the beloved wife of MR THOMAS HARPER, aged 58.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

The Egyptian Symphony.

ARCTURUS PASHA.—*I've* got it—and I'll finish it. Catch me again in purgatory! The first movement shall be *Pharaoh*—no, "*Moses and Aaron*," with episode—*Pharaoh's daughter and the bullrushes.* The slow movement shall be *The Red Sea*, with episode—*The Brazen Serpent.* The scherzo shall be *The Wilderness*, with episode—*Manna.* The fourth and last shall be *The Land of Milk and Honey.* I wish Head were here. He knows all about Palestine, &c.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (*by telephone*).—All right, dear boy, get on with your work. I will send you a box of superfluous seconds. I am in the College fathoming Anton's *Ocean.* When I get to the bottom of it I'll let you know.

ARCTURUS PASHA (*by re-telephone*).—Thanks, old man. I've lots of "superfluous seconds" over here, and I shouldn't much mind if Anton's Ocean were dried up.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual report of the Committee of Management to the Directors of the Royal Academy of Music, for the year 1881, having been printed, we submit it, *in extenso*, for the perusal of our readers.

"Your committee, in laying before you the balance sheet of the year 1881, have the pleasure to state that, through the increasing prosperity of the Academy, they have been enabled to pay off the sum of £400, being the margin of the amount advanced by Messrs Coutts & Co., to defray the cost of erecting the new concert-room and obtaining the lease of the two houses now occupied, and that the Institution is by this payment entirely freed from debt.

"It is with high gratification that your committee record another repetition of the munificence of Lady Goldsmid, who again presents a Free Scholarship entitling the holder to a year's education in the Academy, for which there is to be competition by female pianists who shall have been studying in the Institution for two years and shall not already have held her ladyship's scholarship. Dr Llewelyn Thomas, who continues his services as Honorary Physician to the Academy, Mr Heathcote Long, Mr Henry Evill, and Mr Charles Santley, again present their respective prizes for special student work, and Mr Bonamy Dobree again offers his for violoncello-playing. The Parepa-Rosa, the Sterndale Bennett, and the Balfe Scholarships, as well as the Potter Exhibition, the Westmorland, Sir John Goss, and the Thalberg Scholarships, are permanent; as also are the Memorial Prizes in the names of Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mdme Parepa-Rosa, and Mr Charles Lucas. Besides these means of completely or partly gratuitous education, which are open in some cases to the world at large, in others to pupils of longer or shorter standing in the Academy, there are several instances at present in which the fees of a pupil are defrayed by some generous individual who prefers the private satisfaction of assisting desert to any public credit for the act. It is pleasant to report the donation of £50 from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, for procuring which your committee have to acknowledge the good offices of Mr Charles Sparrow.

"The Reserve Fund for reducing the fees to pupils who are deserving and necessitous, has not progressed since your last annual meeting, and is thus not of sufficient amount for investment.

"The Local Examination of musical students, first essayed in the Lent of 1881, is at present in course of repetition. The number of candidates last year was 902, of whom 122 received honours, and 432 passed with satisfaction to the examiners. The number of candidates is this year increased to 1258, and your committee wait with interest for the reports of the several examiners (all members of the Academy staff), which will throw a strong light on the state of musical education throughout the country. A still more important incident in the work of the past year is the first Metropolitan Examination of musical artists and teachers, which was held in January last. For this there were sixty-eight candidates, of whom eleven as pianists, one as clarionet-player, and two as bandmasters, satisfied the examiners, and have consequently been created licentiates of the Royal Academy of Music, and have each received a diploma to that effect. This examination is designed to test most scrupulously the qualifications of those who present themselves; the result is meant to certify that successful candidates are, in the opinion of the three specialists who examine on each respective subject, entirely capable of fulfilling the requirements of that branch of the musical profession which each one aims to represent.

"The experimental performances of the operatic class in the Academy have elicited warm approval; a representation of an act of *Cosi fan tutte*, which was given by special request at Victoria Hall, was decidedly successful; and—most significant of all—several former members of the class have appeared with credit during the present season of Mr Carl Rosa's performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is hence manifest that what has previously been a serious desideratum—namely, opportunity of preparation for the lyrical stage—is satisfactorily supplied by the operatic class in the Academy.

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"The Professorship of Acoustics has been accepted by Mr R. H. M. Bosanquet, who gave an illustrated lecture in the autumn to the students, subscribers, members, and associates. The aim in incorporating this scientific subject in the Academy course is, firstly, to testify to the highly exalted character of the art which is taught here, as owing its existence to some of the sublimest laws of nature; secondly, to befit students for University examination for musical degrees.

"Your committee particularly wish to dispel an impression which has been avowed by some directors, to the effect that the Academy has opposed itself to a scheme now being promulgated by several of the patrons of this institution. The offer, in 1874, of space in the Royal Albert Hall for the Academy's occupation was impossible of acceptance on the terms proposed. Your committee proffered, through the president, a strong expression of sympathy with the objects of the meeting convened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1875, the result of which meeting was the establishment of the Training School. When, in 1876, Mr Sullivan applied to them for leave to accept the principalship of the School, stating that, if he could not hold this office together with his professorship in the Academy, he would decline the former—the committee showed their sympathy with the Prince's object, by cordially granting Mr Sullivan the leave he asked, and desiring him to state this fact as an earnest of the goodwill of the Academy to the new institution. Permission was also willingly accorded to other members of the Academy staff to accept engagements at the new School. It must be remembered that the often-quoted "majority of ten to four" of the votes at a directors' meeting, when the late Lord Hampton was in the chair, on July 20th, 1878 (which majority has been misinterpreted as having voted a concurrence with the proposal to fuse the Academy in a then recently-opened school), was taken in the absence of the president and fifteen others of the thirty directors; that no notice had been given of the object of the special meeting; and that possibly the presence of some of those sixteen might have given a different close to the proceedings. It must be borne in mind that the request for the Academy to surrender its charter, to relinquish its individuality, and to forego everything but the history of its past achievements, could not be acceded to, while several members who were present were unwilling to comply, and that this feeling was shared by many members of the Body Politic and Corporate who had not the privilege of attending the directors' meeting at which the final vote was taken, on December 13th, 1879. Further, it must not be forgotten that even had the whole of the members agreed to resign the charter of this royal and national institution, the probable conditions offered by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh were incompatible with his *certain* requirements from the Academy. The committee have resisted all appeals to them to justify the Academy's claim to that sympathy of the public which it holds, confident that its best claim to support, and panoply against opposition, is the internal work it strives to accomplish.

"Your committee regret the retirement of Mr Charles Hallé (whose resignation will be read to you) from your Board of Directors.

"The number of pupils at present studying in the Academy is 418. The duly-audited balance sheet for the year 1881 shows the expenditure of that year to have amounted to £15,041 0s. 1d. The expenditure for 1880 was £13,895 13s.

"Resolved that the report for 1881 be printed and sent to the subscribers, members, and associates of the Royal Academy of Music."—"(Signed) T. Gladstone, chairman of the day."

THE LATE MR JOHN HILES.

In response to our information last week as to the unfortunate position of the widow of the late Mr John Hiles, the following subscriptions have been received:—

Messrs Chappell & Co.	£10	10s.
,, Boosey & Co.	10	0s.
,, Gray & Davison	10	10s.
Royal Society of Musicians	5	5s.

Further subscriptions will be kindly received by Messrs Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Gray & Davison, Euston Road; Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; and Mr Frederic Davison, 24, Fitzroy Square.

Dr Arthur Sullivan has left Cairo, and is at present in Naples.

Mr F. C. Burnand, we have much pleasure in stating, has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition. He is just now at Ramsgate—his favourite recouping-ground.

CONCERTS.

St Patrick's Night was celebrated at St James's Hall on Saturday evening, March 17, by an "Irish Ballad Concert," conducted by Mr Sydney Naylor, the singers being Mesdames Patey, Alice Barth, and Antoinette Sterling; Misses Carlotta Elliot, Helen Meason, and Jessica O'Brien; Messrs Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Faulkner Leigh, Walter Clifford, and Santley, assisted by "a band of harps," conducted by Mr John Cheshire (who also played various fantasias on the National Instrument of Erin), and Signor Piatti, who gave his admired "Airs Baskyrs," arranged for the violoncello. There was an enormous audience, upwards of three thousand lovers of Milesian melodies being present, all applauding and "encoring" every piece in the programme with iron hands and vociferous throats. It was certainly an Irish *fête* in every way. Nearly all the singers were established favourites, there being but one new to St James's Hall, and her name was Jessica O'Brien, a beautiful representative of the Emerald Isle both in appearance and in voice. The fair *débutante* made a great impression on her audience, giving Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen" and Lover's "What will you do, love?" in a way that thoroughly delighted everyone, winning hearty applause and "re-calls" after each. There is little doubt that Miss Jessica O'Brien will be heard frequently in our concert-rooms. A feature in the programme was Balfe's "Killarney," which, though the last song on the list, was so effectively rendered by Mdme Barth that the audience applauded "to the echo," and evidently wanted it over again, but the clever lady would only return and bow her acknowledgments. The concert was in every way an enormous success.

Mr Aguilar's "Goblin Market" *(from a correspondent)*.—Mr E. Aguilar has set Miss G. Rossetti's pretty poem, *Goblin Market*, as a cantata for treble voices, and last Saturday night, at the trial concert of the Musical Artist's Society, it was performed with great success. Mr Aguilar has caught the spirit of the story, and dramatically treated all the incidents, the frolicsome fun and spiteful tricks of the goblins, the waywardness of Laura, and the tender affection of her guardian angel, sister Lizzie. Mrs Sicklemore and Miss E. Burnett sang the parts of the two sisters, and a circle of ladies (some of them Mr Aguilar's pupils) effectively rendered the choral music. Mr Aguilar and Mr Charles E. Stephens accompanied on two grand pianofortes.

Miss Rosa Kenney.—An entertainment of much interest was given on Tuesday, March 28th, at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street. Miss Rosa Kenney, whose performance of Juliet is favourably remembered by playgoers, gave, in presence of a large and brilliant audience, a recital of the Laureate's new poem, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava," and of portions of his "Passing of Arthur." Very finished, intellectual, and pleasing was the delivery of the young artist. The humorous aspect of her powers was well brought out in two scenes from *The Hunchback*, in which, with the aid of Mr Charles Wyndham as Modus, Miss Kenney, as Helen, gave admirable effect to the practice of feminine wooing. A miscellaneous entertainment, combined with the recitations, included songs, admirably sung by Miss Edith Wynne; a comic recital, by Mr Standing; recitals from Southey and from her own writings, by Mrs Aylmer Gowing; a song, by Miss Berta Forresta; and pianoforte performances by Herr Kranick.—*The People*.

PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—On Saturday evening, April 1st, Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley gave an organ recital to the members of the Edinburgh Choral Union and their friends in the music class-room of the University of Edinburgh. There was a crowded and appreciative audience. The programme, arranged in chronological order, contained specimens of music specially composed for the organ, as well as choral or orchestral pieces arranged for it. The Professor afterwards gave some pieces of his own composition, which were certainly not the least enjoyable selections during the evening. The most pretentious was the Sonata in A major, but the simple and musical "Abends" ("Son of my soul") appeared to be more popular. It was given by request of Mr Marshall, secretary of the Choral Union, who had invited about sixty of the members of Broughton Place United Presbyterian Church, who wished to hear the time and phrasing of the tune, which they sing in church. At the conclusion of the hymn the Professor was very heartily applauded. Before the closing chorus was given, Mr Marshall moved a vote of thanks to Sir Herbert Oakeley for the great treat he had given them and for the interest he had taken in the Choral Union. Professor Oakeley then returned thanks in eloquent and suitable terms, and assured the members of the great interest he took in the Society and his

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gratification at seeing them at his recital. The recital concluded with the chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," from Haydn's *Creation*.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Thursday evening, March 30th, Messrs W. and J. W. Pyatt gave a concert of classical chamber music at the Town Hall. The performers were Dr Joachim, Herr Louis Ries, Mr Zerbini, Signor Piatti, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Mr Vernon Rigby. The Quartet was Mendelssohn's in E flat, Op. 12, and the Quintet Schumann's in E flat, Op. 44, both played in perfection. How could it be otherwise, when rendered by such great artists? The *andante* and variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata made a *furore*, the players—Miss Zimmermann and Dr Joachim—being twice called to receive the applause due to their magnificent performance. Signor Piatti's solo was a "Largo and Allegro" by Veracini, played in so masterly a manner that the famous violoncellist was obliged to return to the platform, when he gave his own transcription of Schubert's "Ave Maria." "Mr Vernon Rigby," writes the critic of the *Birmingham Gazette*, "sang the whole of his songs splendidly, securing in each the best opinions of his hearers. The serenade, 'Thro' the night,' No. 4 of the fourteen songs published a few months after Schubert's death as the 'Songs of the Swan,' was a refined example of vocalization." In response to "encores" for his other songs, Mr Rigby gave Schumann's "Devotion" and Verdi's "La donna e mobile" (*Rigoletto*). The concert, altogether, gave perfect satisfaction.

TODMORDEN.—The last concert of the present season of the Todmorden Musical Society was given on Monday evening, March 27, at the Town Hall. There was an enormous audience, the hall being filled in every part long before the commencement of the concert. The works selected for the occasion were Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, and Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*. The band and chorus numbered upwards of 120 performers, assisted by Miss A. Williams, Messrs Frank Boyle and Santley, from London, and conducted by Mr Thomas Law. All exerted themselves *con amore*, and the result was an excellent performance of both works. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful *May Queen* has often been given by the Society, but Handel's serenata was a *quasi*-novelty. The necessary orchestral and chorus parts having been presented lately to the Society by the president, John Fielden, Esq., of Dobroyd Castle, it was felt that the most suitable acknowledgment of the generous gift would be the best performance possible of the work. In consequence, band, chorus, and principals did their best, and succeeded in pleasing all except those critics, who consider it their privilege to be dissatisfied with everybody and everything.

CHELTENHAM.—The concert in the Rotunda on Wednesday evening, March 22, was for the benefit of the Town Band. The orchestral contributions were an Overture to each part, with a Clarionet Fantasia by Mr Hawkins, and a Violoncello Solo by Mr E. Teague, jun., both cleverly rendered. The gems of the concert were the pianoforte solos of Mr Ricardo Linter, the first of which he was compelled to repeat, and the second—a brilliant composition of his own—entitled the *Montpellier March*, elicited hearty applause. Mr Linter also took part with Mr Pollock in a duet for the pianoforte and harp. The singers were Miss Julia Jones and Mr Twinning.

—o—

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

Baron von Hofmann, Intendant-General of the Imperial Theatres, has announced that the Burgtheater will remain closed during July and August, but, in compliance with a general wish that, on account of the presence of so many strangers at the particular time, the Imperial Operahouse should remain open as long as possible, the institution will be shut in July only. The last operatic performance is fixed for the 15th June, from which date till the 27th, nothing but ballets will be given, and then as usual actors from the Burgtheater appear for a limited number of nights. On the 1st August, the new operatic season begins. In May and June, Marie Wilt, Lilli Lehmann, Marianne Brand, Niemann, and Reichmann, are engaged for short periods. Meanwhile Schubert's *Alfons und Estrella*, "arranged" by Fuchs, and Boito's *Mefistofele*, will be special attractions.

Carl Heymann, the pianist, has given two concerts in Moscow, earning, as previously in St Petersburgh, silver opinions.

The movement inaugurated by the Prince of Wales to found a Royal College of Music is meeting with satisfactory support. In addition to subscriptions promised by the London Corporation and City Companies, over £50,000 has been given, so that the first £100,000 of the contemplated £300,000 has been practically secured. In the course of the present and next month meetings are to be held in most of the large provincial towns in order to specifically point out the character of the work the new institution will undertake.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The managers of this society could not have anticipated the illness of Sir Michael Costa when they aptly placed *Eli* in the programme of the season. Under ordinary circumstances, choice of Sir Michael's first oratorio needs no apology. Among modern works of the kind it holds an honourable position, being, in fact, one of the very few oratorios that the public have accepted since the bringing out of *Elijah*. But, as matters actually stand, the performance of *Eli* on Friday night was an event of special timeliness and significance. This is the last season of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The fate that may have been doubtful when the present course of concerts was arranged is now settled, and the performance announced which will close half a century of useful labour. What more fitting than that an oratorio from the pen of the conductor who has served the society during a generation, and longer, should be one of its last cares, especially when the honoured chief is himself disabled by illness? Had Sir Michael Costa retained his health the closing concerts of the "Sacred Harmonic" would have been for him a series of personal triumphs; since even those at whose hands he has suffered criticism could have done no other than pay a just tribute of honour to so much ability, perseverance, and uprightness. It was well, therefore, that, absent in person, he should be present by the work which not a few excellent judges regard as his finest contribution to sacred art. Worthily, at any rate, did Sir Michael close his visible connection with the society. He may remain in nominal office till the forthcoming dissolution, but his farewell was said in the glowing and picturesque strains which set forth the story of the ancient Hebrew seer.

The performance was conducted by M. Sainton with all the success that an intimate knowledge of the work and of the composer's intention could secure. A more efficient deputy cannot be imagined. In M. Sainton enthusiasm and skill went together. He seemed zealous for the honour of the oratorio, and his example spread among those over whom he presided. The result was a performance in which not only the conductor and principal singers distinguished themselves, but also the orchestra and chorus, by whom the important accompaniments and somewhat exacting concerted numbers were given, generally speaking, with capital effect. The solo parts, one excepted, were sustained by artists whom Sir Michael Costa selected years ago, and from whom he has never seen reason to withdraw his confidence. Thus, the music of Samuel was sung by Mdme Patey—in what manner and with what result it is almost superfluous to tell. Hardly another oratorio gives this favourite contralto an equal opportunity to exhibit her voice and vocal skill in their best aspect. She invariably sings the two Prayers of the youthful acolyte with perfect expression, and lends the charm of a complete interpretation to songs which are themselves full of beauty. As on many former occasions, the part of the boastful Philistine champion was sustained by Mr Vernon Rigby, who never exerted himself more unsparingly, or earned more emphatic applause. The martial and stirring scene in which the "man of might" proclaims war against Israel demands large and varied resources, but Mr Rigby easily met its requirements. As a matter of fact, his rendering of the solo was beyond reproach, and more than justified the continued preference of the composer. This may be said also regarding the delivery, by Mr Lewis Thomas, of the music assigned to the Man of God. Mr Thomas—whose legitimate bass voice seems the more impressive as organs of its class and character become rarer—never gave the denunciation of Eli and his house with greater vigour and effect, or appeared to better advantage than in the melodious duet that followed. With Mr Santley in his accustomed place as Eli, it will be understood that the purely devotional and pathetic music of the Israelitish ruler received a fine interpretation. Mr Santley sings always well, but never better than when engaged upon airs of a character such as most of those given to Eli. His success was, of course, very great, and very much deserved. There remains only to speak of Miss Mary Davies, who, though comparatively new to the part of Hannah, did not permit it to lose any interest in her hands. Singing throughout with exemplary intelligence and expression, she impressed the audience greatly by her delivery of the happy mother's song of thankfulness, entering so well into its spirit as to evoke unanimous and prolonged applause.

At the Society's last concert, Handel's *Solomon* will be given. The choice is fitting. It was the great Jewish King who said, "I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. . . . Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."—*D. T.*

SIR MICHAEL COSTA is himself again—of which, not long hence, it is hoped, the public will see convincing proofs.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 192.)

The Italian Cantata.

The Italian cantatas for solo voices by Carissimi, Stradella, and Scarlatti, consist largely of declamation, or recitative, interspersed with short cantabile, rhythmic portions, and at least one set aria.

That by Stradella, called *Il Nerone*, begins with a long piece of speaking recitative.

Ex. 150.

This changes to rhythmic phrases, one of which is

Ex. 151.

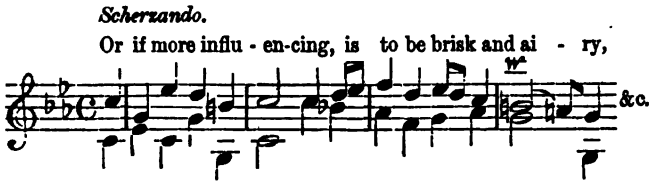
After this is another long speaking recitative, followed by a repetition of the rhythmic "Claudio rida" (Ex. 151). More speaking recitative follows this, and after a close an aria beginning :—

Ex. 152.

The form of this is complete so far as it begins in F, and ends in F, and modulates in the middle. After this is a short speaking recitative, a short rhythmic portion, and again the rhythmic "Claudio rida" (Ex. 151). Another speaking recitative follows, and after it a rhythmic portion, which, coming to a close, is followed by another rhythmic portion in different time. This goes into a repetition of "Claudio rida" (Ex. 151), another short speaking recitative is followed by a second aria, in the same time as the first (Ex. 152), but of less extent; and this concludes the cantata.

Purcell's cantata, "From rosy bow'rs," in his opera, *Don Quixote*, is of the same kind as those of the Italian writers, but it contains in the cantabile portions more rhythmic character and variety as well as more definite design. It begins with speaking recitative, "From rosy bow'rs where sleeps the god of love." An air follows in very marked time :—

Ex. 153.

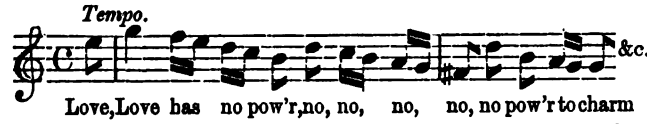


This is in complete form with half-way cadence in the major key of the mediant, with modulation and with return to the original key for the final cadence. This is followed by a recitative and a cantabile portion, after which is another set air. This is a complete rondo with first strain closing in the same key, with modulating portion, and recapitulation of the first.

Ex. 154.

After this is a short recitative, and a rapid movement ensues in C major.

Ex. 155.



This is also in a complete form with rest in the dominant key with modulation, and return to the main key for the close of the cantata.

"Let the dreadful engines," the bass song in the same opera as the above, has two different airs in complete form interchanged with recitatives.

The group of movements in Handel's *Messiah*, beginning with "Thy rebuke," is also a cantata. Though this is now often divided between two voices, soprano and tenor, there is nothing in the original to show any change of voice. It begins with the accompanied recitative, "Thy rebuke hath broken His heart;" an air follows, "Behold and see," which is in a form similar to the ballad-sonata, with half-way rest on the dominant chord (not key) with modulation and with return to full cadence in the original key. More recitative follows, "He was cut off," and another air, "But Thou did'st not leave," completes the series. This last movement is a complete sonata—with tonic and dominant sections, with return to the main key, and transposition of some of the dominant ideas, and with coda.

Oliveria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

Fracas between Operatic Singers.—Signor Elli Tecchi surrendered at the Marlborough Street police-office to his bail on the charge of having assaulted Signor Campobello on Sunday afternoon.—Mr Abraham Abrahams prosecuted, and Mr Brandon defended the prisoner.—Signor Enrico Campobello deposed that he was an operatic singer, and the prisoner had served in his *troupe*. On Sunday afternoon, at about 2.30, he was talking to a friend in Arundel Street, when Tecchi came up, and without any further provocation than an old quarrel, struck him three violent blows, exclaiming at the same time in French, "I have long been looking for the opportunity of giving you a thrashing; but I will now have the satisfaction of administering one to you." The prisoner then jumped into a cab, and the prosecutor followed, but in the course of the struggle the latter was thrown out. The cab was detained, however, and Signor Tecchi was given into custody. While in the cab the prisoner expressed regret that he had not a knife. Under cross-examination, Signor Campobello denied that he struck the first blow or that he had used offensive expressions to Signor Tecchi.—Several witnesses were examined, one of whom swore that the prosecutor first entered the cab and Signor Tecchi tried to pull him out.—Mr Newton ordered that Signor Tecchi should be bound over in his own recognizances in £20 to keep the peace for three months.

Royal Academy of Music.—The competition for the Sterndale Bennett scholarship took place on Monday. The examiners were Messrs Cox, Garcia, Walter Macfarren, Dr Steggall, and the Principal (chairman). There were seven candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to George William F. Crowther. In the competition for the Parepa-Rosa scholarship the examiners were Messrs Cox, Garcia, and the Principal (chairman). There were forty-one candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Kate Winifred Payne.

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BRINLEY RICHARDS ON WELSH MUSIC.

(From the "South Wales Daily News.")

Mr Brinley Richards has done so much for the honour of his native country, and especially its music, that anything he might say upon the history or characteristics of Welsh music will be listened to with respect. He cannot, at any rate, be charged with any bias against his own country, nor is he likely to be unduly tempted to underrate Welsh music, or to defraud his countrymen of any credit they may have earned as inventors or discoverers in a field on which they have won, and still go on winning, many laurels. In the remarks which Mr Richards made last night he touched upon a very delicate question, one of those subjects which almost invariably excite heart-burnings, and lead to much unpleasantness. No nation likes to be robbed even of legendary fame. The man who tries to prove that what has long been boasted of as a national gem of great value and antiquity is only a bit of glass of recent manufacture, is not likely to be cordially thanked for his discovery. We all profess to be passionately devoted to the truth; but it must be admitted that there are errors and even superstitions with which it is hard to part. There will, therefore, be many Welshmen who will not be ready at once to give their assent to the observations made last night by Mr Richards on the age of Welsh music as a science, or the claims of the Welsh to a certain old manuscript which accredits them with discoveries and inventions in the school of music long before other nations had any idea of such things. We do not believe that a true history of music will ever, or can ever, be written. Song and verse are older than writing. We can easily imagine a time when the most musical people in the world were anything but musical, according to modern notions. What the music of the Temple was in the time of Solomon is a subject of dispute. It certainly had little in common with that which has made the name of Mr Brinley Richards famous, not only among his own countrymen, but wherever modern music is admired. Nor need we go back to the days of Solomon. We may refer to the tunes which appear in old translations of the Psalms, and also to the so-called Gregorian chants, and to many other evidences of growth in the knowledge and in the appreciation of music. In all probability the history of music, if it could be faithfully written, would record a slow development such as we see in children, who, while they soon learn to yield to the soothing strains of simple melodies, are quite unable to perceive the discords which they produce when they attempt to sing. As for the so-called Welsh manuscripts of the 11th century, Mr Richards evidently expresses his doubts with some degree of reluctance, as any Welshman might be expected to do who would gladly leave his countrymen in possession of every coveted distinction; but it is clear that he is forced by his convictions to throw discredit upon them as trustworthy documents. Without entering into all the evidences in favour of or against the alleged age and origin of these documents, it would be very unfair to express an opinion. But apart altogether from this, there are many valuable hints which an authority like Mr Richards may give to his music-loving countrymen. As an interpreter of different styles of music he can render them good service. The great masters have fortunately been able to express their ideas on paper, and to leave behind them the monuments of their genius. The mere mechanical player cannot give us any idea of what these master-minds invented. Genius must interpret genius. We need not stay to inquire what relationship there is between the genius who invents and the genius who interprets; but we know from experience that the compositions of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others would be little better than dead letters, were there not appreciative minds like Mr Brinley Richards to take their works as they find them in the shape of mere marks or impressions on paper, and make them rise, so to speak, from the dead, and sing again as they sang when their now long-departed creators called them into existence. Of Mr Richards' ability as an interpreter his countrymen have reason to be proud.

Cardiff, March 28.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 201.)

Such was the very remarkable and justly renowned artist to whom Cherubini resolved to apply for advice and lessons which he felt he still needed, and by means of which he resolved to perfect his musical education. It must be allowed not only that his choice was a happy one, but that he was singularly favoured by chance. Sarti, especially after 1779, at which period he was entrusted with the task of directing the music in the Cathedral of Milan, was overwhelmed with work; the attention exacted by his official duties, the numerous compositions he had to write for the Cathedral, the operas demanded from him on all sides, the journeys he was compelled to make to superintend the getting-up and preside at the performance of these operas, implied an excessive amount of labour and did not allow him a moment's repose. Aware, when he received Cherubini, with what kind of person he had to do, and the confidence he could place in him, having the young man, moreover, always at his side and being able to guide him as he chose, he conceived the idea of making an anonymous fellow labourer of him and of discharging on his pupil's shoulders a portion of the work that weighed upon his own. With this intent he soon adopted the habit of having the airs for the secondary characters in his operas composed by Cherubini. We know that the Italian public, especially at that period, attached importance only to the leading characters in a dramatic work, they did not trouble themselves in the least about the due proportion and the general balance of a vast composition; two or three airs entrusted to the important personages, one or two showy duets, and a grand concerted piece was not merely all they wanted, but all to which they listened; the rest was considered as simple padding, and the benevolent audience, after eagerly listening to the fashionable artist or the fashionable air, retired to the back of their box to discuss quietly their personal affairs during the execution of the other pieces.

It was the "other pieces" which Cherubini, as soon as he arrived, was commissioned by Sarti to write. The reader must perceive what a piece of good fortune it was for a young musician training for the stage to be entrusted with such work and under such conditions. Without running any danger, without incurring real responsibility, since his name was not made public, writing under the eye and guidance of the master, who was always ready to correct faults and eliminate errors, the pupil served in the most practical and certain manner his apprenticeship as a dramatic composer, gaining experience of the stage and a knowledge of orchestral effects, at the same time that he was learning to turn to account and develop his ideas, and training himself to the right use of lyrical declamation. There could be no better and no more profitable school for an artist endowed with good natural gifts, and we can easily understand that, after a course of this description, Cherubini was able to brave the stage on his own account, armed as he was from head to foot and possessing precocious experience. And it was not long before he did so. He had been scarcely more than two years with Sarti before he went to Alexandria to bring out his first opera, returning afterwards to his master, who was still in Milan, and resuming his studies with him. However, I cannot do better, as regards this little known epoch of his life, than reproduce the following extract from the notice dictated by him to de Beauchesne; the information—as we may well conceive—being more precise than anywhere else:

In 1778, Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose enlightened taste rendered him the friend and patron of artists, granted the young composer Cherubini a pension, which enabled him to go to Bologna, where the celebrated Sarti resided, as he wished to complete his education under him. Sarti conceived a friendship for his pupil, to whom he gave excellent advice, which strengthened him in the science of counterpoint and of ideal style. During the time Cherubini remained with this master, the latter, when visiting different towns of Italy, for the purpose of composing operas, always took Cherubini with him, and even entrusted him, the better to exercise the young man's powers, or when he himself was too much pressed by his numerous occupations, with the composition of the second parts in his operas, so that the master's scores contain many pieces due to the inspiration of his pupil.* In the year 1779, Cherubini

* Elsewhere—in the very summary notice he placed at the head of the chronological catalogue of his works—Cherubini again says:—"It was by this great master's lessons and advice that I formed myself in counterpoint and

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went to Milan with his master, who had just been appointed chapel master in the Cathedral there. In 1780, he was engaged to go and compose an opera at Alexandria, in Piedmont, for the autumn fair. This opera, in three acts, the first work he composed for the stage, was entitled, *Il Quinto Fabio.*† After having it performed, he returned to Sarti in Milan, as he was always accustomed to do, when he had been obliged temporarily to absent himself. He continued his studies with Sarti, and in 1781, composed several pieces, sacred and profane, five of which were interpolated in a comic opera acted at the Scala Theatre. In the course of 1781, he entered into an agreement to go and compose an opera at Venice, where, however, he did not stay long, because, while he was composing the opera, and before it was completed, the manager of the theatre became a bankrupt, and Cherubini returned to Sarti in Milan.

Having been engaged the preceding year for Florence, where he was to compose an opera, he set out at the commencement of 1782, and, in the month of January, produced *Armida* (in three acts) at the Teatro della Pergola. After its production, he did not return to Sarti, because he had been engaged, for the spring of the same year, to go to Leghorn and compose an opera with which to open the new theatre there, sometime in the month of May. This work, in three acts, was entitled, *Adriano in Siria.* On his return to Florence, he was again engaged to compose an opera, also in three acts, entitled, *Messenzio*, which was played in that town on the 8th September, at the Teatro della Pergola. It is from this epoch that we must date the cessation of his studies with Sarti, whom he saw only once subsequently at Parma, when that master had composed an opera entitled, *Alessandro e Timoteo.*

(To be continued.)

A GLEE FOR MEN'S VOICES.*

Could a man be secure, when he takes him a wife,
That her love would endure to the end of his life,
Who wouldn't be ready and haste for the ring?
But, steady, boys, steady, we bachelors sing.
You mustn't go courting
Like butterflies sporting:
Remember that marriage will last all your life.

Could a man be secure that the girl who seems sweet
Would always be sensible, kind, and discreet,
Never sharpen her voice into scolding too shrill
He would soon make his choice and let Love have his will.
But ware, friends, surprises,
For wisdom advises
To look ere you leap, and stand firm on your feet.

But if you discover, by using your eyes,
A girl, when you love her, has the sense to be wise,
To be true in the dark hour, and sweet in the glad,
Secure her, my brother, while she's to be had:
For a man may be sure
That a wife that is pure,
And honest, and sweet, is a prize, is a prize.

* *Copyright.* ARCHER GURNEY.

Mrs Watts-Hughes gave a free concert at the Holloway Hall, under the management of the Messrs Tennyson, to a large and enthusiastic audience. Among the performers were Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Gladstone, the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, Mrs Watts-Hughes, Miss Williams, Miss Colthurst, and Miss King. The last mentioned played a solo on the drum descriptive of a battle-piece. A selection of old English madrigals was sung by Dr Champney's amateur choir.

dramatic composition. When I was with him he made me compose, to exercise myself and relieve him in his labours, all the airs of the second characters in his operas. These airs, which were not published under my name, are not included in the present catalogue, and I do not possess one of them; they are scattered about in my master's scores." It is worthy of remark that Cherubini has nowhere mentioned the titles of those among Sarti's works for which he wrote the airs in question. If we may consider exact the dates given by Fétis in his article on Sarti, the following must evidently be the works: *Gli Amanti consolati*, 1779; *Fra due Litiganti il Terzo gode*, 1780; *Scipione*, 1780; *Achille in Sciro*, Florence, 1781; *L'Incognito*, Bologna, 1781; and *Giulio Sabino*, Venice, 1781. This last was considered Sarti's best opera in the serious style; as for that entitled *Fra due Litiganti*, which is comic, its success was immense, and there was not a town in Italy where it was not performed.

† "This was my first opera. I was then just turned nineteen," he says in the Chronological Catalogue of his works.

WAIFS.

Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been revived at Leipsic.

Mathilde Mallinger has been starring at Dortmund.

Johann Strauss has abandoned his concert-tour in America.

The tenor, Stagno, is engaged at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Mr William Dorrell is passing the Easter recess at his residence in Sussex.

A new Politeama Gra is being erected on the site of that burnt down at Alexandria.

An execution was lately put in the Union Amphitheatre, Montevideo, for unpaid rates.

Theodor Wachtel has been singing at Breslau in *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau* (of course).

Carl Rheinthaler's *Kätchen von Heilbronn* has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Joseffy, the pianist, was announced to play in Boston (U.S.) on the 15th, 19th, and 22nd inst.

After an interval of thirty-three years, Halévy's *Guido et Gienèvra* has been revived at Hamburgh.

The title of Professor has been conferred on Dr Brosig, chapelmaster of the Cathedral, Breslau.

Georges Nadaud has returned to Paris from Nice, his Villa Pandore being closed till next winter.

Among the artists at a recent concert at the Teatro Bellini, Naples, were Bottesini and Cotogni.

A new opera, *Il Sortilegio*, by Sig. Scontrino, will be produced this season at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

Liszt returns in Passion Week from Pesth to Weimar. (Unhappy Pesth! Happy Weimar!—Dr Blunge.)

The Duke of Coburg's opera, *Diana von Solange*, has been performed at the Stadttheater, Königsberg.

In No. 13 of *Die Musikwelt*, Dr Max Goldstein announces that the paper in question will be discontinued.

J. S. Bach's *Passion Music* was to be given on Good Friday by the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, U.S.

A new opera, *La Tempestad*, book by Don Ramos Carrion, music by Don Ruperto Chapi, is now playing in Madrid.

A new opera, *Marino Spinola*, by Sig. Augusto Jocteau, is in preparation at the Teatro Vittorio Emmanuele, Turin.

Bottesini has purchased an idyllico-fantastic libretto, *La Figlia dell' Angelo*, for the purpose of setting it to music.

Alejandro Rey, pianist, "first prize" at the Conservatory, Madrid, has been playing with success at concerts in Lisbon.

Bertall, the French caricaturist, is dead. He was born on the 18th December, 1820. His real name was d'Arnoux.

Donadio (the beauty!) is engaged for three nights at the Teatro Bellini, Naples.—(I shall go to Naples.—Dr Blunge.)

The girl-violinist, Teresa Tua, has had the distinguished honour of playing before Verdi at his winter palace in Genoa.

The Teatro Principal, Barcelona, opens on the 9th inst. for Italian opera. The season is to last till the end of May.

Massenet lately visited Angers, to conduct, at the Popular Concerts, an unpublished orchestral *suite* of his, entitled *Scènes de Féerie.*

Gounod's *Tribut de Zamorra* at the Teatro Regio, Turin, has "achieved" a complete *fiasco*. It was given four times and then shelved. It has also turned out a failure at Lyons.

The Municipal Council of Lubeck have appointed Hasemann manager of the Stadttheater, which is largely subsidized by the Corporation.

After two performances of Goldmark's *Regina di Saba* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, Bruschi-Chiatti gave up her part (Sulamid) to Contarini.

The Commissioners for examining the theatres of Germany with a view to safety in case of fire, report favourably of Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth.

A subscription, which Liszt heads with 300 francs, has been opened for erecting a monument over the grave of Hector Berlioz at Montmartre.

Miss Victoria de Bunsen, who is now recovering from her late severe illness, has gone to Bournemouth for a few weeks. All who have the pleasure of knowing the esteemed Swedish contralto hope that she will return in perfect health, and able to fulfil her numerous engagements during the ensuing season.

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THE GRESHAM LECTURES.—Dr Wylde's lectures on music, at Gresham College, are announced for the 30th and 31st of May and 1st and 2nd of June.

De Giosa's *Rabagas* has been produced at the Teatro Argentina, Rome. Composer multitudinously recalled on the first night.—(30,000 times.—Dr Blidge.)

Instead of Wagner's *Rienzi*, already in rehearsal, Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* will be given at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples. (Much of a muchness.—Dr Blidge.)

The Royal Prussian Chamber-Musicians, Gantenberg, Wieprecht, and Pohl, by a cabinet-order of the Emperor, are created "Royal Prussian Chamber-Virtuosos."

The baritone, Ugo Franceschi, lately at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, has, it is said, inherited £12,000.—(Which enables him to snap his fingers at Apollo.—Dr Blidge.)

Sixty fair members of the aristocracy of Palermo will, for a charitable purpose, sing, at the Politeama, in Mozart's *Stabat Mater*.—(Query—Rossini's?—Dr Blidge.)

There is some talk of appointing Léon Jéhin, conductor at the Theatre, Antwerp, sub-conductor at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in place of Warnots, who has seceded.

A successful performance of Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis* has been given at the Casino dell' Unione, Naples. Smeroschi, an old favourite at our Royal Italian Opera, was the Shepherdess.

Paul Bulss, Dresden, is offered an engagement to sustain the leading character in Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln*, when that opera is performed in London.—(When, oh, when!—Dr Blidge.)

Mathilde Mallinger wished to have Taubert's *Cesario* revived for her farewell appearance at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, but this being, happily, out of the question, Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* was substituted.

Lola Beeth, a young pupil of Mdme Dustmann's, Vienna, has made a "hit" as Elsa, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. (Everybody seems to "make a hit" as Elsa; and yet there has only been one Elsa.—Dr Blidge.)

The death of F. Kücken, the composer of numerous German *Lieder*, &c., and successor to Lindpaintner as Court conductor at Stuttgart, is announced as having taken place at Schwerin, where he lived during his latter years.

"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," the appropriate hymn composed by Professor Glover for the return from Rome of His Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen, has been performed, with chorus and full orchestra, with great effect at the opening of the new church of St David's, Swansea.

FAREWELL.*

'Tis very hard to bid farewell,
When we from lov'd ones part,
It sinks like friendship's dying knell,
Deep, deep into the heart.

Sometimes to part in hope. Alas!
Always to part in pain,
And often many years will pass,
E'er next we meet again.

Sometimes no more on earth to meet,
Yet one bright hope is giv'n
By Him who makes life to us sweet,
The hope to meet in Heav'n.

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PRELUDE, C major	Beethoven
ANDANTE, F major	Mozart

CONTENTS OF BOOK II.

VOLUNTARY	J. S. Bach
ADAGIO	Louis Spohr
ANDANTINO	D. Hemingway
MARCH in "Scipio"	Handel
PRELUDE	E. W. Prevost

CONTENTS OF BOOK IV.

ANDANTE, "Julius Cæsar"	Handel
PRAYER, Larghetto Maestoso	Bellini
MARCIA RELIGIOSO	Gluck
ANDANTE CANTABILE, Trio, C minor	Beethoven
PRELUDE	August Wilhelm Bach

CONTENTS OF BOOK VI.

MARCH, from the Second Set of Sonatas	Handel
PRELUDE	Gebhardi
ANDANTE MOLTO CANTABILE, from Sonata, Op. 109	Beethoven
LARGHETTO	Weber
ANDANTE SOSTENUTO	Mendelssohn

CONTENTS OF BOOK VIII.

AVE MARIA	Cherubini
ADAGIO, from the Symphony in G major. No. 16	Haydn
ALLA MARCIA	Michael Haydn
ANDANTE QUASI LARGHETTO	Dussek
INTERMEZZO	W. Spark

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MARCH, D major	Hummel
PIE JESU, from the "Requiem Mass"	Cherubini
MELODY, F major	Adolphe Nordmann
AIR, "Ne men con l'ombri" ("Xerxes")	Handel
ANDANTE MODERATO, C major	F. Lachner

CONTENTS OF BOOK XII.

CHANT DE BERCEAU, from Op. 81	Stephen Heller
ANDANTE, G minor, from a Sonata	Haydn
ADAGIO, D major, from a Sonata	Pinto
TRÄUMEREI, Lento, F major	R. Schumann

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MODERATO, Alla Marcia	Donizetti
MINUET, E major	Handel
LARGHETTO, 7th Concerto	Mozart

CONTENTS OF BOOK XVI.

THEME, C major, from Concerto, Op. 64	Mendelssohn
CHORUS, "Les Huguenots"	Meyerbeer
RECITATIVE, "Armida dispietata" / ARIA, "Lascia ch'io pianga"	Handel
MINUET, D major	Haydn
VOLKSLIED, G major	Old German

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AVE MARIA, Soprano Air	Batiste
ADAGIO, E flat	J. S. Bach
ANDANTE GRAZIOSO, D major	Beethoven
FUGUE, C major	H. Jaeschke

CONTENTS OF BOOK XX.

ORGAN THEME, A flat	A. Hesse
THEME, A flat	F. Schubert
CHORUS, "We therefore pray Thee" (Dettingen "Te Deum")	Handel
VOLKSLIED, "Hope"	Mendelssohn
ANDANTINO, F major	Gluck

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

(LIMITED.)

The Opera Season of 1882 will commence on TUESDAY, APRIL 18th.

The following are the Arrangements for the Season, and they will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:—

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mdme ADELINA PATTI, Mdme SEMBRICH,
Mdme FÜRSCH-MADIER,
Mdlle OLGA BERGHI (her First Appearance in England),
Mdlle ALWINA VALLERIA, Mdlle VELMI, Mdlle GUERCIA,
Mdlle SONNINO, Mdme CORSI,
and
Mdme ALBANI (Court Singer to H.M. the Emperor of Germany).

An Engagement has also been arranged with
Mdme PAULINE LUCCA,
Who will appear, during the Season, in several of the Characters by which she gained her great reputation in England.

Mdme TREBELLI, Mdlle GHIOTTI,
and
Mdlle AMELIE STAHL (her First Appearance in England),

Signor NICOLINI, Signor MIERZWINSKY,
Signor LESTELLIER (his First Appearance in England), Mons. VERGNET,
Signor FRAPOLLI (his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera),
Signor MASSART (his First Appearance in England),
Mons. SOULACROIX,
Signor IGENIO CORSI, Signor MANFREDI, Signor FILLE,
and
Signor MASINI.

Signor COTOGNI, Mons. BOUHY (his First Appearance in England),
Signor MAURICE DEVRIES (his First Appearance in England),
Mons. DUFRICHE (his First Appearance in England),
Signor UGHETTI, and Signor PANDOLFINI.

Mons. GAILHARD,
Mons. DAUPHIN, Mons. GRESSE, Signor SILVESTRI, Signor SCOLARA,
Signor RAGUER, and Signor DE RESZKÉ.

Conductors, Composers, and Directors of the Music:
Signor BEVIGNANI,
Mons. JOSEPH DUPONT.

Director of Private Concerts: Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, to whom all applications for Artists should be addressed.

Principal Danseuses:
Mdlle ADELINA GEDDA (her First Appearance in England),
Mdlle L. REUTERS, Mdlle E. REUTERS, Mdlle REUTERS.

Maestro al Piano	Signor BISACCIA.
Assistant Stage Manager	Signor LAGO.
Principal Violin Solo	Mr CARRODUS.
Leader of the Military Band	Herr L. SAAR.
Leader of the Ballet	Mr BETJEMANN.
Organist	Mr PITTMAN.
Maitre de Ballet	Mons. HANSEN.
Suggeritori	Signor FORTUNATI and Signor SONNINO.
Repetiteur de Chœur	Signor CARLO CORSI.
Decorator	Mr LABHART.
Machinist	Mr. WHITE.

The *personnel* of
THE ORCHESTRA as well as that of THE CHORUS
Will remain nearly the same as last Season.

It is announced, with great regret, that, in consequence of failing health, Signor TAGLIAFICO, who has been connected with the Royal Italian Opera, as *Artiste* and, latterly, as Stage Manager, for over Thirty Years, is compelled to resign his position.

Stage Manager:
Mons. LAPISSIDA (of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels).

Artistes Costumières	Mdme DUBREUIL, Mons. FEIGNAERT, &c., &c.
Scenic Artists	Mr DAYES, Mr CANEY, and Assistants.

During the Season a Selection will be made of those Operas of the Répertoire which have, from time to time, proved to be the most acceptable to the Subscribers and the Public, in addition to which, will be produced—

LENEPVEU'S Opera, "**VELLEDA**," principal characters by Mdme ADELINA PATTI and Signor NICOLINI.

BOÏTO'S Opera, "**MEFISTOFELE**," principal characters by Mdme ALBANI, Mdme TREBELLI, Mons. BOUHY, Signor MASINI.

BIZET'S Opera, "**CARMEN**."

And, if time should permit, towards the end of the season, MASSENET'S Opera, "**HERODIADE**," principal characters by Mdme ALBANI, Mdlle STAHL, Signor MIERZWINSKY.

An entirely New Italian Version has been made of "**IL FLAUTO MAGICO**," principal characters by Mdme SEMBRICH, Mdme FÜRSCH-MADIER, Mdlle VALLERIA, Signori COTOGNI, VERGNET, and GRESSE.

MEYERBEER'S Opera, "**L'AFRICAINE**," will also be given during the Season, with the following powerful Cast: Selika, Mdme PAULINE LUCCA; and Inez, Mdme ALBANI; Vasco di Gama, Signor LESTELLIER; Nelusco, Signor PANDOLFINI.

FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.

The Floral Hall Concerts will take place as in previous Seasons.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF THIRTY-FOUR NIGHTS, but as there will (after the first week) be regularly Four Opera Nights in each week, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the season, have the choice of selecting either Two (or more) of those Four Nights. *** The attention of Subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

TERMS (for Thirty-Four Nights).

Boxes on the Second Tier	(for Four Persons)	...	...	...	70	Guineas.	Boxes on the Pit Tier (for Four Persons)	... ...	185	Guineas.
Ditto First Tier, at the Side	„	...	...	...	100	„	Orchestra Stalls	each	35	„
Ditto do. Central	„	...	...	...	140	„	Balcony Stalls	do.	21	„
Ditto Grand Tier	„	...	...	...	200	„	Amphitheatre Stalls, first and Second Rows	do.	16	„

All Subscriptions to be Paid in Advance.

N.B.—Shareholders to the amount of Twenty-five Shares and upwards will be entitled to a deduction of 20 per cent. on the above prices of subscription, and also to a deduction of 10 per cent. on all tickets for any single entertainment.

Subscribers of last Season are respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same, *at once*, to MR EDWARD HALL, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Also of Mr MITCHELL, Messrs LACON & OLLIER, Mr BUBB, Messrs CHAPPELL, and Mr OLLIVIER, Bond Street; Messrs LEADER & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Mr ALFRED HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 48, Cheapside.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, *March*, 1882.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, April* 8, 1882.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 60.—No. 15. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

OPENING NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

TUESDAY Next, April 18th, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS" (concluding at the end of Third Act):—

Valentina	Mdme FURSCH-MADIER.
Margherita di Valois	Mdme VALLERIA.
Urbano	Mdme TREBELLI.
Conte di San Bris	Signor DE RESZKE.
Conte di Nevers	Signor COTOGNI.
Marcello	Signor GRESSE.
Huguenot Soldier	Signor CORSI.
and	
Raoul di Nangis	Signor MIERZWINSKY.
Conductor	Signor BEVIGNANI.

The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle Reuters.

Previous to the commencement of the Opera the National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," will be sung.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Blward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT. THIS DAY, April 15th, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber); Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (E. Schütt), first time in England; Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Introduction to Act III., Dance of Apprentices, and Procession of Master Singers, *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner). Vocalists—Mdme Sinico and Mr Henry Blaser (his first appearance.) Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

MR GANZ'S FIRST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY Afternoon next, April 22nd, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Liszt's Symphony to Dante's "Divina Commedia;" also Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, No. 4; Overture, *Egmont;* Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn), Violin—Herr Ondricek. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. May be had at Austin's; Chappell & Co.; and of Mr WILHELM GANZ, 126, Harley Street, W.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON (late Principal at the Conservatoire of Geneva) has the honour to inform his Friends and Pupils that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place in the month of MAY, at ST GEORGE'S HALL. Particulars will be shortly issued. The following Compositions by Professor BERGSON will be introduced: "Concerto Symphonique," Op. 62, played with immense success by the Composer, at his Concerts in Paris, Geneva, and London; also his "Grande Polonaise Héroïque," for violin, as played by MM. Pollitzer, Castali, and Herr Joseph Ludwig, with distinguished success.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT.—Prof. M. BERGSON begs to announce that the following popular Compositions of his will be performed early in May, viz.: "Il Ritorno," Rondo-Valse, sung by Miss Berta Foresta; "The Better World," sung by Miss Jessica O'Brien; "Serenade Moresque," sung by Signor Ria, tenor, San Carlo, Naples; Sacred Song, "At morn I beseech Thee," sung by Miss Alice Fairman; "The Two Hearts," sung by Mrs Furlong. Signor Ria will sing on this occasion, Ascher's popular Romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and also Mr W. H. Holmes's Song, "Memories Sweet and Sad" (the poetry by Mrs M. A. Baines).

MADAME MARIE ROZE'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

MADAME MARIE ROZE will appear next week in CONCERTS at Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Cheltenham, and Bath, under the direction of Mr Vert, to whom all communications should be addressed.—52, New Bond Street, W.

SIGNOR CIRO PINSUTI begs to announce that he hopes to RETURN to London on the 17th inst. Letters to be addressed care of LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

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The EASTER TERM will commence on MONDAY, April 24th, and terminate on SATURDAY, July 22nd.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) may be examined at the Institution on Saturday, April 22nd, at Eleven o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. Members are informed that the Second Concert (70th since formation of Society—Schumann's Compositions in first part of programme), will take place at the Langham Hall, on Thursday, 20th April. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

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REMOVAL.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI begs to announce his REMOVAL to No. 25, UPPER BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.

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"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," Wolverhampton, April 17; and at the Royal Albert Hall, April 22nd.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and "THE MESSAGE."

MR DUNCAN FINLAY will sing at the Morley Hall, Hackney, on Monday next, April 17th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU" (by desire), and BLUMENTHAL'S, Song, "THE MESSAGE."

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE COX will sing ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," at Dorchester, on April 25th.

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"THE MESSAGE."

MR CHARLES CHILLEY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Concert to be given by the Civil Service Vocal Union, on Wednesday evening, April 19.

"ANGELS' FOOD."

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S admired Song (for Tenor or Soprano), "ANGELS' FOOD" (Poetry by RITA), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.—An Harmonium Part to the above Song is also published, price 1s.

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"PARADISE LOST." An Oratorio. Composed by ANTON RUBINSTEIN, on the Poem of MILTON. The English version of the words by JOSIAH PITTMAN. Paris: GERARD, 2, Rue Scribe.

THE DRAMA IN PORTMAN-MARKET.

Another MINOR RECORD.

(Concluded from page 207.)

The most noteworthy event of 1862 was the engagement, for six nights in April, of Mr Benjamin Webster, and Mr Paul Bedford, for whom Watts Phillipps's celebrated play, *The Dead Heart*, was got up. Miss Mandlebert, a once favourite actress, was to be seen here, in the pantomime at Christmas. Mr Arthur Stirling appeared in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* during Passion Week, 1863, and Toole played for Mr Cave's benefit on Wednesday, the 1st of April, as did also Mr Belmore—now established as an actor of celebrity at the West End, by his remarkable creation of Stephen Hargreaves, the "Softy," in a dramatic version of Miss Braddon's novel, *Aurora Floyd*, at the Princess's Theatre.

We may briefly dispose of the remaining events in Mr Cave's management, which terminated about Easter, 1867. Moncrieffe's *Claud Duval* was revived in May, 1863. Mr Benjamin Webster accepted another engagement, for six nights, in the November of that year, and on Christmas Eve, the since celebrated Vokes family made their first bow to a London public in the pantomime, *Harlequin Jack Frost*. Mr Henry Lorraine was here in March, and Mr Belmore in September, 1864. An Australian actor, Mr Neil Warner, had some success as Hamlet and Shylock, in March, 1865. Mr Henry Neville, Mr H. J. Montague, Miss Lydia Foote, and Miss Nellie Farren gave their services in Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, for Mr Cave's benefit, during July, 1866. Mr Felix Rogers, a burlesque actor of repute, superintended the direction, whilst the lessee went over to Sadler's Wells in August. Mr James Anderson was once more engaged, in December, and produced his own play—of very considerable merit—*The Scottish Chief*, in which Miss Ada Cavendish sustained the part of Helen Mar. Mr T. Thorne also played on one occasion, for a benefit, at this date. *The Dog of Montargis* was revived in March, 1867. Miss Augusta Thomson starred in April, as well as Mr Walter Montgomery, Miss Fanny Addison, and Miss Atkinson, from Drury Lane. Mr Cave being engaged to direct the stage arrangements of the Victoria Palace Theatre, sub-let the Marylebone, at Whitsuntide, to Miss Augusta Thomson and a Miss Estelle Bodenham, who opened with the *Beggars' Opera*. Mr Henry Lorraine, Mr Edmund Phelps, and Miss Hudspeth were members of the company during their brief tenure, which expired in August. Mr Albert Montgomery and Mr Clifford Lacy held it successively during the winter. Mr Charles Verner was their principal actor, and played, in conjunction with Mr Arnold Cave and Miss Mary Marshall—ranked in her day among the best of stage *soubrettes*—for Mr Lacy's benefit, in July, 1868.

Early in the autumn of this year it was rumoured that the Marylebone had found a new proprietor, who intended to raise the prices and restore it to the level of a first-class theatre. Accordingly, on Saturday, the 10th of October, having been very handsomely re-decorated and re-christened the "Royal Alfred," in compliment to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—who was present during the evening—it was opened with some ceremony, under the lesseeship of Mr H. R. Lacey, and the stage direction of the well-known actress, Miss Amy Sedgwick. The lessee delivered an inaugural address, in which he spoke of "throwing sensation to the winds" and "devoting his theatre to high-class comedy." His speech was scarcely borne out by the performance, which consisted of a new drama of "strong interest," by Mr C. H. Stephenson, entitled *Pindee Singh*, in which Mr Neil Warner, Mr George Melville, Mrs Stephens, Miss C. Forde, and Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared, followed by a very broad farce, *The Goose with the Golden Eggs*. Mr Lacey's efforts did not meet with the support anticipated, and the speculation was abandoned at the end of a month. Mr Lacey made a second attempt, with a pantomime, *Whittington and his Cat*, at Christmas, and on the termination of its run, at the end of February, 1867, gave way to Miss Henrade, who opened on Easter Monday with Boucicault's *Flying Scud*. Mr Worboys, Mr Charles Harcourt, and Mr George Sidney then tried their hands at management, in succession, without much result. Miss Rosina Rance played in the opening of Mr Soutar's pantomime, *Gulliver's Travels*, towards the close of 1869. Mr Giovanelli, of Highbury Barn notoriety, occupied the house in the winter of 1870-71, and had a benefit in March of the latter year, at which Miss Fanny Huddart and Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs Alfred Rayner, McIntyre, Fairclough, C. Seyton, and George Honey assisted.

Mr Giovanelli was succeeded at Easter, 1871, by Mr Charles Harcourt, who opened with *The Colleen Bawn* and Burnand's burlesque, *Black-Ey'd Susan*, in which Miss M. Oliver and Mr Dewar appeared. The Alfred Theatre, as it was still called, seemed now to assume a better position than for a long time past. The well-known tragedian, Mr T. Swinbourne, was engaged for first lead, and a series of Shaksperian representations, including *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, were very creditably put upon the stage. As the summer advanced the performances assumed a lighter character. *The Flowers of the Forest*, *The Streets of London*, *Gilderoy*, and Watts Phillipps's *Nobody's Child* were consecutively found in the bills. The Gaiety company, comprising Miss Julia Matthews and Miss Albertazzi, Messrs J. D. Stoyle, Aynsley Cook, and J. G. Taylor, played in opera-bouffe. Miss Henrietta Hodson was also here, and a sensational drama, *Across the Continent*, by an American author—Mr James McCloskey—made a decided hit in July. In October Shakspere's *King John* was mounted on a really superior scale, and its principal characters were very adequately interpreted by a new actor, Mr Pennington, Mr and Mrs Charles Harcourt, and their company. A new drama by Mr Burnand, *Paul Zegers, or The Dream of Retribution*—for the leading part in which Mr Marcus Elmore was specially engaged—was brought out in November. This play might well bear revival at theatres of greater pretension. Later there was a good pantomime, *The House that Jack Built*, and a good clown, Harry Paulo. Another new play, *A Life's Race*, written by a Miss Evelyn, was given about the middle of February, 1872, and acted by the authoress in conjunction with Mr and Mrs Harcourt, Mr Swinbourne, and that consummate artist, Mr Herman Vezin. Mr Swinbourne also played Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*, and, on the 16th of March, Mr Lionel Brough gave his services for the benefit of Mr Harcourt, whose term had now expired. Miss Nelson made a brief experiment in management during the following winter, and on Whit-Monday, 24th of May, 1873, Mr Arnold Cave once more resumed his old place as lessee, with the clever and fascinating Miss Litton as "star" for the opening representations.

Mr Cave, at first alone, and afterwards with Mr Albert West as partner, has, down to the present time, retained the lesseeship of the Marylebone Theatre—which speedily resumed its original nomenclature. He has conducted it entirely as a low-priced theatre, for the entertainment of the masses; and the duration of his management is the best proof of its success, and of the approbation with which it is regarded by the neighbourhood. Appealing solely to one class of frequenters, and those of a very humble description, splendour on either side of the footlights was neither practicable, nor to be looked for. Yet the house, nevertheless, has been respectably conducted; and, occasionally, actors of position have trod its boards. Mr T. C. King had an engagement in June, 1873. Mr Belmore, Mr Emery, and Mr Alfred Rayner were more than once performing here; and Mr Creswick played a round of Shaksperian parts, in December, 1876. For the rest, *The Crimes and Cruelties of Mother Brownrigg*, *The Mysterious House at Chelsea*, *Steelcap the Robber*, and "the interesting slave-drama," *Ida May*, have happily been relieved by plays of a worthier class, like *All that glitters is not Gold*, *Marianne*, *The Child of Charity*—an old, and well-constructed domestic drama, written for the Victoria, in the days of Miss Vincent—and Halliday's *King of Scots*. It is curious, moreover, to note that, within the last ten years, pieces so venerable in their antiquity, as the pantomime of *Mother Goose*, *Don Giovanni in London*, *Tom and Jerry*, *The Scamps of London*, and *Therése*, *The Orphan of Geneva*, together with those dearly-loved favourites of our—and our grandsires'—childhood, *The Miller and his Men*, *The Castle Spectre*, *The Knight and the Wood-Demon*, and—above all others—*Raymond and Agnes, or, The Bleeding Nun of Lymphenburg*, have, at intervals, been given at the Marylebone Theatre. Clearly, then, our manager, possesses classical inclinations, which, under other conditions, might have developed themselves into something more elevated than the above. But Mr Cave is controlled by the exigencies of his situation, and—wise in his generation—provides, for his audiences, such fare as seems most likely to answer the purpose of both. As an employer of labour, as an upright paymaster, and as the prosperous proprietor of an insti-

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tution erstwhile the scene of such innumerable misfortunes, he deservedly stands high in the estimation of his neighbours; and that he may long continue to remain "the right man in the right place," is, without doubt, the wish of all who know him. Should the Marylebone, however, "in the whirligig of time," fall into other hands, and sufficient capital be forthcoming for the implanting of a purer taste, in a quarter which boasts—be it known—its wealthier, as well as its poorer, inhabitants, such an enterprise, whatever the result, would, at any rate, not be opening up entirely new ground. For we believe we have shown, in the foregoing sketch, that there have been periods in its earlier career, when more than one brave and protracted fight was made for the establishment of the highest forms of the Drama—both new and old—in the lowly little playhouse, overshadowed by—Portman-Market.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Eastbourne, 1882.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 217.)

Sarti's lessons, as we see, had in every respect borne good fruit, and, after four years of stubborn labour, the pupil was able without danger to separate from the master. Henceforth certain of himself, Cherubini resolutely entered the lists; at the very first steps he took he met with success, and the astounding fertility he always exhibited was already employed to such purpose that in no more than eight months he brought out three operas. This was beginning well and entering with spirit on the career he meant to follow. His fertility indeed had something really prodigious about it, and the same year, 1782, in the course of which he offered the public three important dramatic works, was marked, moreover, by numerous detached pieces in various styles, which we find entered in his Catalogue: an air written for the famous singer, Babbini, in an opera called *Semiramide*, the production of several composers and performed in Florence; four separate nocturnes for two voices; a collection of six nocturnes, published in London in 1786; a canzonet; three other vocal pieces; and lastly, a couple of duets with accompaniment of two cors d'amour, "composed for my lord Cowper."

Sarti's kindness and personal connections cannot fail to have been useful to his pupil, and certainly helped the latter to remove the innumerable obstacles which a young composer always finds in his way when he wants to place himself in communication with the public. Perhaps, too, the affection of his fellow townsmen somewhat facilitated Cherubini's first essays, for we may say that, rare as such a thing is, he was a prophet in his own country, since he was lucky enough to bring out with applause two of his operas in Florence. But, whatever the reason, his first efforts were so successful that the leading cities in Italy asked him for scores, and his reputation, having quickly extended beyond the frontiers of Italy, was soon to procure him an invitation to occupy an important position in London. And all this at an age when others are still sitting on the benches of the school. Let him once more speak himself and tell us the further progress of his labours:

"Some time before the expiration of the preceding year (1782) Cherubini entered into an agreement to go and compose a three-act opera in Rome. This opera, entitled *Il Quinto Fabio*,* was performed at the Teatro Argentina in the course of January, 1783. In the same year he was again asked to go to Venice for the purpose of writing a two-act buffo opera. It was entitled *Lo Sposo di Tre, Marito di Nessuna*, and was performed at the Teatro San Samuele in the course of the month of November, 1783."†

On his return to Florence he was engaged to write a three-act opera for the Teatro della Pergola. It was called *L'Idalide*, and played in the course of February, 1784. He then went in the month of May to Mantua for the fair, to compose a two-act opera bearing the title of *Alessandro nell' Indie*. It was while he was busy on this work that his master—Sarti—passed through the place without being able to see him. Sarti was on his road to St Petersburgh, where he was engaged. Cherubini never saw him afterwards because, when he had fulfilled his engagement in St Petersburgh, Sarti stopped at Berlin, where he died in 1802, after undergoing an operation for the stone.‡

Concerning all this first portion of Cherubini's career, this period of his artistic life which comprises his early efforts in Italy, we do not, unfortunately, possess any especial information or any interesting details. Indeed, we are even absolutely ignorant who were the interpreters of his early works. I have reason for believing that two famous artists—Babbini, the tenor, and Crescentini, the soprano—whom he was subsequently to meet again in London, took part in the performance of those works of his which were given at Florence, for they were then there. However, I have sought in vain, without coming across it, for the slightest trace of any scrap of information. Still I may say that, thanks to the autobiographical Notice from which I have quoted several fragments, and despite even of its sobriety, I have been enabled to establish more in detail than any one has ever done up to now the early historical facts in the master's career.

During Cherubini's last visit to Florence the Jesuits conceived the singular idea of having an oratorio formed of various pieces taken from his operas performed in their church. The idea was carried out, Cherubini writing only three new pieces—two choruses and an air.§ It was at this epoch that, in consequence of a sort of challenge among several musicians, he composed a five-part madrigal with continuous bass, *Ninfa crudel*, in which, it is said, he resolved so correctly and so elegantly a complicated contrapuntal problem that he found himself thenceforth classed among the first harmonists of the day.

(To be continued.)

BOATMEN'S EVENING SONG.*

There's a light in the west,
Where the sun sinks to rest,
And our bark speeds gaily on.
The vesper bell
We know so well
Keeps time to our evening song.
Speed away, gallant bark, speed away!
To the shore we left at the dawning of day!

Now the daylight's gone,
And shadows creep on,
In the purple hazy west;
And the sun sinks bright,
Amid clouds of light,
Like a golden orb to rest!
Speed away, gallant bark, speed away!
In the evening light
The shore looks bright
That we left at the break of day.
Speed away!

* *Copyright.* GWENNY.

PRESENTATION TO MR LAZARUS.—The members of "The Knight's Club" have presented to Mr Lazarus, the eminent clarionettist, a handsome gold locket with his monogram set in brilliants, in token of their esteem and regard for him as an artist, and as a slight return for his kindness in playing many consecutive years at their grand annual meetings. The locket was presented by the permanent chairman of the club, Mr Pawle, with a complimentary speech at a special dinner given at their *locale* in the Strand. Mr Lazarus acknowledged the gift in appropriate and eloquent terms. Among the members present were Messrs Toole, Loveday, Thorne, Ledger, Billington, Charles Coote, Donald Nicoll, Cathie, Cutler, and many other distinguished members of the literary and theatrical world.

* This was the second score he wrote on the same subject. Such a course was at that period not unusual in Italy, and some composers even set the same libretto three or four times.

† It was in reference to this work that the Venetians, playing on Cherubini's name, called him *Il Cherubino*, meaning, as they said, to characterize by this surname the sweetness and angelic grace of his melodies.

‡ Notice dictated to Beauchesne.

§ The Chronological Catalogue of Cherubini's works mentions only the two choruses; but this is merely an oversight, for in the catalogue (contained also in his *agenda*) of those of his compositions which he had in his library I find, after mention made of the two choruses, that the air also is mentioned thus: "*Tutto d'orror m'ingombra*, air inserted in the same oratorio." Despite his usual care, Bottée de Toulmon, when publishing the first of the catalogues, neglected to consult the second, without thinking that there were some differences between the two, and that the one was thus the complement of the other.

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ON THE OPENING OF ST GEORGE'S HALL,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. STIRLING.

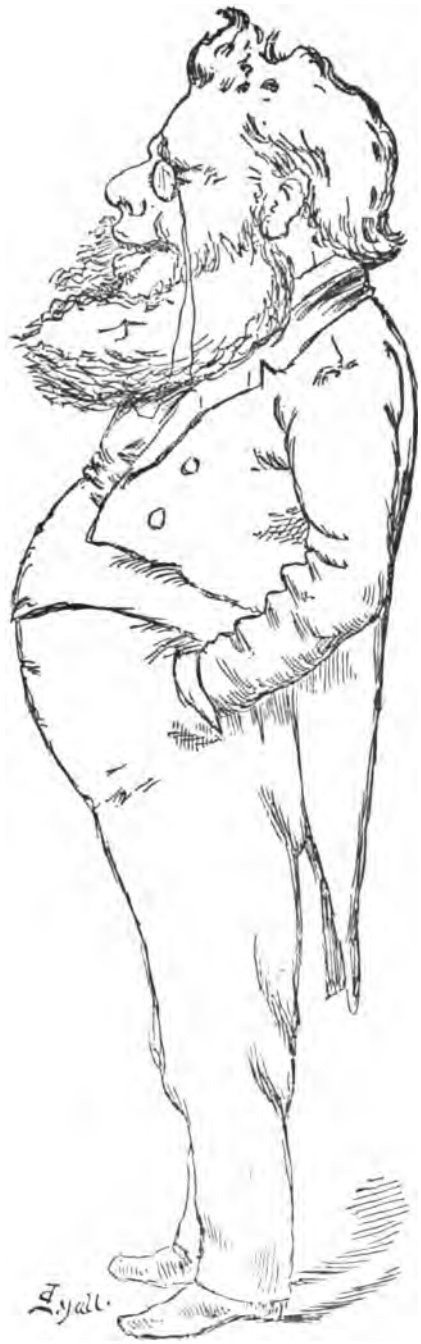
Accordant here in grateful mood we meet
Divine Cecilia's hallowed muse to greet;
To this fair Hall she stoops from native skies—
Loved may she dwell here! long her pæans rise!
With ev'ry grace delighting still to charm—
Cold though our clime—her welcome ever warm!

To you that know her magic pow'r so well
What guerdon Music's varied gifts to tell?
How youth immortal on her look awaits
To win a smile of pleasure from the Fates?
How on her altar burn eternal fires
Who ev'ry age with love and joy inspires?
Who soothes despair—and bids e'en rage be calm—
Who sounds the charge, and lifts the victor's psalm!
To her this throne her faithful votaries rear,
Hailing her sovereign, peerless monarch here—
And in her honour raise the full, triumphant cheer!

Nor less than public benefactors they
Who so extend the limits of her sway—
More smoothly rolls the hurried stream of life
When Song prevails above the din of strife;
Now to the struggle of our daily race
The sweet Enchantress lends a tone of grace—
Now o'er the turmoil waves her mighty wand,
And the hushed nations kneel in awe at her command.

On WYLDE, then, may prosperity descend
And crown his efforts with a brilliant end!
Or, happier, be it one supreme beginning
In praise commenced, and still new praises winning!
Lend but your favour—grant your potent aid—
All fears shall vanish, for success is made—
Good words and wishes all give way to deeds—
Nought like success, of all we know, succeeds.
And Fortune then shall enter smiling here,
Genius sublime in pow'r of sound appear;
A living source and fountain of delight
Here murmur forth divinely fresh and bright;
And here be heard while war's dread discords cease
The full, harmonious choruses of peace.
Yet one more joy—one form of beauty more
Above life's battle like an angel soar—
Yet one more voice our island Albion gain,
To bid the Muse within her seas remain,
And grace th' imperial calm of high Victoria's reign!

HENRY T. BRAITHWAITE.



PALERMO.—After a stay of several months, Wagner, with his family, left on the 19th March for Acireale, at the foot of Mount Etna. He was to return to Germany in the early part of the present month. To mark his appreciation of the cordial welcome he found here, Wagner gave a morning party, which was attended by the Prefect, Count Tasca, Prince Gungi, the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia, and all the local notabilities. A military band, in the garden, played, under his own direction, the "Huldigungs-marsch," dedicated to the King of Bavaria, and the "Kaiser-marsch." Later on another gave the "Siegfried-Idyll."

PESARO.—Pedrotti recently paid a visit to this town for the purpose of concerting with the Municipality as to the opening of the Istituto Rossini, of which he has been appointed director. He was cordially welcomed by the Municipal Council and a large number of the inhabitants, who were waiting for him at the station, and afterwards serenaded by torchlight.

NANCY.—A Municipal School of Music will shortly be opened here. The staff will consist of seven professors: two for violin, one for violoncello, one (able also to give elementary instruction on trumpet) for horn, one for clarinet, one for flute, and one for oboe (with elementary instruction on bassoon). These professorships, open to public competition, will be awarded to candidates who pass the best examination.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The celebration of the approaching centenary of the Stadttheater will last from the latter part of August to the 2nd September, when *Hanno Fürst im Norden*, the drama performed on the same date a century before, is to be given. The week will also be dedicated to the memory of Goethe. The two parts of *Faust*, and *Götz von Berlichingen*, will be produced, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON has stated that she will resume professional life for three years only, after which she will finally retire. Her engagements in England are to extend over two months. Then she goes back to Paris, to proceed, after a short stay, to St Petersburgh, and from thence to Sweden, her native country, to take farewell. Mdme Nilsson proposes to make her future home in the French capital.—*Standard.*

GENEVA.—In conformity with the wishes expressed by the various local instrumental and vocal associations, there will be an instrumental and vocal tournament from the 5th to the 7th Aug. Invitations have been issued to a large number of German and other foreign associations.

Owing to the inability of the Sinfonie-Capelle to take part in the performance, Liszt's *Christus*, which the St Cecilia Association, Berlin, announced for the 8th inst., could not be given.

MR J. T. CARRODUS, our great violinist, has been passing the Easter vacation with some members of his family at Malvern. He takes part to-day in Gloucester, at a concert organized by Mr C. Harcourt Lloyd, the excellent organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and worthy successor of the late Dr S. S. Wesley.

Raimondin, by von Perfall, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, Munich, has been performed at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. *Fiasco!*—(No wonder.—Dr Blidge.)

The first Austrian Ladies' Quartet have concluded their winter campaign, after giving forty concerts at Dresden, Königsberg, Riga, Warsaw, Lemberg, and other leading towns.

Anton Bennewitz, hitherto Professor of the Violin at the Conservatory, Prague, has been appointed director, after having acted provisionally as such since the death of Joseph Krejci.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL BE RESUMED

EARLY IN OCTOBER NEXT.

DEATH.

On April 13, PETER JOSEPH RIES, aged 91, for many years with Messrs John Broadwood & Sons, and brother to the late Ferdinand Ries, the friend and pupil of Beethoven.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr Gye has issued his prospectus for the season—to begin on Tuesday, the 18th inst., with what opera, or with what singers, has yet to be announced. This document is accompanied by another, of which, being printed for "private circulation," we are not called upon to discuss the merits. Enough that the Royal Italian Opera is henceforth to be a Company (Limited); that Her Majesty's Theatre will be absorbed in the scheme; that Mr Ernest Gye, as managing director of the Company, will superintend all performances of Italian Opera in London and the country, while Mr Mapleson undertakes a similar responsibility in New York and throughout the United States. Thus we have, once more, a coalition of the two Italian Opera companies, which, in 1869, when the late Mr Frederick Gye, who went into a sort of temporary partnership with Mr Mapleson, is said to have realized a profit of £22,000 in a season extending little over three months. Be that as it may, it seems that the short duumvirate has leapt into life again, though under somewhat different conditions. Italian Opera in London is to be exclusively held at Covent Garden, while Mr Mapleson's exertions in that direction are to be confined to the United States. Whether the two companies are ever intended to be worked together in London, New York, or elsewhere, remains at present a matter for speculation, not to be set at rest until the Royal Italian Company (Limited) is virtually established. Meanwhile Mr Gye's arrangements for the forthcoming season are just such as if no fusion of the two interests had ever been contemplated. Mr Gye is absolutely his own master; and, it must be admitted, has made out a programme which, if not studded with novelties, offers many genuine attractions. A brief reference to its contents will suffice to prove this. To begin with the singers. Not only Mesdames Patti, Sembrich, Fürsch-Madier, Valleria, and Albani figure among the leading sopranos, but (welcome addition) that old favourite with our English public, Mdme Pauline Lucca, enough in herself to give lustre to the season, even with less dazzling surroundings. The contraltos are headed by Mdme Trebelli, who, with Mdlle Amelie Stahl, highly esteemed as an operatic vocalist in Germany, will share the characters belonging for years past to Mdme Scalchi (for the present, at least, a seceder.) From the tenors we miss the exuberant Spaniard, Señor Gayarre, in lieu of whom we are promised Signor Lesteller, of excellent report; with these being associated Signor Nicolini, Signor Masini, the tenor after Verdi's own heart, the tenor of *Aïda* and the *Requiem* for Manzoni, "Signor" Mierzwinski, the Polish Duprèz (of the "ut de poitrine"), Signor Frapolli, recognized at Her Majesty's Theatre as one not merely acceptable on account of his vocal talent, about which there can be hardly two opinions, but also because of his versatility and general usefulness. Among the barytones we have the perennial Signor Cotogni, M. Bouhy, well known and regarded in Paris and Brussels, and Signor Pandolfini—not quite a stranger among us. In this category of barytones one name will be missed with general regret—that of M. Lassalle. If the list of basses (or rather barytone basses) only comprised M. Gailhard and Signor de Reszké (the last especially), it would inspire confidence, now that such basses as the elder Lablache and Herr Formes are no longer obtainable: but happily these are associated with several others of tried capability. In fine, the troop of vocalists is a strong one. About the new comers we prefer speaking, in accordance with their merits, as they from time to time appear. The only absolute novelty announced is an opera, entitled *Velleda*, by a composer entitled "Lenepveu," about whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. As Mdme Adelina Patti, however, is to assume the principal part, *Velleda*, doubtless, has something special to recommend it. Boïto's *Mefistofele*, with Mdme Albani as Marguerite and Helen of Troy (perhaps, too, Signor Pandolfini as Mefistofele); Bizet's *Carmen*, with Pauline Lucca as the wild and petulant gipsy; *Il Flauto Magico*, after "a new Italian version," which it is to be hoped may in no way interfere with the Orphean music of Mozart, recognized by Wagner himself as "greatest of absolute musicians"—with Mdme Sembrich as "The Queen of Night" and the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, with Pauline Lucca in her original part of Selika, Mdme Albani in that of Inez, Signor Pandolfini as Nelusko, and the new tenor, Signor Lestellier, as Vasco di Gama, are also unconditionally promised. Added to these, "if time should permit, towards the end of the season," M. Massenet's last opera, *Hérodiade*, will be produced. Should time *not* permit, the loss of Mr Gye's patrons is one upon which they will hardly be justified in claiming over-much commiseration. Nevertheless, if all the promises are fulfilled, a brilliant season for the Royal Italian Opera may be expected. This, moreover, in spite of the formidable opposition of the Wagnerian cyclus (organized by Mr Mapleson, Mr Gye's accepted colleague), at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the English public is to make acquaintance with the gods and goddesses of Valhalla; the giants, Fasolt and Fafner, who construct that impregnable fortress (impregnable to all but fire), and quarrel over the promised guerdon; the numerous and interesting progeny of "All-Father Wotan," ancestral trunk of the Volsungs, including the Walkyries (Brynhilde and her eight sisters); Siegfried, the man of will and physical force, who knows not fear, and takes to wife his ninth grand aunt, after her long sleep amid burning bushes; Alberic and Mime, the dwarfish Niblungs; and, finally, the heroes and heroines of the *Nibelungen-Lied*—the "Ring," in fact, the whole "Ring," and nothing but the "Ring" (three times over). Italian opera is not dead, however, or likely to die for a long period—not, indeed, until the public ear has lost its faculty of appreciating a song "tune"—or, in less familiar parlance, rhythmical melody, with beginning, middle, and end. The orchestra and chorus at the Royal Italian Opera will be, for the most part, the same as we have been accustomed to expect, Mr Carrodus being first violin, Mr Josiah Pittman, organist, Signor Bevignani and M. Dupont, joint conductors.—*Graphic.*

The Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication of Gade's new cantata, *Psyche*, which will be sung by Mdme Marie Roze at the forthcoming Birmingham Festival.

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON.—A short time since Lord Lyons, English Ambassador in Paris, called on this lady, who has been so terribly bereaved, to convey to her a message of condolence and sympathy from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The King of Sweden, also, has addressed a most kind and feeling letter to the gifted and famous artist.

The Order of the Prussian Crown, fourth class, has been conferred on Edwin Schultz, who, commissioned by the Prussian Minister of War, has published a collection of *Soldiers' Songs*, in one-part and four-part editions.

Miss Glynn (Mrs Dallas), the Shaksperian actress and reader, specially celebrated, it will be remembered, as "Cleopatra," is now, we hear, devoting herself to elocution alone, and gives lessons in that art to vocalists, dramatic students and clergymen.

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CONCERTS.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—Mr Ambrose Austin is an *entrepreneur* of spirited and intelligent enterprise, as the town has often had occasion to observe. No one understands the art of compiling a musical programme for the multitude better than this indefatigable gentleman—few indeed so well. The most recent of his efforts in this direction occurred on Good Friday evening, when he gave a concert at St James' Hall, suitable to the sacred character of the day of course, but composed at the same time of materials of the choicest quality and executed by vocal and orchestral artists of the most attractive reputation. The "shilling" people, and their name is legion upon these occasions, have seldom had so costly a repast set before them and it was gratifying to find that the Hall was filled from one end to the other with the class of visitors for whom the concert was chiefly intended, small deduction having been made from the area seats for those of a higher price. A programme consisting of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a series of sacred pieces, culled from the oratorios and elsewhere, could but be instinct with interest, and, as we have recorded, the calculations of Mr Austin were borne out by the plethoric aspects of the hall, and we trust, coincidently, by the more substantial reckonings of the ticket office. The *Stabat Mater* was performed with superb effect, when it is said that Mdlle Marie Roze sang the soprano part, Mdme Patey the contralto, Mr Edward Lloyd the tenor, and Mr Frederick King the bass, there is obvious warrant that the picturesque and warmly-tinted music of Rossini met with as satisfactory an exponency as the most fastidious connoisseur could desire. That the *morceaux* upon which the public ear the more readily fastens partly as having been associated with the names of most of the greatest singers of the day, and partly on the strength of their own intrinsic beauty should exercise their easily understood influence was no matter of surprise. It is only necessary in short, to say, that the principal vocalists, the well-disciplined chorus of Mr L. C. Venables, and the orchestra—consisting of nearly fifty picked instrumentalists—did, one and all, their best, producing—what indeed might have been assumed beforehand—an ensemble of remarkable completeness. The oratorio and other sacred selections were allocated to the second part of the programme. Foremost among them were Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Let the bright Seraphim," gems both, the popular value of which it is hardly possible to measure when sung by such an exemplary artist as Mdme Marie Roze. Gounod's air, "There is a green hill far away," gave Mdme Patey an opportunity of exemplifying to unquestionable advantage her lovely voice and no less highly finished style. Miss Agnes Ross was also one of the lady-singers, and agreeably impressed the audience by the breadth and intelligence with which she rendered Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer." Known hitherto simply as a singer of Scotch songs, to which she imparts a flavour and individuality communicable only by those "to the manner born," her *début* in the noble choral solo of Mendelssohn betokened loftier aspirations, and, from the success she met with, it may be concluded she has not misjudged her capabilities. Among the other incidents of the evening were able deliveries by Mr Frederick King and Mr Charles Abercrombie of Gounod's fine song, "Nazareth," and Haydn's never-failing air, "In native worth." Nor ought it to remain unmentioned that Mr Edward Lloyd sang Gounod's deeply suggestive recitative, "How frail and weak a thing is man," prefacing the charming air, "Lend me your aid," with such irresistible effect as to provoke three re-calls into the orchestra. Besides the above, the programme contained a "Meditation of J. S. Bach," played for the first time in England, arranged by Gounod for band, chorus, and pianoforte, the solos being in the hands of Mr J. T. Carrodus and his son, Master J. Carrodus; the march from Costa's *Eli;* the majestic chorus, "Nearer my God to Thee" (memorable as having been sung at the funeral of President Garfield); and the two "Hallelujah" choruses from the *Mount of Olives* and *The Messiah*. The concert was conducted by Mr L. C. Venables, of the South London Choral Association, and Mr Sidney Naylor.—H.

Miss Rosa Kenney's recital on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street, attracted a large and distinguished gathering. Besides giving, with much energy and dramatic expression, the Laureate's *Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, and a selection from the *Passing of Arthur*, Miss Kenney appeared with Mr Charles Wyndham in two scenes from the *Hunchback*, which for the occasion were "rolled into one." In these she acted Helen with remarkable archness and with a keen sense of humour, affording her excellent support as Modus. Although scenery was dispensed with, and the narrow limits of a platform intended for elocutionary purposes had to suffice for a stage, the effect of the performance was thoroughly diverting. Mr Herbert Standing introduced in the first portion of the entertainment his comic recitation of "The 'Bus Driver's Story," and gave it with much humour. Miss Edith Wynne sang two songs in her best style, and Mrs. Aylmer Gowing gave two recitations.—*Globe*.

ALBERT HALL.—The Good Friday performance of *The Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, by Mr Barnby's Choral Society, was as successful as it usually is upon these penitential anniversaries. The cheaper parts of the building were, as a matter of course, filled to overflowing, the visitors in the lower and more expensive districts being also numerous. Of the performance itself there is little to be said, for Mr Barnby's choristers and instrumentalists have too often been heard in this greatest of oratorios to need any further remark than that their close familiarity with the music produced all those ripened excellencies of effect which the public from long experience have been taught to look for, and which they know so well how, in a certain sense, to critically enjoy. The delivery of the choruses, to make separate mention of them, nobly maintained the credit of the conductor's phalanx of singers, and the vast and imperishable monuments of choral writing with which it was entrusted, were presented with a breadth and impressiveness to which ordinary compliment would fail to do justice. The principal vocalists were Mdme Albani, Mdme Enriquez, Mr Joseph Maas, and Signor Foli, and it will easily be understood that the solo music was rendered with a *prestige* and efficiency that could not be excelled. The organ, as customary, fell into the competent hands of Dr Stainer.—H.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Mdme Mallinger took leave of her many friends and admirers on the 31st ult., as Juliet, in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. The Royal Operahouse was crammed. The event is thus described in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung:*

"When the popular artist made her appearance, she was received with unanimous applause, flowers, and wreaths; 'ovations' repeated scene after scene, reaching their acmè at the end of the grand air of the fourth act, when Mdme Mallinger attained the full height of her pristine vocal excellence. Again and again she was compelled to appear before the lights. This was also the case when the curtain fell for the last time. After the opera, there was a no less touching farewell on the stage. Leaning on the arm of the Intendant, General von Hülsen, Mdme Mallinger came on the stage, transformed into a flower garden, where nearly all the members of the companies at the Royal Opera and Theatre Royal, were assembled. Von Strantz, in a short speech devoted to the praise of their 'fair colleague,' presented Mdme Mallinger, on behalf of the operatic company, with an album containing all their photographs, together with those of the Intendant-General, the Director, and the two Conductors. Deetz then handed Mdme Mallinger, in the name of the members of the Theatre Royal, a laurel wreath, accompanied by a highly complimentary speech, with reference to her past services. With the singing of a choral-quartet: 'Wie weh ist mir, wenn ich muss scherden' ('How sad I feel, now I must part'), the ceremony was brought to a close. Mdme Mallinger, deeply affected, withdrew, on the arm of the Intendant-General, to her own room, which was decked out with floral offerings. Meanwhile a crowd had assembled outside the Theatre, who, on Mdme Mallinger's getting into her carriage, gave three loud cheers, to which Mdme Mallinger responded by waving her handkerchief."

The renovation of the Concert Room in the Theatre Royal, though commenced on the 6th of May, 1881, will take another year to complete.—A great surprise was in store for Salomon recently on the 200th night of his appearing as Mephisto. Previously to the commencement of the opera, Borck, *Geheimrath*, entered the artist's dressing-room and presented him in the Emperor's name with a diamond ring. After the third act, his Majesty had a conversation with Salomon, and congratulated him on his long and successful impersonation.

"PARDONNEZ-MOI."

Que puis-je te dire
Que tu ne crois?
Mon cœur s'afflige;
"Pardonnez-moi."

Foi de ma vie,
Vie de ma foi:
Est-ce *là ma faute?*
"Pardonnez-moi."

Ame forte et claire,
Puisque tu vois
Ces larmes qui brûlent,
"Pardonnez-moi."

Après souffrance,
Douce est la joie;
Mon cœur se brise—
"Pardonnez-moi."

A. J. D.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 192.)

Scena and Aria.

The Italian scena and aria, a later form than the cantata, is a group of three movements. The first, the scena, embodies the action and is recitative—the music of the orator or of the improvisor, who speaks the thought of the moment. The aria, comprising two movements, embodies the meditation, and is in cantabile music, rhythmic, and in perfect design—the music of the poet, who speaks the thoughts that have grown and been perfected in his mind. It is this alliance of poetry and oratory with music, and above all, with the sympathetic expression of the human voice, which gives to the scena and aria such immense influence over the hearers; and it must be added that the same cause renders its creation and interpretation tasks which none but the greatest and the best, both of authors and performers, can accomplish.

The form differs from the Italian cantatas just now described in having the recitative massed together in the beginning, instead of its being spread through the whole piece. Of the two movements of the aria, the first is in slow, the second in quick time. Though both movements are *cantabile* in the sense of *singing*, yet in this particular form the name cantabile is allotted only to that in slow time, while the quick takes the name of cabaletta. The sense of *cantabile* is here restricted to the singing of gentle emotions rather than strong passions, and seems to have descended from the old story-tellers who would relate their story in rhythmic song with much expression, but without the excitement of acting. The cabaletta is, as it were, the climax of the story, and can be expressive of lively or more vehement emotions—joy, determination, despair, or fierceness.

So the last movement of Purcell's cantata, "From rosy bow'rs," is expressive of determination, and may be considered an early parallel to the cabaletta.

In Handel's *Semele* there is an example of a scena and aria in the group of movements for Semele, "Ah me, what refuge," "Oh Jove, in pity," and "The morning lark." The scena, "Ah me, what refuge," is an unaccompanied recitative carried on in a manner similar to that already described in "Deeper and deeper still," though very much shorter. Following it immediately is the cantabile or slow movement of the aria, "Oh Jove in pity," which is a concise sonata. After the close of this is the third movement, "The morning lark," which is in the Scarlatti form; it is in quick time and constitutes the cabaletta, or quick movement of the aria.

Beethoven's "Ah, perfido," is a more modern scena and aria, which retains the three divisions of recitative, cantabile and cabaletta. The scena is an accompanied recitative written throughout in the manner described before with the examples, "Deeper and deeper" and the passage from *Iphigenia*. Every verbal phrase has its accented words strengthened by emphatic notes in the vocal phrases. Every break in the words, whether by comma or otherwise, has a corresponding break in the music strengthened by emphatic chords in the accompaniment. Every change of feeling has a corresponding interlude or accompaniment. The interludes contain the modulation which changes the key of one vocal phrase to the key of the next, and thus serves to prepare the mind for the change of feeling which is to be expressed in the next vocal phrase, and further strengthened by the next coming interlude or accompaniment. Thus the interlude in G, which has been preceded by the declaration in G, "Perfidious, perjured one," closes in A minor (*a*), and thus suggests the coming change which is expressed in the gentler phrase in that key (*b*), "Are these thy last farewells?" and strengthened by the gentler interlude in A minor (*c*).

Ex. 156.

In the course of the scena there is a passage in time, accompanied throughout, but keeping up the declamatory effect. Every comma of the words corresponds to rests in the voice part, and motion in the bass melody fills it in and keeps up the continuity. "If there is justice in Heaven, if there is pity, they will punish thee; my shade follows thee and I shall see my revenge":

Ex. 157. *Andante grave.*

At the words, "I shall see my revenge," the time is free again. In this passage the effect of almost judicial dignity is attained by the regular time; and the sudden break into uneven time befits the sudden return of the human passion of revenge. By-and-bye the feeling changes again: "Stay, avenging gods, spare that heart, wound mine—For him I lived, I fain would die for him;" and the manifold breaks of the sentences are filled up with repetition in different keys of a melodious and rhythmic interlude which adds to the expression of the voice.

Up to this point the words are declamatory; ideas crowd upon one another—horror, cry for justice, passion, vindictiveness, exultation at the punishment which must come—follow in quick succession and are as quickly driven away by returning love. These are fit words for the constant change of key, and of musical idea, and for the broken rhythm of recitative. After this come words that can be dwelt upon, thoughts which can be kept in the heart, turned over and over in the mind, and so they fitly go into a complete movement, slow and cantabile, and with much repetition. "For pity's sake, say not farewell; deprived of thee, what can I do?" This is the cantabile, or slow movement of the aria, and is in the rondo form. Its principal subject is:

Ex. 158.

After a full close the first episode begins, in B flat, and after a close returns to E flat, prior to the return of the principal subject in that key. A second episode is in C flat; and after this is a coda in E flat, which takes the place of the final return of the key with a new idea:

Ex. 159.

The cabaletta, or quick movement of the aria, is the rondo described in former pages, a movement of great passion with alternate complaint and yearning. "Ah, cruel one, thou wishest me to die" and "In such anguish, am I not worthy of pity?"

Another example of a scena and aria of this kind is Mozart's "Non temer"—the aria of which is one of the rondos described before.

Oliveria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

The Metastasio Festival in Rome is to be postponed till next year. The Municipality have granted a site in the Piazza San Silvestro for a monument to the renowned dramatic poet.

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MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

Mr Mapleson played his trump card last Wednesday evening by producing *L'Africaine*, with new scenery by Magnani, new costumes, and an attention to *mise-en-scène* which he has not yet shown here. As a spectacle the fourth act was better than anything that we have had for the last fifteen years, and it is as a spectacle that the revival will chiefly be remembered, because *L'Africaine* has been better sung here before. In 1871 it was given with Lucca as Selika, Maurel as Nelusko, and an excellent tenor named Abrugnedo, who fell sick and disappeared after the first weeks of the season, as Vasco di Gama. Since then the opera has not been heard here, and it therefore attracts almost as much attention as would a novelty. It is pleasant to record that the first performance was a complete success in every respect. Mdme Minnie Hauk as Selika, Campanini as Vasco, Galassi as Nelusko, were eminently satisfactory, while, as I have already said, the ballet scene was wholly unprecedented in splendour, and contributed largely to the success of the opera, which has now been given twice before overflowing audiences.

Beside *L'Africaine*, a melancholy performance of *Fidelio* has been the only new work—new in Mr Mapleson's American repertoire—that has been given here. The Leonora, a Mdlle Dorani, known to Cincinnati fame as Miss Dora Hemminges, meant well, but was not fit for the task. The other incidents of any interest concerning Mr Mapleson's doings are few. Ravelli has been taking Campanini's place in *Aida*, much to the latter's indignation, for Campanini would sing six times a week rather than have any one else appear as Radames, Faust, or Don José. In fact, he has been singing so constantly that his voice is not what it was six months ago, and his best friends are apprehensive of the future. He has been engaged to sing at the May festival in place of Mazzini, who has refused to come at the last moment. Mdme Lablache appeared last Saturday as Amneris, her first appearance here in two years. She is a valuable addition to the company, which has had no contralto to speak of this year.

The Metropolitan Operahouse Company, which was to build a superb operahouse, in which Gye was to give opera, the like of which had never been seen on this side of the water, has come to grief. About £180,000 have been used up in buying land, and building foundations. Various explanations are given of the failure. It is said, on one hand, that the persons most interested in building a new operahouse have been invited to take boxes in the present Academy, which will be enlarged. Vanderbilt, Mills, Keene, and other millionaires who have come to the surface within the last twenty years, had no boxes in the Academy, and could not buy them. Therefore, they wanted to build a house of their own, but are pacified by the prospect of boxes. Another story is, that the stockholders are frightened at the prospective cost of the enterprise, and want to stop before it is too late. At any rate, the work is at a standstill, and Mr Mapleson, mounting his high horse, stipulates that the Academy shall be enlarged, beautified, and otherwise improved for his occupation next year.

The engagements for the May festival now include Mdme Materna, of the Vienna Operahouse, Mdme Gerster, Miss Cary, Campanini, Galassi, and William Candidus. The subscription amounts to £10,000 before the sale has really begun, and the indications are that the series of seven performances will bring £25,000 into the treasury. Whatever money remains after the expenses are paid will form a nucleus for a permanent Festival Fund.

Oscar Wilde has left for California, and talks, it is said, of going home by way of India, rather than incur the risk of new insults from the hordes of New York scoffers. The butt of the clown's jokes in Barnum's circus is a counterfeit Oscar, who gets rolled up in the carpets, deluged with flour, and treated to indignities generally. Wilde went to see *Patience* when he was in New York, and observed, loud enough for half the house to hear, that "this (meaning *Patience*) is the sort of homage which mediocrity pays to genius." But I doubt if horses could drag him to Barnum's, even to see his namesake ride on Jumbo.

I see that Mr Strakosch is disposed to differ with me as to the merits of his present company. I wrote to the *Musical World* concerning his company before it had appeared here, and I now find nothing to retract after having sacrificed myself to the extent of attending half a dozen of Mr Strakosch's performances. With the exception of Mdme Gerster, the company is ridiculous. Some members of the company—Giannini for instance—have voices, but do not know how to sing, and others know how to sing but have no voices. The money which Mr Strakosch makes out of his Gerster performances, as I said in a recent letter, he loses on the off-nights. He is now somewhere in the Western States.

HAVEY.

New York, March 27, 1882.

PEACE ALL ROUND.*

We'll pledge the Queen, and in that plight
We'll pledge Old England round and round.
Long may her might be merged in right,
And not in filching others' ground.
Among the nations, east and west,
We'll make for peace, 'tis Freedom's star;
That Statesman serves his country best,
Who shuns the gory path of war.

Peace all round; where true Englishmen are found;
There the great cause of Freedom's safe, my boys,
For the great heart of Britain still is sound.

To all her swarthy sons, who now
Are grafted on fair England's stem,
The wide world o'er, to all who bow
'Neath Britain's Queenly diadem;
No craven fear will bind our hands,
Our greatness will the brighter shine,
Because at home, in distant lands,
Our hearts beat high at Freedom's shrine.

Friends all round! where true Englishmen are found;
There the great cause of Freedom's safe, my boys,
For the great heart of Britain still is sound.

* *Copyright.*

WEITSTAR.

WAIFS.

Mons. Ovide Musin, the violonist, has returned to town for the season.

Cotogni was among the artists who sang at the last Court Concert in Rome.

Padilla and Mad. Artôt-Padilla are making a concert tour in Germany.

Massini has been made a commander of the Spanish Order of Charles III.

Tamberlik with his company is now at the Coliseo Calderon de la Barca, Valladolid.

Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* has been some time in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples.

Peschka-Leutner will take part in the German operatic performances here in June.

The Italian operatic season at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville, opened on the 9th inst.

The ballet, *Excelsior*, was given on the 30th ult. for the 40th time at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Mad. Carvalho has gone to Saint-Raphael, to take part in the inauguration of the Casino.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor (no longer to be heard at Covent Garden), has gone to Bilbao.

The ballet, *Excelsior*, has been performed more than fifty times this season at the San Carlo, Naples.

The library of the Algiers Theatre, lately destroyed by fire, was valued at more than 200,000 francs.

A new buffo-opera, *Dottor Cosmos*, by Deschamps, has been successfully produced at the Pergola, Florence.

Campo-Casso has sent in his resignation as manager of the Grand Théâtre to the Municipal Council of Lyons.

Eduard Strauss, with his orchestra, has been giving concerts in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin.

Anton Rubinstein's G minor Symphony was played and favourably received at the second Academy Concert, Munich.

A new Symphony by Gernsheim met with so much applause in Rotterdam that it was repeated a week afterwards.

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Emma Thursby, "the American enchantress," and her trusty adviser, Maurice Strakosch, have returned to Paris.

Goula, conductor, gave a grand banquet on the 24th ult., to the members of the orchestra of the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Important alterations are to be made in all the theatres of Madrid with a view to the safety of the public in case of fire.

W. Hill's *Alona*, though already accepted in Cologne and Hamburgh, will be first produced at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Miss Rosa Kenney's next Dramatic and Musical "recital" is fixed for Monday morning, May 15, at the Marlborough Rooms.

The Carola-Theater, Leipsic, is let from the 1st September to Vogler, manager of the Victoria, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Signora Vitali, Masini, Pandolfini, and Uetam, recently took part in a concert at the house of the Duke Fernan-Nuñez, Madrid.

Professor Wilhelm Speidel celebrates to-day, the 15th inst., his twenty-fifth anniversary as director of the Liederkranz, Stuttgart.

A cantata, "Alla Gioia," by a young composer, Signor Pietro Mascagni, has been performed at the Teatro Avallorati, Leghorn.

Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, has given a series of concerts in Milan, in which he took part not only as soloist but as leader of quartets.

Antonie Schläger, from the Carl Theater, is engaged at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, for five years, commencing on the 1st October.

Among the gifts offered to Mdlle de Reszké on the occasion of her benefit at the Teatro Real, Madrid, was a splendid guitar, formed of real flowers.

On account of ill-health, Mad. Pauline Lucca has been obliged to renounce her engagement at the Royal Opera, Berlin. She has gone to Italy.

The Italian operatic company at Bilboa includes, among others, Signore De Cepeda, Pozzoni, Lodi, Beloff, MM. Gayarre, Kaschmann, Laban, and Uetam.

Wieland der Schmidt, a second opera by E. von Mihalovich, is accepted at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.—(This may be accepted on oath.—Dr Blidge.)

Mr Walter Coward, son of the late Mr James Coward (organist to the Crystal Palace), has been appointed an alto singer in the choir of the Temple Church.

Lola Beeth selected Margarethe in Gounod's *Faust* for her second part at the Royal Opera, Berlin. She is now engaged as a regular member of the company.

Lux's opera, *Der Schmied von Ruhla*, has been successful in Mayence, Mdlle Bettaque, formerly of the Royal Opera, Berlin, playing the leading character.

Owing to its very unsatisfactory performance, Bizet's *Carmen* has not been appreciated at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence. (So much the worse for Florence. Summon Minnie Hauk.—Dr Blidge.)

Mad. Rappoldi-Kahrer recently gave a concert at Chemnitz.—(This is barely credible.—Dr Blidge.) Rappoldi himself took part in a Beethoven Concert given by F. Schulz a short time since at Magdeburg.—(This may be verified by ear-witnesses.—Dr Blidge.)

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53.	I know. S.A.T.B.	Walter Hay	2d.
54.	Chorus of Handmaidens (from *Fridolin*)	A. Randegger	4d.
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59.	Softly falls the moonlight	Edmund Rogers	4d.
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77.	Hail to the Woods! A.T.T.B.	J. Yarwood	2d.
78.	Near the town of Taunton Dean	Thomas J. Dudeney	2d.
79.	Our merry boys at sea	J. Yarwood	2d
80.	The Shepherd's Farewell. S.A.T.B.	Berlioz	3d.
81.	When the sun sets o'er the mountains (*Il Demonio*)	A. Rubinstein	3d.
82.	Hymn of Nature	Beethoven	3d.
83.	Michaelmas Day (Humorous Part Songs, No. 1)	Walter Maynard	4d.
84.	Sporting Notes (Humorous Part Songs, No. 2)	Walter Maynard	4d.
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"Messrs Boosey & Co. have published two additional volumes of their National Songs, which appear likely to be the most interesting of the series. We know little of the rich repertory of Scandinavian Songs, and Mr and Miss Kappey, the editors of these books, are to be thanked for introducing some of the best specimens to public notice. Five of the Russian songs are so old as to be traditional; and in the series are to be found a beautiful Cossack lullaby by one Bachmetieff, a gipsy song by Lvoff, and several songs by Warlamoff. These and the Polish songs (all of which are traditional) may be considered among the most interesting items of a small but acceptable collection. Two ancient Lithuanian songs, a couple of Finnish, and four ancient Norwegian melodies, will likewise be found in the book. The majority of the Swedish songs are by Lindblad, that prolific song writer, who died in 1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mdme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and he peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro.*

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COVENT GARDEN, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £200,000 IN 19,900 ORDINARY SHARES OF £10 EACH, AND 1000 FOUNDERS' SHARES OF £1 EACH.

Of the Ordinary Shares, 4,000 have already been subscribed for at par, 2,900 are taken by the Vendors, together with the 1,000 Founders' Shares; and the remainder of the Ordinary Shares, viz., 13,000, are now offered for Subscription at par.

After payment of a cumulative 5 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Shares, one-half of all surplus profits will be divided among the holders of the Ordinary Shares, and the remaining half among the holders of the Founders' Shares. The amounts payable in respect of the Ordinary Shares are as follows: £1 on Application, £1 on Allotment, £2 on June 1, 1882, £3 on July 1st, 1882. Holders of 25 Shares and upwards will be entitled to a reduction of 20 or 10 per cent. on the prices of admission, as explained in paragraph 12.

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The Right Hon. the Earl of LATHAM, Chairman. | His Serene Highness Count GLEICHEN. | J. H. RENTON, Esq., Throgmorton St. | W. M. EATON, Esq., 33, Old Broad St. ERNEST GYE, Esq., Managing Director.

Bankers—Messrs ROBARTS, LUBBOCK, and CO., 15, Lombard Street; Messrs RANSOM, BOUVERIE, and CO., 1 and 2, Pall Mall East.
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Secretary—F. S. VINCENT, Esq. *Offices*—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent Garden.

PROSPECTUS.

THE death of the late Mr Frederick Gye having necessitated the realization and division of his estate amongst his family, this company has been formed for the purpose of combining the two Italian Operas in London, and for purchasing from Mr Gye's executors the Covent Garden Opera House and Floral Hall, with the whole of the plant and contents, and also the lease and goodwill of Her Majesty's Opera House, with scenery, costumes, music, furniture, &c., the whole of which latter the executors have agreed to purchase for the above purpose.

2. The Covent Garden Opera House, the Floral Hall adjoining, and the buildings in Hart Street (which together cover an area of about 58,086 square feet) are held on leases direct from his Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G., for a term, of which about 66 years are unexpired, at a ground rent of £1,216 12s. per annum, or at a rate of about 5d. per square foot, the present value of land being at least 1s. 6d. per square foot; and these leases, including all the boxes and seats, except the box belonging to the ground landlord, and the boxes and seats hereafter specified, together with the goodwill of the business, and the entire stock of music, scenery, dresses, armour, furniture, properties, and other plant for the mounting of the répertoire, which now comprises more than fifty operas, will be made over to the company by the executors of the late Mr Frederick Gye as a going concern.

3. A lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing in last year (1881), was granted to the executors by the present Crown lessees, for the whole of their unexpired term under the Crown, viz., 30½ years, at an annual rental of £5,000, free from any existing rights, except the reservation of two boxes by the lessor. The average rents for which this theatre lets for the various periods of the year would be sufficient to pay the above annual rental, and insurance, taxes, &c., even should the company merely sublet the theatre, instead of using it themselves for any of the various entertainments for which such a theatre is suitable.

The above lease is based upon the decision of the High Court of Justice in the action of Quilter v. Mapleson; but should that decision be reversed on appeal, the old lease held by Mr Mapleson, which has about ten years to run (upon which a ground rent only of £1,934 6s. is payable), will be handed over to the company, subject to 12 property boxes and 26 stalls, reserved from the lease.

The arrangements now published with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre will be carried on by the company upon its formation.

4. The following is a description of the buildings and property and interests acquired by the company, by which will be seen the independent security which the Shareholders have for their subscribed capital, irrespective of the annual profits of the business.

(A.) The buildings known as Covent Garden Theatre and the Floral Hall attached, the storehouses in Hart Street, all built by the late Mr F. Gye, together with the before-mentioned lease (66 years unexpired); the buildings taken at cost and the lease at 20 years' purchase of the valued rental, and after allowing for sinking fund for redemption of capital	£206,780	0	0
(B.) The machinery, chandeliers, gas mains, fitttings, water supply, and fire mains, heating apparatus and other fittings, valued at	50,000	0	0
(C.) The scenery, costumes, properties, music, armour, and accessories for the répertoire of over 50 operas, valued (after allowing for depreciation) at	75,000	0	0
(D.) Scenery, costumes, properties, furniture, music, &c., at Her Majesty's Theatre	20,000	0	0
	£351,780	0	0
(E.) In addition to the above, the Lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Goodwill of both Theatres are estimated at	£60,000	0	0

(F.) An agreement made with Mr Mapleson, whereby he has agreed to give his exclusive services to the company for a period of ten years, and to undertake to manage and conduct on behalf of the company the operatic business in the United States, which hitherto has been very profitable, and for which his great experience eminently fits him.

(G.) The benefit of all the agreements with artists, and others, which Messrs. Gye have acquired, together with all rights as to performance of operas, music, &c.

(H.) The benefit of an undertaking by the Messrs. Gye not to carry on any operatic undertaking in opposition to the company.

5. In settling the terms of purchase, the Directors have been able to arrange that £80,000, part of the sum hitherto secured on Covent Garden Theatre, shall remain on mortgage at 4 per cent., and that the holders of three boxes and six stalls shall, subject to indemnity in respect of the said mortgage, retain their seats, in lieu of being bought out in common with the other seatholders. These few seats make no sensible difference in the average nightly takings of so large a theatre as Covent Garden, containing, as it does, 105 boxes and 500 orchestra stalls.

6. The mortgage is redeemable by the company at any time.

7. The capital of the company (viz. £200,000) is appropriated as follows, viz.:—

(A.) For the purchase of the whole of the above properties and interests in both Opera Houses (subject to the mortgage of £80,000), and to the above boxes and stalls—cash	£140,000	0	0
Fully paid Ordinary Shares	29,000	0	0
" Founders' "	1,000	0	0
	£170,000	0	0
(B.) Reserved for working capital by the company	30,000	0	0
	£200,000	0	0

8. The company will thus have the virtual control of Italian operatic performances in London, in all the principal towns in Great Britain and the United States, for which latter branch of the company's business most important and advantageous arrangements are almost complete, (thereby providing engagements for the artists nearly all the year round).

9. The Covent Garden Opera House was built with a view to the interior arrangements, as to seats, &c., being easily adapted to the requirements of Pantomime, Concerts, and other like entertainments in the autumn and winter, during which seasons it lets on very advantageous terms.

10. The books of Covent Garden Opera have been thoroughly examined by Messrs. R. Mackay & Co., Chartered Accountants, of No. 3, Lothbury, and show that the average annual profit for the six years immediately preceding the death of the late Mr Gye was upwards of £15,000 for that theatre alone, quite irrespective of the business done during those years at Her Majesty's Theatre, which would now have also to be taken into consideration. Mr Gye's sudden death, occuring as it did shortly before the Opera Season of 1879, and other exceptional causes in the years 1879 and 1880, occasioned a falling off in the revenue of those two years, but during the year 1881 there was a large increase in the general receipts over the two above years, and the subscriptions for that season were the highest ever obtained.

11. The following estimate has been prepared by Mr Gye of the profits of the business to be carried on by the company, calculated after paying expenses and outgoings of every kind.

In the year 1869, the only year in which the combination of the two Italian Operas has ever yet been effected, which was at Covent Garden Theatre (as permanently secured by the present undertaking), the profits of the Italian Opera Season alone (extending a little over three months) amounted to £22,000. Assuming, however, that two-thirds only of this sum were to be realized, say	£15,000	0	0
The Average Rents for the winter months at which Covent Garden Theatre lets, amount to £5,000, and this sum may be taken as what would be received, supposing the company let the Theatre, instead of working it, and receiving the extra profits themselves	5,000	0	0
The alterations made last year in the re-arrangement of seats and prices admit of an additional annual profit of £12,000. The average nightly letting of these seats is over two-thirds of their number; but taking only two-thirds, the annual increase will amount to	8,000	0	0
The Operatic and Concert Tours in the principal Towns in Great Britain will produce, at a very low estimate	5,000	0	0
A careful estimate has been made for the undertaking in America and the United States, and a nett annual profit of upwards of £20,000 may be fairly expected. Assuming that about one-half only is realized, viz.:	10,000	0	0
	£43,000	0	0

No sum has been entered on account of profit from Her Majesty's Theatre, as the amount would depend on the particular uses to which the theatre might be put, as explained in paragraph 3.

From this profit of				£43,000	0 0
will first have to be paid:—					
Interest on £80,000 at 4 per cent.	£3,200	0	0		
Allowance for the annual Redemption of Mortgage, say	3,000	0	0		
And for a Reserve and Sinking Fund, including depreciation of scenery, dresses, stock, and other plant, say	2,000	0	0		
				8,200	0 0
Sum available for dividend				£34,800	0 0

Or over 11 per cent on the Ordinary Share Capital of £199,000, after payment to the holders of the Founders' Shares of their proportion of the surplus profits.

12. Shareholders to the amount of 25 Shares and upwards will (subject to such regulations as shall from time to time be determined by the Board) be entitled to a deduction of 10 per cent. on the published prices of admission to all operatic performances and concerts given by the company in this country and the United States, or elsewhere, as purchasers of tickets for any single entertainment, and to a deduction of 20 per cent. on the amount of their subscription, should they be subscribers for the London season, or for any series of performances or concerts, not less than twenty in number, out of London.

13. An agreement has been prepared, and will be entered into between Messrs Gye and the company, in which are recited the arrangements for acquiring the different interests comprised in the agreement.

14. There are various contracts connected with the ordinary business of the two houses, such as artists' engagements, rights of representations of operas, &c., all valuable to the company, but the particulars of which cannot, it is obvious, be set out, and applicants for Shares must be considered as having waived this being done.

15. Mr ERNEST GYE has agreed to act as Managing Director of the company.

16. The above-mentioned Contracts and Agreements, the Accountants' Report, and the Estimates of the Value of the Properties, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the company, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors.

If no allotment is made, the amount payable on application will be returned in full. Application for Shares to be made to the Bankers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be had of the Bankers, or the Brokers, or at the Offices of the company.

London, March, 1882.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Directors of

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—I hereby request you to reserve for and allot me Shares on the footing of the Prospectus dated March, 1882, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number of Shares that may be allotted to me, and to pay the Calls thereon from time to time as required.

Name in full
Residence
Date 1882.
Ordinary Signature.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street. Saturday, April 15, 1882.

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 16. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 22, will be performed GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlle Olga Berghi (her first appearance in England); Siebel, Mdme Trebelli; Marta, Mdlle Ghiotti; Mefistofele, M. Bonhy (his first appearance in England); Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Wagner, Signor Raguer; and Faust, Signor Frapolli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

MONDAY Next, April 24, ROSSINI'S Opera, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mathilde, Mdlle Valleria; Eduige, Mdlle Ghiotti; Jemmy, Mdlle Velmi; Guglielmo Tell, Signor Cotogni; Walter, Signor de Reszké; Gessler, Signor Scolara; Melchtal, Signor Raguer; Un Pescatore, Signor Igenio Corsi; and Arnoldo, Signor Mierswinsky. Conductor—M. DUPONT. The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle L. Reuters, Mdlle E. Reuters, Mdlle H. Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, April 22nd, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Fidelio* (Beethoven); Symphony in D, Op. 60 (Dvorak), first time in England; "Le Carnaval Romain" (*Benvenuto Cellini*) (Berlioz); "Concertstück" (Weber). Vocalist—Miss Mary Davies. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Franz Rummel. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

MDME SOPHIE MENTER'S FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL. MONDAY, April 24, ST JAMES'S HALL, Three o'clock. Schumann's "Carnival," Selections from Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Henselt, Schubert, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Chopin. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON (late Principal at the Conservatoire of Geneva) has the honour to inform his Friends and Pupils that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place in the month of MAY, at ST GEORGE'S HALL. Particulars will be shortly issued. The following Compositions by Professor BERGSON will be introduced: "Concerto Symphonique," Op. 62, played with immense success by the Composer, at his Concerts in Paris, Geneva, and London; also his "Grande Polonaise Héroïque," for violin, as played by MM. Pollitzer, Castali, and Herr Joseph Ludwig, with distinguished success.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL BERGSON'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT.—Prof. M. BERGSON begs to announce that the following popular Compositions of his will be performed early in May, viz.: "Il Ritorno," Rondo-Valse, sung by Miss Berta Foresta; "The Better World," sung by Miss Jessica O'Brien; "Serenade Moresque," sung by Signor Ria, tenor, San Carlo, Naples; Sacred Song, "At morn I beseech Thee," sung by Miss Alice Fairman; "The Two Hearts," sung by Mrs Furlong. Signor Ria will sing on this occasion, Ascher's popular Romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and also Mr W. H. Holmes's Song, "Memories Sweet and Sad" (the poetry by Mrs M. A. Baines).

MADAME MARIE ROZE'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

MADAME MARIE ROZE will appear next week in CONCERTS at Oxford, Cardiff, Cheltenham, and York, under the direction of Mr Vert, to whom all communications should be addressed.
52, New Bond Street, W.

MR and Mdme BODDA'S (Miss LOUISA PYNE) ACADEMY FOR SINGING, Operatic and Miscellaneous. "BONALLY," 85 and 87, Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill. Professional and Amateur. In and Out-Door Students. *Studies*—Singing (Private Lessons), Elocution, Piano, Deportment, Choral Practice, Italian. Prospectuses as above, or Mr STEDMAN, 12, Berners Street.

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ON MONDAY, MAY, 15th, 1882, AT THREE O'CLOCK,

MISS ROSA KENNEY
(Daughter of the late Charles Lamb Kenney)
Will give a Second
DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AFTERNOON RECITAL,
Which will include
THE POTION SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET," "THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC" (by CHARLES LAMB KENNEY), SCENES FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," &c., &c.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY and other Distinguished Artists will appear. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., to be obtained of Messrs Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mr Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith & Prowse, Langham Hotel and Cheapside.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. Members are informed that the Second Concert (70th since formation of Society—Schumann's Compositions in first part of programme), took place at the Langham Hall, on Thursday, 20th April. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME KLEIN LETS her SALON for Concerts, Matinées, &c., during the Season.—1, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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A GERMAN Professor of Music from the Academy of Music, Berlin, pupil of Kullak, Dorn, Wüerst, seeks for a good Engagement as CONDUCTOR and (besides) as CHOIRMASTER. He is also an excellent and much-quested Pianist, Singing and Compositions Master of good name. Address send to Berlin, Post Office, No. 60, sub. A. B. F. G.

TO MUSICAL AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

THE Advertiser, who is promoting a Musical Society for London and the Provinces upon novel principles, is desirous of obtaining the Co-operation of Musical Amateurs and Professionals. Particulars, by letter only, of Mr WELLS, 43, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

"IN SHELTERED VALE."

MR LEWIS THOMAS will sing CARL FORMES' celebrated Song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Music Festival to be held next week at St Leonards.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Royal Albert Hall, This Day (Saturday), April 22nd.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE COX will sing ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," at Dorchester, on April 26th.

"ANGELS' FOOD."

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S admired Song (for Tenor or Soprano), "ANGELS' FOOD" (Poetry by RITA), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.—An Harmonium Part to the above Song is also published, price 1s.

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Music by

MICHAEL BERGSON.

Composed expressly for and sung by Mdme MARIE ROZE; sung also by Mdmes SANDERINI, DE VANNEY, and Miss JESSICA O'BRIEN.

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(Composer of "Grandfather's Chair," "My Love and I").

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The new season at Covent Garden began on Tuesday night with a performance of *Les Huguenots*, to which the National Anthem, by way of particular distinction, served as a prelude. It is unnecessary to defend the choice of a well-known work for an opening night. A great operatic company assembles under conditions which make elaborate preparation almost an impossibility, and needs must that the selected work be one that, so to speak, runs of itself. Meyerbeer's masterpiece assuredly meets the requirement. It has been performed so often by Mr Gye's company that every person and thing concerned in its representation falls into place without trouble. We do not say that the result is ideally perfect—far from it. But if the imperfect must always be flouted, what would enjoy toleration? The preference given to *Les Huguenots* is defensible on other and special grounds. Often disparaged as hackneyed, the work never fails to interest and please those who, when beyond its influence, abuse it, while even exigent connoisseurs find in it many a page full of melody that retains its charm, or of power that continues to impress. The performance was attended by a large though not crowded audience, among whom was the Prince of Wales, and passed off as well as could be expected under somewhat untoward circumstances. Handbills were distributed in the theatre asking indulgence for Mdme Fürsch-Madi* (Valentina), on the ground of indisposition, while it was obvious that neither Mdme Valleria (Marguerita de Valois) nor Signor Mierzwinsky (Raoul) enjoyed full possession of their physical resources. With three leading artists so affected, it was no wonder that the representation sometimes flagged. Yet all three did the best that was possible to them. A bad cold could not hide the fact that Mdme Fürsch-Madi is an artist of high intelligence and great sympathy. This most appeared in the fine duet with Marcel, during which the lady was comparatively fresh, and throughout which she earned her full share of the considerable honours bestowed upon the joint effort. Mdme Valleria, with reminiscences of success in Wagnerian opera attending her, made an easy mark as the Queen—a part often played by her, but never before on the Covent Garden stage. She sang, despite a cold, with grace and charm, while making as much as possible of the very slight dramatic element in the character. Marguerita de Valois has been represented by many artists of high rank on our Italian stage, but by none with more genuine attractiveness. Mdme Trebelli, whose "Nobil Signor" was encored, played the page in her own familiar way; Signor Cotogni was again a Nevers whom it would be hard to match, and Signor de Reszké, by means of artistic qualities that are nothing short of eminent, gave much distinction to the *rôle* of St Bris. The Raoul of Signor Mierzwinsky should, under the circumstances, be judged leniently. It was evident that the Russian tenor did not feel at his ease. Now and then, however, he roused the audience by forcing one of his resonant high notes, while, from a dramatic point of view, he satisfied many, if not all, requirements. Signor Gresse, to whom was entrusted the part of Marcel, did not spare himself in endeavouring to make prominent the bluffness and conscientious zeal of the faithful Huguenot. But he should not have accentuated everything equally. He played the part uniformly in large capitals, and so failed to catch attention at particular points. Otherwise Signor Gresse did well, both voice and appearance being greatly in favour of his success. Concerning the work of band and chorus there is nothing special to be said. Signor Bevignani conducted admirably as usual, and the new stage manager may be congratulated upon at least one laudable innovation. Instead of dispersing the citizens of Paris by means of a company of musketeers, as though they were a seditious gathering, he sent across the stage a patrol of three halberdiers, one of whom gave a warning to retire and passed on.—*D. T.*

On Thursday night *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with Mdme Sembrich as the unhappy heroine; and this evening *Faust e Margherita* is announced for the *débuts* of Mdlle Olga Berghi and M. Bouhy.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

M. J. Lasserre, successor to Professor Ella as Director of the Musical Union, has favoured us with the subjoined circular:—

"*In consequence of circumstances beyond control, M. Lasserre will not be able to give any Subscription Concerts of the Musical Union this season. One Grand Matinée only will represent the time-honoured institution in the musical events of the year, and for this M. Lasserre has secured the services of eminent artists. The date and details of this Grand Matinée will be duly announced in the daily papers.*"

* Who made her *début* as Mdme Fürsch-Madier last season in the same character.

FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

Arrangements are in active progress for holding a Musical Festival and Competition, between the French Orphéons, in the Royal Albert Hall, on June 20th and 21st, similar to the one held so successfully at Brighton last year, when 2,000 representatives of French, Belgian, and Swiss societies were present. Several of the leading French choirs and fanfares have already intimated their intention to take part in the gathering, including L'Harmonie de Batignolles; La Fanfare des Amis Réunis, Albert-Somme; La Société Musicale de Vichy; La Fanfare Musicale de Montereau, Seine et Marne; L'Union Chorale de Villeneuve la Guyard, Yonne; La Fanfare de Valdampierre, Seine et Oise; La Fanfare Bellemanière, Versailles; La Musique Municipale de Cambrai, Nord; La Société Chorale de St Dié, Vosges; Grande Fanfare de Roubaix, Nord; Société Philharmonique de Braux, Ardennes; Chorale Catésienne du Cateau, Nord, &c., &c., &c. Sirs Julius Benedict, George Elvey, and Herbert Oakeley, MM. Randegger, H. Leslie, Brinley Richards, Albert Visetti, F. H. Cowen, Tito Mattei, T. Wylde, E. H. Thorne, and the members of the last year Musical Festival Committee have consented to act as jurors, in association with other musical authorities from Paris. In addition to the competitions, for which prizes consisting of medals, wreaths, works of art, &c., will be offered, two concerts will be given, supported by the principal societies and distinguished soloists and instrumentalists from the Grand Opera and Conservatoire de Musique of Paris. M. Chérifel de la Grave, of Brighton; M. H. A. Simon, proprietor of L'Orphéon, Paris; and Mr Herbert Bamford, of Wareham, Dorset, are the promoters of the scheme, which will be under high patronage. M. C. de la Grave is again Honorary Secretary.

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BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Marianne Brandt chose the part of Leah in Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* for her farewell appearance at the Royal Operahouse. The Italian operatic season, at the Central Skating-Rink, opened with Donizetti's *Poliuto*, the principal characters sustained by Signora Adina, Signori Aramburo, Parboni, Corsi, and Gasperini, under the conductorship of Bimboni. The second opera was *Crispino e la Comare*, by the Brothers Ricci. A new three-act opera, *Prinz Orlofsky*, music by Raida, has been produced at the Victoria Theater.—According to annual custom, there was a performance of Graun's *Tod Jesu*, at the Singakademie, on Good Friday.—After an interval of twelve years, Jean Vogt's oratorio, *Die Auferweckung des Lazarus* (*The Raising of Lazarus*), has been given, with Radecke's Vocal Association, strengthened by outsiders, and Bilse's Orchestra.

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THE MUSICAL EAR.

It would be curious, if it were practicable, to ascertain how far the development of the musical ear of England has kept pace with the growth of our musical organization—the whole system of choir formation, concert giving, and general musical education, which have been so characteristic of the progress of English society during the past two or three generations. The thing cannot be done, because we have no sort of record of the extent to which the possession of an "ear" has been enjoyed at any particular time past. It would not be difficult, perhaps, to devise a fairly satisfactory standard of time and tune by which to test the musical sensibility of any given number of persons sufficient to represent the "ear" of the day, and it would, perhaps, be not altogether without scientific utility to do so with a view to a repetition of the test a few years hence. We seem to be on the point of making a very decided advance in musical matters in this country. The time is evidently quite ripe for it; a very general desire for improvement has given rise to what seems to be a strong movement, and the next ten years ought to witness a great stride in our musical education. It would be very interesting to be able at the end of this period not only to look back on the progress that has been made in the higher departments of the subject, but to have also some sort of criterion of the extent to which the unmusical mass has been brought along by the general tide. By the unmusical mass we must not be understood to mean the mass of the lower stratum of society, but that great body of unmusical people to be found.

We have really very little idea of the extent to which musical insensibility prevails. We cannot tell with any degree of certainty whether one person in five, or one in ten, or one in a hundred is practically destitute of the musical faculty. We have no means of ascertaining the truth on the subject. If we had we should be probably startled. We should find many facts which would at first appear hardly credible. In an ordinary Albert Hall assembly, for instance, we should, if we only had some trustworthy test, find that no inconsiderable number of persons composing it not only derived no pleasure from the finest music to be heard there, but were positively pained by it, and only sat through the performance under the compulsion of circumstances. Edwin, who perceives that all the world affects a musical enthusiasm, and knows that Angelina has a special craze upon the subject, will undergo any amount of torture with a smiling face, and even shout lustily for an encore rather than have it suspected that he really feels a strong inclination to howl like a dog at every outburst of harmony. He knows that in one of Angelina's favourite passages in Shakspere, the great poet has made Lorenzo declare that the man who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, the motions of his spirits are dull as night, his affections dark as Erebus. Let no such man be trusted, says Lorenzo. In his innermost heart, Edwin may perhaps suspect that Lorenzo was something of a humbug, and merely gave utterance to what he thought would be sure to please a girl who had just revealed a special susceptibility of soul to the influence of music. But not for the world would he breathe any such suspicion. On the contrary, he will probably quote the passage with hearty approval, and applaud vociferously even at moments of supreme anguish rather than have it supposed that he is a being of this dark and dangerous nature. It requires some little fortitude of soul to avow a strong repugnance to anything in which society generally recognizes at once a means and an outcome of refinement. There have been some equal to such an avowal; but they have been either below or above the ordinary conventionalities of "society." At any rate, they have been outside such conventionalities, like Voltaire, for instance, who always appeared to be put in the worst possible mood by music, however good, and who made no secret of his strong aversion to it. Usually, however, a person finding everybody about him apparently capable of appreciating music, will naturally do his best to conceal his own private sentiment on the subject, and will refrain from an admission which would at once relegate him to the Goths and barbarians.

That there are some "ears" of an organization so peculiar that the finest music jars upon their sensibilities most unpleasantly and even painfully, is a fact as indisputable as that there are some eyes to which a full flood of light occasions only suffering, and olfactory senses to which the sweetest odours of flowers are sickening and repulsive. No doubt, however, they are comparatively few. A more numerous section of the community probably are those who are more or less insensible merely to the power of music, just as some are insensible to the charms of colour or are wanting in the sense of smell or taste. Enthusiasts have sometimes maintained that every individual has a certain degree of musical faculty which only requires to be developed, but that certainly is not the case. Unquestionably there are to be found in any considerable community a certain small percentage of those who are incapable of distinguishing between one musical sound and another. Such incapacity is probably due to some physical defect, and in that case, of course, no amount of training will be of any use. But it would be easy to accumulate a host of facts in support of the contention that wherever there is a capability of distinguishing one sound from another there is the possibility of making a musician. The foreign potentate who did not at all enjoy the concert, but thought the preliminary tuning of the fiddles immensely fine, undoubtedly had the making of a good instrumentalist. He had a strong preference for one kind of sound as compared with another, and the rectification of any little eccentricity of taste would only have been a matter of time and teaching. "No ear" is, it must be confessed, rather a dismal starting-point for a musical career, and it may be open to grave question whether it is really worth while to make a start from such a point. In determining this question of ear or no ear, however, serious mistakes are often made. School teachers will often require fresh pupils to sing certain notes, and will forthwith pronounce upon their "ear" without reflecting that the fault may possibly lie in the unpractised vocal powers, and not in the power to discriminate between sounds. Most amateurs who sing only occasionally must be well aware that it is not always in their power to hit just the note they wish, and that their own sense of tune, quite as much as that of the bystanders, is often outraged by their own voice. The power to produce a given note, and the power to recognize it when produced, are distinct things. But even when the ear is naturally wanting, it is astonishing what a little careful training will sometimes do. It was stated the other day by a large pianoforte maker, that a man who is now an excellent tuner, when first put there as a lad, was apparently all but destitute of the sense of musical sound. The delicate perception of the tuner was gradually acquired by effort and practice. The process that was carried on in this individual case by specific effort, is precisely that which goes on more slowly in the community at large by the multiplication of concerts, singing classes, public bands, &c., and the time may come when a person with no musical ear will be almost as great a phenomenon as a person with no ears at all.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The competition for the Lady Goldsmid Scholarship took place on Monday, April 17. The examiners were Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Eyers, Jewson, Lunn, Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Westlake, and the Principal (chairman). There were eighteen candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Annie Cantelo.

Subjoined is the list of works played by the competitors:—

Study, in C minor, Bk. 4 (Chopin), Sonata, in E, Op. 109 (Beethoven); Chromatic Fantasia (J. S. Bach); Sonata, in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 (Beethoven); 3me Ballade, in A flat (Chopin); Il moto Continuo (arranged by Brahms), Sonata, E flat, Op. 27, last movement (Beethoven); 3me Ballade, in A flat (Chopin), Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, 1st movement (Beethoven); Fugue, in E minor (Handel), *Masaniello* (Thalberg); Nocturne, in C minor, No. 12 (Chopin), Toccata (Schumann); Prelude and Fugue, E minor, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Barcarolle (Chopin); Fugue, in A flat, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Ballade, in G minor (Chopin); Sonata, in F minor, Op. 5, last two movements (Beethoven); Sonata, in C, 1st movement (Paradies), Aufschwung (Schumann); Italian Concerto, last two movements (J. S. Bach), Study in F minor, No. 4 (W. Sterndale Bennett); Selections from Études Symphoniques (Schumann), Organ Fugue, in G minor (J. S. Bach)—(arranged by Liszt); Fugue, in F, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Allegro Grazioso (W. Sterndale Bennett); Capriccio, in B flat minor, Op. 33 (Mendelssohn); Fugue, in D minor, Vol. 2 (J. S. Bach), Tema con Variazioni (W. Sterndale Bennett); Prelude and Fugue, in B flat, Vol. 1 (J. S. Bach); Kreisleriana, Nos. 1 and 2 (Schumann).

THE LATE MR ROSSETTI.

The funeral of Mr D. G. Rossetti took place on Friday afternoon in the picturesque little churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea. The arrangements were of the simplest kind, the *cortége* consisting only of the poet's aged mother and other members of his family, besides a few intimate friends. The funeral service was read by the Rev. J. P. Alcock, the vicar of Birchington, who had visited Mr Rossetti during his last illness. We are asked to state, with reference to the proposed exhibition of Mr Rossetti's works at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, that neither the family nor the principal owners had been consulted when the announcement was made, and without their consent any exhibition of Mr Rossetti's pictures would, of course, be extremely defective.—*Times.*

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 224.)

III.

The young reputation of Cherubini procures him an invitation to go and write two operas in London.—His distinguished reception in England.—His first visit to and first stay in Paris. His connection with Viotti and the happy influence it exercised on his future.—Viotti presents him at Court; Queen Marie Antoinette receives him most kindly and facilitates his introduction at the Sacred Concerts.—He settles definitively in Paris, after composing and bringing out one last work in Italy.

Cherubini had not yet completed his twenty-fourth year, yet he had just brought out his eighth opera, and his reputation had spread so far and so rapidly that, on his return to Florence from giving his last work at Mantua, he was asked to sign an engagement binding him to go and compose two Italian operas in London for the two seasons of 1785 and 1786.* The two operas were to be performed at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. The proposal was a tempting one and he did not hesitate accepting it. He was then doubtless far from thinking that, though destined to see Italy once again, he never would return to his native town! However this may be, he started from Florence for England some time in the month of September, 1784.† He was received in London in the most courteous and distinguished manner, as he himself informs us, without entering into minute details; "During his stay in London, he had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Regent, and then King, under the name of George IV. This Prince was very fond of music, especially vocal music. Cherubini played on several occasions with him and the Duke of Quisbourg, with whom he was very well acquainted."‡ He brought out in the spring of 1785 his first work, *La Finta Principessa*, which was a buffo-opera. According to tradition, it met with a very favourable reception, but, singularly enough, Burney, the celebrated English writer, does not say a word about it in his *History of Music*, or of any other of Cherubini's works which followed it, and which were almost servile copies. After this fortunate beginning, Cherubini wrote six pieces for an opera entitled *Demetrio*, a sort of patchwork, the music of which emanated from different composers.§ Soon afterwards, having some leisure in consequence of the usual yearly closing of the theatre, he profited by the opportunity to come and make a short stay in Paris, which, as we can easily understand, he was very desirous of seeing and knowing:

"Towards the end of July this year," he says, "he paid a visit to Paris, where he first made the acquaintance of the celebrated Viotti, with whom he formed a close friendship, and with whom he promised to come and spend the next year in that capital. It was during this visit that he was presented to Marie Antoinette, by whom he was most favourably received, and who expressed a wish to hear some of his music at the concerts which took place in the Château of Versailles."‖

The journey which he thus made simply for his pleasure, was destined to exert upon his future a decisive influence of which he then had no idea. From that day, though two years were to pass before he resolved on settling in Paris, he belonged virtually to France, which he was to make his adopted country. His close intimacy with Viotti, to whom he was naturally attracted by their common nationality, was destined to bring about this result, and we shall see by what concatenation of events his career took a new and unexpected direction. Viotti, the incomparable violinist, had resided in Paris since 1782. After a long course of travel which he undertook in Europe with his master, Pugnani; after his stay in Germany, Poland, and Russia; after his triumphs at Warsaw, St Petersburgh, and Berlin; he came to Paris to consecrate definitively his young but already immense reputation. For two years he had enchanted the amateurs of the Sacred Concerts, causing them to forget Jarnowick, and had astounded all our artists, for whom his noble and grandiose execution, full of poetry, disclosed a complete transformation in the art of violin-playing. Then, suddenly, in consequence of something which people have endeavoured to explain, but which has really remained unknown, he gave up most absolutely appearing before the Paris public. However, as he was hardly thirty and possessed talent which may without exaggeration be qualified as marvellous, we may well suppose that he did not desert the noble cultivation of art and the pursuit of the purest ideal. Young, handsome, gentlemanly, and endowed with the most happy gifts of intelligence, he had quickly found himself sought after by all the most eminent members of high society and the cleverest men in Paris. Having become conductor of the Prince of Guéménée's famous concerts, he was received at Court, where the Queen accorded him a particularly flattering welcome, and he was to be seen in the salons of Mdme d'Etioles, Mdme de Rohan, and the Duchess de Richelieu. On the other hand, very accessible to the new ideas and liberal doctrines, which then were the daily preoccupation of all, he became intimate with the encyclopædists, frequented men of letters and authors, forming affectionate relations with some, among whom Marmontel, Florian, and the Abbé Morellet, are especially mentioned. Having amassed a veritable fortune on his grand European tour, he was in consequence independent, and divided the pleasant and smiling existence he led in Paris between important labours of composition, the care he bestowed on his pupils, numerous mundane relations, and periods of intelligent and studious leisure. When Cherubini, preceded by the great reputation he had achieved in his own country, came, to a certain extent, accidentally, and made his first stay in Paris, Viotti, whose generous sentiments were equal to his admirable artistic powers, determined to know him, and welcomed him like a brother. Older by some years, already settled a considerable time in the French capital, where he possessed an immense circle of acquaintances, and well versed in the artistic life of the day, Viotti constituted himself in some sort the protector, the guide, and the Mentor of his compatriot, infusing into his intercourse with the latter such amenity, graciousness, and affectionate cordiality, that Cherubini, touched by such conduct, soon returned sentiment for sentiment, and an almost fraternal intimacy, never afterwards to be disturbed, was thenceforth established between them. Their meeting was indeed a piece of good fortune for Cherubini; unknown in Paris, where he had no connections, he found a friend whose natural attachment sought only to be employed for his profit, and who created opportunities for being useful to him. Viotti adored France, where he had settled with delight and it was soon his desire to induce Cherubini to settle there too. As we have seen, Viotti presented him directly after his arrival to the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who received the young composer most encouragingly, and I should be very much astonished if it was not Viotti who had also facilitated Cherubini's introduction, during his rapid journey, at the Sacred Concerts. This introduction has escaped all the biographers, not one of whom, up to the present time, has spoken of it. The event, however, is not

* According to Picchianti, Cherubini undertook also by this engagement the functions of Director of the London Philharmonic Society. Two reasons incline me to consider this assertion incorrect: in the first place Cherubini does not say a word about such a thing in his Notice dictated to de Beauchesne, and then his catalogues contain no indication whatever of any composition written by him for the above Society. Now it would be very astonishing, had he been placed at the head of a musical institution of this kind, that he should not think fit or be obliged to write something for it. I am more disposed to believe that, as Choron and Fayolle assert (*Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*), he had the title and duties of "Composer to the King," a fact which caused him to write various detached pieces which were interpolated, as we shall subsequently see, in the operas performed at the King's Theatre.

† A highly distinguished English writer on music, Mr George Grove, says somewhere that Cherubini was present at Handel's Commemorative Service, celebrated in July, 1784, at Westminster Abbey. Mr Grove has probably been deceived by some erroneous statement, for Cherubini says textually in the Notice dictated to de Beauchesne that "he started for London *in the month of September*, 1784." Besides, it was in the month of May that he brought out his *Alessandro nell' Indie* at Mantua, and it was not till after his return to Florence that he agreed to go to England; and we must suppose that events followed each other with very great rapidity to enable him to reach London and be installed there in the month of July.

‡ Notice dictated to de Beauchesne.—There is here an error in the name, which latter should be: the Duke of Queensbury.

§ The Chronological Catalogue (published by Bottée de Toulmon) would lead us to suppose that only four pieces were written for *Demetrio* and two for another opera. But the other catalogue shows decisively that all six were composed for this work. One of the pieces was written expressly for Crescenti; another was sung by Mdme Ferraresi.

‖ Notice dictated to De Beauchesne.

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without interest, since it represents the first step made by Cherubini before the French public, two years and a half previous to the production at the Opera of his *Démophon*, the earliest work written by him for any theatre of ours. It strikes me as difficult to believe that the idea of such a step did not emanate from Viotti, and it was certainly the great violinist who on this occasion smoothed the path for his new friend. He was familiar with the customs of the Sacred Concerts, he knew intimately Legros, formerly a singer at the Opera, who had become the very energetic director of these interesting entertainments, and the authority derived from his brilliant successes easily enabled him to be useful to a young composer, who, moreover, was not a mere nobody. Cherubini had brought with him to Paris another of his compatriots, the celebrated singer, Babbini, whom he had known in Florence, who belonged to the Italian company at the King's Theatre, and had, doubtless, taken part in the performance of *La Finta Principessa*. The two agreed that they would appear simultaneously before the public, and on the 8th September, 1785, the bills of the Sacred Concert contained the titles of four compositions of Cherubini's, a symphony and three Italian airs, all three sung by Babbini. What "symphony" was this? I cannot say. Never, as far as I know, did Cherubini write a regular symphony, and, furthermore, there is no trace in his catalogue at this period of any work of such a description or at all resembling it. The composition in question was presumably the overture to one of his operas.

(To be continued.)

LINES FOR MUSIC.

I'm but a simple country girl,
To fashion's ways a stranger;
Tho' from afar I hear the whirl,
Which warns me there is danger.

In honest work I spend my life,
Quite heedless of the morrow;
For never does the voice of strife
Turn pleasure into sorrow.

My dress is of the simplest kind,
Untutored is my gait,
To worldly cares I'm always blind,
Regardless of my fate.

But tho' in money's worth I'm poor,
Untaught with wealth to toy,
My heart is sound, my love is pure:
These are the springs of joy.

So if your choice be fixed like mine,
Well tried as melted gold,
We'll find in *love* a richer mine,
Than dreams can e'er unfold.

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THE ARDITIS AND SERJEANT BALLANTINE AT RICHMOND.—*(From "Ballantine's Reminiscences.")*—"Amongst others from whose society this pleasant resort (Richmond) derived an additional charm were Signor and Mdme Arditi, with whom I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance shortly after their arrival in this country; and I believe it was upon my invitation that they, for the first time, made its acquaintance; and since that period, in their company, I have often and much enjoyed myself."

KNELLER HALL.—Mr Childers, accompanied by Mrs and Miss Childers and his private secretary, Major the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, paid a visit to the Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham, on Friday, April 14th. The party was received by the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, and the band performed the usual complimentary march. The pupils were then inspected, after which they were assembled in their respective classrooms. The method of classification and general course of training, the text-books used, and other matters of detail were explained to the right hon. gentleman. The men's quarters, dining-hall, and chapel were afterwards visited. The party remained with Colonel and Mrs Thompson to lunch, during which the band played.

The *Leisure Hour* for May contains the Autobiography (hitherto unpublished) of William Jackson, of Exeter, the well-known Musician, the friend of Gainsborough, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many letters of Gainsborough are in the narrative. Jackson was long the most popular composer of his day. His canzonets, "Love in thine eyes for ever strays," "Time hath not thinned my flowing locks," and others, were favourites in every drawing-room, while his "Te Deum in F" echoed through every cathedral in England. He seems to have studied with great success the secret of national melody, and the popularity of his songs lasted till Dibdin became the universal favourite, appealing, as he did, to patriotic enthusiasm roused by stirring events.

WHITECHAPEL FINE ART EXHIBITION.

The collection of pictures that for a fortnight adorned the uninviting walls of St Jude's schoolroom has been scattered, and the noble works sent back to their several owners. Sunday, the 16th inst., was the last of the too few days granted for the enjoyment of a sight rare to dwellers in the east of London. It need not be said that money entered not into the calculations of the organizers of the exhibition, for there was no entrance fee; but at the same time it should be recorded that there was no evidence of any motive other than the amusement of the humble visitors. Doubtless the 20,000 gazers felt unwonted ease in the consciousness that the fine things were not so many baits used for doctrinal or political purposes. The hard ways of a labourer's life lead him to suspect that every benefit must be paid for in some way or other, and occasionally he goes so far as to imagine that the prayers offered up in church and chapel for his soul's and body's health are not always so disinterested as they might be. He likewise doubts the sincerity of gratuitous displays in speech, or song, or show, made on his behalf by the titled and wealthy, if applause from his hand, or throat, be sought or expected in reward. It was, therefore, somewhat hard to fix the fact in the minds of the toilers at the East-end that their amusement was the only object thought of by the organizers of the exhibition, but this was done by keeping the schoolmaster and the priest quite out of sight. Whilst guarding any approach to dogmas and ethics, the managers, at the same time, did not show desire to instruct the people in the principles of the art of painting; indeed, the pictures seemed chosen for the subjects illustrated, rather than for the art displayed. Had the amiable gentlemen gone in for art teaching they might have placed before astonished eyes specimens of classical art, indulging in nudity, to demonstrate grace of outline, elegance of proportion, richness of tint, and strength of expression. Thinking that a course of Ovid would be necessary for their uncouth students to grasp the tender ideas, they wisely admitted no works that would lead the dwellers in Whitechapel to think that art had somehow gone astray, had been transformed into a panderer of sensuality. So Venuses were left to hang in rooms and halls where pure minds, by sophistication, can see only sublimity manifested by drawings that elsewhere would come under Lord Campbell's act against indecency.

The exhibition instead embraced such works as Munkacsy's "Lint Pickers" (No. 92), in which a story of war is graphically told. The looker-on could not but be rivetted by the group of women listening, whilst engaged in their task of preparing stuff to stanch wounds, to the words of one just come in with damaged limb from the scene of horror. The news brought by him works its misery upon the faces of wives, mothers, and children occupied in the truly woman's task of getting ready to nurse and comfort maimed and mangled sufferers. So likewise Josef Israel's "Departure" (No. 59) excited sympathy by the natural way the widow's grief is expressed. Sorrows such as hers are not uncommon in the neighbourhood, and many of the visitors had seen similar hovels steeped in woe. The knowledge that scenes of poverty and grief were not disregarded by the rich, that this very picture of destitution had its home in a gilded saloon of the wealthy, might do something to strengthen the feeling that the West-end of London was after all not so far away. The managers of this exhibition are doing blessed work if they bring the rich and poor a little closer together. The Englishman, however humble, is a lover of animals, and Briton Riviere gratified that amiable passion by his striking painting, "Roman Holiday" (No. 46), with its tigers, slaying and slain; and still further by the dog (45)—a dog, by the way, well known in every street of the neighbourhood. Why, it is just such an one as Bill Sykes delights in, and there, in the picture, it crouches away as if it heard the angry voice of its husky-throated master. And the dogs in Nettleship's pictures (Nos. 97 and 98) were lovingly gazed upon; the St Bernard for killing the wolf, and the bull-dog and pup for the eager defence they are making on behalf of their young mistress. Professor Richmond's romances appealed to minds sensible to the mysteries of death and of sorrow, and Watts' imaginings took the beholder to realms untrodden in prosaic life. Some of the seafaring men who went to the exhibition might have been familiar with "Amsterdam" (No. 63), painted by Jacob Maris, and those who knew not the scene, would be struck with its similarity to views on the lower Thames.

The design of the directors evidently was to appeal to the feelings of the visitors, and consequently the pictures were generally pitched in a sober, if not a sad key. They certainly succeeded in their purpose. Yet it would have been perhaps beneficial, to have imparted the gaiety of colour to their admirable collection. Without prejudice it may be said that the inhabitants of the East-end are children in art, and all children, big and little, are fascinated with the charm of colour. The building, likewise, is a dark one, and the relief was wanting that bright tints afford. On entering the rooms sounds of

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voices in conversation were heard, that gave one the idea that the supercilious pratings, so destructive of enjoyment at Burlington House, had migrated to Whitechapel. By further experience it was found that the talk came from young men who had undertaken the duties of friendly expositors to the inartistic crowd. Those gentlemen did admirable service by going from one knot of vistors to another to unfold, in familiar speech, the design and character of the several paintings. Their friendly and unostentatious remarks were highly instructive, and fully appreciated. They carried out the purpose of the committee by insisting upon the connection that exists between art and labour. A picture by Zimmermann, "Her Serene Highness" (No. 64) may have assisted them in their humane task. A little heiress is seen amongst a group of peasants; the old labourers, accustomed to serfdom, bow slavishly to the silk and satin, whilst a young girl, with implements of husbandry upon her shoulders, looks on with the calmness of equality, and that too in spite of the haughtiness of the lackey, who sees not the affinity hidden by silks and rags. Now the richly dressed girl may represent art, and the poorly clad stand for labour, but for all that they are sisters. The flunkies of Society, and their name is legion, may declare there is no relationship, but the time may come, longed for by such noble spirits as Ruskin, when art and labour shall go through the world hand in hand.

PENCERDD GWEFYN.

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The "Guests' Season" at the Imperial Operahouse during the time that members of the regular company are on leave of absence, commenced on the 12th inst., when Mad. Weckerlin, from Munich, and Herr Gudehus, from Dresden, appeared for the first time before a Viennese public, the opera being *Tannhäuser*. The lady was to play four nights only, but the gentleman is engaged up to the 15th May. Mad. Wilt comes on the 1st May and remains till the 15th June. Mdlle Marianne Brandt, and the tenor, Stritt, are secured for the whole of May. Riese, tenor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, is engaged from the 15th May to the 15th June, an engagement for the same period having been offered to Siehr, bass, from the Theatre Royal, Munich. Niemann, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the barytone, Reichmann, begin on the 1st and play till the 15th June, when the operatic season proper closes. For next season, which begins on the 1st August, Broulik, tenor, Wigand, bass, and Lehmann are engaged. During this month there will probably be only two "guests," Reichenberger, bass, and Gabrieli, from Hanover, soprano. The regular company all return on the 1st September, and the first novelty is expected on the 4th October.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The second *soirée de musique*, got up among the members of the Société Philharmonique, took place last evening at the Salle des Pompiers, and was a success. After a quintet, executed very creditably by MM. Thibout, Sons, and Delattre, *the* duo, or music-lesson from Paer's *Maitre de Chapelle* was given, Mdlle S. D., as the pupil, decidedly carrying off the palm from the somewhat languid barytone who represented the *maestro*. An *Allegro* movement for violoncello, executed by M. Thibout fils, and a chorus, under the direction of M. Ed. Brunet, by the members of the Society, entitled "Li. Tsin," brought the first part of the programme to a conclusion. The air from *Galathée*, when the statue of Pygmalion finds she is animated, appropriately brought life into the second part. It was well rendered by Mdlle R. One of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises" was played with remarkable accuracy by Mdlle Adams. Two lengthy songs by an indifferent singer "dragged their weary length along." The *finale* consisted of a chorus, "Nymphe aux Bois" (Delibes), admirably rendered by the amateur members of the Society.

This is the second winter this deserving Society has sought to promote good music and cheer the long evenings when the regular season is over. They give four public concerts, three "*concerts intimes*," and a ball. Their funds are flourishing, so let us hope that "they may long live and prosper."

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, April 18, 1882.

ALGIERS.—Active measures have been taken for building another Théâtre National on the site of that recently destroyed, and it is hoped the new house will be ready by November or December at the latest. 11,000 francs were collected for artists and other sufferers by the fire.

MABEL'S ANSWER.*

Oh ask me not to be thy bride,
I dare not answer Yea;
When Willie parted from my side,
And sailed adown the flowing tide,
He bore my heart away.
A fair exchange—he took to sea
The love you crave so ardently,
And false to him I cannot be,
O leave me now, I pray.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,
And weary days must come and go,
But love like mine no change can know,
Said pretty Mabel Gray.

Now Reuben, lad, there's one I know
Would gladly be thy wife,
The love thou would'st on me bestow
To her is dear as life.
That love grows stronger day by day;
I'm sure she would not say thee Nay;
Pause, ere you throw such love away,
For fickle hearts are rife.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,
And fickle maids may come and go,
But love like hers no change can know,
Said earnest Mabel Gray.

Ah Mabel, lass, my heart has read
Thy tale another way,
That little maid, young Reuben said,
Is charming Mabel Gray.
He clasped her in his fond embrace,
The blushes mantling o'er her face,
Then, looking up with witching grace,
She faintly whispered Yea.

The tide may ebb, the tide may flow,
The happy days will come and go,
For at the altar bending low,
Is witching Mabel Gray.

*Copyright.

WETSTAR.

NEW YORK GRAND OPERAHOUSE.

There seems just now to be some doubt whether, after all, the projected new Operahouse in New York will be erected. Differences, it would appear, have arisen among the managing directors, Mr Vanderbilt and one or two other "millionaires" feeling inclined to withdraw from the undertaking, although a vast deal of money has already been thrown into it. The ultimate expenditure threatens, I hear, to double, if not nearly triple that at first contemplated. To build a new grand Operahouse without any State "subvention," as, for example, in Paris, is a matter of some peril. The late Mr Frederick Gye is the only instance to be recorded of such an enterprise on the part of a private individual. When Covent Garden Theatre was burnt down (1856), he built the new Royal Italian Operahouse, at his own risk, and opened it in the spring of 1858, on the very day he had announced. He himself did not witness the first performance (the *Huguenots* was selected for the occasion), being prostrate with illness, caused by over-fatigue and incessant anxiety; but he kept his pledge to the public; and the fact must always be recorded, to his honour, as one of the most interesting and remarkable in the history of opera in England.—(*Correspondence of the "Graphic."*)

At the New York May Festival there will be 300 instrumentalists and some 3,200 singers.

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DEATH.

On April 12th, ROBERT RIVIÈRE, of 47, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, N.W., and of Broad Street, Bloomsbury, aged 73. Friends will please accept this (the only) intimation.

On April 13th in Paris, after a few days illness, ARTHUR BLANCHARD, the beloved second son of Blanchard Jerrold.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

(Episode in the life of Hector Berlioz.)

BY JULES JANIN.*

The world of an artist is a world of itself; a land of faery, which from afar appears to the uninitiated, as the *Eldorado* appeared to Candide. At a distance may be distinguished confused murmurs, incessant agitation—but what is said, what is done, remains unknown, unknowable. What blank despair in those cloud-capped Archipelagos, of which none know the cause! What delirious rapture whose source must ever remain hidden from the ken of simple mortals! There was a palace at Versailles; and in this palace lived a king and queen; and around this king and queen, as though round a common centre, came every passion, every glory, every ambition of the multitude, to live and die. *There* was motion, —*there* was the spot on which the mighty Archimedes might have fixed the lever with which he was to move the world. And yet the Versailles of Louis XIV. was not more difficult of access, was not surrounded by walls more lofty, or darkness more profound, than the artist world of which we speak, where so many have penetrated by right of conquest, but whence none have returned to give an account of what they have seen and heard.

For example—we attend a concert given by Hector Berlioz; we listen to the mournful inspirations of a dejected mind, relating to itself in its own passionate language, a strange and fearful drama, mingling together its treasures of harmony and tears; and, after hearing the *Marche au Supplice*, we return quietly home, humming the *Postillon de Longjumeau!* Or perhaps we are present at the first representation of *Benvenuto Cellini*, and without endeavouring to unravel the meaning of those touching inspirations, without attempting to comprehend all the profound melancholy displayed in that affected gaiety, we assume the *grand connoisseur*, and exclaim—"Ah! he will do better next time!"—and we think we have done all, said all—unmindful that the *Chant de Supplice*, to which we have paid such frigid attention, may perhaps have burned up the existence of the author!—that *Benvenuto Cellini*, which we condemn so hastily, is the glory of him whom we trample under foot!—yes, his glory!—his life!—on this die he had staked his genius!—he had devoted his head, his heart, his soul, to this one object, and we tell him *he must try again!*—he must take his revenge! as though speaking of a horse-race in the Champ-de-Mars!—If we were not stupid, we should be as cowardly as we are cruel!

* Translated from the French of —— years ago.

And have we the least idea of what becomes of this great artist, exposed to our frigid condolence, our insulting pity, and the *revenge* we suggest to him?—He returns home with despair in his heart! Heaven! what a change!—He left home bursting with hope and pride!—He proceeded to a certain triumph—Glory was waiting to place the laurel on his brow.—He had invited the crowd to feast on the beauties his genius had prepared for them!—He was going to revel in a flood of harmony of which himself was the source!—to hear the last echo of a twenty years' golden dream, sublimed by love, by grief, by experience. What could have been grander or more imposing than an artist thus proceeding to his triumph? Not Christopher Columbus going to the discovery of a new world.—A single moment has shattered all these hopes! The fall of a brick has overturned the whole of this poetic scaffolding! This dazzling glory has fled on the wings of air! The name, which should have been so popular, has hardly been pronounced by the disdainful multitude! Oh, misery!—what a dreadful abyss between the moment of setting out, and the moment of return!—And yet *it is the same genius.* But the crowd would understand nothing; their hearts refused to beat, their eyes refused to weep;—something was out of order in these vast machines, by which glory is fabricated. Poor artist!—but this instant clad in hope—now feeble and naked, doubting himself!—Pray for him! These are griefs unknown to the crowd which crushes a man of genius under foot, as it would crush an ant with its booty. The crowd is brutal, improvident, insensible. Little recks it, if the few chosen men devoted to its service die of grief or of joy. It is prodigal of its condemnation as of its praise. No tyrant, even when tyrants flourished, was ever more headstrong and unfeeling.

Behold Berlioz at home, alone with his wife, who cannot console him, and his child, who seeks in vain for his caresses. Discouraged and sad, he betrays no signs of consciousness. Around him all is silence;—the least idea that presents itself to his imagination, he rejects with horror as though it were criminal. No more music —no more of those solemn festivals, which were wont to take place night and day in the heart of the artist, as his visions of loveliness floated before him. His friends no longer recognize the Berlioz of former days; he is out of spirits, he is ill; he no longer peruses his favourite poets—he no longer maintains those proud and intimate conversations with Beethoven, which have given birth to so kindred a spirit between them. His friends request him to play—he remains obstinately silent.—"Defend yourself, Berlioz," say they; "if you will neither play, nor sing, nor compose, at least take your pen and defend yourself." No—Berlioz refuses to write. And truly why should he write like a simple mortal, who is accustomed to speak with the thousand voices of orchestra and chorus?—His friends think him entirely lost; they whisper to each other that he will never recover his mental discouragement. Every day with increased inquietude they demand,—"What is Berlioz about? —have you heard any sounds issue from his house?—has he awakened from his lethargy?—has he commenced another of those gorgeous symphonies picturing the many-tinted clouds—the borders of flowery meadows—and rivers frozen by the winter?" And each looks despondingly at the other.

In order to distract him from his torpor the friends af Berlioz proposed that he should give a concert, at which the *Marche au Supplice*, and the *Chant d'Harold* should be performed,—thus to involve in succession the dreams of his youth, when he was but an unknown wanderer among the mountains of Abbruzzi.—Nothing, however, was affected by this concert: Berlioz did not attend—he was ill—confined to his room—while his work was being performed!—This was the last hope of his friends.—"Unhappy Berlioz," said they, "what can be done for him?"

One more chance, however, was afforded to Berlioz. He gave a second concert. This time he was at his accustomed post, and conducted the orchestra himself. To see him was enough to understand the terrible disappointment he had undergone. No longer the fearless enthusiast, full of youth and energy, who, from his elevated *estrade*, as the trumpet sounded, seemed as though he would launch himself into futurity. He looked like one recently vanquished, already lost to his past triumphs. However, by little and little, as he listened to that mighty poem, the history of his joys and griefs, the artist became reanimated; his eyes were steeped in refreshing tears, his heart beat more loudly than ever, the blood circulated wildly in his veins; his audience, moved like himself, returned him emotion for emotion. But what were his feelings on beholding in an obscure corner of the room—a being, dark and impenetrable—who wept?—yes—the tears were flowing from his eyes—yes—his perpetual smile was arrested—his austere look was softened! It was Paganini who thus abandoned himself to this supernatural emotion!—Paganini himself!

Paganini is a strange being;—a most inexplicable riddle. There

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is nothing human in his appearance. His long bony head, covered with dishevelled hair, can hardly contain the fire which gives light to that morose regard, so difficult for human looks to bear. We can scarcely be certain, in beholding him, that he is not a corpse, which has risen from the grave to walk the earth, so much does he resemble the Lazarus of Rembrandt stripped of his winding-sheet. His arms hang loosely to the ground, and his bony hands, furnished with tendons of steel, plainly denote the terrible struggles which have given him such complete control over his violin—that tormented soul enclosed within four pieces of wood. We always look upon this singular man with awe, whether he salutes the pit with his heavy, cold, and marble smile—whether he breaks the strings of his violin through a fantastic caprice, for which he gives no reason—or whether he abandons himself truly and proudly to all that galvanic inspiration which leaves us mute and transported. We have seen him in the most opposite situations;—on a beautiful spring evening, singing on his instrument the prayer from *Moise*, as it should be sung by Raphael's St Cecilia in the paradise of Mozart;—on a gloomy winter night, when the influenza was raging, more sombre and sad than ever, and he arrived, bow in hand, causing instantaneous silence, as though he were an apparition from the tomb, expressly to point out with his finger those who were destined to die.

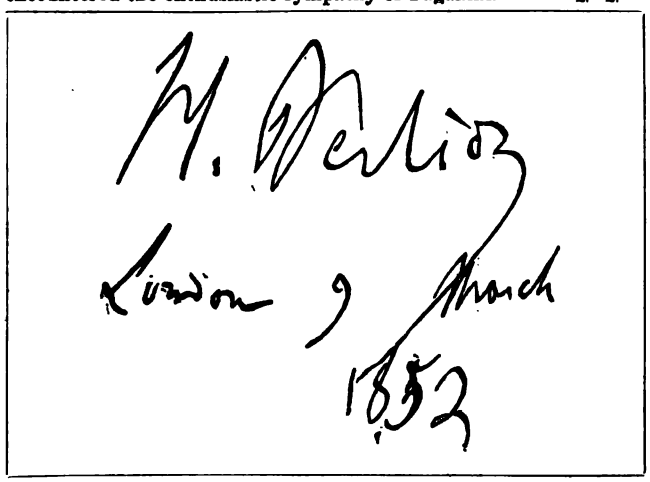
Nor the voice of the beloved one, nor the picturesque costume of distant countries, nor the magnificence of the East, nor the nudity of the savage, nor the newly-acquired laurels of the warrior, nor the unearthly brightness shed over the death-bed of a young and lovely woman, ever produced such effect as the simple presence of this dark and inspired phantom. And phantom-like he was, in his habits and caprices. He was seen—and he was seen no more. He was one instant joyful to excess, the next, depressed with sadness. He travelled from one end of Europe to the other, and, during his absence, endless deeds of gloom and mystery were attributed to him; even his amours were jealously discussed. He was a species of wandering Jew, with a cross of fire between his eyebrows. He went through the world, making gold like an alchemyst who has found out the secret of secrets; and crowds divided to let him pass. He was separated from mankind by an invisible circle which none had dared to break through. In a moment of desperation a young writer,* who wielded his pen as novices wield their swords, had the temerity to attack him. It appeared a bold action to laugh at the general fear, and approach this shadow near enough to find out where his heart was placed. He approached him—and on what grounds think you?—On those of avarice—of insensibility—of hard-heartedness—of unwillingness to give a stroke of his bow in order to save the poor from hunger and cold! The phillippic was vehement—it was repeated. The writer who attacked such a being was welcomed with gladness. Paganini, however, remained unmoved, and deigned no reply. It was useless attempting to force him to play for the poor; he played no longer for anybody—not even for himself; and if at times he felt a yearning towards his violin, he shut himself up in his chamber, and, double-locking his door, placed a mute on his instrument, and breathed music scarcely audible to the greedy ear. But to him—the great artist—this little was enough;—he heard the rest in heaven. Such was the man—such was the living shadow whom Berlioz discovered vehemently applauding the adventures and misfortunes of Harold. When the work was over, when the orchestra had sent its last sigh up to heaven, Paganini prostrated himself before him:—he could not speak, his voice failed, but not his enthusiasm. Never was enthusiasm more eloquent. And what did Berlioz? He looked around as though the puppet of a dream. He abandoned himself freely to that consolation which came from so high a quarter. How he would have triumphed had all his condemning judges been present at that moment! But no; he thought not of them—he thought not of the glory they denied him; he saw but Paganini—Paganini, who was at his feet;—he was dazzled—intoxicated. Thus, for the first time, we learned that Paganini was a man like other men, that his heart beat like other hearts, that his eye could shed tears, that his mind could comprehend as other minds, and that, consequently, there was nothing supernatural in the man, but his talent.

This event renewed the lease of existence for Berlioz. Hope returned, and with hope the consciousness of genius. He hurried home in triumph, just as he had set out on the first night of the opera. What were his feelings the next day, on receiving a letter from his saviour, containing these words—"*You will be Beethoven!*" And enclosed in the letter were twenty thousand francs, of which Paganini requested his acceptance. Twenty thousand francs! A fortune for Berlioz! For not merely was it twenty thousand francs, but three years of repose, study, liberty, and happiness.

* Jules Janin.

Paganini thus rendered a double service to Berlioz; he restored him self-confidence, and at the same time accorded him the leisure necessary to the cultivation of his genius. He—a stranger—did for the poor French artist what not a crowned head in Europe could have done. Rare benefaction! Benefaction which the obliged might accept, not only without blushing, but with glory to himself, and the full liberty of exclaiming to all comers, "Behold my benefactor!" Who would have believed, however, that Paganini, the hard-hearted and avaricious Paganini, could have been the man to offer so great an example of well-directed generosity! In these times Paganini is the only gentleman in Europe who has given us a specimen of the traditionary magnificence of Francis the First and his court.

Let us praise him for his liberality, and the singular *esprit d'àpropos*, which induced him to come to the assistance of one of the most undoubted-geniuses of the day; that inflexible mind which has never condescended to flatter the silly caprices of the crowd; that bar of iron which knows not how to bend; that rebellious spirit which prefers rather to remain unknown than to offer incense to the plebeian ear. If Berlioz has failed in his opera, it is because he did not choose to succeed. He carried his wild independence to such an extent that, if by chance he lighted upon one of those sparkling phrases, so much admired by the French, he cast away the unoffending tune, as a gardener would cast away a parasite. And thus he failed. But, had he succeeded, he would not have encountered the enthusiastic sympathy of Paganini. J. J



PAULINE LUCCA, having much improved in health, has returned from Italy to Vienna, but will probably not sing again till she appears at the Royal Italian Opera.

THE remains of the once-famous Catalani, who died at Paris in 1849, will shortly be removed to Pisa, and laid in the vault beneath the marble monument erected to her by her three sons.

ROME (*Correspondence*). — Goldmark has written to thank Mancinelli for the care he took in getting up and conducting *La Regina di Saba* at the Teatro Apollo.—Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* is to be again performed during the approaching spring season at the Teatro Costanzi.—Nannetti, the well-known bass, is here.—Before leaving Rome for Bilboa, Gayarre was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by some of his fellow countrymen resident in the Eternal City.—Marchesi (director of the Palestra Musicale), Salvi, and others well known in the world of art, propose to get up a joint-stock company for the purpose of establishing here a permanent opera.

NEW YORK.—The concert of the Philharmonic Club at Chickering Hall on Tuesday night, April 4, crowned the work of the season. The programme appealed to the taste of lovers of the higher order of chamber music. It began with Spohr's Quintet in D minor, op. 130, for pianoforte and strings, and ended with Mendelssohn's Octet. Between these pieces were two new compositions composed by Rafael Joseffy—an "Evening Song" for quintet of strings, and a "Pastorale," for strings and flute, the instruments played by the Club members—as well as three pianoforte pieces by Richard Hoffman, who also played the pianoforte part of the quintet and in it exhibited brilliant execution backed by intelligence, taste, and judgment. Mr Hoffmann afterwards gave one of Schumann's "Noveletten," a familiar gavotte by Bach, and a transcription of the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony.

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a lyric theatre. It is let for three months, beginning on the 1st May, to M. Brunn, who, if report can be trusted, intends to produce a three-act comic opera by M. George Roze.—M. Talandier, a radical deputy, has given notice of an amendment to the budget with a view to abolishing subsidies to theatres. There is not much chance of its being adopted.

—o—

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

A recent number of the *Liverpool Mercury* has a report of an important meeting lately held in that city in aid of the Royal College scheme, and a leaderette on the same topic. Mr Rensburg was the leading supporter of the scheme, and Mr T. L. Paget also spoke at some length in the same direction. The arguments presented by some of the speakers would, if space permitted, be open to some criticism, though the speeches were characterized by much earnestness. The fault of the meeting was the one which has characterized all such meetings—the silence of the best known and practical men of the musical profession. Persons of social position are valuable contributors to the success of any scheme, but the real *esprit de corps* must come from the professors of the science or art presumably to be advanced by the given scheme in hand. What would be thought of the Royal Academy of Painting or the College of Surgeons being nursed almost exclusively by outside laymen? However, when all the lay talk is over, much of which is actually doing injury to the scheme by its obvious want of insight into the requirements and condition of our national musical life, then it is to be hoped our professional musicians will break their present somewhat ominous silence. It is useless to expect real progress in the undertaking until the artistic world itself is seriously and properly invited to encourage and to forward the scheme. The sooner such an invitation for help is extended to the profession, and the sooner their assistance is not limited to the position of merely being asked to give money, the better for all concerned. The world at large will then, indeed, be more induced to believe in the possible realization of the earnest efforts of the promoters. The following letter from a well-known hand appears in the columns of the *Musical Times*:—

Sir,—If the new Music School which our Royal Family has so ably and eloquently inaugurated is to be considered a National Institution, worthy of national support, allow me to say there must be some alteration in its scheme. It was expressly stated at the meeting at St James's that the hundred free scholarships, to which the generous British public are asked to contribute, were to be thrown open to all comers and to all nations. In that case, surely, the school would be international and continental rather than national; and its advantages would appear to be intended chiefly for our poorer neighbours across the channel. Foreign musicians stand in no need of such assistance. They have their own State-supported conservatoires all over the continent. Moreover, they have always received the most cordial support and patronage in this country, from the time of Handel downwards. If the new school is to be considered National, its scholarships must be confined exclusively to the children of English parents, born on English soil, and its musical direction placed in the hands of English musicians. Unless this condition be carried out, it is not difficult to foretell that the school will meet with but short-lived success, like the last National venture, and the British public will soon tire of contributing to its support.—Yours faithfully, A. S. C.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I hear that Professor Donaldson has pointed out the same defect, at a meeting which took place recently at Glasgow.

These words deserve serious consideration. England has never, and it is to be hoped never will hesitate to recognize and employ foreign talent and skill; but the scheme standing on a national basis and to be supported by national means should at least secure its free scholarships for the education of British-born subjects. It is to be hoped that no thought or consideration will be wanting, and no point overlooked in discussing the future of the Royal College of Music; and its best friends cannot but desire the fullest consideration of all it is proposed to do in connection therewith.

A stone tablet has been placed in the library of the Liceo, Bologna, in memory of Gaetano Gaspari, formerly librarian of the institution.

THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

Those who witnessed the production of Wagner's music-drama, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, at Bayreuth, must have regarded it as specially belonging to the "future," so far as concerned England. The vast scheme of the work—a play that occupies four nights—the novelty of its character, its executive difficulty, and the doubtfulness of its reception, were obstacles that appeared insurmountable. The idea of transferring the *Nibelung's Ring* to an English stage was, therefore, so completely dismissed, that we deemed ourselves favoured beyond measure when, at the so-called Wagner Festival, certain selections were given as concert pieces. Life, however, is full of surprises, and it is always the unexpected that happens. The great Festival play is in progress of being transferred to England, and next month will attract the neutral curious, and the partizan enthusiastic, to Her Majesty's Theatre. One is tempted to ask what could have induced Mr Angelo Neumann and Messrs Schultz-Curtius to enter upon so grave an enterprise. It costs many thousands of pounds to engage a large London Theatre, and bring from Germany a complete executive corps, with dresses, scenery, and appointments complete. Besides, it does not appear that the English public have felt a consuming anxiety to test the gold of the *Nibelung's Ring*. There has been no pining for the opportunity of doing this, nor has any section of our people assumed the attitude of the African in missionary books, and cried to the priests of the Wagner cult, "Come over and help us!" This may be a shameful truth, but then the vast mass of us are Philistine folk; and who looks to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles? The question assumes another aspect when we consider that London takes high rank among German cities. It has a Teutonic population, which, if transferred to the Fatherland, would be a perceptible addition to the conscription list. Nor is this colony an exception to the rule which makes a patriot among strangers particularly jealous for his country. It is the most natural thing in the world for Germans whom good or evil fortune have exiled from their native soil to assist at the apotheosis of their national heroes. As a matter of fact, they do so here whenever opportunity allows; above all, when Wagner is concerned. He, bold, aggressive, revolutionary, is to them in art what Bismarck, the eagle, "screaming (and scheming) for the thrones of kings," is in statecraft; and of all this the managers of the present enterprise no doubt take due account. It must be confessed that Germans are chiefly concerned. At the memorable supper given to Wagner at Bayreuth in 1876, the guest of the evening remarked that he had bestowed upon Germany—not upon the world—"a new art," suited to the temperament and tastes of the race. The Italians, he observed, have a lyric drama which satisfies them, and as much may be said of the French—why should not the Fatherland be equally well provided? Why not, indeed? But the "new art" comes to England as an exotic. It was never intended for us, and, should we find it disagree with our preferences, the result will neither be surprising nor an impeachment of the inventor's skill. Accepting the announcements made, there is every reason to anticipate an adequate representation of the music-drama. Mr Neumann promises a good sample of the best talent on the German lyric stage, an orchestra and chorus of repute, and the scenery, &c., used at Bayreuth in 1876. Moreover, the performances are placed under the direction of Herr Seidl, whose name is coupled with a testimonial of exceptional merit from none other than Wagner himself. So far, good; at the same time, it would be idle to look for the marvellous perfection exhibited in the old Franconian city six years ago. We cannot hope to hear again such an orchestra as was then directed by Herr Richter, nor to be called upon for such admiration as was excited by the finished result of three months' arduous rehearsal. The power of comparison, however, is in few hands. Most of those who witness the *Nibelung's Ring* at Her Majesty's Theatre will do so for the first time, and may be trusted, amid their wonder, puzzlement, boredom, or delight, not to have room for the consciousness of disadvantage.

Much was written in these columns and elsewhere concerning Wagner's trilogy at the time of its first representation, but much is

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forgotten in six years, and it may not be amiss, without trespassing upon ground better reserved for future occupation, to give some general idea of the scope and character of the work. The distinctive principles by which the poet-composer was guided are few in number, easily set forth, and understood without difficulty, save when expounded with amazing volubility and cloudiness by Wagner himself. They are the superiority of the myth as poetic subject matter, the absolute subordination of music to poetry, and such an enlargement of the domain of music as shall make it not only appeal to feeling, but to mental perceptiveness, which recognizes therein continual and elaborate suggestion of motives, situations, and characters. It cannot be necessary to point out with minuteness how sharply this theory separates the new German art from that which we know as opera. Opera does not ignore the myth, it is true, but largely prefers events in historical or social life. At the same time it sacrifices everything to musical effect, and to the real or imaginary claims of the art; while it is no less exclusively devoted to the simple, direct, and natural function of music—namely, the excitation of feeling appropriate to the dramatic situation, or, of merely pleasurable sensations. The *Nibelung's Ring* is a supreme illustration of Wagner's carefully elaborated theory. Its subject exists in the region of pure myth, and has been stripped by the poet of whatever human interest gathered round it in the course of transmission through many ages. Pagan in its origin, the German race associated the legend with Christianity, recast many of its characters in a mould akin to that of Christian chivalry, and gave them rank and position in settled states. On the other hand, we find the myth unadulterated among the traditions of Iceland and the far north. There it exists in all its extravagance, its terror, and its pathos, with a plentiful admixture of the supernatural, and a mingling of gods and men common to the primitive legends of every race. It was to the Icelandic myth that Wagner went, and his drama is one of supernatural Paganism—a setting forth of a protracted contest for dominion, typified by the miraculous Ring, between the gods of Walhalla and the powers of the nether world. Humanity enters into this as by a side door, and the beings who represent it are far removed from our consciousness. Wagner did well, perhaps, to discard the "purely human" of the Nibelungen story, and give his preference to gods, giants, dwarfs, and their half-human progeny, even though it be hard to say which class bears the palm for qualities looked upon in these latter days as contemptible. The men of the Nibelungen are a terrible company. "Torture and carnage," says M. Taine, "greed of danger, fury of destruction, obstinate and frenzied bravery of an over-strong temperament, the unchaining of the butcherly instincts—such traits meet us at every step in the old Sagas. The daughter of the Danish Jarl, seeing Egil taking his seat near her, repels him with scorn, reproaching him with 'seldom having provided the wolves with hot meat, with never having seen for the whole autumn a raven croaking over the carnage.' But Egil seized her and pacified her by singing 'I have marched with my bloody sword, and the raven has followed me. Furiously we fought, the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates.'" With like delectable company the reader of the Nibelungen Saga mixes, and he may prefer Wotan and Alberich, the supernatural antagonists, who, instead of providing the wolves with hot meat, seek to outwit each other "in ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." It is at least conceivable that Wagner might have lighted upon a myth more worthy of his genius. We do not deny that the poem of the *Nibelung's Ring* exemplifies the eternal truth that lust of power brings evil, and that redemption comes through the love that expiates; nor can we refuse to recognize in the hero Siegfried and the heroine Brunnhilde characters cast in a truly heroic mould; but these things are a little leaven, barely equal to leavening the whole gigantic lump of that which, in its exceeding "far-removedness," touches us nowhere, or only does so to disgust and repel. Take away Siegfried, with his Brunnhilde, and the remainder is trickery, lies, and crime, culminated in incest and murder. The lesson of the drama, it seems to us, might be taught in a simpler and nobler fashion. At the same time the glamour thrown around it by the genius of the poet must receive frank acknowledgment. We cannot choose but hear when the ancient mariner of Bayreuth tells his wondrous tale. "The wedding guest, he beat his breast," and so may we, but we listen all the same. Into the general question of the superiority of the myth for purposes of lyric drama there is no space to enter. Enough that we vainly examine the *Nibelung's Ring* for proof that such superiority exists. The great lessons of human life, with which genuine drama has to do, should be worked out by men and women, not by a lot of impossible creatures whose only connection with humanity lies in the fact that they sprang from the imagination of a dark, superstitious, and ferocious age.

In his musical treatment of the *Nibelung's Ring*, Wagner shows most clearly what he means by the subordination of music to poetry. No work from his pen already known to English audiences does so to the same complete extent, for even in *Lohengrin* the influence of established form is great if not precisely dominant. But the trilogy will not allow established form to be represented by even a rag of its venerable, and, as some may now contend, tattered garment. The huge drama goes on regardless of music. Its characters soliloquise and hold long conversations just as though another art were not concerned, save that their intonations and inflections are regulated by musical signs. Of vocal melody, as the term is generally understood, there can be little under such conditions, and Wagner makes very few departures from the spirit of his theory. Occasionally, a symmetrical phrase occurs; but for the most part the actors are required to declaim rather than sing, musical interest being thus confined to the orchestra. As in pure drama it rarely happens that two people speak at once, Wagner sets his face against concerted vocal music, though he does not entirely discard it. He would have some difficulty in justifying or explaining his practice, if not his theory, on this point. The Rhine daughters sing together, so do the Walkyries, and so do Gunther's men as they greet their master and Brunnhilde. But if concerted utterance be permissible in these cases why not in others where it would even more naturally be expected? Why, for example, are all the spectators dumb when Hagen plunges his spear into Siegfried's back, and when the body of the hero is borne in solemn procession to the house? This, however, is a very minor matter by comparison with the principle which reduces music to the place of a mere attendant upon poetry—a place analogous to that of a groom who rides behind his mistress, with no power to influence her direction or her pace. We cannot believe that Wagner has definitely settled the relative position of the two arts. He has, as far as his own personal action goes, revolutionized a system universal, long established, and mainly founded, as we believe, on the nature of things. But all facts, even those most nearly connected with himself, show that he cannot influence others. According to his principle, he should be the poet Wagner first, the musician Wagner next. Which is he? Men should consider his poetry first, his music next. Which do they so prefer? When the *Nibelung's Ring* is performed have the listeners ears for music before verse, or verse before music? Which do they the more discuss? and which the more seriously justify or condemn? It is vain to contend against facts like these, because they are surface indications of that which lies too deep for uprooting. Granted that music has long unduly prevailed over poetry, and committed all manner of extravagance, the rightful superiority is hers in any case, and the substituted despotism of poetry is but the adoption of one evil in place of another.

With regard to the peculiar power with which Wagner has endowed his *Nibelungen* music, by an elaborate system of representative themes, we must take another opportunity of speaking. The subject is far too interesting for brief and hasty treatment.

The season at the Teatro Regio, Turin, was brought to a close with the 30th performance of Ponchielli's *Gioconda* and the 45th of *Excelsior*.

MILAN.—During the season lately terminated the works performed at the Scala were *Guillaume Tell*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Sonnambula*, *Bianca di Cervia*, *L'Hérodiade* and *Simon Boccanegra*.

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WAIFS.

A concert has been given in Boston (U.S.) in aid of the Russian Jewish Refugees.

Verdi's *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* has been well received in Bordeaux.

Lecocq's buffo-opera, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, is thought well of at the Hague.

The Austrian pianist, Alfonsina von Weiss, has been playing at Madrid.

Lola Beeth's engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is for three years.

Tamberlik is the famous Roman—not *Russian*—tenor. Perish the thought!

Fassò is appointed to succeed Pedrotti as Director of the Liceo Musicale, Turin.

Mr F. B. Jewson is passing the Easter holidays at his favourite retreat, Ramsgate.

The fourth centenary of the invention of printing will be celebrated in Vienna on the 24th June.

Mdme Reicher-Kindermann, of the Leipsic Stadttheater, has been "starring" in Bremen.

The sometime defunct Italian musical and theatrical journal, *La Scena*, has been resuscitated.

A zarzuela, *Catalanes de Gracia*, music by Albeniz, is underlined at the Teatro Eslava, Madrid.

Il Duca d'Alba was to be performed for the first time at the San Carlo, Naples, on the 15th inst.

Dr Hans von Bülow is engaged to be married to Fräulein Schanzer, of the Meiningen Court Theatre.

A new National Theatre is to be constructed, with the express sanction of the Czar, at Moscow.

Talazac, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, sang on Thursday in Passion Week in a Sacred Concert at Lille.

Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic, have published a biography of Luigi Boccherini, written by G. G. Guidi.

Theodore Semet's comic opera, *Die Grille von Berry*, has been produced at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Colonne is to conduct this year the classical concerts of the Portuguese Musical Association, Lisbon.

Mdlle Durand has returned from Moscow to Florence, where she intends taking a holiday till the autumn.

Johann Strauss's last buffo opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, is being performed at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

Mapleson's Italian Opera company was to sing for a fortnight in Philadelphia, commencing on the 17th inst.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has conferred on Ludwig Klee, Berlin, the title of "Ducal Music-Director."

Henri Panofka, the well-known professor of singing, has been created officer of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Donizetti's "posthumous" work, *Il Duca d'Alba*, will be performed next season at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, with Ferni-Germano as the heroine, has been performed at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

It is said that Herr Neumann intends including Italy among the countries to be visited by his *Niebelungen* company.

The Philharmonic Society, Malaga, under the direction of Regino Martinez, lately celebrated its thirteenth anniversary.

Espin y Guillen, Agero, and Hernandez y Santa-Marina, are appointed professors at the National School of Music, Madrid.

Carl Heymann, the pianist, has announced a second series of concerts in Moscow. They were to commence on the 16th inst.

Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* was performed, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, at the tenth Gürzenich Concert, Cologne.

M. Alexandre Guilmant's organ recitals at the Trocadero, Paris, are to commence on Thursday, May 4, and to continue until June 1.

Carmen and *Mignon* are promised for the summer season at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples, where Virginia Ferni is said to be engaged.

Count Zichy, the one-handed amateur pianist, took part in the annual concert for the benefit of the Austro-Hungarian Relief Society at Dresden.

Higginson is reported to have lost 10,000 dols. by the first season, just terminated, of the Boston (U.S.) Symphony Society, conducted by Henschel.

Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, with connecting text by E. Devrient, has been given by the Vocal Association, Torgau, under the direction of Dr Otto Taubert.

On the 4th inst., the Singakademie, Glogau, gave a performance of J. S. Bach's Cantata: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

The House of Commons used to be considered the best Club in London. It is fast degenerating into a second-rate Music-hall—only without the harmony.—Punch.

Flotow, composer of *Martha*, *Stradella*, and other very remarkable operas, will be seventy on the 27th inst. His friends in Vienna intend duly to celebrate the event.

Mühlsteph, organist, in Berlin, celebrated on the 4th inst. his fiftieth professional anniversary. The Organists' Association got up a little festival in honour of the event.

Henry E. Abbey leaves America for this country next month, to complete the arrangements for his contemplated autumn operatic season at the Grand Opera House, New York.

The Brussels Society of Music, under Joseph Mortens, will shortly give a performance of Franz Liszt's *Légende de Sainte Elisabeth*, at which the composer has promised to be present.

Giuseppina Zimmermann, formerly of the Victoria, Berlin, and now at the Walhalla, in the same capital, has been engaged for three years as *première danseuse* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

It is asserted that Ferrari, manager of the Italian Opera at Buenos-Ayres, intends giving Massenet's *Hérodiade*, with Borghi-Mamo, Tamagno, and Bottestini in the chief characters.

A slight panic, caused by the scenery catching fire from a pistol-shot, occurred recently at the Teatro Goldoni, Modena, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

An engineer at Nantes has invented a machine called the "Automatic Extinctor," which, after giving instant warning of a fire in a theatre or elsewhere, will set off to aid in putting out the flames.

A new weekly paper, *La Musica Populare*, has been started by Sonzogno. The first number contains a portrait of Adelina Patti, and the air, "Se cerca, se dice," from Metastasio's *Olimpiade*, set to music by Pergolese.

Mr Gwyllym Crowe, the conductor of the autumnal Promenade Concerts last year at the Royal Italian Operahouse, is still, and has been during the past week, seriously ill, and his medical attendant forbids him attending to business matters for the present.

The will and codicil of the late Dowager Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens) has been proved by her niece, Miss Esther Matilda Johnston, to whom she has bequeathed all her real and personal estate. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £71,000.

Mr Barton McGuckin will not be able to sing the tenor music in Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost* at the Philharmonic Society's concert (announced for the 27th, but postponed until the 29th inst., in consequence of the Royal wedding), as he has to sing that evening at Dublin, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, in Balfe's *Moro, or the Painter of Antwerp*.

Bizet's *Carmen*, owing, as we learn from a correspondent in Florence, to the worse than mediocrity of the performance, has not been attractive at the Pagliano. So much the worse for the Pagliano and the Florentines, always the last to understand the merits of anything in the operatic way that, by accident, may overstep the boundaries of their somewhat limited faculty of appreciation.

The theatres in Madrid, without exception, are to undergo supervision, with a view to such alterations and modifications as may ensure, in a greater or lesser degree, the safety of the public in case of fire. The catastrophe at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, lamentable as it was, would seem to have made an impression so deep and universal that much good is likely to come of it.

Mary Liszt, a pupil of Mdme Marchesi's and lately at the Milan Scala, is engaged at the Royal Opera, Berlin, for a two months' trial, with a view to succeeding Lilli Lehmann (Wagner's original Flosshilde). After singing in St Petersburgh, Lilli Lehmann was to appear on the 13th and 15th inst. in Prague. She next fulfils an engagement simultaneously with Marianne Brandt and Niemann, at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Donizetti's "Posthumous" Opera, *Il Duca d'Alba* is in rehearsal at the San Carlo, Naples. That it will be given at every musical town in Italy may be taken for granted; as also that the vast majority of opera-goers who love music for itself, and (*pace* the "advanced" school) are by no means inclined to believe that Italian opera is dead, or even dying, that we are never more to listen to the flowing melodies of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Auber (as much influenced by Rossini as Rossini by Mozart), with other minstrels to whom song came as a natural utterance, and whose melodies, issuing from the primeval source, must live for ever, will have an ardent desire to hear it as soon as possible in England. For this result, devoutly to be wished, we must look to Mr Gye, whose

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great establishment, since the beginning, five-and-thirty years ago, has owed so much of its success to certain operas by the distinguished Bergamese composer, and so many of whose most esteemed *prime donne* have earned their fame as representatives of Lucia.—*Graphic.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—We have received the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden (Limited), which has been formed for the purpose of combining the two Italian Operas in London and of purchasing from the executors of the late Mr Frederick Gye the Covent Garden Opera House and Floral Hall, with the plant and contents, as well as the lease and goodwill of Her Majesty's Operahouse, with all its plant, scenery, &c., which the said executors have agreed to buy for that purpose. Mr Gye's decease would have necessitated some measure of the kind in order to facilitate the division of his estate, and the opportunity has been taken to renew the experiment made in 1869 of effecting an amalgamation of the interests of Mr Mapleson with those of Messrs Gye. The prospectus states that Mr Ernest Gye will act as managing director, while Mr Mapleson has agreed to give his exclusive services to the company for 10 years and to carry on the operatic business in the United States. It is arranged that a sum of £80,000, at present secured on Covent Garden Theatre, will remain on mortgage, at 4 per cent., and will be redeemable at any time. The capital of the company is £200,000, in 19,900 ordinary shares of £10 each, and 1,000 founders' shares, of £1 each. Of the former 4,000 have been subscribed at par, 2,900 are taken by the vendors, and the remaining 13,000 are now offered to the public. With regard to profits, after payment of a cumulative dividend of 5 per cent on the ordinary shares, one-half of all surplus profits will be divided among holders of ordinary shares and the remainder among holders of founders' shares. Holders of 25 shares or more will be entitled to a deduction from the prices of admission, both in this country and in the United States. Messrs Gye undertake not to carry on any operatic undertaking in opposition to the company.—*Times' City article.*

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WILLIAM SPARK, Mus. Doc.,

Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds.

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VOL. 60.—No. 17. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

First Appearance this Season of Mdme Albani.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 29, will be performed VERDI'S Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, Mdme Albani; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; Barone Duphol, Signor Scolara; Alfredo, Signor Frapolli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

MONDAY next, May 1, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS," concluding at the end of the Third Act. Valentina, Mdme Fürsch-Madi; Margherita di Valois, Mdme Valleria; Urbano, Mdme Trebelli; Conte di San Bris, Signor de Reszké; Conte di Nevers, Signor Cotogni; and Raoul di Nangis, Signor Mierswinsky. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI. The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle Reuters.

TUESDAY next, May 2, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Sembrich; Un Caprajo, Mdme Trebelli; Hoel, Signor Cotogni; and Corentino, Signor Frapolli.

THURSDAY next, May 4 (Subscription night, in lieu of Saturday, August 5), VERDI'S Opera, "AIDA" (to commence at 8.15). Aida, Mdme Fürsch-Madi; Amneris, Mdme Stahl (her first appearance in England); Amonasro, Signor Padolfini; and Radamès, M. Vergnet.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, April 29th, at Three. The programme will include Wedding March, composed in honour of the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany with H.R.H. the Princess Helen of Waldeck (first time of performance with orchestra); Overture, *Magic Flute* (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat, No. 1 (Liszt); Symphony in C (Schubert); Pianoforte Solos, "Ouvertura di Ballo" (Sullivan). Vocalist—Mrs Hutchinson. Solo Piano—Mdme Sophie Menter. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

MDLLE ALICE ROSELLI'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, STEINWAY HALL, May 2, at Half-past Eight. Artists—Misses Santley, Alice Roselli, Helen Meason, Lillia Reynolds, Mdme Enriquez, Miss Kipping; Mr W. H. Cummings, Frank May, and Mr Jessurun. Pianoforte—Mr Sidney Smith. Violin—Herr Joseph Ludwig. Conductors—Signor CIRO PINSUTI, Mr BIRD, and LINDSAY SLOPER. Stalls, 21s.; Reserved, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Admission, 1s.; to be had of Mdlle ALICE ROSELLI, 21, Halsey Street, Cadogan Square, S.W., and at the Hall.

MDME SOPHIE MENTER will give her LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL previous to her provincial tour, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY, May 5, at Three o'clock. Mdme Sophie Menter will play Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57 (Appassionata), and Selections from Handel, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Rubinstein, and Liszt. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

HERR S. LEHMEYER will give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS on WEDNESDAY, May 24, and WEDNESDAY, June 28, at ST JAMES'S HALL, New Room (entrance in Piccadilly, restaurant door), to commence at Eight o'clock. Herr Lehmeyer will play a selection of Classical Pianoforte Music on each occasion, and also introduce some of his best pianoforte pupils. Herr Lehmeyer will be assisted by one eminent vocalist on each occasion. Subscription Tickets for the two recitals, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 12s. 6d. For further particulars apply to Herr LEHMEYER, 67, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at St James's Hall.

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MISS COSFORD will sing Professor BERGSON'S new Song, "MIDNIGHT CHIMES," at Northampton next week.

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ON MONDAY, MAY, 15th, 1882, AT THREE O'CLOCK,

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ARTHUR SKETCHLEY and other Distinguished Artists will appear. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., to be obtained of Messrs Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mr Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith & Prowse, Langham Hotel and Cheapside.

MR SINCLAIR DUNN'S ENTERTAINMENT, "SONGS OF BRITAIN," TUESDAY, May 2, at the LONDON ART GALLERIES, 23, Baker Street, Portman Square. Artists: Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Ella Hall, and Mr Sinclair Dunn. Admission by Ticket—Reserved Seats, 4s.; Unreserved, 2s.

MR SINCLAIR DUNN, Scottish Tenor, has been engaged to give his popular Entertainment, "A NIGHT WITH SCOTCH POETS," at Kensington Palace, on Wednesday, 24th May.

MR GEORGE GEAR'S CONCERT, TUESDAY next, May 2, at Three o'clock, ST GEORGE'S HALL. Miss Anna Williams, Mdme A. Paget, Mdme Patey, Mr Percy Blandford. Violin, Miss K. Chaplin; harp, Mr Oberthür; pianoforte, Mr George Gear. Accompanists, Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr H. Parker. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the Hall, and of Mr G. GEAR, 66, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR GEORGE GEAR will play works by Beethoven, Schumann, Niels Gade, and his own Sonata (No. 2), in C minor, at St George's Hall, on Tuesday next.

MADAME MARIE ROZE'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

MADAME MARIE ROZE will appear next week in CONCERTS at Dublin, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, under the direction of Mr N. Vert, to whom all communications should be addressed.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It will be within easy recollection that Mdme Sembrich made her most successful *début* at Covent Garden as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The triumph of that initial effort she sought to repeat on Thursday night, when her *rentrée* for the season was made. It is out of our power to say that the clever artist succeded, but we can suggest the reasons why she failed. In the first place, Mdme Sembrich is not now a new face and a new voice; wherefore the quidnuncs did not rush to see and hear. In the next place, *Lucia* has been so completely worn to rags and tatters by the constant use of its flimsy material that, lacking some fresh singer in the principal part, the public simply decline to attend. This explains the rather scanty audience of Thursday night, and also the absence of such enthusiastic demonstrations as attended Mdme Sembrich's first appearance. The artist, however, has not deteriorated. She sings as well as ever, displays the same facility of execution and range of voice, and exercises in full force qualities which anywhere and always must secure more than common distinction. We advise Mdme Sembrich to extend her repertory, if possible, in the direction of classic opera. She is, it appears, to play the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*, and the step is a wise one, to be followed, let us hope, by others of a similar kind. In any case she may be assured that the day when a *prima donna* could subsist in London upon a few showy parts, has passed never to return, It matters very little now who undertakes the male characters in Donizetti's opera, but we should add that Edgardo was represented by Signor Frapolli, in the absence of Signor Mierzwinsky, who was doubtless suffering from and repenting the imprudence of singing upon such a cold as he had on the opening night. Signor Pandolfini was a good Enrico, and Signor Silvestri an energetic Raimondo. Signor Bevignani conducted; the great *ensemble* of the contract scene being given under his direction with more than customary effect—enough, indeed to draw an encore from a solid house.

The opera on Saturday night was Gounod's *Faust*, to hear which the largest audience of the season, so far, gathered together, headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Time and change seem incapable of affecting the charm of this beautiful work, and for the phenomenon there are good reasons, needless of discussion here, though worth considering at a time when we are asked to accept something very different as the highest exemplification of lyric drama. A new Marguerite was to have appeared on Saturday night, in the person of Mdlle Olga Berghi, but the lady's name vanished from the bills at the last moment without reason being assigned. We may infer from this, and perhaps not be far wrong, that Mdlle Berghi, who is quite young, was tried, and found lacking in the experience necessary for an arduous part. In that case even her friends should applaud the postponement of her *début* till it can take place with less risk. Failing the new-comer, Mr Gye made use of the ever ready Mdme Valleria, who seems able to play anything and everything at the shortest notice. Mdme Valleria has long been familiar with the *rôle* of Marguerite, but the opportunity of appearing in it on the Covent Garden stage had never before come to her. Being come, she used it in a manner that must have surprised those of the audience who were not witnesses of her recent doings in Wagnerian opera. Mdme Valleria attempted little in the way of new development, such a course being hardly practicable, and decidedly dangerous, in the case of a character which so many gifted artists have combined to exhaust. But it was clear that she had made an intelligent study of Marguerite, and formed a definite conception to the task to be discharged. Hence there were no inequalities in the performance. The heroine's relation of the successive stages of the drama was clearly set forth, without undue effort and without leaving in the minds of witnesses a feeling of blankness and void. Mdme Valleria's impersonation could never be charged with lacking propriety. In the Jewel Scene, a natural and child-like delight with the baubles was as deftly exhibited as were, later on, the passion of love, the feeling of remorse, and an overwhelming sense of despair. Mdme Valleria's greatest success was made, perhaps, in the Church scene, throughout which she manifested a tragic power previously unsuspected. Of her singing it is needless to speak. That is always artistic, and animated by sympathetic qualities more than able to explain the encore awarded to the Jewel song. With a word of commendation for the Marta of Mdlle Ghiotti, and frank acknowledgment of the merit, not less surpassing than familiar, of Mdme Trebelli's Siebel, we come to a *débutant* in the person of M. Bouhy, whose continental fame was justified to the fullest extent by his impersonation of Mephistopheles. Mr Gye can be congratulated upon having secured a baritone-bass of marked distinction. True, M. Bouhy has been heard only in one part, but it is not rash to argue from one to all. The stamp of an artist is unmistakable, and the new Mephistopheles bore it as a knight of olden time bore his crest. M. Bouhy's performance was from first to last of finished excellence. He seems to have taken M. Faure for his model, both as actor and singer, the resemblance being occasionally striking in each respect. There were, however, certain points of dissimilarity; M. Bouhy inclining rather to the studied posturing of M. Petit, the Covent Garden Mephistopheles of some years ago, than to the less affected bearing of M. Faure. Comparisons aside, we have every reason to be satisfied with the new comer. The vibrato is rather prominent in his singing, but high qualities distinguish all he does, and his future appearances are already anticipated with interest. Signor Frapolli was a weak Faust, especially in the garden; Signor Cotogni impressed the audience deeply in Valentine's death scene; and M. Dupont, who had a warm greeting, presided with success over a performance which, taken for all in all, was not unworthy the traditions of the house.—*D. T.*

The Italian version of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* was given here on Monday evening. This masterpiece of the great Italian composer (produced for the French stage) is seldom available for performance, owing to the difficulty of finding a competent representative of the character of Arnoldo, whose music was written for a light French tenor voice with an exceptionally high range, commanding the rare "ut de poitrine." Signor Mierzwinsky, who joined this establishment last season, proved his fitness for the part by his fine singing in it on the night of his *début*, and subsequently. Fine as his performance then was, it was transcended by that of Tuesday evening, when he produced an impression such as has scarcely been made in the part since the days of Duprez, and later of Mongini. Indeed, seldom, if ever, has there been the same combination of robust, resonant tone, possession of the extreme high chest notes, and command of *mezza voce* and expressive cantabile, as manifested by Signor Mierzwinsky in his latest performance. In the fine duet with Tell in the first act and its preliminary recitative, in the grand trio with Tell and Walter in the second act, and in the final scena with the martial solo "Corriam," the qualities above enumerated were manifested with signal success. Many points might be singled out for unqualified commendation, among others the excellent declamation of the opening recitative "Il mio giuro," of the passages in the trio in which Arnoldo's patriotism is aroused, and those expressive of his determination to rescue Tell. As instances of genuine pathos may be specified the delivery of the exquisite phrases "Ah, Mathilde" in the duet with Tell, and of those in the great trio expressive of Arnoldo's anguish at the violent death of his father. In the love duet with Mathilde Signor Mierzwinsky also sang finely—with excellent *sostenuto*, and tender expression without affectation. It was, indeed, throughout a performance of special excellence; and is particularly welcome as giving the possibility of hearing one of the grandest productions of genius in the whole range of stage music, and one that is—from the cause already referred to—far too seldom given. As before, the music of Mathilde was sung by Mdme Valleria with much grace and refinement. One or two interpolations in the romanza, "Selva opaca," might well have been dispensed with, as such music—unlike much of Rossini's—scarcely admits of, much less invites, varied readings. Mdlle Velmi, in the small part of Jemmy (Tell's son), sang brightly in the concerted music of the first act, and with genuine pathos in the leave-taking with Tell, in the scene of the shooting ordeal. Signor Cotogni, as Tell, again acted with real dramatic power, and sang impressively, particularly in the scene just specified, and the co-operation of Signor De Reszke, as Walter, was—as before—of high value, especially in the great trio, the cast having included Mdlle Ghiotti, as Eduige (Tell's wife); Signor Scolara, as Gessler; Signor Raguer, as Melchtal; and Signor I. Corsi, as the fisherman. The admirable orchestral details were finely rendered, and the chorus-singing was generally good, more especially in the first *finale* and in the great scene of the meeting of the four cantons. The overture was brilliantly played, and had to be repeated from the *allegro*. In the preceding movements the important *obbligati* for violoncello, corno Inglese, and flute were excellently rendered, respectively by Mr E. Howell, M. Castegnier, and Mr Radcliff. The scenic effects were of the splendour usual at this house, and the elaborate ballet action included the skilful dancing of the three Mdlles Reuters. The performance of the opera was ably conducted by M. Dupont, Mr Betjemann having wielded the *bâton* during the ballet music.—*D. N.*

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 228.)

Scena and Aria.

The scena and aria, first introduced by Weber, varies from the Italian form of that name, and returns greatly to the form of the Italian cantata, and especially to the more rhythmic kind used by Purcell.

There is in the Weber scena and aria less recitative than in the Italian, and a greater number of cantabile and complete movements; and at the same time the recitative is not massed together at the beginning of the scene, but interspersed between the different movements, thus tending to keep up the declamatory effect throughout the piece. Weber, in fact, acts up to the principle enunciated by Gluck in his preface to *Alceste*: "The proper function of music is to second poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment and the interest of the situation, without interrupting or weakening it by superfluous ornament."

The scena for tenor in *Der Freischütz* begins with, or is introduced by, the waltz, which is finally lost in an orchestral phrase, suggestive of Max's passionate complaints of the evil influence hanging over him. These complaints are embodied in a short recitative of but three phrases, joined by orchestral interludes with like expression. The last interlude quits its passionate expression and closes with gentler feelings. Thoughts of the peace and joy that used to be with him, whether in his hunting or in Agatha's welcome of him, find expression in a complete movement. This is in a concise but perfect sonata form, beginning in E flat:

Ex. 160. *Moderato.*

with second thought in B flat, with second part, recapitulation of first thought and of main key, and with a full close.

The near approach of Zamiel, the evil spirit, though unseen by Max, recalls to his mind the gloomy thoughts; the music is no longer cantabile but in recitative, broken and fitful. Here comes into play what has since been called *leit-motif*, or *leading tune*. This is a phrase of music, or a particular device in instrumentation, or even a few notes only, equivalent to what in letters would be called an expression or a by-word, which is always introduced with the appearance or suggestion of a particular character or thought in the piece of music. In this case it is a *tremolo* for the violins, with a syncopated accent with other instruments, which is always used in this opera when the evil spirit appears or is thought of:

Ex. 161.

With the disappearance of Zamiel, thoughts of Agatha return, and the music is cantabile, in a simple, though complete form, with half-way cadence, full cadence, and codetta:

Ex. 162. *Andante con moto.*

A second time Zamiel appears, and renewed fears of evil influence come to Max, which this time are put into a quick movement, or cabaletta, of free rondo form. The principal subject of this is in C minor:

Allegro con fuoco.

Ex. 163.

the episode in E flat:

Ex. 164.

after which the principal key returns with new ideas in the same train of thought:

Ex. 165.

and the song is thus carried to the end.

The great scena for soprano in the same opera, containing the air, "Softly sighs," is a yet closer return to the Purcell form of the Italian cantata, as it has a greater number of alternations of recitative and rhythmic cantabile. Even in the final rondo, or cabaletta, the declamatory effect is brought in again for a moment after the episode and before the recapitulation of the principal subject.

Olivrria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

MDME MENTER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

The remarkable executive ability of Mdme Sophie Menter was shown last season in a light so striking that her reappearance at St James's Hall on Monday afternoon naturally—we had almost said necessarily—drew thither a large number of amateurs eager to renew acquaintance with a rarely gifted performer. Mdme Menter, as usual, addressed herself to an arduous programme, and played from memory no less than fourteen compositions, one of which—Schumann's "Carnaval"—is well-nigh a host in itself. Her rendering of some of these works, notably of that just named, may have called forth different opinions, and, as we believe, was not wholly beyond criticism. Mdme Menter kept her audience wondering, but wonder is not synonymous with admiration; nor, though astonished at the muscular power displayed, and at the facility which made ten fingers seem to be doing the work of twenty, could we approve a style of execution that apparently had no higher purpose. For the time Mdme Menter sank the artist in the executive machine. Not so in other parts of the programme. She played two movements by Scarlatti with delightful and appropriate simplicity. Two studies by Henselt also received justice, and afforded examples of real interpretive art; while in Liszt's very pleasing transcriptions of Schubert's "Morgenständchen" and "Wohin" Mdme Menter appeared at her best, giving, of course, unqualified satisfaction. The accomplished lady is one of the few who are in genuine sympathy with Chopin, and five selections from his works showed her preference for that master. Finally came Liszt's arrangement of the overture to *Tannhäuser*, which must have sent the audience away marvelling that the adapter ever expected anybody to play it; and, still more, that it was played in deed and in truth without the loss of a note. Mdme Menter gives a second recital on May 5, when Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" will be a leading feature.—*D. T.*

Scraps from America (*Correspondence*).—New Orleans subscribes 19,000 dollars for three months of French opera.—Etelka Gerster will be among the singers at the New York May Festival.—The thirteenth Sängerfest will be held in Philadelphia in June.—Theodor Thomas has decided to adopt the English Philharmonic pitch at the New York Musical Festival in May.—Mrs Osgood will prolong her stay in America for, at least, another twelve months.—Mdme Christine Nilsson has, it is said, signed a six months' engagement, beginning in September, for a tour.

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MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

A new season of these concerts began in St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, under circumstances interesting enough to attract a very large audience. We need not examine the scheme of the new campaign—amateurs are more or less familiar with it—in order to prove that Mr Ganz is a skilful caterer for public taste. That fact has already been demonstrated, after a fashion beyond cavil, and was but confirmed by the programme of Saturday, wherein novelty and familiar excellence were combined, with a due regard for varied preference. The *laudatores temporis acti* had a good time with Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (No. 4), the overture to *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and a chorus for female voices from Glück's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. They had, in point of fact, the lion's share of the provision made, and were no more inclined to complain than the lordly brute who takes all he needs and leaves the rest to his humble and hungry courtiers. Whether the balance of the auditors grumbled or not is a distinct question; but one concerning which we need hardly trouble ourselves. The people who look upon Beethoven and Mendelssohn as among the vestiges of a pre-artistic world are, let us hope, a minority not to be taken into serious account. As regards the works just named, we have to deal only with their performance, which came fully up to the standard of previous seasons. The solo violin in Mendelssohn's Concerto was played by an artist, Herr Ondricek, who made his first appearance under Mr Ganz's *bâton*, and achieved a frank success. Herr Ondricek is a young man whose art should not be measured by his years. His tone, somewhat small in volume, is pure in quality; he uses the bow with singular freedom and power, and his rendering of *cantabile* passages shows true artistic feeling. In the last-named respect justice was done to Mendelssohn's tuneful and expressive themes, those of the slow movement especially gaining by the artist's delivery. The *bravura* passages, on the other hand, were somewhat marred by what seemed jerkiness, but was only exaggerated accent—a very good fault, leaning distinctly to the side of merit, and easily cured. Herr Ondricek will, no doubt, be heard from time to time during the rest of the season.

For the lovers of novelty at this concert, Mr Ganz provided a a work never before performed by an English orchestra. It bears the name of Franz Liszt, and represents that ambitious composer's view, in music, of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. As a matter of course, it covers all the ground, giving, in the first place, a tone-picture of hell; next, of purgatory; and, last, of heaven. One of these themes might have been thought sufficient for even an extraordinary man, but Liszt could hardly venture upon detaining an audience in the Inferno for the whole duration of a symphonic poem, and it was not to be expected that he would keep out of it altogether. Modern composers of a certain school love to work within a measurable and easily traversable distance of the nether regions, and the phenomenon deserves remark and study. We will not go so far as to say that they derive their inspiration thence; that they have a natural affinity with hot and sulphurous atmosphere, or that they are impelled by an instinct of consanguinity with the proper denizens of the abyss. It is more likely that, in a sensation-loving age, they find demons and blue fire pay. What would a Richardsonian drama be without its ghost? a country fair without the gentleman who consumes blazing tow? or a Christmas pantomime without a grotesque incarnation of devilry? Composers of the Liszt school ask a like question concerning their music and it must be said for them that they give it a practical answer. Hence the world of art has come to be filled, as far as they can fill it, with a mixed lot of fiends and spectres, variously engaged, but always in a congenial way. You cannot open a modern score now without a suspicion of brimstone, or listen to a modern orchestra without dread of shrieks and wailings accentuated by the triple bark of Cerberus. Liszt revels in the Inferno and seems at home there, while a good many of Saturday's audience appeared well content to bear him company. Every one to his taste, of course; but we venture to suggest that the rightful dwellers down below are entitled to complain of the way in which they are musically represented.

Song and story witness that the Inferno does not lack an ear for sweet sounds, with which, for example, Orpheus "half-redeemed his lost Eurydice." However, we may leave it to settle the matter with the composers concerned all in due time. Criticism of the first movement of Liszt's Symphony would be a waste of labour. Those who admire it do so with the fanaticism that transcends reason; and those who dislike it do so with an intensity that needs no deepening. Among the second class we have the honour to reckon ourselves. The "Purgatory" takes us into a quieter but still a complaining region, where short phrases for various instruments, often unaccompanied, answer each other in monotonous succession, with intervening pauses concerning which it was once said by an irreverent American critic that they were devoted to an examination of the thermometer. Finally we reach "Heaven," and listen to a "Magnificat" sung by female voices upon a Gregorian theme, with organ as well as orchestral accompaniment. Here, as indeed in each movement, occasional charming effects, heightened by contrast, are produced; but the impression left by the entire work is one of vast design and feeble accomplishment. Liszt is a composer of magnificent purposes. He should dream symphonies, not write them. With the pen in hand he resembles the king in the parable who began to build and had not wherewith to finish. All the same, let Mr Ganz be praised for affording another opportunity of discovering this fact, and for taking the great pains necessary to such a performance as was given.—*D. T.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday evening, April 22:—

Sonata, in F minor, Op. 65, No. 1, organ (Mendelssohn)—Miss Alice Robinson, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song (MS.), "The Broken Flower" (Maria Pope, student)—(accompanist, Miss Maria Pope)—Miss Annie Taylor, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr F. Walker; Sanft und mit Empfindung, und Schnell und Beweglich, from seven Characteristic Pieces, Op. 7, Nos. 1 and 4, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Annie Daymond, pupil of Mr R. E. Eyers; Romance, in A flat (MS.), violoncello and pianoforte (Herbert Smith, student)—Mr W. C. Hann and Mr Herbert Smith, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Piatti, and Mr Fitton; Aria, "L'Addio" (Mozart)—(accompanist, Miss E. Bull)—Miss Helen Watkis, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Sonata, in A flat, pianoforte (Spohr)—Miss Dora Bright, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Trio, "Memory" (Henry Leslie)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Miss Kate Goodwin, Miss Fenn, and Mr Lewis, pupils of Mr Fiori; Trio, in G minor (M.S), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (George John Bennett, student)—Mr G. J. Bennett, Mr Tonking, and Mr W. C. Hann, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Sainton, and Mr Piatti; Two Musical Sketches, in B flat and G minor, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Margaret Richardson, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Song (MS.), "Peaceful Slumber" (Charles S. Macpherson—Sterndale Bennett scholar)—(accompanist, Mr Macpherson)—Miss Hilda Wilson, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Shakespeare; Rêverie, in E flat, violin (Henri Vieuxtemps)—(accompanist, Master Septimus Webbe)—Mr E. Prentice Chapman, pupil of Mr Ralph; Quartet, in E major (MS.), two violins, viola, and violoncello (H. Orsmond Anderton, student)—Mr Tonking, Mr E. H. Hann, Mr Starr, and Mr W. C. Hann, pupils of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr Sainton; Sacred Song, "The Lord is my Shepherd (Mudie)—(accompanist, Miss Lilian Munster)—Miss Johnson, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Romance, in G (MS.), pianoforte and violin (H. Douglas Redman, student)—Mr Redman and Mr Tonking, pupils of Mr Davenport, Mr Walter Macfarren, and Mr Sainton; Nocturne, in E flat (John Field), Across Country *(Chasse)* (Harold Thomas)—Mr Edward Croager, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas.

ST PETERSBURGH.—According to letters received from this capital, the German Theatre will henceforth cease to be a Government institution, and be carried on as a private speculation. The Italian Opera, on the other hand, is to be "Imperial." No important change has been made in the constitution of the French Theatre. Anton Rubinstein will be placed at the head of the Russian Opera-house.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

May-day will be celebrated this year in right good fashion at Burlington House, when at early morning the doors will be open to the public to enter and enjoy the art-blossomings of the season. As the may-pole has long ago been cut down and burnt, and the May-queen shorn by cynical civilization of her charms, the most becoming way now of spending the floral festival will be by visiting the Academy. On entering the first gallery the eye will be quickly caught by a picture (No. 64) by Munkacsy, in which a lady is seen arranging flowers for "la fête du papa," whilst her boy and girl are gleefully watching the progress of the task, and her littlest one, on the floor at her feet, is clutching with his tiny hands the loose and fallen petals. The subject is a simple one, and in the composition no labour is manifest. It does not seem a design, but rather the mere falling out of facts, seen for the moment, and then reproduced on canvas with marvellous realistic skill. Although the main subject is arrangement of flowers, there are no bright colours conspicuously placed, such as those used in nature by flowers to decoy the unsuspecting bee and other agents to labours of transmission. Munkacsy does not generally attract by bright hues; the present pic ure is dark in tone; the room, with its crowded furniture, is sombre; but upon the mass of shadow light falls, not in tricky flickers, but naturally upon the figures, and is reflected here and there from polished surfaces and glass of lamp and mirror. Close to the canvas the workmanship seems rough, but at the proper distance the strength of handling and loading of pigments work wonderful reality and life. Leighton's picture, "Wedded" (No. 71), will be found near the work of the famous Hungarian. A young woman leaning upon her husband's breast gazes into his eyes with rapture, tinged, however, with a shade of sadness — for do not doubt and fear follow mortals even in the fruition of their brightest hopes? The accomplished President is renowned as a draughtsman, and it will be taken for granted that the figures are perfect in symmetry of outline; the flesh tints partake not of the "red and white" of English beauty, but are darkened, as by an ardent sun, to resemble somewhat the monotony of dusky skin. The background is managed admirably with its cumulous clouds of tender glow overhanging water of deepest blue. Pettie's two pictures (Nos. 18 and 30) will command attention. The latter number is perhaps the more admirable. The Duke of Monmouth, bound by cords, is crawling on the ground to the feet of King James, and pleading abjectly for his forfeited life. The cold triumphant sneer of the relentless monarch contrasts well with the death pallor of the face lying at his feet, and the contrast is accentuated by the dark dress of the victor and the gay silks of the vanquished. Possibly some disappointment will be felt at Millais' "Dorothy Thorpe" (No. 43), but the author has treated the public to such magnificent displays of genius that ordinary skill fails to satisfy. On giving a last look in the room, a work by David Murray, "Glen Sannox" (No. 81), will force the visitor to pause and examine a powerful view taken in auld Scotland by one of those who love to study and depict the glories of their native land.

In the second gallery Cecil Lawson's "Blackdown" (No. 99) will attract the eye by force of colour dexterously applied. The unpretending sketch is drawn with strength and firmness. And, near here, Millais will be seen in force; his portrait of "Sir Henry Thompson" (No. 127) does full justice to the intellectual bearing of the renowned surgeon—a gentleman bound, in many ways, to art both musical and pictorial. "A Falling Barometer" (No. 128), by Brett, gives indications of dirty weather—the clouds tell it, the disturbed water shows it, the gull screams it, everything prophesies it but the vessel yonder, whose sails are as smooth and unbent as if the signs were all false. "A Pause in the Attack: Hougoumont, Waterloo" (No. 102), by Crofts, must not go unnoticed. The artist is wisely learning from his French brethren that episodes of great battles are the most interesting views of war. The English drummer, giving the wounded French soldier water to drink relieves, the horror spread around the scene. Such touches as these prove the poet as well as limner. Val Prinsep has done his best in "At the Golden Gate" (No. 163). No one will pass "Luncheon-time in a Venetian Sartoria" (No. 176), by Van Haanan, without making a halt, and the time will not be misspent. It is similar in character to former works exhibited. The girls, liberated from toil, are enjoying themselves with food and fun. One stands upon a chair to see how she looks in a fine dress she has been occupied upon; another is reading a letter that supplies merriment for a group lounging about the table, others are engaged in talking, whilst an elderly woman, the one in authority, looks upon the disorderly lot with surprise, annoyance and contempt. The picture is full of animation and humour. It is a source of satisfaction to know that in Mr Henry Woods, recently made an associate of the Academy, we have an Englishman equal in many respects to the foreigner just noticed. "Bargaining for an old master" (No. 182) is as full of colour, as replete with character, and perfect in detail, as Van Haanan's work. The detail is shown in the delineation of the multitudinous articles placed for sale by the old tradesman; the humour is shown in the two girls looking at the "old master" stretched out on the ground for inspection; and the quality of the colours, with their harmony, brilliancy, and disposition is asserted over the entire canvas. The youngest associate, in giving proof of the justice of his claims, has reflected honour on the entire body.

On some future occasion notices will be made upon Yeames's "Prince Arthur and Hubert" (No. 204), on Goodhall's "Memphis" (No. 212), on MacWhirter's "Ossian's Grave," Marks' "Lord Say" (No. 242), Herkomer's portrait of the Rev. W. H. Thompson (No. 251), on Pettie's "Palmer" (No. 251), Holt's wonderful portrait of "Captain Mitchell" (No. 260), Graham's "After Rain" (No. 274), Leslie's "Sally in our Alley" (No. 282), Long's Eastern subject (No. 302), Hook's "Caller Herrin'" (No. 303), Leighton's "Phryne") No. 307). The works of Dicksee, Broughton, McCulloch, Orchardson, Van Beers, A. Moore, White, Colin Hunter, Briton Riviere, John R. Reid, Elizabeth Butler, Fred Morgan, Waller, Pott, Henri Motte, Linton, Seymour Lucas, Stacey, Waterlow, Keeley Halswelle, Leader, Gow, D. W. Wynfield, Francesco Vinea, Collier, Wyllie, C. E. Johnson, Waite, and Joshua Mann—the works of all these excellent artists demand full and earnest consideration.

PENCERDD GWEFFYN.

—o—

AMPHIGOURI.

If you wish to be the rage on the operatic stage,
You must murder ev'ry air;
When you want to sing with feeling, you must gaze upon the ceiling
With a look of deep despair.
Though the inartistic nation may implore consideration
Be bestowed on time and bar,
The Æstheticals will mutter, "You're a really quite too utter
Operatic Evening Star."
Yes, ev'ry one will say,
As you trill your startling lay,
"If she can sing in this kind of style, that would be 'Burlesque' in *me:*
Why what a most unquestionable Queen of Song this Queen of Song must be!"

Would you give great satisfaction in the modern ballet action
That makes Covent Garden ring?
Pray be highly energetic in Quadrilles they call Æsthetic,
And gyrate with graceful swing.
Also dress in suit of sables, and go flying over tables
With a single agile bound;
Then skim a pretty fair way down a wide extensive stairway,
And retire whilst bowing round.
And ev'ry one will say
Of your light fantastic way:
"Though this is not precisely the style of dance we formerly used to see,
Yet what a very elevated kind of Art this kind of Art must be!"

SIDNEY SPRING.

To the joint authors of "Pinafore," "Penzance," and "Patience."

BAYREUTH.—The first two performances of *Parsifal*, on the 26th and 27th July, will be exclusively for members of the Patrons' Association. Then will come fourteen public performances on every following Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday, till the number is complete. Tickets, at thirty marks each, may be had from Herr Fr. Feustel, of this town.

VIENNA (*Correspondence*).—The following is, provisionally at least, the plan of campaign for the approaching season: Dvorak's *Bauer als Schelm* will be performed according to the Dresden version; Mdlle Bianca will appear as the heroine in Rheinthaler's *Kätthchen von Heilbronn*, and likewise take part in the revival of Bellini's *Puritani*. Leschetizky's *Erste Falte* is to be performed in conjunction with a new ballet, *Die schöne Melusine*. To the above works may perhaps be added Verdi's *Boccanegra*, Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*, and Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, with Herr Winkelmann, from Hamburgh, and Mdme Materna in the leading parts. Before adopting any decision as regards *Françoise de Rimini*, the management intend awaiting the result of a few more performances in Paris. A performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was given for the benefit of the Pension Fund, and drew one of the best paying houses ever known.

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SCHUBERT'S *ALFONSO UND ESTRELLA.*

(From a Correspondent in Vienna.)

Franz Schubert's three-act romantic opera, *Alfonso und Estrella*, has just been given at the Imperial Operahouse for the first time. "For the first time! The fact is hardly credible; we fancy we must be dreaming!" as says Herr Speidel of the *Fremdenblatt*, who then reminds us that the composer has been dead fifty-four years, and that the opera is nearly six years older. Schubert, too, was born in this capital and wrote the opera here. Liszt first produced it at Weimar in the first half of the fifties, and Hamburgh followed suit. "It has now," continues Herr Speidel, "become a possibility in Vienna, and we are glad such is the case, for a debt of honour to a local genius has thus been discharged. It was with more curiosity than interest that the general public went to the Opera yesterday evening" (the 13th inst.). "The lyrical treatment of the first act is a little spun out, but fresh life is breathed into it by the introduction of a fragment of the same composer's *Rosamunde*—a piece of the most charming of all ballet-music. In the second act—the most important one in all respects—the music, which is rich in beautiful fancy and by no means poor in dramatic conception, reaches a greater height. Those who do not hear the opera will be losers. It is admirably got up by Herr Fuchs, who has rendered essential service in arranging the present version of the text and music."

—o—

DANTE'S *DIVINA COMMEDIA* ACCORDING TO LISZT.

(From an old and valued Contributor.)

An event of interest took place on Saturday, when Mr. Wilhelm Ganz introduced the Abbé Liszt's musical parallel to Dante's *Divina Commedia* to a public comprising the eccentric composer's friends, and enemies, and neutrals. The friends, doubtless, knew the work by heart; the neutral listeners heard with a faint interest; the important auditors were the enemies, who appeared to have condemned the ambitious effort as no ambitious effort should be condemned—with a cheap satire as trite as it is profane.

Those who are not even ranked among the well-read are acquainted with the great Florentine's masterpiece, which he himself declared (in a letter to his patron, Cane della Scala) to have many meanings. They have doubtless felt the power which has led great painters to illustrate the graphic scenes so pathetically described, that power which has swayed the susceptible mind of Liszt till he has dared to probe the poem to its philosophical depths, and to cast the thoughts he has found there into Sound.

For, as scholar and thinker, Liszt has not attempted to relate the long story of Dante's vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. This would have been a comparatively easy task to any clever musician who cared to choose suitable subjects, and to treat them melodramatically. No unprejudiced hearer can fail to recognize that it is not the letter, but the spirit of the poem which is embodied in Liszt's music. It is not the damned souls, the Francescas and Paolos, the feminine monsters in Ancient History, the Helens and the Messalinas, brought together in the terrible darkness, that we hear wailing and deploring; it is the causes which wrought their despair, the emotions excited by the contemplation of these that are vividly suggested by Liszt, until the mind is impressed—till the hearer feels, learns, decides, is influenced—without the aid of image or embodiment.

Thus far, the aim of the composer is the very highest: to suggest and convey ideas that are outside language, to bring in music where words come to an end. The mere descriptions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, Dante put into words. But the hidden meanings were to be inferred. The soul of the poem pervaded the lines as a human soul pervades its body. And this soul the most subtle of his many commentators have considered to be, not the lesser allegory of the political and religious struggle proceeding when he wrote, although lengthy allusions to these are parabolically made; not dogmatic disquisitions anent the life of the soul after its separation from the body, as some have supposed; but a vast picture of that subject which Dante loved as all other poets have loved it more or less—human life on earth.

Philosopher and poet, Dante had viewed the vexed question from all points, and the spirit of the *Divina Commedia* is undoubtedly his own conclusion as to the position in the universe of the human soul. That Liszt has grasped Dante's ideas and has struggled to convey them, many will believe after further hearings of the imaginative crudities of the *Inferno*. Dante would not be alone, were it certain that he recognized hell, heaven, and purgatory as mere states of the soul during its life on earth, for this is a favourite theme with many mystical writers, who recognize as hell the pampering of self and the frivolity of those who will not think why and wherefore they exist; who see in purgatory the wavering and fear of those rudely awakened from such a soul slumber; and in heaven that state where the soul sits clothed and in its right mind on the rock of faith, with the waves of passion beating harmlessly below its feet

Liszt's *Inferno* is a maze of sad tones of human passion and error, broken by the episode suggestive of mistaken affection, illustrated by the story of Francesca di Rimini. The sadness and hopelessness of wasted lives is almost oppressive, leading as it does to the more active state of cheerless questioning, the *Purgatorio*. Interrogation follows interrogation, restlessly, unsatisfied, till a point is reached where light breaks upon the scene, till the poor souls know the great reply, till they hold the key, and, however painful and difficult the action may be, thereby open the gate beyond which is Peace.

The *Inferno* is longest, *Purgatorio* being briefly treated, *Paradiso* being the great Amen. As purely metaphysical music, this pregnant composition, whatever may be its faults, cannot fail to take high rank. It remains for other composers, if they please, to be the exoteric musical interpreters of Dante—his esoteric representative in the world of music is found.

G. OF E.

[*If Liszt be the esoteric musical interpreter of Dante, by all that is harmonious give us an exoteric!*—Otto Beard.]

BYE-PAST TIME.*

ROMANCE.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives: but when
Shall bye-past time come back again?

I think of childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright the scene appears;
How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away.
The long, long summer holiday!
I may not muse—I may not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal men; but when
Shall bye-past time come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the bloomy fields I rov'd
With her, the earliest, dearest lov'd;
Around whose form I yet survey
In thought a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall bye-past time come back again?

Alas! the world at distance seen
Appear'd all blissful and serene,
An Eden form'd to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams, and golden fruit;
The world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground;
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye-past time come back again?

* *Copyright.*

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I am requested by Herr Franke to inform you that, owing to a very severe domestic bereavement sustained by Herr Alfred Grünfeld, Herr Franke has agreed to cancel for the present the contract with him for the six Piano Recitals already announced to be given in the Marlborough Rooms in May next. Herr Franke has now, however, arranged to give a series of six Chamber Concerts on the corresponding dates, a prospectus of which I herewith beg to enclose. The first concert should prove to be one of special interest, as the programme will consist entirely of the works of English composers.

In connection with the Richter Concerts, Herr Franke has to announce that, as the orchestral parts of Brahms' new Pianoforte Concerto cannot be ready in time for the first concert, its performance is postponed to a later concert. Mr Eugene D'Albert will play, instead, Rubinstein's Concerto, No. 4, in D minor. He will also play, in due time, the Brahms Concerto, which he had the privilege of studying with the composer in Vienna.—I am, yours faithfully,

2, *Vere Street, London.* J. S. FLEMING, Sec.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

German Opera.—Next number.
BIZET.—All right.

DEATHS.

On April 16th, at his residence, Fallowfield Terrace, Mr JOHN BOWLING, Professor of Music, Leeds, in his 65th year.

On April 21st, at Rathleigh, Ballybrack, County Dublin (formerly of Westmorland Street), MARCUS MOSES, aged 81.

On April 23rd, at New Hampton, of acute bronchitis, LOUISA, the beloved wife of HENRY WHITE, musicseller, 237, Oxford Street, W., in her 71st year.

On April 25th, JAMES HIPKINS, a frequent and esteemed contributor to *The Musical World*, aged 82.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

MARIE ROZE.

A correspondent informs us that Mdme Roze has just been engaged by Mr Carl Rosa as *prima donna assoluta* of his company for next autumn, winter, and spring, and will specially mount for her the operas, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Fidelio*. Mr Rosa, who intends Beethoven's masterpiece to be the special feature of his season, will invite the aid of the principal Choral Societies in the towns where it is played, so as to institute a grand festival performance similar to what Mr Mapleson has been doing with such success in America. *Fidelio* given under these conditions is certainly the best selection Mr Rosa could have made. "With Mdme Marie Roze as Leonora, Mr Ludwig as Pizarro, Mr Lyall as Jacquino, and Mr Barton McGuckin as Florestan," adds our informant, "the opera could hardly be better cast."*

"Hey! come along, come along, Rozey,
Hey! come along, come along, do."
—Old Ballad.

MR CARL ROSA *(dreaming)*.—I've caged her. She will sing to me when the autumn winds are sighing; when the nightingale is still and the ice-bound brooklets murmur no longer she will pipe to me like a bullfinch; and when budding spring is here I'll have her teach the warblers of the grove their mating songs; and then——— *(awakes)*.

* Who is to be Rocco?—Dr Blinge.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 238.)

Cherubini's first essay in Paris does not seem to have been particularly fortunate, and the *Mercure de France*, generally indulgent in its verdicts, especially towards foreigners and new comers, exhibits towards him a severity not usual with it. This is what it says:—

"At the concert on the 8th inst., we heard several airs by a new Italian composer, M. Cherubini. They were a symphony and three airs. The symphony must have confirmed the opinion of those who consider that this style of writing is not the style in which Italian composers distinguish themselves. The airs appeared to possess greater merit; the incoherence of the ideas and the small amount of character and interest in the motives, however, were indicative of the youth of the composer. The manner in which M. Babbini rendered the airs was worthy of the praise we have already bestowed on him, and which he would have deserved in a still higher degree had he chosen more distinguished music."*

If such was the impression made on the public, the composer's reception was not encouraging. Cherubini does not, appear, however, to have been affected by it, for, at Viotti's request, he promised he would return to Paris the following year and take up his residence with him. Then in the month of October, 1785, he started on his return to London, where he was bound to fulfil the remainder of his engagement. In the English capital, the first thing he did was to write six new pieces which were interpolated in one of Paisiello's most famous operas, *Il Marchese di Tulipano;* they comprised two tenor airs, an air for bass, a rondo, a duet, and "a supplement to the first finale." He wrote, also, two pieces for a work he does not name, and lastly he set about the opera he had to supply. It was in two acts and serious, its title being *Giulio Sabino*. It was presented to the public some time in the spring of 1786,† but, through the fault of the two artists entrusted with the principal parts, it obtained no more than an absolutely negative success. Dr Burney, in his *History of Music*, states this in very explicit fashion, declaring "this opera was strangled at its very birth," owing to Babbini, to whom was confided the "first man's" part, and Ferraresi, who sustained that of the "first woman," It was in this opera that Marchesi made his first appearance in London. This check, which was not attributable to the work itself, but to the unsatisfactory manner in which it was rendered, did not precipitate Cherubini's departure, for he remained in London till the end of July. It was at this time that he caused to be engraved and published there the collection of the six Nocturnes he composed at Florence in 1782. He prefixed to it a dedication to a noble Florentine, Corsi, Marquis of Caiazzo, Lord of Dugenta, Millazano, &c., and Chamberlain to the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. The dedication was thus conceived:

"Should the trifling work, which I take the liberty of offering you, possess sufficient merit to meet with a favourable reception from your liberal mind, and, what is more, to obtain sincere approbation from your highly refined taste, I should have reason to flatter myself that it may be regarded not very unfavourably by the public, who are too well aware what an authority you are in matters concerning the fine arts, especially music, not to conform their judgment to yours. But in whatever way, noble Lord, you may be pleased to judge me, I shall, at least, have, thanks to my work, the satisfaction of expressing to you, as far as lies in my power, the sincere and thoroughly justified esteem which I entertain for the amiable qualities which endear you to all, at the same time that I shall be able, in the face of the world, to boast of being, with all the respect I profess, your devoted servant,

"L. CHERUBINI."‡

As we have seen, it was in the month of July, 1786, that

* The *Mercure* of the 17th September, 1785.

† In a catalogue containing only Cherubini's operas (for there are as many as three different catalogues of his works in his Memorandum Book) I find this entry in the paragraph concerning *Giulio Sabino*: "Performed for the benefit of M. Babbini."

‡ I beg to observe that, not having been able to find in France the collection of Cherubini's *Nocturnes*, I am obliged to re-produce the dedication from the English translation which, in his book on Cherubini, Mr Edward Bellasis has given of the Italian original. Mine is, therefore, a second translation in which the sense, at least, in some instances, if not the general tone, may have suffered some alteration. [*My* version is, consequently, the third. —TRANSLATOR, *M. W.*]

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Cherubini left England and returned to France. He himself shall furnish some interesting and circumstantial details concerning his second stay in Paris:—

"On returning to Paris at the end of July, after the termination of his London engagement, Cherubini kept the promise he had made his friend, Viotti, with whom he now went to reside.§ The fact of his fixing his residence in Paris may, in some measure, be dated from this epoch. He was again presented to Queen Marie-Antoinette, who received him with as much kindness as ever, and admitted him to the private concerts she gave in the Château de Versailles, at the Princesse de Polignac's, where she sang, and where pieces of Cherubini's, rendered by the celebrated Garat, were among the compositions performed. At this period, too, Viotti urged him to undertake a French opera, and for this purpose made him acquainted with Marmontel, who entrusted him with the book of *Démophon*, which he began to set. It may here be mentioned that when Cherubini passed through Turin, in September, 1784, on his road to London, the noblemen who were the managers of the theatre in that town made him undertake to return and compose an opera for them in the winter of 1787. He set out, then, in the month of October, 1787, for Turin, with the object of composing the opera of *Ifigenia in Aulide* (three acts), which was played in February, 1788."‖

Between his return from London and his departure for Turin, Cherubini remained, therefore, in Paris from fourteen to fifteen months. It does not seem that during this rather long period, though generally such a hard worker, he did much. All I find entered in his catalogue for this space of about fifteen months is a cantata entitled *Amphion*, "composed for the concert of the Olympic Lodge," but not performed; and eighteen romances from Florian's *Estelle*, "composed and engraved at Paris, in two numbers." It has been said, and does not appear improbable, that, being about to compose a French opera, Cherubini wrote these romances with a view to familiarize himself with our language and prosody. However this may be, he was somewhat idle in Paris, leading a very easy life, and contenting himself doubtless with cultivating the acquaintances—as agreeable as numerous—to whom he was introduced by Viotti. The double existence of the two had, moreover, an artistic side, and a writer who constituted himself the biographer of both of them, describes it in these terms:—

"Viotti organized musical matinées for the sake of his pupils. Every Sunday, quartets and quintets were performed at them, and the master offered an audience of his own selection the treat of first hearing his concertos, to which the magic of his playing added so many beauties. To be admitted to these gatherings was esteemed a favour, and a very high one, though everything was done without any show in the rooms of an artist, or rather two artists—Viotti and Cherubini—who occupied them together. But genius rendered those rooms the sanctuary of the Muses. The two friends lived under the same roof for six years. Since then we have seen the virtuoso dedicate one of his concertos to the composer, and the composer delight in arranging for the piano a set of trios by his friend."¶

This agreeable and intelligent mode of life was not calculated to displease a young composer. But Cherubini had to leave when the moment came for him to go and fulfil the engagement into which he had entered with the managers of the Theatre Royal, Turin. He started from Paris—he has himself told us—in the month of October, 1787, and remained till March, 1788, in Turin, where he gave his *Ifigenia in Aulide*, which met with an enthusiastic reception. Here, for the first time, we possess tolerably circumstantial information of what took place, yet it has hitherto remained unknown, and no French biographer has made use of it. In the *Calendrier Musical* for 1789, the following letter, which gives an account of the performance of the *Ifigenia*, and seems to imply that the time spent by Cherubini in Paris had introduced into his style the beginning of the profound evolution which was to take place in him at his very first steps on the French stage:—

"Gentlemen,—At a moment when admirers of the lyric stage are regretting Gluck and Sacchini, it is consoling to announce another artist, who, though still very young, is even now producing the fruit of the ripest talent; this artist, already known by several successes in Italy, is M. Cherubini. He has just brought out at Turin an *Ifigenia in Aulide*, which owes its extraordinarily flattering reception principally to the composer's efforts thoroughly to ally the musical effect to the sense of the words, a plan almost unknown in Italy and interesting for our stage to which M. Cherubini intends devoting himself. 'The music of the new *Ifigenia* is,' so they write from Italy, 'in a style quite new for this country; now sublime, now tender, but invariably energetic and attractive, it produced almost unheard-of effects. The Court even could not resist the general enthusiasm; our princes, who do not usually applaud performances, applauded a great deal; such is the power of superior merit to extort imperiously tributes of praise, &c.' The public will perhaps learn with pleasure that the Italian composer will return very shortly to bring out *Démophon*, of which M. Marmontel has written the book. This first work will, it is said, soon be followed by a second, on a poem by another Academician as well known for his talent in music as in literature. It is much to be desired that our musicians would work with poets experienced in both arts; they would feel all the better the harmonious agreement which ought to reign between the poetry and the music, an agreement so necessary for French opera and one which would destroy the langour thrown over the action by the immutably *periodical* plan pursued by Italian composers. I have the honour to be, &c."

People were still, as we see, interested in the quarrel between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists, and in the reform of the French lyric drama, a reform which Méhul and Cherubini were soon about to transport from our first to our second lyric theatre, from the Opera to the Opéra-Comique. But things had not reached this point yet. We have just seen what a great success Cherubini achieved in Turin, a success which augured well for his approaching first dramatic essay in Paris and was calculated to console him for the unfavourable reception of his last opera in London.* It is evident that in his *Ifigenia in Aulide* he was already influenced by the ideas then prevalent in matters of art at Paris and that his residence among us had modified his manner of thinking and writing. He paid more attention than other Italians of that day to dramatic truth, he gave more substance to the expression of the words, and it is evident that an important evolution was commencing in his mind, which was especially inclined to analysis and reflection. The letter we read above contains a proof of this, and another piece of evidence, that of his pupil, Halévy, comes, half a century afterwards, to confirm it. This is what Halévy wrote about *Ifigenia*, the score of which he had before his eyes:

"This opera differs in style from Cherubini's preceding operas. It is already more nervous. We see springing up in it a certain freshness and virility, of which Italian musicians of his time were ignorant, or for which they did not care. It is the dawn of a new day; Cherubini was preparing for the struggle. Gluck had accustomed France to the sublime energy of his masterpieces; Mozart had just written in Germany *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. It would not do to be left behind; it would not do to be beaten; in the lists he was about to enter, he would meet two giants. Like an athlete before descending into the arena, he anointed his limbs;

§ In 1786, Viotti lived at No. 20, Rue Notre-Dame-des Victoires. (See the *Almanac de la Société olympique*.) Subsequently, while Cherubini was still with him, he moved to No. 8, Rue de la Michodière. (See *Spectacles de Paris* for 1791.)

‖ Notice dictated to Beauchesne.

¶ *Notice historique sur J.-B. Viotti*, by Miel.

In an interesting work which Halévy began to publish on Cherubini, but which his many occupations would not allow him to finish, he has given concerning Cherubini's early visits to Paris facts which he could have had only from the author of *Médée* himself, and which are worth being repeated here: "Cherubini reached Paris at the beginning of 1788; he once more met Viotti, as devoted and faithful as ever. People's saloons were thrown open to him, and he was admitted to all the sweet delights of high Parisian life. Introduced at the house of Mdme d'Etiolles, at the Maréchale de Richelieu's, at the Abbé Morellet's, and at M. de Florian's, he was thoroughly successful. It was a happy time for him, because he felt greatly flattered at this success. He was then eight-and-twenty. A portrait, painted somewhere about this time by Mdlle Dumont, and preserved in his family, represents him as elegant, neat, endowed with a noble and expressive physiognomy, and a persuasive look. The world liked him, and he liked the world; he was for a moment the fashion, and became a 'lion.' He used to speak with pleasure of this period of his life, and retained an agreeable recollection of all the delicate marks of respect, and all the little attentions then paid him." (See *Etudes sur la vie et les travaux de Cherubini, by F. Halévy*, in the *Moniteur des Arts* for the 23rd and 30th March, and the 18th May, 1845.)

* We may here remark a somewhat singular coincidence. Pugnani, Viotti's revered master, who was then conductor at the Theatre Royal, Turin, and to whom Viotti must certainly have recommended his friend Cherubini, also brought out, in the course of the same season, a new opera at the King's Theatre. It was a *Demofoonte*, and Cherubini no doubt saw it performed just as he was on the point of returning to Paris and writing his own *Démophon*.

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like a warrior about to engage in combat, he girded up his loins. We especially remark in this opera of *Ifigenia in Aulide* an admirable trio known to all lovers of music. From beginning to end it is filled with an expression, very deep and very true, of sadness and pity. Its form, too, is simple and grave. I cannot say why, but this trio has always struck me as symbolical. I am inclined to believe that, when writing it, Cherubini was under the influence of real sorrow. Perhaps, in this noble and sweet piece of inspiration, he was addressing a last farewell to his native country which he was about to leave, and leave, too, for ever, since, despite the desire and wish I have frequently heard him express, it was never his lot to see Italy again. Perhaps he felt remorse on the eve of adopting as his own another land. At the moment of consummating his voluntary exile, and of abandoning the country of his birth, perhaps a secret instinct, one of those inward voices which never deceive, warned him that the separation would be eternal; that he would not behold Florence, or the beloved family he left there, any more. A mournful reminiscence must have been awakened in his heart. It seems as though the beautiful trio, which it is impossible to hear without emotion, was the echo of this profound regret."‡

Cherubini crowned his Italian career with a brilliant success. But it could not modify the arrangements he had already made or induce him to renounce the project he had formed of settling in Paris. Henceforth he belongs to France, which he is destined never to leave again, except temporarily, and where he is also destined to end his days, after more than fifty years of uninterrupted labours.

(To be continued.)

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CONCERTS.

Mr Ganz's Orchestral Concerts were resumed on Saturday afternoon last at the St James's Hall, and promise to be as interesting as those of 1881. Mr Ganz has provided a body of instrumentalists of the highest accomplishments, and hence the subscribers and casual visitors may again look for a series of orchestral performances of choice and finished excellence. Of this we had welcome foretaste in the playing upon the present occasion of Beethoven's massive overture to *Egmont* and his Symphony in B flat, the delivery in each case affording the usual unmingled pleasure. The event of the day, however, was the production, for the first time in this country, of Liszt's Symphony, which purports to illustrate the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, the three sections into which it is divided, respectively typifying the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio," and the "Paradiso." For details as to the plan of this extraordinary work, and the salient features of a vast amount of picture music as exceptional in design as turbulent and unruly in development, we may well refer the reader to Mr W. A. Barrett, whose able analysis circulated in the concert-room proved him to be a most timely "guide, philosopher, and friend." Aided by this informatory brochure, the dramatic affinity of the music to the separate narratives and incidental allusions of the poem were roughly conceded; but the effect as a whole, in spite of the critical amplifications and apostrophes of the annotator, was wild and bizarre, and astounded rather than delighted the audience. At the same time, the boldness of the composer in his conception of orchestral possibilities, and the audacious originality with which he reveals them, were facts well-known beforehand, thanks to the experiences of the master and his school afforded during the last few years by his advocate and disciple, Mr Walter Bache, and for further proofs of which, in the congenial scenes of the *Commedia*, no one was unprepared. Mr Ganz is entitled to thanks for this opportunity of hearing a work, remarkable unquestionably from many points of view, with which it was satisfactory to make a passing acquaintance, and at the same time to no stinted compliment for the admirable rendering that was secured by the carefulness of the preparation that had been bestowed upon it. The best skill of the instrumentalists and the keenest vigilance of the conductor were alike taxed, and in neither case were the necessities of the moment unmet. A new violinist of the name of Ondricek was introduced in the course of the concert. His performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent concerto proved him in a very few minutes to be an indisputable master of the instrument. The quality of his tone is thin but silvery, and in the latter respect is eminently agreeable to the ear; while his command over all the indispensabilities of executancy is undeniably ripe and complete. His reading of the concerto was singularly animated, betokening an earnestness of enjoyment which did not fail to communicate itself to the audience, who had every reason to be pleased with an artist destined, no doubt, to be an acquisition to the London concert-room. He achieved an unquestionable success. As the performance of the Dante symphony involved the presence of a large treble chorus for the singing of the Gregorian "Magnificat" in the "Paradiso" section, further use of the ladies was made in the second part of the concert, which they enriched with an imposing delivery of Gluck's well-known "Chorus of Priestesses," from the *Iphigénie in Tauris*, the grand and stately simplicity of which suggested no unpleasant contrast to the frenzied and bewildering eccentricities of Liszt.—H.

‡ *Etudes sur la vie et les travaux de Cherubini.*

Schubert Society.—The second concert (seventieth since the formation of the Society) of the sixteenth season took place at Langham Hall, on Thursday evening, April 20, Schumann's compositions forming the first part of the programme. The Pianoforte Quartet, in E flat, opened the concert, played by Herren Hause (pianoforte), Ondricek (violin), Witt (viola), and Schuberth (violoncello). The other instrumental piece was the "Abendlied," transcribed for the violoncello, for which Herr Schuberth received a well-deserved encore. The vocal pieces were "Der Nussbaum" and "Widmung," sung by Miss Isabel Grant, and "Er der herlichste von Allen," by Mdme Vogri. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Haydn's String Quartet, Op. 76, No. 3, played by Herren Ondricek and Hause (violins), Witt (viola), and Schuberth (violoncello). Miss Florence Bertini was encored after Liszt's Pianoforte Fantasia on *Rigoletto*, and Herr Ondricek, after a solo on the violin. Herr Hause played his new "Serenade," Miss Eugene Kemble repeated a new song, by F. Löhr, "It cannot be," and Mdme Vogri, Mozart's "Dove sono." Mdlle Lilas Spontini made her first appearance at these concerts, meeting with great success in Gounod's "Ave, Maria," and a new song, by Edward Holmes, "To thee, my love." Signor Villa gave Faure's "Les Rameaux" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth), and Miss Isabel Grant, Cowen's "Regret." The hall was very full, and the concert went off admirably.

Miss Rosa Kenney.—The *matinée* given by Miss Rosa Kenney at the Marlborough Rooms included recitals, songs, pianoforte pieces, and one comedy scene, admirably played—says the *Whitehall Review*—by Miss Kenney herself in conjunction with Mr Charles Wyndham. Tennyson's *Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, and the same poet's *Passing of Arthur*, were the two pieces chosen by Miss Kenney for the display of her powers in the elocutionary line, and she delivered both of them with admirable effect, bringing out the full meaning of the verses without indulging in the emphasis or the superabundant gesticulation by which so much recitation is entirely spoilt. There was no lack of fire in the first performance, nor of pathos in the second, and both were characterized and controlled by remarkable taste. But it was in the scene from *The Hunchback*, with herself as Helen and Mr Wyndham as Modus, that Miss Kenney was seen to the greatest advantage. Her acting was marked by qualities alike subtle and striking, by much humour, and by perfect grace and refinement. Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs Aylmer Gowing, Mr Herbert Standing, and Herr Krannick (pianist) took part in this highly varied entertainment.

Royal Albert Hall.—A concert, described as "English and operatic," was given in this hall on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Mr William Carter, and largely attended. The English part of the programme consisted mainly of songs and concerted vocal pieces, which may be dismissed here with a brief notice of those most favourably received. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" was among the fortunate ones, as sung by Miss Pattie Winter, a *débutante*, and pupil of Mr W. Carter. Miss Winter, who promises well, obtained a recall not only after this song but at the conclusion of Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark," which, however, did not suit her quite so well. Miss Anna Williams, in Dudley Buck's "When the heart is young," and Mdme Trebelli, in Mr Carter's "What the waves said," were thoroughly successful in pleasing the audience, helped, no doubt, by the popular character of the music. Mr Carter's song had to be repeated, and bids fair to become a general favourite. How "Let me like a soldier fall" was given by Mr Maas, "The King's Champion" by Signor Foli, and "The Message" by Mr Vernon Rigby can as easily be imagined as the measure of applause bestowed upon each of these esteemed vocalists. Mr Redfern Hollins had no less reason to be satisfied with his audience, obtaining, as he did, an encore for "The Bay of Biscay." The instrumental solos were played by Mr Carter (pianoforte) and Mr Edwin Bending (organ), who were heard respectively in the *barcarolle* from Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and an Andante by the late Henry Smart. It had been announced as a special operatic feature of the concert that the Garden Act in Gounod's *Faust* would be played by Mdme Christine Nilsson, Mdme de Vaney, Mdme Trebelli, Mr Maas, and Signor Foli, the artists wearing the costume of the characters represented. It is hard to imagine how such an idea could have originated among persons having any notion of propriety and the ordinary fitness of things. But no doubt many were attracted by

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it, only to suffer disappointment. A handbill was distributed in the hall stating that Mdme Christine Nilsson felt unable to act in costume at her first public appearance since the death of her husband. This was unquestionably a relief to some; for the rest, the platform looked like a garden, with its array of beautiful plants, and, as the artists indulged in gesticulation and movement, little was left for imagination to supply. It is to be hoped that even this imperfect intrusion of the stage into the concert-room will not have the usual force of a precedent. Such a thing may be tolerated in America, when a *prima donna* is exploited with the sole object of making money; but here a better taste should prevail. The vocalists above named were, of course, perfectly familiar with their work, and quite capable of doing it well. We regret to add that as much cannot be said of Mr Carter's orchestra. To compensate in some measure for the disappointment which a portion of the audience may have felt, Mdme Nilsson sang "Angels ever bright and fair." This was the success of the day. Around the singer gathered the sympathies of every one present, and as she gave Handel's pathetic strain with most touching expression, it was felt that an irresistible appeal not only to admiration, but to kindly feeling, had gone forth. The audience responded with two hearty recalls.—*D. T.*

Musical Association.—The sixth monthly meeting of this society took place on the 3rd inst. at 27, Harley Street, when a paper was read by Mr Arthur O'Leary entitled "Sir Sterndale Bennett; a brief review of his life and works." The subject attracted many friends of the deceased composer. The lecturer touched upon the salient points of his career, and gave special importance to his visits abroad and his friendship with Mendelssohn and Schumann. In reference to these he read a letter from a connection of the Mendelssohn family, giving a graphic description of Bennett's social characteristics and his relations to Mendelssohn. Extracts from the criticisms of foreign writers were also given, proving the high esteem in which our countryman was held abroad. His friendly connection with Charles Kingsley and other notabilities was also alluded to. At the conclusion of the paper, the chairman, Mr G. A. Osborne, invited some of the members present to offer their remarks, and in response, Mr Kellow Pye referred to the friendship existing between him and the composer dating from the time they were fellow-students at the Royal Academy of Music. Mr J. T. Coleridge gave an interesting account of the origin of the "Ajax" music, and Mr Otto Goldschmidt spoke in terms of the highest admiration of our illustrious musician, both as a man and as an artist. He expressed his surprise at the temerity of any one daring to question Sterndale Bennett's claims to fame, and supported the suggestion that the publication of a handsome and uniform edition of his works would be a fitting tribute to his memory. After some complimentary remarks to the lecturer, the meeting separated.

The tenth and last of the St John's (Clapham) "Pleasant Evenings" was given at the rooms, Gaskell Street, on Monday, April 24th. An excellent programme of music was gone through, the singers being Mrs Sutton Sharpe, Misses Chatterton, Tyler, and Delia Harris (R.A.M.), Messrs Spencer Tyler and O. Borradaile. The instrumentalists were Mrs Sutton Sharpe (a distinguished amateur pupil of the veteran, W. H. Holmes), and Miss Mary Chatterton (a niece of the distinguished harpist of that name). Mrs Sharpe played a Scherzo by Brahms, Thalberg's arrangement of "Mi manca la voce," and a brilliant "Presto" by Mr W. H. Holmes; Miss Chatterton contributing her uncle's "Welsh Bardic Illustration." A feature of the evening was a clever "dramatic rendering," by Mr Percival Sharpe, of a scene from *Old Love and the New*. The concert terminated, appropriately, with the National Anthem.

Mr Oscar Beringer gave his fifth annual pianoforte recital at St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, April 26th, assisted by Mdlle Friedländer (vocalist) and Miss Randegger (pianoforte). Mr Beringer played Mozart's Fantasia in C minor; Brahms' Sonata in F minor, Op. 5; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Op. 47; Carl Tausig's Ungarische Zigeunerweisen (first time in London); as well as, with Miss Randegger, Franz Liszt's Concerto Pathétique (for two pianofortes), and Rubinstein's Serenade, Op. 16, No. 3; together with Franz Liszt's Consolatione (Nos. 3 and 5), and Polonaise in E. Mdlle Friedländer sang *Lieder* by Schubert, Rubinstein, and Lassen. Mr Eugene Dubrucq accompanied.

Miss Navarre, a rising young artist, gave her first *matinée musicale* at the Marlborough Rooms, on Thursday last. Miss Navarre was assisted by Misses Damian, Belval, and Emma Barnett, Messrs. Rea, Elliott Langworth, De Lara, Thorndike, L'Estrange, and George Grossmith. The concert gave satisfaction to a fashionable and numerous audience.

New Southgate, N.—A very successful concert was given on Wednesday evening, April 19th, Miss Clara Dowle (student at the Guildhall School of Music) contributed "The Watchman and the Child" (Cowen) and "Let me dream again" (Sullivan), being called upon to repeat both. Miss Annie Boulton gave "Auntie" (Behrend) and "The Miller and the Maid" (Marzials). Mr W. G. Forington, Tito Mattei's "Oh! hear the wild wind blow" and F. Clay's "Gipsy John" (both encored). Mrs Waud, Misses Waud, C. Willows, and Gardiner; Messrs W. O. Waud, J. Banister Brown, and Walter Homewood also assisted.

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PROVINCIAL.

Rochester.—The last of the three grand Subscription Concerts of the Rochester, Strood, and Chatham Choral Society was given in the new Corn Exchange, on Monday evening, April 24th, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The first part of the concert consisted of Mozart's *Requiem*, and the second of a selection from Handel's *Samson*, the exponents being Misses Mary Davies and Damian; Messrs William Shakespeare and R. Hilton. The band (composed of members of Mr Manns' Crystal Palace Band) and chorus numbered about 200. Mr Jacques Rosenthal was the leader of the orchestra, and the conductor was the Rev. W. H. Nutter. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that, with such excellent vocal and instrumental "materials," the performance of Mozart's Mass was beyond reproach, and that it was listened to with the deepest attention. The selection from *Samson* consisted of the overture; the choruses, "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound," and "Then round about the starry throne," "To song and dance we give the day," "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and "Let their celestial concerts all unite." The airs given were "Return, O God of Hosts" (Miss Damian), "Let the bright seraphim" (Miss Mary Davies), the trumpet *obbligato* part to which was remarkably well played on the cornet by Mr L. W. Hardy, "Total eclipse" (Mr Shakespeare), and "Honour and arms," (Mr Hilton), together with the duet, "Go, baffled coward, go," energetically declaimed by Messrs Shakespeare and Hilton. Between the first and second parts of the concert, at the request of the committee, Mr Jacques Rosenthal, the accomplished violinist, played a movement from John Sebastian Bach's suite in D, and played it in a manner so thoroughly artistic that he won golden opinions from the audience, who duly acknowledged the pleasure they had received from his performance by awarding him hearty and unanimous applause. The thanks of the subscribers are due to the committee for organizing such excellent concerts, to the Rev. Mr Nutter for his able conducting, and to the honorary secretary, Mr Geo. Watson, jun., for the perfect way in which he organized and carried out the intentions of the committee.

Wigan.—On Tuesday last the Wigan Amateur Orchestral Society (under the patronage of the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, and Col. McCorquodale, High Sheriff of Lancashire) gave a grand promenade concert in the public hall, the conductor being Mr Peter Taylor. The house was crowded in every part, and the performance was very successful. The singers were Miss Jones, Dr L. V. Mapei, and Mr W. A. McClure.

Sir Michael Costa.—Strong hopes are entertained that this great and long-popular conductor will once more be at his post during the Handel Festival, which he has marshalled and directed ever since the preliminary-trial meeting, in 1857.

Miss Elizabeth Philp, the popular song writer, announces an evening concert at St. James's Hall on Friday, May 19th. Several new compositions from her pen are to be introduced by Mdmes Sterling and Fassett, Messrs Maybrick, Marzials, &c. Special mention is made of a "humorous part song," composed expressly for the London Vocal Union, the words of which are by Mr E. L. Blanchard. The many friends and appreciators of the clever and amiable lady will unite in wishing her all possible success.

Royal Academy of Music.—The Llewelyn Thomas Gold Medal was competed for on Thursday last week, the 20th April. The examiners were Messrs Deacon, Handel Gear, and John Hullah (chairman). There were sixteen candidates, and the medal was awarded to Kate Hardy. The Evill Prize (a purse of ten guineas) was also competed for, with the same examiners. There were six candidates, and the prize was awarded to John G. Robertson. The Santley Prize (a purse of ten guineas) was also competed for, with the same examiners. There were thirteen candidates, the prize being awarded to Beatrice Davenport.

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ROYAL ACADEMY ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

(From the "Era," April 9, 1882.)

There is so much excitement in the musical world just now respecting the Royal College of Music that some are apt to forget that we have a College of Music already in existence which has done and is doing great service. Whatever may be done on behalf of music in the future, it would be the height of injustice to the Royal Academy of Music to ignore its honourable record. Some of our best and ablest musicians, our most successful vocalists, and cleverest orchestral and solo players owe their training to the Royal Academy; and, while such good work is done as we find is accomplished at present, there is not the slightest reason why the institution should fade out of existence because of the establishment of a Royal College of Music. Nor do we feel that there is any fear of such a result. The training at the Royal Academy is excellent, and the exertions of the esteemed principal, Professor Macfarren, have had a most beneficial influence on the fortunes of the establishment. The orchestral concert of the students, which took place on Saturday evening last, at St James's Hall, was a most brilliant and successful display of the talents of the pupils, and was also important as affording abundant proof of the care bestowed by the professors in the cultivation of their pupils. We know there are some who carp at the Academy because greater things are not done in composition, but this is not only unjust, but ignorant, criticism. The genius to write original music is bestowed upon a few. Out of all the thousands of musicians Germany has produced, we can count upon our fingers the really great names. Besides, it will be time enough to complain of the scarcity of English composers when there is a greater demand for English music. There has been too great a rage for merely foreign names. Even a composer of real genius like Sir Sterndale Bennett is too often neglected, although composers like Mendelssohn and Schumann appreciated him as one of the first of modern musicians; and, in fact, he is really a classic composer in a far more legitimate sense than many of the Teutonic geniuses, who gleam like will-o'-the-wisps only to deceive the unwary. Setting aside, therefore, all visionary ideas, let us praise without reserve what is being done by the Royal Academy of Music. The concert of Saturday night was worthy of the institution, and even in the matter of composition there were examples of great promise. The overture in F minor, by F. K. Hattersley (Balfe scholar), was a melodious, skilful, and interesting work, reflecting much credit on the young composer. It was well scored, and the ideas were novel and fresh, if not showing great individuality. But Beethoven himself did not display much originality, when he was at the age of Mr Hattersley, whose work was received with such favour that the audience would not be pacified until the youthful composer appeared on the platform. Professor Macfarren had issued a very sensible notice against encores and re-calls, but the verdict was so emphatic in this instance that the Principal consented to relax the rule, and Mr Hattersley was warmly applauded. Mr H. Smith is also another promising student in composition, while the vocalists and solo players in many instances possess such ability as to warrant us in predicting a bright future for them. Miss Charlotte Thudicum, in Mozart's "Non mi dir," and in the soprano music of Haydn's Third Mass, greatly pleased the audience. The bright, fresh, pure, and telling quality of her voice and her good intonation fully justified the hearty applause bestowed. Miss Beare in "With verdure clad" also distinguished herself greatly; Miss Josephine Pulham and Miss Arnold, with Miss Hilda Wilson, equally deserving honourable mention. The pianoforte playing was excellent. Mr Samuel Wiggins, in the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, played with the finish and refinement of an experienced performer; and Miss Marian Davis, in the graceful and masterly Caprice of Sir Sterndale Bennett, acquitted herself admirably. Miss F. Smith was also successful, and Mr W. C. Hann played a violoncello solo in good style. Other students appeared, and showed talent and careful study. Mr W. Shakespeare conducted the orchestra with the utmost zeal and musicianly care. The concert was, in fact, in all respects highly creditable to the Royal Academy.

BERLIN.—Brogi, the barytone, very popular here, chose *Ernani* for his first appearance at the Central Skating Rink. The house was full.—The premises at present occupied by Stern's Conservatory having long since been found too small, a new edifice is being erected in the garden of what was the Chinese Embassy.—The monument in memory of the late Professor Heinrich Kotzolt, assistant conductor of the Royal Cathedral choir, was unveiled on the 17th inst. A tall granite plinth bears a striking likeness in marble bas-relief of the deceased. Underneath is the inscription:—"*Heinrich Kotzolt; born, August 26th*, 1816; *died, July 2nd*, 1881." At the back are the words:—"*Erected by his Friends and Pupils.*"

DANTE-LISZT.

The first of a new series of these excellent concerts took place at St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when Liszt's symphony in illustration of Dante's *Divina Commedia* was performed for the first time in England. It was Mr Walter Bache who, at his annual concerts, first brought prominently and persistently before the English public those works of exaggerated effort and mistaken ambition by which Liszt has striven for many years to be recognized as a great composer, not having been content with the position which he long ago gained—without dispute—as a pianist of rare powers and accomplishments. Most, if not all, of his twelve *Symphonische-Dichtungen* (besides other elaborate works) have now been given (some more than once) in this country, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that more than due attention has been called to productions in which arrogant (even insolent) self-assertion, unbridled eccentricity, confused and incoherent thought, usurp the place of all that, according to the classic models of the past, constitutes what is properly called musical composition. The estimation in which Liszt holds his own capabilities is indicated by the names of the authors whose grand conceptions he has dared to couple with his laboured and vapid musical illustrations. Besides the great Italian poet named above, Shakspere, Tasso, Goethe, and others have been dragged into association with sounds that to cultured musicians are subversive of all poetical imaginings. As an imitator of Berlioz in the use of superabundant orchestral effects Liszt gives factitious importance to thoughts that are seldom of any intrinsic value, and are often little better than alternate patches of frenzied rant and maudlin affectation; more like blobs of colour of different shades thrown promiscuously on a palette than an orderly and thoughful arrangement thereof on canvass by the hand and mind of an artist. To go into minute details as to the Dante symphony would be a travestie on criticism—the work itself having more the effect of a burlesque than of serious musical thought. The first division, "Inferno," is more suggestive of its subject than either of the two following movements, as it mainly consists of a series of groans and yells from the more demonstrative brass instruments, screams from the piccolo, passages of diminished sevenths, chromatic scales, &c., with no organized arrangement, and extremely painful to listen to. Perhaps all this may be considered by some authorities as being true to the subject. If so, it is such naked and ugly truth as had better have been left undisplayed. Had the humourist who said that perhaps music is the "least disagreeable of noises" been able to hear Liszt's illustration of the "Inferno," this answer to a question as to whether or no the respondent liked music would doubtless have been worded differently as to the adverb. The few intermittent quiet strains, *Andante amoroso*, have no musical value, and only serve to make the surroundings more hideous. The least offensive portions of the symphony are the illustrations of "Purgatory and Paradise. In the former are some not disagreeable,

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but rather commonplace, melodic phrases, reiterated *ad nauseam*; and the last movement derives its chief impressiveness from the introduction of a Magnificat, sung, by a choir of female voices, to a simple Gregorian chant; the orchestral details, including the use of harps, being fanciful and skilfully varied. Throughout the whole work there is nothing to compensate the attention which it claims for something like an hour's duration; and such productions can only be admired by those who are ignorant of, or who are disposed to cast aside, what is great and good in the music of the past. If such things are to be estimated as products of high thought and finished art, then we may expect to be called on to accept corrosive sublimate as wholesome food, and aquafortis as refreshing drink. Mr Ganz deserves praise for his enterprise in bringing the symphony forward as it has afforded an additional opportunity for judgment as to the claims of Liszt to be estimated as a great composer. The work had been carefully prepared, and the elaborate and difficult orchestral details were finely rendered by an excellent band (headed by Mr Pollitzer as principal violin), and the choral portions were well sung by an efficient choir, Mr Ganz conducting the performance with care and skill.—*D. N.*

MAD. MENTER'S RECITAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I was present at the first recital of Mad. Sophie Menter, last Monday, in St James's Hall. My impression on leaving was that I had been listening to some extraordinary pianoforte playing, but that I had never once breathed a sigh, or dropped *a tear*. Will you explain? Yours respectfully, THOMAS NOON GADD.

[Certainly not. The programme was a harlequinade in two parts, the first part embracing (why "embracing"?) Schumann's *Carnaval*, the second consisting of a motley array of pieces by sundry composers, with one or two of whom Abbé Liszt somehow got inextricably mixed up.—Dr Blidge.]

SHAKSPERE'S BENEFITS TO THE STAGE.

With all the admiration for Shakspere that from time to time breaks forth in enthusiastic eulogies, we do not believe that the obligations that the stage is under to the very monarch of dramatists have been fully realized. We are not going back to the well-trodden ground of the state of the English Drama before Shakspere wrote for the stage, to dilate upon the wonderful revolution made by him in his too short life. This has been done over and over again, and the fact must strike anyone who reads a play antecedent to or contemporaneous with our great poet. We have ourselves compared, or rather contrasted, Shylock with Kit Marlowe's Jew of Malta, and the distinction that we then drew may fairly illustrate the vast difference between even so able a dramatic writer as Marlowe and the inspired genius of Stratford-on-Avon. Such comparisons, however, are, as we have said, not only to a great extent needless, and, perhaps, unprofitable, but they have the fault of having been made too often. Shakspere's benefits to dramatic literature were the outcome of his genius as a writer, and had he been led to another form of authorship, it is probable that he would have induced a great advance also in that branch of letters, although it is hardly likely that the progress would have been so marked as was that manifested in his dealings with plays and their belongings. It is to be remembered that literature had very little of a popular character in his time—at least literature of a worthy kind; and it is not to be supposed that the "understanding gentlemen" quite deserved their epithet as regarded their complete appreciation of the great dramatist who had to submit his mind's treasures to the limited judgment of his contemporaries. One benefit that he conferred upon his own time he has to a great extent bestowed upon after generations, even upon our own. We refer to the dramatic rendering of the history of England; and, whilst we regret that the chronicles that supplied him with his subjects were not in themselves more accurate, we must yield him unstinted admiration for the graphic and generally dramatic form into which he has shaped the incidents that were and should ever be of interest to Englishmen. It was a great thing for the stage that Shakspere made it the most vital narrator of the history of our country that was or is possible for us to have. From his writing of the first part of *Henry the Sixth*, when he was twenty-five years old, to the last of his Anglo-historical plays, *Henry the Eighth*, produced in 1603, when he was aged thirty-nine, he never lost sight of the triple duties of his task, namely, to entertain, to instruct, and to inculcate in his hearers the noblest lessons of patriotism and national courage. "King and Country" was the password that he never swerved from; he might be biassed by the opinions and prejudices of his time; he was, of course, misled occasionally by the chronicles that were his guides; but he made the actors the noblest, the best teachers of English history that the people could have, and we assert our belief that vast numbers of our countrymen at this present time have a more vital conception of our history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries from Shakspere and the actors than they have obtained from books or lectures. This alone constitutes a vast benefit conferred by the dramatist on the Stage in identifying it with the honour and glory, the courage and wisdom of our land. It is also a vast honour for the Stage to possess the grandest and most sublime secular literature that the world holds; literature so rich, so wise, and so complete that there is no branch of learning that can dispense with it, and no bigot (whose great delight is to attack the Theatre) who dare deny the mighty inspirations of its bard. It is to Shakspere's genius that the English Stage has owed the position that it has held in the eyes of the educated world. It has been his thoughts, the creations of his mind, the harmonies of his nature that have made the whole world, that speaks his language, kin. It is not for us at the present time to consider how far Shakspere has conduced to the formation of the German drama, although the greatest æsthetic students and authors of Germany have displayed an appreciation of his magnificent abilities, second only to the most cultured of his own countrymen. Augustus Schlegel found time too short and words too weak to express his estimation of Shakspere's endowments. Goethe has given, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, an analysis of Hamlet's character hardly second to any English commentary; indeed, German literature of a date when its drama had but few worthy representatives, teems with admiration of the one author who has crowned our Stage with honour in the past, given it lustre in the present, and conferred upon it immortality in the future.

But, apart from such honours as Shakspere may have brought upon himself, and, by association, upon his calling, we would instance the practical benefit that his descendants have derived from his writings. A clever essayist years ago wrote a jocular paper upon "Shakspere as a man of small parts," and the jest was permissible enough, only the adjective was hardly well chosen in its direct sense. The poet had written many short parts; but, generally speaking, there is more in them than we shall find in those of equal length of any other dramatist. There is a well-founded complaint that there is no school for acting in this country at the present time: it is said that touring companies are destroying the chances that young people used to have of learning their profession. It is an assertion too patent to all for any one to dispute, and, in such a trouble, thoughts of Shakspere remind us once more of the obligations for which the Stage is his debtor. It will be as Balthazar that the tyro shall take his early teachings of Romeo, and it is as Bernardo or Marcellus that some future Hamlet may learn of him he looks upon, and, if his schooling live in his memory, he shall be thankful amongst others for this service of the dramatist; grateful alike for the short parts that gave him practice and opportunity, as well as for those mighty ones that came at first by looking on the impersonation of others before he dare render them himself. At all times were these short parts a boon to dramatic acolytes, at no period in the history of the Stage were they more valuable than now. Your small mind may find such characters unprofitable, barren, and dry; but he whose inspiration is growing will see that the lesser leaves and the greater spring from the same tree, have the like verdure; and those who think the former dry and withered have first withdrawn them from their parent stem and with their own neglect have allowed the life sap of their nature to waste away. Shakspere has conferred no greater benefit to the Stage than these short parts, despised by many who would cease to do so if they studied them.

But one more benefit does our Stage especially owe to its mighty creator, and perhaps this influence is more valuable, more enduring in its weight, more powerful than any author of any time has had upon the literature of his country since the pen had the task of tracing the creations of the mind. To Shakspere has fallen the work of checking from time to time the degeneracy which fashion and circumstance contributed to bring upon the theatrical performances of many epochs of the Drama since the mighty poet lived. The profligacy of a dramatic literature written for the debauchees of Charles the Second's vicious Court, the impertinent meddlings of Colley Cibber, and of men who had not his capabilities to excuse them in their insolence, the uncongenial importations of the French Stage, the maudlin sentiment that had occasionally made itself heard upon our boards, in George Coleman the Younger's plays amongst others, all have been in their turn brushed away to make room for the unalloyed gold of Shakspere, whose sterling value at once showed the meretriciousness of that which had for a time

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supplanted it. It is, probably, this standard of worth and excellence that is fated to maintain the English drama for ever from a decline that no other country is so well guarded from. Racine, and Corneille, and Voltaire have a stiltedness that stands in their way when their works would appeal to the enthusiasm of their countrymen; not so Shakspere. He has from the very truth of Nature drawn the instincts of the characters with which he dealt; and has set an example to all that shall come after him the one salient axiom that all the characters of a play are the men and women of this world, not the impossible heroes and villains of a madman's imaginations, or a pedant's artificial invention. This truth to Nature was the test-point of his plays; and it is in their relation to life, as it was and is, that he has distanced all competitors; and now, as we believe he ever will do, he acts as a landmark in literature to bring men back from devious paths and dangerous roads, ever teaching us the lesson he had learnt by heart, and by which he made the whole world kin.

—o—

WAIFS.

The final concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society will take place at St James's Hall on Friday next, the 28th inst., when Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*, with Sir Michael Costa's additional accompaniments, will be performed. The solos will be given by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Adela Vernon, Mdme Patey, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Burgon. Apart from this being the last concert of the society, great interest will be added from the presence of Sir Michael Costa, whose health is happily so far restored as to enable him to resume the conductor's *bâton* and direct the performance, which, preceded by the National Anthem, will close the society's operations and the 50th year of its existence.—*Times*.

The Court of the Merchant Taylors Company have voted 1,000 guineas, payable in five annual instalments of 200 guineas each, towards the scheme for the establishment of a Royal College of Music.—On Saturday afternoon, in response to an invitation of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Hereford, issued at the instance of the Prince of Wales, a large meeting was held at the Shire Hall, Hereford, to consider the proposal of the Prince of Wales to establish a Royal College of Music. Lord Bateman (Lord-Lieutenant) presided, and among those present were the Mayors of Hereford and Leominster, Viscount Hereford, the Dean of Hereford, Mr Henry Leslie, Mr J. Rankin, M.P., the Rev. Sir George Cornewall, the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, and the High Sheriff. The Chairman expressed his regret that the Bishop of Hereford had declined to subscribe to the object or attend the meeting.—A meeting of the City Committee of the fund for the establishment of a Royal College of Music was held at the Mansion House, Mr Alderman Cotton, M.P., presiding. There were present Lord Charles Bruce, M.P., Sir George Chambers, Mr Seligmann, Mr E. K. Bayley, Mr Henry Ellis, Mr Howard Morley, Mr W. B. Leaf, Mr Deputy Edmeston, and Mr Charles Morley. The committee resolved to take steps to promote the fund among the various bankers and merchants in the city, and among such bodies as the Stock Exchange, the Corn Exchange, the Baltic, Lloyd's, and the Commercial Sale Rooms. Lord Charles Bruce said it was important that as large a public list as possible should be got together, as it would materially strengthen the application for a subsidy for the Royal College from the Government.

Etelka Gerster, after leaving America, goes to Russia.

Grau's French Opera-Troupe was recently in Havannah.

Friedrich Lux's *Schmied von Ruhla* has been produced at Darmstadt.

Teresina Singer has been playing the heroine of Verdi's *Aïda* at Palermo.

The *Dimitri* of Joncières is in rehearsal at the Grand Théâtre, Bordeaux.

Wagner's *Rheingold* has been given at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Masini, the tenor, lately sang Eslava's "Miserere" in the Cathedral, Seville.

A Russian violinist, named Nagornoff, has been playing with success in Florence.

A band of Hungarian Gipsies have been giving concerts at the Cirque Royal, Brussels.

The season at the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, was inaugurated with *Guarany* (Gomez),

The Strakosch Opera-Company opened at MacVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 4th inst.

A new opera, *Il Violino di Cremona*, by Duke Giulio Litta, has been produced in Milan.

Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was performed on Good Friday in St James's Church, Chemnitz.

In the conflagration which destroyed the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, a fireman lost his life.

The Italian Opera-Company engaged at the Teatro Solis, Montivideo, left Genoa on the 22nd inst.

Albert Vizentini was lately in Milan making engagements for the next Italian season in St Petersburgh.

Reginaldo Grassini, of Florence, has been appointed director of the School of Music at Reggio d'Emilia.

The Czar has sanctioned a Polish Theatre in St Petersburgh, probably to open on the 1st September next.

A performance of Tufari's *Sette Parole del Redentore* was given on Good Friday in the Gesù Nuovo Church, Naples.

Mad. Adelina Patti is reported to have signed for fifteen nights at the Academy of Music, New York, at £800 a night.

A two-act opera, *Lilli*, words by M. E. Brorcké, music by M. Ch. Simar, has been performed at the Lyric Club, Ghent.

A well-known foreign musical critic, Antonio Peña y Goñi, of the Madrid *Tiempo*, has married Josefa Perez Fernandez.

Sophie Heilbronn will resume her lyrical career in Italy, appearing first at the Scala, Milan, and thence proceeding to Rome.

The King of Portugal has created the barytone, Kaschmann, Knight of the Order of the Redeemer, and Royal Chamber-Singer.

An Italian-opera company is playing in Oporto. The season commenced on the 20th inst., and will continue to the end of May.

Buffalo (U.S.) musical critics speak of *La Sonnambula* as "an operatic novelty"—("Buffalo girls come out to night."—Dr. Bilge.)

Stagno will, in all probability, be the tenor in Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome. Bottesini will be the conductor.

Mr Gye's Turolla (the Turolla of the *Roi de Lahore*) and Ormondo Maini have been singing with much applause at Warsaw, in Boïto's *Mefistofele*.

Mignon, with Ferni-Germano in the part of the heroine, has alternated lately at the Manzoni, Milan, with *Dinorah*, Leria in the title-part.

The great Italian tragedian, Tomasso Salvini, has been playing in St Petersburgh, creating, as he does wherever he appears, an immense sensation.

Mdlle Tagliana, who lately ceased to be a regular member of the company, has signed for four months next autumn at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Maurel, the barytone, was to make his re-appearance yesterday, Friday, at the Paris Grand Opera in the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas, (191st performance of that work).

Claudia, a five-act opera, words by Peronnet, music by Baudin, after carrying off first honours in the competition of 1880, has been produced at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

Schubert's opera, *Alfonso und Estrella*, is in preparation at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. The characters of the hero and heroine will be sung respectively by Ernst and Mdlle Pollak.

Dr Wylde, Gresham Professor, has just published, under the title of "Music as an Educator," his series of four lectures delivered by him at Gresham College in February and March last.

The Italian operatic season at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville, was inaugurated with *Les Huguenots*, the principal characters sustained by De Retzké, Borghi, Verger, Masini, and Vidal.

Léon Jehin officiated at the last concert of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, Brussels, in place of Dupont, whose duties necessitated his presence in London, at the Royal Italian Opera.

Emma Nevada, the young American songstress, began a short engagement at the Pagliano, Florence, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*—one of the parts in which she was heard at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The death is announced, at an advanced age, of Mr James Hipkins, many years a contributor to *The Musical World*, and a gentleman esteemed and respected by everybody who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

At Mr George Gear's concert on Tuesday afternoon next, at St George's Hall, Miss Anna Williams will introduce a MS. *scena*, composed by the concert-giver; and his new songs, "Sweet visions" and "In the peaceful night" (serenade), will be sung respectively by Mdme Patey and Mr Percy Blandford. Mr Gear is announced to play (amongst other pieces) his own Sonata, No. 2, in C minor.

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Sir Julius Benedict's incidental music to *Romeo and Juliet*—including a Sarabande and Minuet, arranged for the pianoforte, and a "Wedding Carol," for female or boys' voices—has just been published by Messrs Metzler & Co.

The committee of the Hereford Festival have accepted for performance, at the evening concert on September 12, Miss Alice Mary Smith's new cantata, being a setting for orchestra, soli, and chorus, of Collins' *Ode to the Passions*.

"Walt Whitman," remarks the New Orleans *Picayune*, "is one of the most even writers America possesses. There is no difference between his poetry and his prose."—(His poetry is prosier than his prose and his prose less rugged than his poetry.—Dr Blitge.)

Mr Nicholas Mori's "Descriptive Music," for orchestra, to W. S. Gilbert's poetical fairy comedy, *The Wicked World*, was performed last week at the composer's residence. Herr Carl Ryal conducted, Herr Pollitzer was "*chef d'attaque*," and Mr Lindsay Sloper presided at the pianoforte.

On the conclusion of the operatic season at the Grand Théâtre, Antwerp, Léon Jehin, who, in his capacity as conductor, had rendered himself exceedingly popular, was presented with a chronometer and ring by the singers and chorus, and with a handsome wreath from the members of the band.

Miss Alice Roselli announces her concert for Tuesday evening next at Steinway Hall. As Miss Roselli is highly esteemed by all who have benefited by her instructions, and have been gratified by her exceptional vocal abilty, we are not surprised to learn that her concert will be given under the most distinguished patronage.

On Wednesday, May 3, Mr G. B. Allen's opera, *The Wicklow Rose* (libretto by Reece), is to make its first appearance in public, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. The cast will include Miss Alice May, Mdme Soldene, Messrs Nordblom, Dwyer, Marshall, and Lewins. *The Wicklow Rose* was "recited" at the Arts Club, Manchester, about two years ago, and was highly spoken of at the time.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.—Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Benedict, Miss Rees, and Mr Theo Marzials took part on Monday at the last concert for the present season by the Popular Ballad Concert Committee, at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. A new song, by Lady Benedict, was sung by Miss Edith Parkyns, accompanied by the composer. At these concerts compositions by Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Wagner have been given, with ballads, interpreted by well-known artists. They re-commence at Clerkenwell on Saturday, October 14th, and will be carried on through the winter every Saturday evening. The choral classes, promised by the committee, are practising under the able direction of Mr W. Henry Thomas.

GENOA.—August Bungert has completed what he calls a musical comedy, *Liebe Siegerin*, and is now busy on another dramatico-musical work, *Odysseus*, which will consume two evenings in performance.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
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VOL. 60.—No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 6, will be performed GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdme Albani; Siebel, Mdme Guercia; Mefistofele, M. Bouhy; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; and Faust, Signor Frapolli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

On MONDAY next, May 8, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FAVORITA." Leonora, Mdme Trebelli; Alfonso XI., M. Bouhy; Baldassare, M. Gresse; and Fernando, Signor Lestellier (his first appearance in England). Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

On TUESDAY next, May 9, VERDI'S Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, Mdme Albani; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; and Alfredo, Signor Frapolli.

On THURSDAY next, May 11 (Subscription night in lieu of Tuesday, Aug. 1), AMBROISE THOMAS'S Opera, "MIGNON." Mignon, Mdme Albani; Filina, Mdlle Valleria; Federico, Mdme Trebelli; Lotario, M. Gailhard; and Guglielmo, Signor Lestellier.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, May 6th, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Preciosa* (Weber); Pianoforte Concerto (D'Albert); Symphony No, 8 (Beethoven); Overture, *Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage* (Mendelssohn). Vocalist—Herr Betz (of the Royal Opera of Berlin). Solo Piano—Mr Eugene D'Albert. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Having, in a former article, touched upon some of the novel principles illustrated by Wagner's great drama, there now remains to notice the most important of them all—namely, the manner in which music is applied to it. Let no reader unacquainted with the poet-composer's ultimate method — if there can be an ultimate method while such a restless and changeful mind exists and works —let no reader, we say, imagine that in speaking of music, as "applied" to the drama, we use terms carelessly. The typical Italian opera hardly lives apart from its music. With a view to music, its scenes, incidents, and dialogue are arranged; and we should not be far wrong were we to assert that in this case the poet is the humble servant of the composer. Wagner's method in the *Nibelung's Ring* is precisely the reverse. It may not be true that he wrote his drama without reference to music at all, because he distinctly speaks of a text which "yearns" for musical expression. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the *Nibelung's Ring* could be represented without the help of the sister art, and so given would not be found lacking in interest. It stands alone, a complete creation, self-contained; music coming to it only as so much plastic material, usable at will for the strengthening of emotional expression, and for another and unique purpose, presently to be dwelt upon. The distinction here pointed out is very important. It is the key to the situation, and should never be lost sight of by those who would judge Wagner, not on principles he disowns, but on those which really form the basis of his action.

Till the development of the Wagnerian method, composers wrote dramatic music substantially on the same lines; such change as was made from generation to generation tending to the more intimate alliance of the poetic sentiment and musical expression. Music is the natural language of the emotions, which find through it fuller, deeper, and more subtle utterance than is possible to words. But ever since it began to have a grammar and rules; ever since the art was invested with some of the qualities of a scientific study, it has had to reckon with a tendency towards another and less legitimate use. There have been times when music, instead of making an appeal to feeling, challenged the admiration due to a mathematical exercise. At other times we have seen it employed in conjunction with words, but with no thought of fitness or of anything higher than the display of executive ability. These departures from the natural function of the Art have worked serious mischief by delaying its true progress; but they have not prevented a continuous, if somewhat irregular, advance towards emotionalism in general; and, as regards lyric drama, towards a closer alliance between the sentiment of the words and that of the music. The classic masters, however, applied their art to drama on very simple principles, which may be found perfectly illustrated in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. We do not overlook the fact that Weber extended its use when he identified certain themes or harmonic combinations with particular characters, introducing Zamiel, for example, by means of a "diminished" chord, coloured by the low notes of the wind instruments. Still, generally speaking, the aim of the masters was to seize upon the predominant feeling of the situation, and give it adequate expression without reference to the personages and motives involved. The magnificent dungeon scene of *Fidelio* is a case in point. Here there is no attempt at individual characterization, and no effort to picture the various dramatic incidents. A composer of the present day would, most likely, do both and distract attention, as well as dispel the broad effect of the scene by a multitude of details. Beethoven knew better, or, as some would have it put, did not know so much. His music works upon us without removing our regard from the stage. We are conscious of its gloom, its terror, and its despair; its fierce passion, tenderness, and rejoicing, yet not so actively conscious as that we are drawn out of the situation. In this respect we resemble a man who, looking on some fair, broad landscape, feels the beauty of a whole made up by a multitude of unregarded parts. If it be the province of music to express emotion, this is the only artistic method in which it can be used to that end. To fritter away attention on a crowd of minutiæ, demanding for their recognition a distinct exercise of the mind, is to imitate the painter, who, in transferring a hedge-row to canvas, bestows as much care upon each wild flower as though the observer had a separate eye for every bloom. The tendency of modern work is in the direction of such minute "tone-painting." Instead of making an appeal to our feelings, in consonance with the appeal of the drama, composers, nowadays, call upon our mental perception and keep us busily employed in recognizing this, that, and the other supposed musical equivalent for person, incident, and motive. Substantially, we have to occupy our faculties with two representations: one of dialogue and action, and another in which music, moving on parallel lines with its companions, as far as possible imitates it. It has, however, been reserved for Wagner to give this idea a new and elaborate development. With him musical characterization becomes a fundamental principle, to which that of emotional expression is subordinate, and the orchestra—the voices for the most part declaim —acts like a gigantic indicator, continually working its many arms as guides to the personages and purposes of the play.

It must be clearly understood that in the foregoing respect, the method of the *Nibelung's Ring* is that of the *Flying Dutchman* and a great deal more. The "representative themes" of Wagner's early operas are few in number, of considerable development, easily recognized and remembered; whereas in the *Nibelung's Ring* they are many, often consisting of a few notes, and make heavy demands both upon perception and memory. Nor is this all. Their scope is enlarged, and their use so complicated that even Wagner's most thoroughgoing disciples seem to look upon the music of the *Nibelung's Ring* as a maze; one of them, Hans von Wolzogen having kindly published a guide, which his brother, Ernst, has translated into a language that, at a pinch, will pass for English. By studying this little book amateurs can obtain a clear idea of the amazing system which Wagner has developed from the ordinary representative theme found in other masters. They must be struck, in the first place, with its comprehensiveness. Almost every leading idea in the drama has a musical equivalent. Of this let us cite a few examples. The play opens in the depths of the Rhine, and the first bars give us the "motive of the primeval element." Alberich pursues the Rhine Daughters, and, enraged at their escaping him, threatens them. Straightway a "motive of menace" is heard. The fateful Ring has, of course, a theme of its own, and when Alberich, to obtain the gold, forswears love, there is a "motive of renunciation." In like manner, the music presents a "motive of love's fascination;" a "motive of a growing twilight;" motives of the "rainbow," of "the godly sword," of the "victorious call of the Wälsungs," of "presentiment," of the "question of fate," and so on to the number of ninety. It is, of course, necessary to a full comprehension and enjoyment of the music-drama that each of these ninety themes shall be identified as it occurs. The whole must, in point of fact, be committed to memory in a way peculiarly clear and strong. Were they heard only in conjunction with that which they represent, there would be no great need for this. When, for example, the dragon appears, the theme prominent in the orchestra is naturally regarded as the musical equivalent of that monstrous creature. But Wagner gives his hearer no such easy task. With extraordinary ingenuity he enters into the mind of each character, takes note of every influence, purpose, and feeling, as far as there is any relation in it to the past, and then conveys the result of his observations by a complication of the already-heard motives therewith connected. That we may not be thought to misrepresent the master, let us make an extract or two from Wolzogen's guide book. The third section (*Siegfried*) of the drama opens with an orchestral prelude, to understand which alone involves no small acquaintance with what has gone before, and no mean exercise of memory. Here is the explanation: "Mime in his lonely forge in the forest sits meditating about the gain of the ring through Siegfried, and about the sword which he is unable to forge for him. Therefore, at first, only the 'motive of meditation' sounds into the long dull roll of the kettledrum upon the contra-F. Then the object of his meditation announces itself in the depth by

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the 'motive of the rising treasure,' and, thereafter, the 'forging motive,' which henceforth sticks fast to Mime's person, sets in in a more and more persevering movement. For only by means of his smith's craft Mime may gain the sword which is to help him to the object of his meditation. Whilst again the treasure moves from below, the scourge strokes of the 'motive of bondage' drive him to his work. But this same scourge is to lead to his dominion, therefore the 'motive of bondage' turns at the culmination of the prelude into the triumphant call of Alberich sounding in victorious *ff*. The frequently repeated 'motive of the ring' draws a lively, glittering, and splendid picture of the hoped-for trophy. Meanwhile, the 'motive of the dragon,' who watches the treasure, begins already to wind itself on in the bass, and the 'motive of the sword,' upon which Mime's meditations and exertions are all thwarted, rises in clear C major above the menacing warbling of the last tone. The forging motive and that of bondage lead into Mime's song, in which his outbreaking wrath, his musing, and his dread are marked by the different motives of the prelude, with the only exception of the triumphant call, which here is replaced by the ambiguous 'motive of triumph,' concluding with Loge's mockery." Thus we have, in an orchestral introduction, an elaborate "argument" expressed in arbitrary language, every character of which has to be learned before the composer is understood. Again, when Siegfried, just before his death at Hagen's hands, relates how he won Brunhilde, "we hear," says our guide, "the 'forging motive,' parts of Mime's 'education song,' the flourish of the 'Sword's guardian,' the phrase of Nothung, the motives of 'meditation' and of the 'dragon,' the 'Waldweben,' accompanied by Sieglinde's 'Walsung motive,' and in rich and richer chords the melodies of the bird, and, as at last the dark harmonies of the 'cooking motive' remind the hearer of Mime's falsehood, Hagen sneeringly laughs out with the 'forging' motive, as once Alberich did." These examples will suffice to show the complicated character of Wagner's method, and the formidable obstacles it presents to those who would hear the *Nibelung's Ring* with perfect comprehension. Upon those obstacles, however, we do not care to dwell for the purpose of making them an argument against the work. A good thing is none the worse, but often all the better, for the pains necessary to secure it. Far more important is the fact that by this "motive" system Wagner changes the spirit and purpose of music as applied to drama. Instead of heightening the appeal of the stage to emotion, music, as he uses it, places itself before the mind to suggest related circumstances, indicate designs, foreshadow realizations, and generally to act the part of a commentator. This is the essence of the "new art" which Wagner has given Germany, and it certainly constitutes a fresh departure—leading whither? We cannot believe that the thing will take root and flourish, even in the Fatherland, where it has attained, so far, a "success of curiosity." It seems to us an unnatural employment of means bestowed for an end which we recognize by instinct rather than intellectually perceive. In other words, it is arbitrary and artificial, whereas the use of music as a vehicle of emotion is, in its elementary form, the result of an inward prompting. With the adoption of Wagner's system certain results are involved. What we know as "form" must of course go. There can be no working out of melodic ideas, no harmony of phrase with phrase, where the music, obeying a rigid law, follows the course of the poetic thought, not to heighten its expression so much as to further an intellectual perception of dramatic circumstances and conditions. We have already expressed our disbelief in the vitality of this method on æsthetic grounds, and now is the time to say that its utter unpracticalness is, perhaps, the source of greatest weakness. Imagine the result were even a composer high up in the second class to work out a music drama on Wagner's principles. It is easy to conceive the inextricable confusion in which the poor man would find himself, with an army of themes all claiming to be worked in whenever the faintest reference is made to that which they represent. Let us be assured—especially those of us who look with anxiety towards the future of lyric drama—that Wagner's method belongs to himself alone. It was born with him, and, as a method, if not as an influence, it will die with him, since there is not likely to follow the poet-composer another man so gifted; nor, assuming a successor, is it probable that he would take up and wear the Wagner mantle. We may dismiss the assumption, and ask, "Who is sufficient to carry on the work which the *Nibelung's Ring* exemplifies?" When Goliath of Gath fell before the stripling David, the Philistine host had not a soldier able to wield the champion's mighty spear. In like manner, when Wagner succumbs to the dart of Death—*absit omen*—his place will remain a void. He who doubts this should study the *Nibelung's Ring*, and mark the wonderful genius shown in that monumental creation; genius such as comes but once in an age. There Wagner triumphs over difficulties which he seems to have wantonly created in very pride of strength. With what astonishing ease the master marshals and manœuvres his army of motives! How subtly he interweaves them, and varies them, according to the exigencies of his plan, with never a break in the long continuity, and never a moment when the strain upon his resources seems more than they can bear. We may reject the new system as tending to put the music of lyric drama in an artificial, false, and practically impossible position; but we may not refuse our homage to the colossal genius that has conceived and worked it out. Herein, indeed, lies the consolation of some amongst us. When a power is misdirected, its very greatness gives a comfortable prospect of extinction at the death of him who wields it.

The time is close at hand for more minute criticism of the *Nibelung's Ring*. That the work will excite unreflecting enthusiasm in some and heedless censure in others may be taken for granted; but the bulk of the Englishmen who hear it will, no doubt, judge with sober judgment. Their verdict we dare to anticipate, and we look for a strengthening rather than a weakening of claims long conceded to the artistic forms Wagner would extinguish. The *Nibelung's Ring* is wonderful, and our public will look at it with curiosity and amaze; but they will go back to a form of the lyric drama which, with all its absurdities, is truer to nature and to art.

—o—

ALBANI IN THE *TRAVIATA*.

(*From the "Morning Post."*)

In making choice of the part of Violetta in *La Traviata* for her first appearance this season, Mdme Albani did well. She thus afforded her many admirers an opportunity of judging of the many-sided character of her abilities. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her vocalization, or the exquisite taste with which the difficult and trying phrases which Verdi has written, and which the genius of the artist has added, were presented to the ear. The success which followed every effort was not only well won, but it marked a gratifying encouragement that one whose career has been a series of well-directed steps on the road to that point of perfection which all desire to attain, and but few make the proper preparation to deserve. Mdme Albani is to be regarded as especially an English singer, inasmuch as her first great triumphs have been won in the metropolis, and the greatest hold upon the minds and also the affections of her hearers have been achieved in this country. Her reception on Saturday night was a tribute of welcome from those who had learned to admire the earnest, persevering, and conscientious artist, and the marvellous manner in which she sang was an acknowledgment on her part of the high value she set upon the good opinions of her British admirers. All the opportunities which Verdi has given to his heroine were taken by her as the means for the display of rare intelligence and sincere artistic power. The sympathies of the audience were secured from the outset to the end, and her essay of the part of Violetta was marked by well-studied grace and thoughtful ability. The applause with which she was rewarded was most enthusiastic, and a perfect bower of floral tributes was presented to the charming Violetta, as graceful and as welcome as the modest flower after which she is named.

STUTTGART.—Professor Giessler, lecturer on agricultural chemistry at the Polytechnic Institution, has invented a preparation for rendering wood and other materials non-combustible. The objects thus treated will never ignite, even under the intensest heat. The mixture has been adopted at the Theatre Royal.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 252.)

The Anthem.

Many anthems are written in a single movement, and in the form of one or other of the single movements described before.

Anthems of early times vary from, perhaps, little more than a hymn tune to an elaborate composition in the imitative style of the day which we associate now with the madrigal. Such an one is the anthem of Tallis mentioned in former pages, "I call and cry to Thee." Orlando Gibbons' "Hosanna" is another example of the same kind. Of less elaborate imitation, and with occasional rhythmic phrases which give it more of a hymn-like nature, is Tallis' "If ye love me keep my commandments"; and also that attributed to Farrant of about the same date, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake." Modern anthems in single movements naturally follow more modern forms.

Where greater length is necessary, the design is carried out in a series of movements closely following one another, connected by the natural sequence of musical and poetical ideas, and also by a certain relationship between the keys of the different movements. Sometimes a passage occurs of the nature of recitative, but without the passionate declamation that may be appropriate in romantic music.

In Purcell's "My beloved spake," the successive movements are all in one key, are all complete in themselves with half-way rest on the dominant, or with modulation in the middle of the movement, returning to a perfect close in the main key F; the unity of the key and the sense of the words being the only connection between the several movements.

Purcell's "O sing unto the Lord" is an anthem of many movements, all of which have a distinct and final close; and all but two of them begin and end in the major or minor form of F, the main key of the piece. The continuity of the anthem as a whole is much aided by the variation of the keys of these two movements. One of them, the third of the whole, begins in D minor and continues in F, followed by the next movement in F. The other, the fifth of the whole, begins in B flat, goes through much modulation and ends in D minor; the rest of the movements following in F minor or major. Both these movements of different key bear some resemblance to the second part or fantasia of a sonata, and, as such, tend to carry on the design of the whole anthem in the direction most natural; namely, to begin in the main key, to go abroad and to return home to the main key, to go abroad again, and again to return home.

This characteristic (of going abroad and returning again) is carried out further in Purcell's "I was glad"; and in some places the change of movement occurs within the divisions of the design, thus aiding the continuity by making the movements necessary to one another. The long symphonies for string quartet are in some places necessary parts of the design, and make the anthem a sort of forerunner of the Choral Symphony and the Hymn of Praise. The first symphony, after a few introductory bars, brings in the main subject of the first solo and comes to a close. The solo follows:

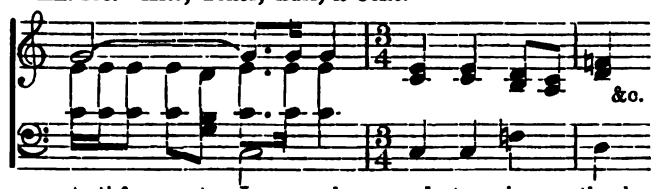
Ex. 166. I was glad,.....

After several phrases it modulates and then returns to the main key with a close. The symphony follows with a re-composition of the final phrase and a close. The next movement follows, without a stop, in the same key:

Ex. 167. Je - ru - sa - lem is built as a ci - ty

and directly modulates through several keys to C, changes the movement while in C,

Ex. 168. Alto, Tenor, Bass, & Cello.



testi-fy un-to Is - ra - el, and to give thanks

and returns through A minor to G for the cadence of the new movement. The symphony follows with the music of the next coming solo note for note. This is a complete movement, though short, beginning:

Ex. 169.

After this it modulates and returns to G for its close. The symphony which follows this is an independent and complete movement in G minor, with modulation in the middle and closing in G minor:

Ex. 170.

Following this is a short movement of four bars in quasi recitative:

Ex. 171.

This leads into another movement in triple time in G major with modulation and with close in G minor.

Immediately after this is common time and the major form of the key for one phrase only:

Ex. 172.

followed by change of time and modulation for a second phrase, returning to G for a third phrase. The next movement acts as second part to this, and is a solo in changing keys. It is followed by a recapitulation of the last group of three phrases for chorus (see Ex. 172), and this brings the anthem to an end.

With reference to the symphonies for stringed instruments in this anthem we may quote from Pepys' "Diary," September 14, 1662: "To Whitehall Chapel. Captain Cooke's new musique. This the first day of having vialls and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems. . . . ."—(Cummings' "Life of Purcell.")

Oliveria Prescott.

(To be continued.)

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PRESENTATION TO MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

On Tuesday last the professors of the National Training School for Music presented Mr Arthur Sullivan with an album containing the photographs of the professors, officials, and students who had been associated with him during the term of his holding office as Principal. A deputation of professors, including Messrs J. F. Barnett, J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., J. T. Carrodus, E. Jerningham, S. Kemp, H. Lazarus, Arthur O'Leary, J. Radcliff, Alberto Visetti, and J. B. Welch, assembled at Mr Sullivan's residence, when Signor Visetti read the following address:—

"Dear Mr Sullivan,—It is with the truest and deepest feeling of satisfaction that we have called to-day upon you, and rejoice in greeting you after your long absence. We call on you as friends and as representatives of the whole staff of professors and the whole body of students of the National Training School, and our duty is as dear to us as we hope it will be agreeable to you.

"Five years of uninterrupted intercourse with you, left in the mind and the heart of those who had the honour of belonging to that musical institution an impression that will never be effaced by time or events; the professors will never forget how gratifying it was to aid the development of youthful talent when their best efforts were always rewarded by your kind and encouraging expressions; and the pupils must always be proud of having gone through their studies under your learned and affectionate direction. We feel confident (for you have repeatedly told us so) that you also will not forget that time; but that you may have it oftener present to your mind, we ask you to accept this token of our respectful affection, assuring you that, as the likenesses contained in this album will always be the same, our feelings towards you will remain for ever unchanged."

Mr Arthur Sullivan, in reply, expressed the very great pleasure it gave him to receive such an interesting memento of his connection with the Training School. "Though averse to testimonials in general, the form which their expression of esteem had taken would, of course, allow him to accept it with unalloyed gratification. They had all reason to be very proud of the successful results of the School, and he was sure the professors would, like himself, watch with sympathetic interest the careers of those students who, by their talents and industry, had already distinguished themselves under their direction. He would always look back with pleasure to the time which had brought him into close contact with his late colleagues, enabling him, in many instances, to renew old friendships and form others which, he hoped, would be equally lasting. He would beg those present to convey to all who had contributed to this beautiful and interesting mark of their esteem his warmest and sincerest thanks."

The album, which has been manufactured by Messrs Houghton & Gunn, of Bond Street, is handsomely bound. It also contains an illuminated address and a highly tasteful frontispiece designed by Mr J. R. Clayton, in which are introduced the titles of some of Mr Sullivan's principal works.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A work begun on Aug. 21, 1832, came to an end last night—the Sacred Harmonic Society has ceased to exist. We unfeignedly regret it, not solely because of the sentiment which makes us all dwell lovingly upon the merits of a vanished good, but because music in this country has lost one of its most useful and honoured champions. The fact is probably recognized now that the time of redemption is passed. A little of the interest shown last night by an audience that crowded the hall to the doors would, if manifested some time ago, have saved the society. One common feeling of regret pervaded the throng. But it was the vain regret which weeps a loss that might have been averted. Some may comfort themselves with the thought that the "Sacred Harmonic" lived longer than most other institutions of its kind. Granted, but we see no adequate reason for its death, unless it be—which Heaven forefend!—that English amateurs no longer regard the masterpieces of sacred music. In that case the event we now record was both natural and just. We do not want a society that is a sham. Another matter of interest helped to explain the crowd which assembled last night. We had thought that Sir Michael Costa took his leave of the society through the medium of *Eli*, as performed at the penultimate concert. But so rapid has been the famous conductor's recovery of late, that he was enabled to appear and see the last of an institution connected with his name since 1848. The attendance of Sir Michael was worth much more risk than he himself incurred, and showed that Fate is not always in the mood to spite a universal wish, or to ignore the fitness of things. Every one present, we undertake to say, was right glad to see the well-known figure in its accustomed place, and once more to enjoy an oratorio as given under the most potent of *bâtons*. Sir Michael was received in a manner that might well have affected him. Applause swelled into cheers, and waving hats and handkerchiefs supplemented the demonstration of voices as he stepped upon the platform, and again, with added vehemence, when he quitted it, after "God save the Queen" had brought the proceedings to an end. Justice was thus done, for, in his own way, Sir Michael Costa is a hero worthy of "ovation," and it must have been the remembrance of his more than thirty years' work, as well as rejoicing at his convalescence, which gave emphasis to the applause he received.

The society began with Handel fifty years ago, and ended with the same mighty master, whose *Solomon* was chosen for the final performance. Leaving *Israel in Egypt* out of the question—as was done by the directors on account of their limited resources—a better choice could not have been made. *Solomon* abounds in magnificent choruses of the true Handelian character—such choruses as evoked the wondering homage of the dying Beethoven, and are still the delight of amateurs, the despair of composers. Who that pretends to even an elementary acquaintance with Handel does not know them, or is unable to call over from memory the roll that begins with "Your harps and cymbals sound," continues with the exquisite "May no rash intruder," the pompous "From the censor," the wonderful series of the "Passions"—amid which "Draw the tear from hopeless love" stands like a colossus—and ends with "The name of the wicked shall quickly be past." Such works are not for an age only. Music may take this or that development as the changeful tide of men and things rolls down the centuries; but the true principles of art never vary. They confer immortal youth upon their exemplars, and of their exemplars *Solomon* is one. The performance, we are glad to say, was in most respects worthy of the occasion. All the choruses were given with effect, some of them, as the "Nightingale" chorus, with unwonted finish; while the solos, entrusted to Miss Anna Williams, Miss Adela Vernon, Mdme Patey, Mr Guy, and Mr Burgon, afforded no ground for any feeling but satisfaction. In the pathetic air, "Can I see my infant gored?" Miss Williams sang with true feeling. Miss Vernon's sympathetic voice and refinement of style were conspicuous in the music of the Queen of Sheba, and, as Solomon, Mdme Patey achieved a success which is both familiar and inevitable. Her delivery of the recitatives was as noteworthy as ever for declamatory power, while in the beautiful air, "What though I trace," the best of the qualities which give her distinction were displayed. Too much credit can hardly be awarded to Mr Guy for the musicianly style in which he sang the difficult tenor solos. His task was not a very grateful one, but he discharged it like an artist who, besides being skilful, is conscientious. As already mentioned, the National Anthem—Sir M. Costa's arrangement—followed the oratorio, and then, amid ringing cheers, the Sacred Harmonic Society passed into history; its work done, its honours gained. Will it have a successor? Surely, yes—one with the same mission, and differing only in the fervour which belongs to youth. While, therefore, we cry sadly, "Le Roi est mort!" we exclaim hopefully, "Vive le Roi!"—*D. T.*

VIENNA.—On the 19th ult., Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was given at the Imperial Opera for the 100th time, the first performance having taken place in the new house on the 16th July, 1869. The cast included three "guests" or non-members of the regular company: Lilli Lehmann, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, as Marguerite de Valois; Wekerlin, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, as Valentine; and Gudehus, from the Theatre Royal Dresden, as Raoul.—Stainer, director of the Theater an der Wien, has become manager of the Carl-Theater.—Some time since the *Deutsche Zeitung* offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best Austro-German national hymn, Joseph Winter being the successful competitor. The paper subsequently offered the same amount for an appropriate setting of the hymn; but out of 1,320 essays forwarded by as many candidates not one has been deemed worthy.

STETTIN.—On the occasion of Götze's benefit at the Stadttheater, Marianne Brandt being advertised to appear as Fidelio, the house was crammed in every part. But the lady coming on, not in character, but ordinary costume, informed the audience that she was ill when she left Berlin that morning. Unwilling to disappoint them, however, and hoping to be better before evening, she came to proffer her own excuse. No improvement having taken place, any idea of her singing was out of the question, but she hoped the public would not make the conductor pay the penalty of her own misfortune. This appeal had its intended effect, and all the audience remained for Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, so Götze had his benefit after all.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The most brilliant night of the season, so far, was that of Saturday last. In the first place, the aspect of the house reminded one of the days when Italian opera really flourished as a social institution. Royalty attended in force, two double boxes being occupied by the Queen of the Netherlands, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and a numerous suite, while the appearance of stalls and tiers showed at a glance that the audience had a genuine right to be called fashionable and distinguished. The occasion of the gathering was not a musical novelty, since Verdi's *Traviata* runs *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula* hard for precedence among operas best known. But though everybody had an intimate acquaintance with the work performed, the principal artist essayed her part for the first time in London, and Mdme Albani in a new character is provocation sufficient to secure a full house. Mdme Albani may be congratulated upon the remarkable success which attended her appearance as the unfortunate Lady of the Camellias—a success never in doubt from the moment of her entry till the close of the opera. In more than one respect the assumption was notable. It gave evidence of intelligent study, independence of tradition, and a just perception of the manner in which Violetta can be represented so as to unite a measure of verisimilitude with the qualities necessary to elicit sympathy. The result was a character marked by strength of feeling amounting to passion, in itself able to explain much of Violetta's history upon which it is not needful to dwell, and making perfectly natural those later scenes that so often appear exaggerated and artificial. We sometimes see Violettas of a coldness and delicacy entirely at variance with the surroundings as well as with the nature of the personage, and, again, are presented with others so reckless that we fail to understand their association with the love that is capable of sacrifice. Mdme Albani avoided both mistakes. Her Violetta was a woman who, if beyond the pale of society, had preserved her moral sense, and her capacity for pure and disinterested affection, along with an emotional fervour which, in whatever direction moved, must necessarily exert a powerful impetus. Mdme Albani carefully presented this idea of the part from beginning to end, and brought into harmonious conjunction the reckless abandon of the first act, the noble self-sacrifice of the second, and the love until death of the third. Some points in the embodiment were new. At the parting from Alfredo, for example, the struggle to make what Violetta intended as a final adieu appear no more than a temporary leave-taking was brought into especial prominence with touching effect. Again, when Alfredo offered Violetta the crowning offence, the woman, instead of fainting right off, faced her insulter with a look of haughty indignation, and only after the coward had retreated fell slowly back into friendly arms. The final scene was very powerfully played by Mdme Albani. It was a delirium of feeling, for which the artist drew upon every power she possessed. The result may be called great, and assuredly no Violetta of recent date has enacted the dying girl with more genuine pathos and passion. As a dramatic artist Mdme Albani now stands higher in esteem than ever. Of her singing it is needless to speak at length. Enough that Verdi's always happy and often touching melodies were given with the skill and expression necessary to their full enjoyment. The artist's success with her audience was immense, applause and re-calls being the order of the evening. In other respects the performance of *La Traviata*, which M. Dupont conducted, called for no remark save that the new stage manager's reforming hand was pleasantly conspicuous in the second act.—*D. T.*

Dinorah was given on Tuesday night, with Mdme Sembrich as the heroine, and Mdme Tremelli as the Goatherd, Signors Cotogni and Frapolli as Hoel and Correntino. *Aïda* was produced on Thursday, with Mdme Fürsch-Madi in the title part, and a new comer, Mdlle Stahl (who made a sensible impression), as Amneris, Signor Frapolli as Radamès, and Signor Pandolfini as Amonasro. The opera attracted a large audience. This evening *Faust* is announced; and on Monday *La Favorita*, with Mdme Trebelli as Leonora, a new tenor, Signor Lestellier as Fernando, and M. Bouhy as the King.

MUNICH.—Mdme Basta, who was to play the Princess in *Robert le Diable* at the Theatre Royal, found herself at the last moment compelled by illness to relinquish it. No competent substitute being at hand, the opera was given without the Princess, the scenes in which she figures being omitted. (The same thing was done at Her Majesty's Theatre during the Jenny Lind *furore*.—Dr Blitge).

Minnie Hauk will head an English Opera Company next season in America. Among the works to be produced are English versions of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, *Die lustigen Weiber*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Mignon*.

FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN THE ALBERT HALL.

The festival and competition of French and Belgian Orpheonic Societies, held at Brighton last autumn, was not, we believe, a pecuniary success. In other ways, however, it so met the expectation of the promoters that M. de la Grave and those associated with him in directing the enterprise have resolved upon a repetition on June 20 and 21 next, changing the *locale* from Brighton to the Royal Albert Hall. The venture is a spirited one under the actual circumstances. In two months from the present time London will find itself at the height of the most extraordinary musical season ever known—a season already sure to present a perfect embarrassment of riches. Opera simultaneously given at three houses, a crowd of orchestral concerts, and a thousand and one entertainments of less pretensions, will join to present a distracting array of claims upon public patronage. It required no little courage to enter the lists against rivalry so formidable, but the managers of the "London French Musical Festival and Competition" are not to be deterred by any such considerations. We must admire their pluck, and own that they already deserve success.

The arrangements, generally speaking, will not differ from those of last year. Up to the present, we understand, the attendance of twenty prominent French and Belgian societies has been secured, and it is expected that at least forty additional entries will be made, the number of performers thus coming nearly up to 3,000. Upon their efforts some of our most prominent English and resident musicians have consented to sit in judgment; as, for example, Sirs J. Benedict, H. Oakeley, and G. Elevy, Messrs Randegger, Cowen, Mattei, Visetti, H. Leslie, Thorne, and Kuhe, among whose foreign colleagues will be at least three professors from the Paris Conservatoire. As last year, performances on a festival scale are prominent in the scheme, and these will certainly not prove wanting in attraction, if only because eminent artists, rarely or never heard before in England, have undertaken to appear. On this point it will suffice to mention the names of Mdlle Jenny Howe, and M. Vergnet, both of the Paris Opéra; M. Gigout, organist of St Augustine's Church; and M. Paul Viardot, the violinist. It is understood, further, that several artists prominently associated with the famous Conservatoire concerts will make their bow to an English audience. When the arrangements are complete we shall, of course, be better able to estimate the attraction offered and the probabilities of success, but even now there seems no reason why the Orpheonic Festival should not obtain an adequate share of public support. It will be somewhat of a novelty in London, and is certain to afford an excellent opportunity of learning the stage to which popular musical education has advanced amongst our neighbours across the Channel. After two days' work at the Albert Hall the Orpheonists will visit Brighton to give concerts in the Dome, and in the event of pecuniary profit resulting, half the surplus will be given to the Royal College of Music.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The new season of these concerts began successfully in St James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the audience being large and well disposed, while the performance came quite up to general expectation. Much of the programme we can afford to dismiss in a few words. There is no need, for example, to dwell upon the peculiar march written by Wagner in honour of the German victories, and dedicated to the Kaiser, or upon the same master's overture to *Tannhäuser*, or upon the prelude to *Der Freyschütz*, or upon the "Eroica" symphony. All these works are familiar features in the repertory of the concerts, and it would be as difficult to say anything new about their execution as about themselves. The rendering of each was justly applauded; at the same time, the public should not rush to an extreme, and fancy that never was anything heard like it. We remember quite as good performances taking place before Herr Richter stepped on our shores. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (Op. 70) was the nearest approach to novelty in the programme, and acquired additional interest from the playing of Mr Eugene D'Albert, who made his first appearance after returning from Vienna. The difficult or grandiose passages of the Russian composer were attacked by Mr D'Albert with spirit and success, while the accompaniment, under Herr Richter's careful direction, was all that could have been desired. The young pianist received enthusiastic applause at the close of his task.—*D. T.*

Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* has been produced at the Stadttheater, Cologne, thus completing the series of *Nibelung* representations begun in the spring of 1879.

Gilmore has received, through the United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, a medal from the French Government for his concerts in the Trocadero during the Exhibition.

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Triumvirate.

"For they didn't plead over and above ill."

DILETTANTE CURTAIN-LIFTER.

"Scots wha hae."

"Ar hyd y nos."

"The Groves of Blarney."

[*Pasha Sullivan will put the three melodies together, with pianoforte-accompaniment by Count Hallé, and harp-accompaniment by Pencerdd Gwffyn.*]

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Hoch!

All hail thou mighty poet!
Thou Homer of the Scauds,
With brain—and thou dost know it—
As close-set as the sands!

Shaal!

THE Queen of the Netherlands, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg visited the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night, when Mad. Albani made her first appearance for the season.

MARRIAGE.

On April 26, at Battersea, FREDERICK HENRY, eldest son of Frederick Morris, formerly Captain and Adjutant of 100th Regiment, to BERTHA CONSTANCE LOVE, youngest daughter of Herr Wilhelm Kloss.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

RICHARD WAGNER'S *JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

MOTTO: "*Der Jude wird verbrannt.*"—LESSING.

Richard Wagner, who, for some time past, has again been working at his own self-glorification, so indispensable to him, by the industrious production of pamphlets, has just published another pamphlet under the title of *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, Leipsic, J. J. Weber. The most abominable part of creation are the *Jews*, and all those are *Jews* who do not worship Herr Richard Wagner; this is about the leading thought of the pamphlet, which, though thin, is running over with venom. It is dedicated to Mdme Marie Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, and commences with the complaint "that every one of Wagner's artistic productions always meets, in the daily press—not only of Germany, but also of France and England—with a spirit of hostility exerted for his disparagement." The source of such wide-spreading enmity Wagner has discovered to be a general and regularly organized conspiracy of the *Jews* against him. We are told that, in consequence of an article ("Das Judenthum in der Musik") which he published in 1850 in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, all the enemies of swine's flesh have become his enemies also, and have ever since striven in every possible manner to be revenged upon him. According to his assertion, the article created an immense sensation, though, strange to say, not R. Wagner but "K. Freigedank" was the signature appended to it, and the editor, F. Brendel, never condescended to reveal the real author! It indeed requires all Wagner's self-complacency to believe that the entire world of art and journalism is still thinking of a pseudonymous article that appeared in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* nineteen years ago, and that every annoyance since suffered by him is nothing more nor less than the vengeance of the Jews on his *feuilleton*. I confess that it is only now, through Wagner's own pamphlet, that I knew anything of the article and of its illustrious parentage. The same is probably the case with the majority of my colleagues. But this is what Wagner will never believe; he is convinced, or, at least, pretends that he is (for one really often hesitates considering him so limited in intelligence as, in his pamphlet, he represents himself to be), that all his opponents are merely the sworn instruments bent upon carrying out the behests of a Jewish association formed to be revenged upon him. Though, from these fabulous results, we ought to conclude that the article of "K. Freigedank" is as universally known as Meyerbeer's "*Prophet* March," which appeared soon afterwards, Wagner considers it advisable to reprint the said article—a resolution for which we feel sincerely grateful.

He commences by attacking the Jews generally. As his object is "the justification of his *invincible repugnance* to everything Jewish," he of course paints without any light. The outward appearance of the Jew is a "disagreeable whim of Nature;" but, by the way, no calamity for the Jew, because "he feels very comfortable under this misfortune." On the stage it is impossible "to imagine any character, ancient or modern, represented by a Jew without involuntarily feeling the absolutely laughable inappropriateness of such an impersonation." (I wonder whether Wagner's Christian mind would really revolt at achieving success through the talent of Bettelheim, Csillag, or Sonntheim?)

The *educated* Jew is "the most heartless of men, and has relations only with those who need his money." (It is from such relations that Wagner appears to have derived all his knowledge of the educated Jew.) Finally the author enters upon the relations of the Jews to art. "What the educated Jew had to say when he wished to indulge in artistic utterance, could of course be only that which was *unimportant and trivial*, since his whole impulse towards art was luxurious and unnecessary." According to Wagner, everything a Jew does in the way of art "must necessarily have inherent to it the quality of coldness or indifference, even to triviality and ridiculousness." And what name does he mention immediately after

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this thesis? No less a one than that of *Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*, or as he with feigned sensibility says: "Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, so soon taken from us." He asserts that Mendelssohn, despite his talent, could never succeed—*not even in one solitary instance*—in producing upon us the profound impression, moving both heart and soul, which we expect from art. I think that thousands of my readers will agree with me when I assure Herr Wagner that the simplest of Mendelssohn's songs (not to speak of his greatest creations) makes its way more surely to "the heart and soul" than ten operas *à la* "*Tristan und Isolde*." The reader may easily imagine how loud and vehement Wagner's shouts are after Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer's art, Herr Wagner asserts, consisted only in "*deceiving*, a feat he accomplished by palming off upon his wearied audience the (Jewish) jargon, which we have already minutely characterized, as the modern and piquant expression of all the trivialities which, in their naked stupidity, had been so often presented to them." For Wagner (who never "deceived" the public for quite forty years with operas like *Les Huguenots*) Meyerbeer is a "tragico-comic phenomenon, as, indeed, generally that which leaves us cold, that which is laughable" constitutes "the distinguishing feature of Judaism." It would be only when music had fallen into a state of utter coma that Jews could enter into it. "It is not until the inward death of a body becomes manifest that the elements lying outside it gain the power of being their own masters, but merely to decompose the body; thus the flesh of the latter is resolved into a seething many-lived mass of worms." After Heine has been hissed off for his "poetic lies," and Börne applauded because he worked at the "self-annihilation of Judaism," Wagner returns to the terrible results of his pseudonymous article of the year 1850. He tells us that, owing to the many years Felix Mendelssohn worked there, "Leipsic received the real musical *Judaic baptism*. Leipsic is exclusively the *Jewish musical capital*," &c. In this disgusting, low strain, that would do honour to a fanatic mendicant friar, does the entire pamphlet continue. It is in the Jewish musical capital, therefore, that the conspiracy was then organized, "always to ignore Wagner as the author of the article," but, on the other hand, "by systematic calumny and persecution" to punish him in his literary and musical efforts. The first calumniator to come forward, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, was, we are informed, Professor Bischoff, "a friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller." (Strange to say, Hiller is not further ill-treated in the pamphlet, although he has published several admirable and crushing articles on Wagner's theories.) Then the Undersigned appeared with his "Libel" *On the Musically-Beautiful*. Against this denomination I must protest. My essay upon the *Musically-Beautiful* (the value of which Herr Wagner is, of course at liberty to fix as he pleases) is a thoroughly serious theoretical investigation, a strictly scientific endeavour to test anew, and to explain, the fundamental notions of musical æsthetics. It has never been regarded as aught else, though the merits of Wagner, as well as those of other composers, are discussed therein. Had I desired to write a libel against Wagner, I should have been able to find another and a more piquant title, in the style of his last pamphlet; as, for instance, *Der Grössenwahnsinn in der Musik*. That, among the representatives of genuine musical beauty, I mentioned, after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the Jewish Mendelssohn, so excites Herr Wagner's bile that he is seduced into making the stupid assertion that, merely to raise Mendelssohn with a "certain manner upon the throne, I placed a few specimens of *Christian* nobility, such as Robert Schumann, by his side." It is from the essay, *On the Musically-Beautiful*, that, we are told, the whole amount of subsequent misfortune resulted: "The author had attained universal respect, and made himself a position which gave him importance, when he, an æsthetician whom people wonderingly admired, now appeared as critic in the most widely-read political paper, and declared my artistic efforts null and void." My "nimbus," he says also, is the reason that, wherever newspapers are read in the world, one particular tone has become the rule in speaking of him, a tone which Mdme Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, has been so astonished to meet with everywhere. I must, in return, inform Herr Wagner that he estimates far too highly the influence of my criticisms, and assigns me an amount of importance that I am very far from possessing. Mine is merely one voice amongst many voices, but, be it observed, voices which are independent and the exponents of sincere convictions. Why does not Herr Wagner name our most celebrated musical writer, Otto Jahn, whose criticisms on *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* surpass, in crushing power, all I ever wrote about him? Why does he not name Speidel and Scheller of Vienna, who—though as little Jews as I am myself—have not treated him in a manner one iota more Christianlike than I have? Very recently, Herr Lübke, the art-historian, spoke with charming humour, in a similar strain of him, being naturally in Stuttgardt immediately matriculated a Jew for so doing. Why does not Wagner remember that clever writer, Hinrichs, who, at first, advanced to meet him with warm sympathy, but the longer he wrote, and the more carefully he studied Wagner's operas, became colder and colder, so that the "loyal Brendel" would not accept his last articles. But Wagner expressly complains of Adolphe Stahr, and Robert Franz, who, in the summer of 1850, once, "though exactly *only once*," espoused his cause! I, too, am reproached with the "almost enthusiastic partiality" which I at first felt for him, but which I now feel no longer. My worthy Herr Wagner, the same thing has happened to a great many others. I never denied the strong impression, nor have I ever been ashamed of it, which was produced upon me, when a young student in Dresden, by the dazzling performance of *Tannhäuser*. I sent a notice of it to the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, and, though rather lavish in its praise, the notice exhibited anything but blindness to the numerous weak points in the opera. That, at a period when the name of Richard Wagner was not known in Austria, I happened to be the first who spoke publicly in terms of warm admiration of *Tannhäuser*, is a fact that gives me satisfaction even now.* My mistake consisted merely in the sanguine belief that, in his subsequent operas, Wagner would raise and refine to clearer and clearer beauty those elements which are full of charm and purport in *Tannhäuser*, and that, at the same time, he would reject what was unmusical, unhealthy, and trivial, though cleverly disguised. The reverse has come to pass; every succeeding opera has become more unmelodious, more wearisome, more noisy, and abstruse. Just in the same way, his pamphlet grows more passionate, more spiteful, and more mendacious at every page. The one lie, my pretended "Judaism," I will overlook, in consideration of the blind rage of a man, who like the Rabbin in Heine's *Disputation*, always goes about with a small naked knife, in order murderously to hack harmless Christians who may pass him. The second lie does not concern me alone. Wagner asserts, the reader must know, that Theodor Vischer (whom he has the impertinence to dub "an amiable and perfectly blond German Æsthetician"), confided to me the execution of the musical part of his *Æsthetik*, and deduces from this relation of ours to each other fresh conclusions in explanation of my "rapid celebrity," &c. As we must in justice assume that Herr Wagner has had in his hands at least once this *Æsthetik* of Vischer's, since he so depreciates it, it cannot possibly have escaped his notice that the whole of the musical portion (with the exception of a few paragraphs written by Vischer himself), is due to Professor Karl Köstlin, of Tübingen, a man known as a thorough musician and philosopher, and not only no Jew, but actually a Protestant clergyman.

According to Wagner, it is impossible to estimate too highly the incalculable influence, still at work, of the pseudonymous Jew-Article of 1850; he assures us: "What Liszt, too, had to undergo, was attributable to this article!" The reader perceives that Wagner is becoming a perfect child. The "defection," also, of Joachim (whose truthful, artistic nature could no longer put up with the humbug of the Music of the Future), Wagner explains as a consequence of the influence exerted by his Jewish shield of Medusa. In Paris and London, moreover, the same "organized conspiracy" existed against him (of course, people there had nothing more pressing to do than to read the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* of 1850). He accounts for the universal antipathy with which he met in London, "by the peculiar character of the English religion, which is based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament." After having thus waged war with the papers, Wagner, not abandoning his fixed idea for a single moment, proceeds to attack theatrical managers. "You already perceive," he says, apostrophizing Mdme Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, "that, while my former operas made their way into nearly all German theatres, each of my more recent works meets with a sluggish, nay, hostilely rejectful behaviour in the self-same theatres; the fact is, my earlier works had forced their way upon the stage before the *Jewish agitation*, and their success could not be greatly affected."† Such an explanation can emanate only from a person completely blinded by vanity, who never seeks in himself the cause of a failure, but always solely in the intrigues of others. Every theatrical manager who understands his business (leaving out of consideration the fact of his possessing any especial feeling for art) will be eager to produce novelties by a composer who has already written two or three operas which have successfully kept their places on the stage. In consequence of the unusual dearth of new German operas, a theatrical manager will even make many a sacrifice

* I pleaded also for the performance of *Die Meistersinger* in Vienna, not that I considered it a masterpiece, but because of all the German operas which have been produced for some time past, it is the most interesting and most original, and, therefore, the public ought not to be deprived of the chance of becoming acquainted with it.

† This Jewish chronological calculation is not applicable to Vienna. *Tannhäuser* was not given at the Imperial Operahouse before 1859, and *Lohengrin* not before 1858.

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to secure such novelties. If, in spite of this, he does *not* venture on them, he must have come to the conviction that they do not hold out the promise of success, or, at least, not of such a success as will repay him for his trouble and expense. When warm advocates of *Tannhäuser* protest against music like that in *Tristan und Isolde*, the reason of their so doing exists wholly and solely in *Tristan und Isolde* itself; and when a theatrical manager asserts he can cast and get up *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Lohengrin* tolerably well, but could never manage *Die Meistersinger* or *Die Nibelungen*, here again the blame rests solely and wholly with *Die Nibelungen* and *Die Meistersinger*. It is not every theatre which, like the Royal Operahouse, Munich, can maintain an expensive clinical staff of accoucheurs simply for Richard Wagner. Wagner allows himself to be so carried away by his passion as to make the exceedingly impertinent assertion that he perceived, in his correspondence with the persons at the head of the Court Operahouses in Vienna and Berlin, "from the *dodges* employed by them, that it was not merely their wish not to be under the necessity of producing the *Meistersinger*, but, moreover, to hinder its being given at other theatres." As regards the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, I am in a position to assure Herr Wagner of the contrary. The management was only waiting for permission to make the most necessary *cuts*; and very rightly, for no sensible manager would ever inflict upon his public an opera of such preposterous and somniferous length. Wagner, however, takes some credit to himself for the fact "that he has now made certain stipulations never previously considered necessary for his permission to produce a new work." The "mingling of the Jewish element in our artistic affairs" appears in this case, therefore, to emanate from himself, I think.—After giving Fröbel (who has broken so many lances in his defence) a kick, as he goes by, Wagner suddenly stumbles over the name of Robert Schumann. Of course, something injurious must be said of him—but it is not so easy to do so. . . . . All right! Wagner has hit upon it. "Compare," he says to Mdme Muchanoff, *née* Countess von Nesselrode, "the Robert Schumann of the first half of his productivity with the Robert Schumann of the second: there plastic fashioning impulse; here, a subsiding into bombastic flatness." And what is the reason of this? Was not it, as we previously thought, Schumann's nervous illness, and the overclouding of his mind, which soon met with so fearful a conclusion in his tragic end? Not a bit of it! Wagner assures us that the reason of the decline in Schumann's productive power must be sought in the influence exerted "by the mingling of the Jewish element." Up to this point the predominant feeling excited by the pamphlet is one of ridiculousness; but this feeling is now converted into absolute disgust. We shut the repulsive book, which will hardly gain its author many friends, or create many enemies for the Jews. As a guide to Wagner's character, it possesses only a psychological interest. In it unbounded self-adoration has attained a height, on which a man with his brains in healthy working order could never breathe. We are involuntarily compelled to think of R. Wagner's predecessor in the Old Testament,—King Nabuchodonezzar, who believed so long that he was a god, that he turned himself into a mere ordinary ox, eat hay, and was set to music by Verdi.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

SARAH BERNHARDT passed through Madrid on her way from Lisbon to Barcelona.

BAYREUTH.—In a letter addressed to Hans von Wolzogon, editor of the *Bayreuther Blätter*, Wagner unfolds his intentions as to this year's performances of *Parsifal*, and likewise as to those to be given every year afterwards, *in perpetuum*. The oracle also expresses a hope that a "school" (on Wagnerian principles, of course), may be the issue.

BERLIN.—Carlotta Grossi, formerly of the company at the Royal Operahouse, subsequently engaged at Vienna, will re-appear for a limited period. (Well remembered by Maplesonian opera-goers.—Dr Blidge.) *Carnevalfest*, a new ballet, from the pen of Emil Hartmann, Copenhagen, has been successfully performed in the Concerthaus, by Bilse's Orchestra.

MOSCOW.—During the time of the Exhibition—from the 15th May to the 15th September—the Russian Musical Society intend giving a series of ten concerts at which only works by Russian composers will figure, the conductors being Anton Rubinstein, Davidoff, Rimsky-Korsakow, Balakirew, and Hubert; director of the Conservatory. Rubinstein, who is to conduct at the first three concerts, has written an overture in which a number of well-known popular Russian national airs are "worked up." Tschaikowsky has composed an "Ouverture solennelle" for two orchestras.

CONCERTS.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The first grand festival of the new company's second season was inaugurated on Saturday last under very inauspicious circumstances. The weather reminded one more of March than of April. Notwithstanding boisterous wind, much rain, and leaden skies through which the sun struggled in vain to gain the mastery, a very large gathering mustered on the occasion, the principal attraction being a grand performance of Mr Carter's sacred cantata, *Placida, the Christian Martyr*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with the following artists: Mdme Christine Nilsson, Miss Patti Winter, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr George Cox, Mr James H. Ley, and Signor Foli. Mr Edward Bending presided at the organ. Mr Carrodus was leader of the orchestra. The united chorus and band, numbering 1,000, was conducted by Mr Carter. Produced some ten years ago, it is questionable whether the cantata was ever so ably rendered as on this occasion. No exception could be taken to any of the artists, but special circumstances lent an attraction to Mdme Christine Nilsson, which rendered the performance one of more than usual interest. Clad in deepest mourning, pale as marble, and showing evidence of her recent heavy bereavement, the great Swedish soprano looked, if possible, more fascinating than ever. The Placida of the cantata was realized in a manner so remarkable that the audience gave spontaneous vent to their sympathy in one long-sustained burst of admiration, renewed again and again throughout the performance, as the great singer, with inspired fervour, threw heart and soul into the part of the martyred Placida. Ably as the other singers rendered their parts, the feeling was overpowering that the interest centred in Mdme Nilsson. Nor can this be regretted, artistically, for, after all, the halo of the martyr's crown ought to be focussed, as it were, on the Roman maiden who gave up sweet life for her Christianity. The performers throughout were much applauded, encores being, as a rule, declined; there was, however, no resisting the demand for a repetition of the Processional March. In the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which followed, the same artists again appeared, Miss Patti Winter being added as a relief to Mdme Nilsson in the concerted music. Miss Winter's clear, resonant soprano voice seemed admirably adapted for such a concert-room, and could not fail to be heard throughout the vast space. Mr Carter's choir, in the music of the *maestro*, did not acquit themselves so well as in their conductor's cantata. There was an occasional want of precision, and two instances of very faulty attack. Experienced choristers ought to find no difficulty in looking at their music, and, at the same time, keeping an eye upon the beat. On the other hand, conductors would do well, even at rehearsals, if they avoided making the beat heard. Once accustom a choir to *listening* for the beat, they will soon give up *looking* at it. Upon the whole, however, the performance was a most creditable one. We need scarcely add that the band was admirably led by Mr Carrodus.—W. H.

HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The spacious and handsome Town Hall of Shoreditch was crowded on Monday evening, when the musical society above-named gave its last concert for the season. A special attraction had been provided, in the shape of a new cantata, *Alfred*; poem by Mr W. Grist, music by Mr E. Prout, who has conducted the performances of the Hackney Choral Association since its establishment, some years ago. Much interest was, of course, felt in the work by those locally concerned, and by many who, recognizing Mr Prout as a very able musician, came from a distance to gratify their curiosity. We may say at once that, by the result, interest was justified and curiosity rewarded. The cantata is styled "dramatic," which term the nature of its structure warrants only by a stretch of courtesy. Very little action enters into the story, and the lyric element nearly everywhere predominates. We do not quarrel with this, especially as Mr Grist writes verses which are far above those ordinarily found in works of the kind, and some of which rise into the region of poetry. But it may be doubted whether so marked an absence of dramatic interest tended in favour of Mr Prout, who has not been able to avoid a certain monotony. For some of this he alone is responsible. He might have more distinctly characterized the music of the Danes and Saxons with a view to contrast of style. True they were kindred peoples, but in the fact that the Saxons were Christians and the Danes heathens lies provocation enough to dissimilarity of musical expression. It would, however—looking at the general merit of the work—be ungracious to complain against Mr Prout on any such ground as that just stated. The story, we need hardly say, deals with the venture of Alfred into the Danish camp, and his subsequent victory over those troublesome invaders. The first scene shows the dispersal of the defeated Saxons at the command of their king, and Alfred's resolution, inspired by the cheering words of his queen, Alswitha, to venture upon a desperate deed. The carrying out of

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that resolve is shown in the second scene, a leading feature being a contest of song between Alfred and Guthrum, the Danish chief, one taking as his theme love, the other war, love being, of course, the conqueror. Finally we witness the return of the triumphant Saxons with their prisoners, all of whom agree to adopt Christianity and live under Alfred's rule. Mr Prout has treated this heroic subject in a style that pleases by an absence of affectation and by the presence of a good deal of sound musicianship. We had occasion to say some time ago that he was driving a pair along the bye-roads leading to Bayreuth, but that one of his horses jibbed. Here no such remark is possible. Mr Prout's course, in *Alfred*, lies on the broad and beaten track of art, and if we may continue the figure—the cattle pull together in perfect amity. His recitative, perhaps, invites the observation that it conforms too much to an antique model, but the fault, if fault it be, is a good one, especially as times go. In point of melody, both songs and choruses are well provided. The themes are clearly marked and expressive, having obviously arisen in the composer's mind from his study of the text and not arbitrarily. We are, however, disposed to accept as the most striking feature in *Alfred* the manner in which it is scored for orchestra. Mr Prout's acquaintance with the resources of instrumentation is here conclusively displayed, the listener's interest never flagging. We might give instance after instance of well-judged effect, but enough if we mention with special approval the scoring of the Saxon chorus, "Weary and war-wasted," and of Alfred's dirge, "Wail, my harp, in saddened strain." Here we see the hand of a master, and recognize that the force of the picturesque in music could hardly farther go. An occasion will doubtless present itself for fuller details; meanwhile, it may go forth that a cantata honourable to native talent has appeared. The performance was throughout excellent, Miss Marriott, Mr Shakespeare, and Mr King doing justice to the solos, while band and chorus vied with each other in the discharge of a task to which they were more than competent. We may add that the conspicuous numbers were lustily applauded, and that Mr Prout himself came in for great honour. In the remainder of the programme were Mozart's G minor symphony, and the "Benediction of the Daggers" from *Les Huguenots*.—*D. T.*

Symphony Concerts.—The series of concerts announced for this season at St James's Hall under the above title was inaugurated on Monday evening in a most successful manner, except in one particular—the audience was hardly as numerous as could have been desired, notwithstanding the example set by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who honoured the occasion with their presence. The instrumentalists, selected from the Manchester and Crystal Palace bands, with the large chorus, numbered 300 performers, who, under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé, carried out a programme of surpassing quality. Doubts, if any existed, as to the merits of the orchestra were dispelled by the masterly interpretation of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, which opened the concert. The just balance of the constituent parts of string, wood, and brass, their quality and power, were made manifest in the work of the Italian master, with its grandiose introduction, and its allegro abounding in devices of extended crescendos, long fiddle passages, and prolonged trills. Of a very different order was the next number in the programme—Rubinstein's Concerto in G major, No. 3 (Op. 45), for pianoforte and orchestra. Here, in conjunction with Mdme Sophie Menter, the band had to set forth the newest phase of musical thought, the most advanced method of utterance. The difference in the two works might be seen in the concluding passages of each; the older composer, striking some noble chords, seems to make in retiring a stately bow; the younger, as if in delirious passion, gives vent, by one last bursting cry, to emotions no longer endurable. In the concerto Rubinstein has, in many respects, kept well within the boundaries observed by his predecessors. In the third movement, *Allegro risoluto*, there is, however, a marked tendency to wander in devious tracts; but the composer probably felt that his principal theme was not altogether free from commonplace, and the strivings manifest might be, therefore, the effect of an intense desire and ardent purpose to mass the materials so that the movement might culminate in an exalted climax. This unsatisfied and impatient spirit was also discernible in the first division of the concerto, *Allegro moderato*. Between the two *Allegros* comes an *Andante* of considerable beauty, enhanced on Monday night by the extraordinary talents of Mdme Sophie Menter. The fair artist seemed burthened with the sentiment of the tender phrases, and lovingly gave it utterance. The first subject was particularly caressed, now playfully, now mournfully, and now passionately. But the entire performance of the great pianist was little short of marvellous. Such strength, such attack, accuracy, and brilliancy are seldom met with in conjunction. The audience, unchilled by paucity of numbers, applauded the lady with enthusiasm. Brahms' variations for orchestra on a theme of Haydn's "Chorale St Antoni," can scarcely be called a novelty, inasmuch as it has been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere; but some time may elapse before it becomes a familiar item in our concert programmes. In it there is certainly no absence of technical skill, for every variation is marked by that supreme mastery over a simple theme, that power of transposing a given subject into a thing of elaborate beauty, which only the great musician commands. Brahms has taken the melody of Haydn, as one at the forge would take a bar of metal to fashion it into ornaments of divers form and character. Now it is attenuated, now consolidated; now it glows with fervid heat, and anon spreads out into sparkling devices. Haydn's tune, by the fire of the younger composer's genius, is rendered, as it were, malleable, and by scientific skill wrought into complex forms. Beethoven's colossal Choral Symphony occupied the second part of the concert. A few years back no one had the temerity to fortell that a work, then considered incomprehensible, would become really familiar. Yet so it is. To many present on Monday night it was the best-known work in the programme, and to those it undoubtedly proved the greatest delight. Little else than praise can be awarded to the band and chorus for the fine interpretation given; the chorus was unusually able; and the trying high notes were attacked with zeal and success. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Orridge, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley, of whom the last-named had previously given an excellent reading of the bass air, "Der Kriegeslust ergeben," from Spohr's *Jessonda*. Mr Charles Hallé conducted throughout the evening with unfailing skill and energy. —P.G.

The third of a series of Smoking Concerts of the Regency Club took place on Thursday, 27th ult. The chair was taken by Mr Thomas P. Chappell, president of the club, supported by the energetic chairman of committee, Mr M. Maybrick. Owing to some difficulty having arisen to prevent the use of the electric light, the concert-room was on this occasion elegantly illuminated by several candelabra, supplied by Messrs Tansley. About 200 members were present, amongst whom were Messrs Henry Irving, George Grossmith, Herman Franke, Oscar Beringer, E. J. Odell, Rutland Barrington, Herbert Standing, G. Ghilberti, Musin, &c. Messrs Edward Lloyd and C. Santley were prevented by professional engagements from being present. The following was the programme:—

Pianoforte Duet, "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," Herr Oscar Beringer and Mr Maybrick; Song, Patria (Tito Mattei), Signor Ghilberti; Quartet, in D, for strings (Haydn), Herr Herman Franke, Herr Jung, Herr Krause, and Mr Ould; Song (Schubert), Herr Julius Franke; Pianoforte Solo, (*a*) Serenade (Rubinstein), (*b*) Polonaise (Liszt), Herr Oscar Beringer; Song, "In sheltered vale," Mr Maybrick; Song, "The little hero" (S. Adams), Mr Maybrick; Quintet (Schumann), Herr Oscar Beringer, Herr Franke, Herr Jung, Herr Krause, and Mr Ould; Song, J. B. Croft; Recitation from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, E. J. Odell; Serio-Comic Song, "The Cruise of the Calabar," Mr E. J. Odell; Song, "Qui Vive," Signor Ghilberti; Recitation, "The level crossing" (Sims), Mr J. Fernandez; New Musical Sketch, Mr G. Grossmith; Song, "The Captain of the Pinafore," Mr Rutland Barrington; Imitations of popular actors, Mr Herbert Standing; Musical Sketch, "Of people who can't sing and will," Mr G. Grossmith; Recitation, "O villanous ambition," Mr E. J. Odell; Recitation, "My Lord Tom Noddy," Dr Evan Jones.

The entertainment closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr Philip Waterlow.

Mr Gustave Pradeau gave the second of his pianoforte recitals on Tuesday afternoon, May 2, at the New Town Hall, Kensington, and, as upon the former occasion, a considerable assemblage, consisting chiefly of ladies, was present to hear him play a miscellaneous series of pieces by Stephen Heller, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven, and Chopin. Mr Pradeau is an executant of irrepressible vigour, and in certain of his performances an abatement of physical force would be welcome. That he has an enormous command over the instrument is undeniable, but the lack of something of the nature of temperance in the more emphatic necessities of the moment is a defect of so easy avoidance that its correction may be suggested without apology. Not only is the ear startled by this ultra vehemence of style, but the eye half looks for sparks from the instrument itself. The magnificent "Waldstein" sonata of Beethoven, which constituted the most important feature of the programme, suffered considerably from this disposition to attain sonorous rather than pleasurable effects; otherwise the performance might have taken creditable rank as a pianoforte reading. Stephen Heller was represented by the first of his "Promenades d'un Solitaire" and the third of his "Nuits Blanches"; Mendelssohn by a pair of his "Songs without words" and his Capriccio in E minor; Schumann by his occasional pieces "Au soir" and "Pourquoi," and his fifth "Novellette"; and Chopin by a Scherzo, a Mazurka, a Nocturne, a Polonaise, and a Valse.—H.

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THE fourth, and last, of Messrs Carl Weber and Alex. Kummer's Concerts of Chamber Music took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday evening. Beethoven's Trio, in B flat, Op. 37; Brahms' Sonata, in G, Op 78, for pianoforte and violin; and Goetz' Quartet, in E major, Op. 6, were the principal pieces given. Herr Kummer's violin solos were a romance by Edwin Shute, and an Introduction and Gavotte by Franz Ries. Mons. B. Albert played a Salon-Stücke (No. 3, in A major) by Rubinstein; and Herr Carl Weber a pianoforte solo. Mrs Hutchinson varied the programme with *Lieder*, by Goetz, and a "Solvejg Lied," by Grieg. Mr Harvey Löhr accompanied. The concert was well attended, and was much enjoyed.

MISS BLANCHE NAVARRE'S announcement of her first annual concert had the effect of filling the Marlborough Rooms. The names of Miss Damian, Mr Isidore de Lara, Mr Thorndike, Mr George Grossmith, and other popular artists figured in the programme; and though some of the promised talent was not forthcoming at the proper moment, the concert on the whole was very successful. Indeed, after listening to a series of vocal and instrumental pieces for upwards of two hours, the audience were still so unwilling to go away that it was found necessary to play "God save the Queen" in order to make it clearly understood that the entertainment was at an end. Miss Navarre's greatest success was achieved in the very brilliant, very difficult, and (must it be said?) slightly antiquated "Una voce," from *Il Barbiere*. Miss Navarre possesses the rare faculty of being able to sing in tune. Her voice, moreover, is of charming quality; and it has gained considerably of late in strength. Mr Isidore de Lara sang very effectively two songs of his own composition, and Mr George Grossmith caused endless laughter in a new scene which he had written specially for the occasion.

PROVINCIAL.

BANBURY.—A concert, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, was held lately in the Exchange Hall. The platform was prettily decorated with plants, &c., by Messrs Windsor, Strange, and Macnaughton. The performers were—Mdlle Doré Desvignes, Mr Alfred Hemming, Herren Carl Henkel, Otto Leu, and Oberthür, together with Misses Fortescue and Jessie Davis. The programme contained many interesting compositions, including Oberthür's trio for violin, violoncello, and harp; Handel's "Largo," for violin, harmonium, and harp; Oberthür's duet, for two harps, on *Les Huguenots*; and his concertino for harp alone. Gounod's *Meditation* (on Bach's first prelude), for violin, harmonium, and harp, was also given, and was capitally played by Miss Fortescue, Herren Henkel, and Oberthür. The singers were all in excellent voice, and were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Jessie Davis.

SOUTHSEA.—Miss Clara Latham had a concert at the Portland Hall, on Thursday evening, April 27th, under the patronage of the Mayor, Admiral Ryder, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and the Hon. T. C. Bruce. The singers were—Mdme Adeline Paget, Miss Clara Latham, Messrs Edward Lloyd, and Alfred Moore; the instrumentalists—Mr Charles Oberthür (harp), and Mr George Gear (pianoforte). The successes of the concert were obtained by Mr Edward Lloyd in Mr Gear's song, "My Lady sleeps," and Ascher's romance, "Alice, where art thou?" both of which were encored; Miss Paget in the "Jewel song," from *Faust* (encored); Miss Latham, in Michael Watson's "A Winter Story" (encored); Mr. George Gear in two of his own compositions (re-called); and Mr Oberthür, in his musical illustration, "Clouds and Sunshine (encored, and his "Cascade" substituted). We must not omit to state that Mr Alfred Moore was called upon to repeat Mr Hutchinson's "Ehren on the Rhine." The concert was well attended, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

DUBLIN.—The concert given at the Exhibition Palace on Monday evening, May 1, by Mr Mapleson and Messrs Cramer was of interest. Mdme Roze-Mapleson, whose popularity seems to increase every day, was the attraction, and those who expected a musical treat were not disappointed. The other vocalists—Mdlle Le Brun, a young French contralto, Messrs Frank Boyle, and Arthur Oswald—were new to Dublin, as well as Signor Mora, the pianist. M. Buzian was the violinist. The concert began with a duet for violin and pianoforte, Mdme Roze-Mapleson then gave the grand scena, "Softly sighs," (*Der Freischütz*), with great effect. Her singing, afterwards, of Gounod's "Ave Maria," brought down an enthusiastic "encore," the violin *obbligato* part being admirably played by M. Buzian. Mdme Roze, whose ballad-singing is not her least accomplishment, evidently touched all hearts with her rendering of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and the "Last Rose of Summer" which she gave for encore. Mdlle Le Brun acquitted herself satisfactorily in "Ah mon fils," *Le Prophète*, and "Il segreto per esser felice," (encored).

RICKMANSWORTH.—On Wednesday afternoon a festival service was held in the old parish church, in which the choir, numbering over fifty voices, took part. Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc., Oxon, of Windsor Chapel-Royal, was the organist. The Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, eldest daughter of Lord Ebury, Moor Park, conducted the choir, and the Rev. Canon Nisbet, rector of St Giles's-in-the-Fields, Bloomsbury, London, preached.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Attractions of a more than ordinary character, at the Alexandra Palace, proved a match for the boisterous and forbidding weather of Saturday, which, instead of keeping the public away from this popular resort, seemed to drive them into it. In celebration of the first summer-anniversary of the present management, a grand musical festival was added to the programme of the day; and the second season was thus inaugurated in a manner highly creditable to the liberality and enterprise of the lessees. The sacred cantata, *Placida, the Christian Martyr*, composed by Mr William Carter, and produced ten or eleven years ago, had the advantage of being sung by artists all of whom are eminently qualified for their tasks. The Roman maiden who, impressed by the fervid devotion of her slave, Bertha, embraces Christianity was represented by Mdme Christine Nilsson, who succeeded in realizing the dramatic character as effectively as she interpreted the music assigned to the part. Mr Edward Lloyd, as the patrician Roman father, also sang most impressively; and Mdme Sterling threw all her wonted power into the personation of the Christian bondswoman. Signor Foli was the Priest, Fabian, by whom Placida is baptized; and the characters of Nero, the Emperor, and Rufus, a friend of Metellus, were respectively embodied by Mr James H. Ley and Mr George Cox. Hardly necessary is it to say that the presence of the great Swedish singer at the Alexandra Palace was of itself an event calculated to induce a large attendance even at the increase from a shilling to half-a-crown in the price of admission. On the other hand, there was a meteorological condition so adverse that it could not but have shaken the best-founded hopes of success. Comforting, therefore, was it to find, when Mr Carter's sacred work began, that the ample hall was remarkably well filled by an audience ready to appreciate the musical treat provided for them, and apparently in no wise disconcerted by the untoward weather which they had braved in order to enjoy a performance of such quality as that promised by the management. The overture, which was played by an efficient force of instrumentalists, conducted by Mr W. Carter, evoked a sympathetic burst of applause; and this auspicious beginning was followed by signs of general favour, which increased as the performance proceeded. The chorus and band together were a thousand strong, the latter body having for leader Mr Carrodus. As soon as Mdme Nilsson, who wore a dress wholly composed of black crape, came upon the platform, the warm plaudits which had greeted the appearance of Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Mr Edward Lloyd deepened in volume to a perfect storm, and this enthusiastic reception was acknowledged with grateful signs by the distinguished vocalist. Her singing of the celestial air, "There is a gem," created a deep impression; but encores were avoided throughout, with the single exception of the processional march, the repetition of which was so loudly and unanimously called for that the demand could not well be refused. Mdme Nilsson's other airs, and especially "Yes, to a bright and glorious life," were all received with marked signs of approbation; and so was her duet with Mdme Sterling, "O magnify the Lord with me," which, with its chorus, "God's mercy is on them that fear Him," ends the first scene. The music falling severally to the lot of Mr Lloyd and Signor Foli produced its due effect upon the audience; and in short the entire performance of the cantata, including the organ music played by Mr Bending, fell evidently on ears ready to be pleased and in no single instance disappointed. In the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which followed. Mdme Christine Nilsson, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli again appeared; and they were joined by Miss Patti Winter, whose soprano was of service in taking some weight of labour from Mdme Nilsson.—*D. T.*

SCHWERIN.—A provisional building will be run up for use until another Grand-Ducal Theatre can be raised on the site of the one recently burnt down. The Grand-Duke has announced that he will not avail himself of the clause by which the destruction of the theatre by fire rendered the engagements of artists null and void. Some thirty members of the chorus, men and women, have been agreeably surprised by being engaged to sing in German opera at Drury Lane. Each lady receives 350 marks salary, with free passage to London and back. The Grand-Duke has, moreover, made each of them a present of 100 marks for articles of costume.

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THE MUSICAL EAR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should like to be permitted to make a few comments upon an article which appeared in the *Globe* some time since, under the above heading. The musical ear, as it appears to me, is not so much a faculty given to the few as a qualification that can be acquired by the many. Granted that some find little or no pleasure in listening to the finest music, I think it will be found in most instances that these few have had little or no opportunity of hearing anything but the lowest forms of music. Musical enthusiasm is not so much an original state as a cultivated condition, and I do not believe that many people exist to whom music is really unpleasant if they have only lived in an atmosphere of harmony. There are, it is true, a small minority who can hardly distinguish one musical sound from another, and there are also some so delicately organized that musical combinations make upon them powerful impressions, even at a very early age; but these are generally the children of musical people, where music has been heard even from the cradle.

Of those who are supposed to possess "no ear," I can enumerate many examples, and I can support the statement made in the article alluded to, that some who are engaged in tuning instruments can do so perfectly, although they cannot hum even the most commonplace tune. I knew one man who was regarded as a quick and accurate tuner at a large pianoforte manufactory who not only could not hum a tune, but really could not distinguish one melody from another. His delicate perception as a tuner was undoubtedly acquired by practice.

But I will take the ordinary class of listeners who have no theoretical knowledge of music, and give them examples of the highest forms—Beethoven's symphonies, for instance—and they shall gradually become as sensible of their beauties, so far as influence on the senses goes, as the best-read musicians. I once heard the remark made by a visitor at a concert:—"It is true I have heard the 'Pastoral' and the C minor symphony of Beethoven several times, and I can really appreciate their beauties, but the other seven only bore me." "My good friend," was the reply, "if you continue to hear the seven you cannot understand, they will in time all be equally dear to you." I have noticed the same remark made about the works of Schubert, and more particularly Schumann, but I am prepared to assert that all these will afford gratification for the million if they are only made sufficiently familiar. I am frequently incensed at an observation commonly made by vocalists (who, as a rule, seldom listen to instrumental compositions), that audiences generally listen to them as a "fashion." I have over and over again insisted that if the ears of a people continue to be nourished with good music, their fondness for it will increase, and that the taste for vulgar compositions will cease. We shall always have exceptions, as we have in every other taste, and perhaps it is well that it should be so; but do not try to make it appear that greatness in the musical, as in every other art cannot be appreciated through increasing familiarity.

We have some whose organization is so distinctly delicate that music comes to them as their natural food. I have known very young pupils so alive to musical impression that, upon a first hearing, the most difficult symphonies have become intelligible to them, and they will be able to pick up every theme and, indeed, repeat it, although but once heard.

The power to make a musical note is, as the writer I have alluded to very properly remarks, no guide to musical taste or ear. The act is purely mechanical, and he must be a very remarkable master who can tell upon a first hearing whether a pupil has any aptitude. In nine cases out of ten I should say they will be wrong. I knew a young gentleman who was placed under one of the first provincial professors, and was afterwards heard by several distinguished vocalists, and they all decided that he had neither a note in his voice nor the smallest capacity for music; and yet this same gentleman became one of the most distinguished vocalists of the day, and held that position for more than a quarter of a century. Some critics also who are conversant with every description of musical work are unable to give the most elementary illustration even of the simplest theme. When the performance is once commenced they can follow it note by note; but to give any illustration is out of their power.

In conclusion, let us say that as we have acquired tastes such as distinguish the epicure for olives, caviare, sauerkraut, &c., &c., so we may have an acquired taste for unnatural musical combinations; and on these grounds only can I account for the preference given to certain classes of so-called music outraging all our notions of harmonious propriety. PHOSPHOR.

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WAIFS.

The *Farfalla* has been resuscitated in Milan.

Mr G. Henschel intends settling in Boston, U.S.

A new theatre in the Corso Venezia, Milan, is projected.

Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* was recently given in Cassel.

Sarasate, the Iberian fiddler *par excellence*, is playing in Naples.

A weekly musical journal, *Mefistofele*, is now published at Buenos Ayres.

A new opera, *Maria di Vasco*, by Brizzi, has been produced at Bologna.

The Italian operatic season in Odessa has hitherto not been very successful.

Fursch-Madi (Madier) is re-engaged for next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Selina Dolaro was to appear on the 8th inst. at the Bijou Opera-house, New York.

The Governor of Bilbao lately gave a banquet to Pozzoni, Lodi, Gayarre, and Uetam.

The last operatic season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, is said to have been prosperous.

L'Amico di Casa, an opera by Cortesi, has been produced at the Teatro Nuovo, Verona.

During Maurice Grau's recent visit to Havannah, five *primadonnas* left his company.

F. Lebano, the harpist, now in Lisbon, has played before the King and Royal Family.

Carlotta Clepier, a three-act opera by Floridia, is in rehearsal at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

Johann Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem* was the feature at the ninth Börsen-Concert, Königsberg.

Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* was successfully produced on the 19th ult. at the San Carlo, Naples.

The building of the new Concerthaus, to replace the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, has been commenced.

The Scalvini Italian buffo-opera company are playing at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

The Municipality of Ancona have refused by one vote to make the usual grant for opera this year.

Rigoletto, with Menotti in the title-part, has proved very successful at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

The state-grant of 30,000 roubles made to the Warsaw Theatres this year will be continued in 1883.

According to the American papers, Etelka Gerster receives 600 dollars a night from Max Strakosch.

The Spanish composer, Don Juan Cosamitjana y Alsina, born at Barcelona, 1805, died recently at Valencia.

A young pianist, Hubert Flohr, who has nearly attained the age of thirteen, has been playing at concerts in Liége.

After appearing on one occasion only, Mdme Mallinger unexpectedly broke off her engagement in Amsterdam.

Ponchielli has written an "Elegy" for full orchestra, to be performed by the Orchestral Society at the Scala, Milan.

Bonoli, manager of the Teatro Regio, Turin, may have "netted" £3,400 by the season just terminated, also he may not.

The programme of a recent concert in Geneva comprised several numbers from Lacombe's unpublished opera of *Winkelfried*.

Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* was included in the programme of the fifty-seventh Popular Concert, under Pedrotti, Turin.

Ernestine Gindele, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, was lately married in that capital to Alexandre Guillaume, of Bordeaux.

Signora Lucca, the music-publisher, has forwarded the tenor De Sanctis the score of *Il Duca d'Alba*, with a flattering dedication.

Johann Strauss is not going to America, as reported, but Eduard Strauss may possibly go instead. (This is ominous.—Dr Blitge.)

The Italian opera company, lately in Alicante, inaugurated the season at Múrcia with *Il Trovatore*, which was followed by *Lucia*.

The Cross of Isabella the Catholic has been conferred by the King of Spain on the well-known musical critic, M. Arthur Pougin.

The evening following the first performance of *Rheingold* in Frankfort-on-the Maine, *Die Walküre* was given, also for the first time.

Joseph von Witt, Grand-Ducal Chamber-Singer, Schwerin, will shortly fulfil an engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

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It is said that Theodor Thomas with his Orchestra will visit London this summer. (Hardly probable just now, I fear.—Dr Blitge.)

Hermann Winkelmann, "heroic tenor" at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, has been singing in *Lohengrin* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Rosine Bloch (remembered at the Royal Italian Opera) is at Geneva, where she has appeared with marked success in *Le Prophète*.

The always enterprising Maurice Strakosch has engaged Sarasate, violinist, and Fischoff, pianist, for his Emma Thursby Concert Company.

Lechner has been appointed manager of the Stadttheater, Teplitz, which will now be carried on by the Corporation. There were sixty candidates.

Joseph Wieniawski has opened at Brussels a course of instruction for ladies in "higher pianoforte-playing." ("Higher development?"—Dr Blitge.)

The new National Theatre was opened a short time since in Buenos Ayres. The tenor, Valero, is engaged in place of Stagno, the recalcitrant.

The Choral Society, Milan, under the direction of Leoni, have given Mozart's *Requiem*—but with pianoforte accompaniment.—(*Per Bacco!*—Dr Blitge.)

Sophie Frandin, who carried off the first prize for operatic singing at the Paris Conservatory, has been playing Carmen in Alexandria with general approval.

Large prices were given in Boston (U.S.), at the sale of articles of bric-à-brac, belonging to the late Mdme Rudersdorff. Most of the purchasers were ladies.

Bellini's Monument, the work of the sculptor Monteverde, has arrived at Catania, and is already being erected on the appointed site in the Piazza Stesicorea.

The season at the Brussels Monnaie was brought to a close on the 1st inst. with Massenet's *Hérodiade*, which, on this occasion, the composer himself conducted.

At the express wish of the Emperor of Austria, the new Opera-house, Pesth, will be inaugurated in 1884. (Without the consent of Abbé Liszt?—Dr Blitge.)

Albert Vizentini is said to be negotiating with Gabbi, Pasqua, Gayarre, Bulterini, Giacomelli, David and Schezzi.—(If he gets Schezzi he is saved.—Dr Blitge.)

Amelie de Rindine, contralto, pupil of Mdme Marchesi's, has made a successful *début* in Glinka's *Rousslan and Ludmila*, at the Russian Operahouse, St Petersburgh.

Matilde Rodriquez, former pupil and prize-taker at the Madrid Conservatory, is engaged at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville. Her first appearance was as Elvira in Verdi's *Ernani*.

August Klughardt, conductor at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Neu-Strelitz, has been appointed to a similar post at Dessau, in place of Eduard Thiele, who retires after fifty-three years' service.

It is officially announced that the Italian Opera, St Petersburgh, will, next season, be transferred from the Grand Theatre to the Maria, which in future will be styled the Imperial Theatre of Italian Opera.

A song, entitled "Pauvre Braga, charmant Garçon," has been dedicated to Braga, violoncellist, by Gounod, composer of the music, and Nadaud, author of the words.—(Scarcely credible.—Dr Blitge.)

The manager of the Bombay Theatre will shortly visit Europe with a native company, for the purpose of giving performances in Hindustani and Persian. (Welsh and Flemish—even Czeck may follow.—Dr Blitge.)

Last week a fire was discovered in the Prince's Theatre, a large building in Lake Road, Landport, Portsmouth, recently devoted to variety entertainments. It was soon completely gutted. This event, following closely upon the destruction by fire of a large circus, has created great excitement in the borough.

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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, May* 6, 1882.

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VOL. 60.—No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 13, will be performed MEYERBEER'S Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Sembrich; Un Casprajo, Mdme Trebelli; Hoel, Signor Cotogni; and Corentino, Signor Frapolli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

Mdme Fürsch-Madi.

MONDAY next, May 15, VERDI'S Opera, "AIDA" (to commence at 8.15). Aïda, Mdme Fürsch-Madi; Amneris, Mdme Stahl; Amonasro, Signor Pandolfini; and Radamès, M. Vergnet. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Mdme Albani.

TUESDAY next, May 16, AMBROISE THOMAS'S Opera, "MIGNON." Mignon, Mdme Albani; Filina, Mdlle Valleria; Lotario, M. Gailhard; Laerte, M. Soulacroix; and Guglielmo, Signor Lestellier.

First Appearance this Season of Mdme Adelina Patti.

On THURSDAY next, May 18 (Subscription night in lieu of Saturday, July 29), MEYERBEER'S Opera, "L'ETOILE DU NORD" (to commence at 8.15). Caterina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Prascovia, Mdlle Valleria; Danilowitz, Signor Lestellier; Gritzenko, M. Dauphin; and Pietro, M. Gailhard.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, May 13th, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Iphigenie in Aulis* (Gluck); "The Storm," a new movement for the "Ocean" Symphony (Rubinstein)—first time in England; Fantasia, for pianoforte and orchestra, on Themes from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* (Liszt)—first time in England; Symphony, No. 4, in B flat (Beethoven); Solos for pianoforte, "Impromptu" (Rubinstein); Rhapsodie, No. 11 (Liszt); Overture, *Di Ballo* (Sullivan). Vocalists—Miss Robertson and Miss Fanny Robertson (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Solo Pianoforte—Mdlle Vera Timanoff. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and Admission to Concert-room, 6d.

MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL. THIRD CONCERT, Next SATURDAY Afternoon, May 20, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Liszt's Symphony to Dante's *Divina Commedia;* Overtures, *Oberon* and *Tannhäuser;* Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, No. 2; and Vocal Music. Pianoforte—M. Vladimir de Pachmann (his first appearance in England). Vocalist—Miss Carlotta Elliot. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls (Numbered), 5s.; Balcony Stalls (Front Row), 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; at Austin's, Chappell's, usual places, and of Mr WILHELM GANZ, 126, Harley Street, W.

MR W. HENRY THOMAS'S ANNUAL CONCERT, on TUESDAY Evening, May 23, 1882, at the ATHENÆUM, Camden Road, N. Artists: Miss Santley, Miss Hoare, Miss Price, Miss Orridge, Mr H. Piercy, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Santley. Violin—M. Marcel Herwegh. Tickets—Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5s. each; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Crown—may now be obtained of the Hall-keeper, Athenæum; or of Mr W. HENRY THOMAS, 7, Lidlington Place, Harrington Square, N.W.

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HERR S. LEHMEYER will give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS on WEDNESDAY, May 24, and WEDNESDAY, June 28, at ST JAMES'S HALL, New Room (entrance in Piccadilly, Restaurant door), to commence at Eight o'clock. Herr Lehmeyer will play a selection of Classical Pianoforte Music on each occasion, and also introduce some of his best pianoforte pupils. Herr Lehmeyer will be assisted by one eminent vocalist on each occasion. Subscription Tickets for the two recitals, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 12s. 6d. For further particulars apply to Herr LEHMEYER, 67, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at St James's Hall.

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SECOND AFTERNOON RECITAL,

MONDAY NEXT, MAY, 15th, 1882, AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Programme.

PART I.—Serenade and Minuet from *Don Giovanni* (Thalberg)—Mr H. Stafford Trego; Song, "Sognai" (Schira)—Miss Ada M. Iggulden; Recital, "From Bad to Worse" (Emilia Aylmer Blake)—Mrs Aylmer Gowing; Song, "I'll sing you songs of Araby" (F. Clay)—Mr C. P. Colnaghi; Recital, "Vision of Joan of Arc" (Charles Lamb Kenney)—Miss Rosa Kenney; Piano, Impromptu (Rheinberg)—Mr H. Stafford Trego; Scene from *The School for Scandal* (Brinsley Sheridan)—Mr John Maclean (by kind permission of Thomas Thorne, Esq.) and Miss Rosa Kenney; Reading, "Mrs Brown" (Arthur Sketchley)—Arthur Sketchley.

PART II.—Scene from *The School for Scandal* (Brinsley Sheridan)—Mr John Maclean and Miss Rosa Kenney; Song, "The Creole Love Song" (Mrs Moncrieff)—Theo. Marzials; Recital from *King John*, Act iii. (Shakspere)—Mrs Aylmer Gowing; Recitation—Mr Herbert Standing; Song, "The Dream of a Violet" (Roeckel)—Miss Ada Iggulden; Scene, Potion Scene from *Romeo and Juliet* (Shakspere)—Miss Rosa Kenney; Song, "Love is come" (Theo. Marzials)—Theo. Marzials; Piano, Fantasia—Mr H. Stafford Trego.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

I.—The Rhinegold.

Germany's "new art" was revealed on Friday night, May 5th, to an audience not crowded, but interested beyond common. The interest we need not explain. A thing so much debated as the fullest development, for the present, of Wagnerian lyric drama, and so renowned as the great trilogy of Bayreuth, is in a position to command more than the attention born of curiosity. As for such empty seats as there were, an explanation may perhaps be found in prices suggested by an extravagant idea of the power which Wagner wields in our country. Mistake on this point is easy. The thick-and-thin followers of the German master are not without influence, but their case is one of "great cry and little wool." They are so small a minority, and so many of them expect to be on the "free list," that it does not do to act upon the noise they make, albeit the yielding to such a temptation, where thought is in harmony with wish, is the most natural thing in the world. There may have been disappointment in some quarters at the lack of an overwhelming crowd, but none was possible on the score of profound attention. The *Rhinegold* fell, from first to last, upon ears open to its every impression, and, we will venture to say, free from any form of prejudice strong enough to affect the verdict of the majority. Nothing, indeed, could be said against the attitude of the audience. Wagner's lyric dramas have had their unhappy moments. In Paris they have recoiled before merciless ridicule; but in London their reception has always been at least polite. Some may assign the cause to the dulness of indifference; we prefer to see it in the sense of fairness which certainly was illustrated after a conspicuous manner on Friday night. Regarding preliminary matters little need be said. Herr Seidl, the conductor, had arranged his orchestra so that the strings were on one side of him and the "wind" on the other; but the performers were not sunk in a pit as at Bayreuth. This, we think, was a mistake. When the lights in the auditorium were turned down to the lowest point, the glare of those on the orchestral desks interposed a barrier between the drama and its spectators which, we feel sure, Herr Wagner himself would have tolerated only under the strongest protest. The sole barrier contemplated by him was a transparent veil of sound, rising up from the depths, and colouring all behind with its own rich hues. Following our national custom, the orchestra played "God save the Queen" before the curtain rose, and then, amid a hush of expectation, the long E flat which heralds the *Rhinegold* sounded forth.

The *Nibelung's Ring*, as everybody knows, is a play in four grand divisions, corresponding to the "acts" of an ordinary drama, each section, save one, being subdivided, and each, without exception, taking up an entire evening. Of the four, the *Rhinegold* comes first, and is strictly a prelude, dealing with events antecedent to the opening of the "argument" proper, and doing so in one long act, the curtain not falling till the time has come to send the audience home. Moreover, it has a simple, brief tale to tell, yet one that should be clearly understood on account of the light it throws upon all that follows. *Rhinegold* presents us with a key to the drama as a whole, and gives the "why" of much that would otherwise be incomprehensible. In the body of the play, the gods of Walhalla and the Nibelungs, or dwellers in the nether world, are scheming and fighting for the supremacy conferred by a ring, to the possession of which a curse is attached. The *Rhinegold* reveals how the antagonism first arose, in what motives it originated, and in what manner the bauble became an evil talisman, working the ruin of its possessor. Let us, then, follow with some attention the course of this important exordium.

The curtain, rising, shows the depths of the Rhine. It is twilight, but we can discern three of the daughters of the river as they swim about and discourse rather flippantly concerning the duty imposed on them of guarding a certain treasure. There is, it appears, a profound philosophical reason for opening the play in the water. Mythology teaches that from water proceeds all existence, "and, therefore," says Herr von Wolzogen in his guide-book, "it naturally follows all dismembering, all individual breaking up of primeval unity according to the law of appearance, and at the same time all demands made by one individual atom upon another, and all guilt." We have not the slightest idea what this means; but that should be no bar to our giving others the chance of comprehending it. While pondering upon the breaking up of primeval unity, according to the law of appearance, more substantial food for thought presents itself in the person of Alberich, a misshapen Nibelung, who crawls from the depths below the river, sees the maidens, and lusts after them. Thus early Wagner introduces an element with which, artistically, he has had great concern. Alberich pursues one and another of the Rhine daughters, who first coax and then evade him, till the Nibelung loses his temper, and calls them a "giggling, gliding, gang of unmannerly maidens," whereto they respond, "Wallala! Lalaleila! Lalei," whatever that may mean. Perhaps the incomprehensibleness of the language angers Alberich still more; at any rate, he is ungentlemanly enough to shake his fist at the girls, when a ray of sunlight reveals a mass of gold on a subaqueous peak of rock. The Nibelung, being the "representative of sensual longing after gain," feels no more a "blistering heat upheave his blood." He has his eye on the gold, and listens curiously while the chattering maidens tell that the god Wotan has made them guardians of the treasure, because whoso forges a ring out of the metal can control the world. This is too much for the "child of the mist." At a favourable moment he complies with the condition, grasps the gold, and disappears in the depths of the earth, leaving the Rhine daughters to scream "Help! help!" and "Woe! woe!" with unavailing energy. Crime the first—theft.

The scene changes to a mountainous district, with a towering castle in the background. Upon the existence of that castle hangs a tale. Some time before, Wotan ceased to find his life-delight in love, and, instigated by the subtle fire-god, Loge, turned his thoughts to the enlargement and conservation of material power. For this purpose he contracted with two handy giants, who might be described commercially as "Fasolt and Fafner Brothers," to build him a strong castle, the consideration being Freia, goddess of love, for whom Wotan had no further use. The firm did their work, and the new scene begins on the morning of the day when payment has to be made. Here we are first introduced to Wotan and his wife, Fricka, an energetic goddess of shrewish temper, and considerable force of language, which she at once exercises upon her husband, *à propos* to his conduct general and particular. She does not like his parting with "love and a woman's worth" for mere power, and tells him so. Then we get an insight into the character of this precious god. He never intended to pay the giants for their work. Crime the second—(constructive) fraud. Hereupon comes Freia herself in terror. The creditors are after her, but the miserable Wotan can do nothing, and Loge, who promised to get him out of the mess, is absent when Fasolt and Fafner appear with an irresistible argument: We have performed the work, now pay. In vain Wotan tries to "argue the matter;" nor when two other gods, Donner and Froh, hurry in, can they do any good. At last, the slippery Loge enters, and, after an unseemly squabble, states that in all the world he had not been able to find anything "that can weigh in the mind of a man for woman's wonder and worth." Upon this the gods "fall into surprise and confusion," which is not remarkable, seeing what a set they are. But Loge has more to say. He tells of Alberich and the golden treasure, and the giants listen. The Nibelung is an old enemy of theirs, now more to be dreaded than ever. What if they bargain to exchange Freia for the gold—which Wotan must obtain—and the might it brings? With this idea they approach the god; but Wotan has a thought of his own, namely, to get the masterful booty for himself. He would steal from the thief. So he denies the giants, who seize Freia, and march off with her incontinent. As the goddess of Love and Perpetual Youth disappears, the gods begin to look old, and feel so terribly alarmed that Wotan changes his mind, saying to Loge: "Let us be off! To Nibelheim now together! At hazards I'll have the gold." Both disappear down a cleft on their larcenous mission, and the

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scene changes to a subterranean cavern, the workshop of the Nibelungs. Alberich reigns here by the power of the ring, and characteristically abuses his own brother, Mime, who has been forging a "tarn-cap" able to render him who wears it invisible. Alberich seizes the prize, gives his unhappy relative a sound beating, and leaves him howling with pain. Mime is thus engaged when Wotan and Loge appear. The poor Nibelung is ready enough to explain the cause of his grief, and thus the gods acquire valuable information for their encounter with Alberich, who now enters, driving before him a crowd of his treasure-laden subjects, whipping them impartially as they hurry along. The gods have, of course, to explain their presence, and Wotan proffers a convenient lie, preparatory to a long conversation, in which Alberich declares the time at hand when with his might he will subdue all things. Clever Loge demands an exhibition of his power, and the Nibelung falls into the trap. Putting on the tarn-helm, he changes himself into a big snake. Yes; that is all very well, but can he assume the form of a smaller creature? In another moment Alberich appears as a toad, and his fate is sealed. Wotan puts his foot on the creature; Loge seizes the tarn-helm; Alberich returns to his proper shape; and, as quickly as words can tell it, is being hurried, bound hand and foot, to the upper air by the triumphant tricksters. Crime the third—theft, combined with aggravated assault.

Returning to the second scene, we find Wotan and Loge with their prisoner, who is now obliged to purchase his freedom, first with the treasure, which is brought up by the Nibelungs, and piled in heaps around; next, by the tarn-helm, and lastly by the precious ring. Needs must that the bauble go; but not before Alberich has attached to it a curse as elaborate as the "greater excommunication." Henceforth the ring will work woe to its possessor, though why the wish of a despoiled rogue should have such power is not clear. Now enter the giants with Freia, at whose approach the gods recover their youthful looks. Fafner and Fasolt are willing to give her up for as much treasure as, piled around, will hide her from sight. The heap soon grows; but, when all is done, the hair of the goddess remains visible. Hide it with the tarn-helm. Still there is a chink through which Fasolt can see her eye. Stop it with the ring. Wotan will not. He cleaves to his ill-gotten talisman, and remains stedfast in that resolve till Erda, the wise earth-goddess, partly emerges from a chasm with warning words: "A day of gloom dawns for the gods; be ruled, and wince from the ring." At length Wotan yields, and Freia rejoins her companions. Immediately Alberich's curse begins to work. The giants quarrel about the division of their wealth, and Fafner striking Fasolt dead (crime the fourth—murder), crams the entire booty into a sack, shoulders it, and marches away. Wotan sees this with a sinking heart, but Fricka invites him to enter the castle he had bought with "blameful pay," and Donner and Froh build a rainbow bridge across the river for his use. Along this shining road move the gods to the place which Wotan names Walhall, while as they do so the lament of the Rhine Daughters for their lost treasure rises out of the gulf below. The curtain then falls, and the prelude is over, leaving the circumstances under which the actual drama begins tolerably clear. We know that between Alberich and Wotan there must be war for the possession of the symbol of material power, and we suspect that the clumsy monster who has now got hold of it will be ground to pieces by the impact of such formidable antagonists.

We should insult the intelligence of the reader were pains taken here to characterise the story above sketched. Strictly speaking, we may not declare that it lacks human interest, because the gods of most nations are only shadows of men projected to a distance, and looming in exaggerated proportions. No doubt Wotan and his associates are a fair type of the people who bowed down to them. But what a company they form, and what an atmosphere we breathe when among them! The gods of classic mythology are bad enough, in all conscience; to them, however, attaches a certain dignity and nobleness wanting to the Scandinavian deities, who are low tricksters, capable, in civilized society, of affording much interesting occupation to the detective police. In vain does the art of Wagner, poet and musician, try to make us overlook this. His "far-removedness" counts for nothing; his attempt to reproduce the stately gravity and impressive repose of Greek tragedy utterly fails; and we entertain only contempt for the fabled personages who, with man's cunning but without man's excuse, try to get the better of each other by any and every means. It is true that keen eyes can discern, through the rank atmosphere of deceit and wickedness, outlines of a great lesson. But even a great lesson may be bought too dear. In speaking of the *Rhinegold* music we are confronted at once by the difficulty of knowing where to take it. The score contains thirty-five representative themes, out of which substantially it is made, and the real question is whether or no they fittingly stand for the characters and ideas behind them. Unfortunately there is little data to go upon. The motive of the "godly sword" commends itself to our perception by its martial character, and the motive of the "snake" by its low crawling. On the other hand, how can we judge the motive of the "tarn-cap's spell" or of the "magic golden apples?" The connection of such things with music must be purely arbitrary, and in every such case we are driven to regard the musical effect alone. Here lies the weakness of Wagner's elaborate system. The few who burn midnight oil on the Wagnerian altar, and master the form and significance of every theme, may find their interest in listening to the orchestra as a part of the dramatic expression, but the many will always hear with an ear for musical expression and be disappointed. In this work the music has something else to do than to heighten the feeling of the moment. It is busy with dramatic reflections, reminiscences, and suggestions, in the bondage of which the composer is so held that only at distant intervals does he get an opportunity of arousing emotion by his strains. Let us hasten to add that Wagner turns those opportunities to good account. Our admiration he commands throughout, as would a man in the street dancing a hornpipe in self-imposed fetters, and our sympathy he enjoys whenever his genius works with freedom. It would be easy to give instances, such as the salute of the Rhine daughters to the glistening gold, the passages wherein the solemnly beautiful Walhall theme predominates, and the music of Loge, as bright and subtle as himself. As to the rest, or much of it the listener for musical effect alone passes through a time of weariness, relieved only by orchestration which is a model of skill and resource. Here nothing hinders the master from asserting his full masterfulness, and the result, as we pointed out in 1876, is simply wonderful. The orchestra flashes and darkens, glows with this hue and with that, and combines with play of light and colour such richness of device that the hand of the censor takes up only the pen of a eulogist. Pity that so rich a genius is so largely wasted upon a system which must needs be barren!

We remarked, a while ago, that the perfect performance of Bayreuth was not to be looked for at Her Majesty's Theatre, and this night's doings justified a foreboding extremely easy to entertain. Who expected anything else? The resources of Bayreuth were those of all musical Germany, given without stint to the master who needed them. Those commanded by Mr Angelo Neumann are far more circumscribed. Yet let us not underrate them. The orchestra is numerous and efficient, if not extraordinary; the actors are, some of them excellent, all of them more or less qualified by training and experience, while the stage effects, though here and there somewhat marred, are of a satisfactory character. For the scenery, however, much cannot be said. It assuredly was not the scenery of Bayreuth, where Walhall towered in stately grandeur, instead of presenting at the back a mass of odd forms belonging to no recognizable order of architecture. Some of the leading characters were admirably represented, among them, first and best, Loge, by Herr Vogl, who played the part at Bayreuth. The vivacity and finesse of this actor belong to French rather than German art, while his singing is marked by qualities that peculiarly adapt it to Wagnerian music. Herr Vogl's success was great and well deserved. After him mention should be made of Herr Otto Schelper as Alberich. Herr Scaria as Wotan, Frau Reicher-Kindermann as Fricka, Fräulein Schreiber as Freia, and the representatives of the three Rhine Daughters. In all

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these, and, according to degree, in others unnecessary to mention, the true spirit of the drama appeared, while their familiarity with the declamation excited the wonder of amateurs who knew how few points there were in it to guide the memory. Herr Seidl conducted with much ability, and at the close, the audience expressed satisfaction, not a little of which he may be said to have provoked.—*D. T.*

(To be continued.)

—o—

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 269.)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley's anthem, "Blessed be the God and Father," is a clearer application, of the same principle of form to groups of movements; namely, to remain for a certain time in the main key, to modulate and to return, to modulate again, and again to return. The first movement is a simple, complete idea in E flat, comprising a first strain with half-close and a second with full close. The second movement modulates through its whole course, and ends with a half-close in the main key. The third is also a complete movement in the main key, with a middle section in the dominant. The fourth movement, a dignified recitative for the whole of the men's voices, is in constantly changing keys, ending, as did the second movement, with a half-close in E flat, which leads into the succeeding movement. The fifth, and last, is another complete movement in E flat with modulating section, with return to part of the first section and with coda.

Works of still larger development retain, in some cases, the title of anthem, such as the Chandos anthems of Handel's, with orchestral accompaniment, and S. S. Wesley's "O Lord, Thou art my God."

Handel's sixth Chandos anthem consists of eight movements, each self-complete in its own key and in the sense of the words allotted to it, and each of sufficient length and importance to be performed independently of the rest. At the same time, they are all connected not only by the sequence of the words, but by the relationship of the different keys in which they are written. The first, fifth, and last movements are in E flat, the second is in C minor, whose tonic chord is that on note VI of the key of E flat. The third movement is in G minor, III of E flat; the fourth, B flat, V of E flat. After the fifth movement, which is in E flat, comes the sixth, in G minor; the seventh, in B flat, and the last, in E flat. Therefore, the keys of the whole series follow the same principle of tonal form that we have traced in single movements and in chains of successive short movements; namely, that after the primary key has been made clear modulation is used, then a return to the primary key—modulation used again, and a return to the primary key closes the piece.

In this anthem, too, as in others, is the principle which we have before endeavoured to make evident. Tonal, or key, form is used in vocal music as a help to the form in which the ideas are laid out, and is also used in addition to it; and by it the music stands on its own basis by the side of, as well as on, the basis of the verbal sentiment, and is a true helpmate and not a burden to the sentiment. It is like the concrete which is poured into the cavity of a new foundation, which fills up the hollow and takes the form outlined by the foundation-walls and becomes as firm as the walls themselves, and stands by itself as well as by them and supporting them. Certain changes of voice, as from chorus to solo, from solo bass to solo tenor, or other varieties of that kind, refer rather to a kind of *instrumentation*, or use of the means by which the music should be exhibited, than to the form or design of the music itself; and they may be compared to the colouring of a picture, which is, to some extent, distinct from the drawing or outline of it. (*A pill for the "advanced" school.*—Dr Blimp.)

Besides the Italian cantata, such as Stradella's *Nerone* and Purcell's *From Rosy Bowers*, which have already been described, there is another form which bears the same name—the church cantata of North Germany. This is written on the words of some hymn or sacred poem; and, in point of musical form, is like the Chandos anthems lately described, being divided into distinct large movements—chorus, solo, duet, &c.—in kindred or connected keys. The time of a *choral*, or hymn, is always introduced, in some shape, in the course of the church cantata, either harmonized for chorus, or woven into the composition of one or other of the movements.

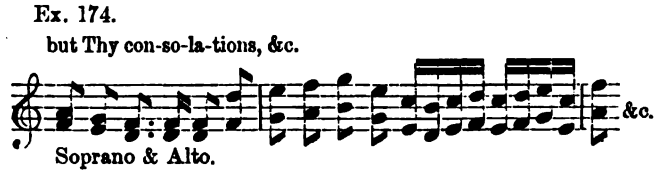
Bach wrote cantatas for every Sunday for four years; and one of these, *My Spirit was in Heaviness*, will be a fitting example.

Bach's cantata begins with a symphony or introduction in C minor, coming to a full close. The first vocal number is a chorus in C minor, with the words, "Lord, my God, my spirit was in heaviness and deep affliction; but, Lord, Thy consolations have my soul restored." This is in two divisions, according to the two divisions of the words. The first, after the simple announcement of the first words, "Lord, my God," is in close imitation of accent, though of differing intervals.

Ex. 173.

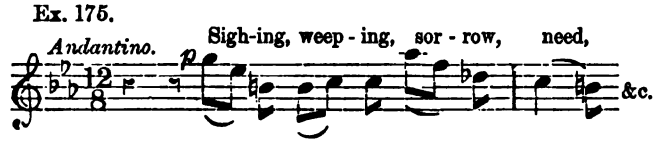
This is worked with the fugual alternation of tonic and dominant keys, in the four different voices, and then, through a course of modulation, back to a half-close in C minor, to lead on to the second division. This second division is also imitative and in C minor, but on a new subject.

Ex. 174.



The next movement, a solo, is also in C minor.

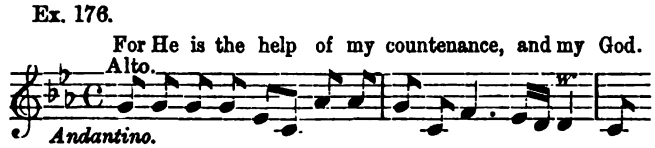
Ex. 175.



The plan of this is a miniature sonata without second part; but in the conduct of the recapitulation it resembles that of one of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas in C, which begins the recapitulation of the first subject in a new key, instead of C; and also the pianoforte sonata of Beethoven in F (Op. 10), which begins the recapitulation in D ("Form or Design in Music," p. 18). In this song the recapitulation of the first idea begins in G minor, going, by a re-composition of the idea, into C minor for the conclusion.

No. 4 is an accompanied recitative, which begins in C minor and goes rapidly through modulation to a half-close in F minor. This half-close leads into the next number, for the same voice, in F minor—a movement in the Scarlatti form—"Fast my bitter tears are flowing." No. 6, a chorus, begins with a sort of fantasia, a chain of distinct ideas both of words and music, and with much modulation. The first key, F minor, connects it with the previous number, and the half-close in C at the end connects it with the following and most important part of this number. This is a fugue given out first by the solo quartet and afterwards by the full chorus. The subject is always in C minor, the answer always in G minor.

Ex. 176.



A close on the major chord of C at the completion of the fugue brings the first part of the cantata to an end.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

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MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last letter, the operatic world has been interested chiefly in a discussion between Mr J. H. Mapleson and Mr H. E. Abbey, as to which of the two has engaged Adelina Patti for next season's opera in this city. Mr Abbey says that Patti promised him before sailing that she would return to him, and to no one else, while Mr Mapleson says that he has a contract with Signor Franchi engaging Mdme Patti to sing three times a week, from the 23rd of next October until the 1st of March, for which she is to receive 4,400 dollars (£880) a night. In consideration of offering Mdme Patti to his subscribers, Mr Mapleson has asked the directors of the Academy of Music, who give him the house in exchange for two hundred free seats, to pay next year the difference between the present Academy prices and those he expects to ask when he has Patti. The present usual price is four dollars a seat in the boxes. The Patti price will be eight dollars, so that he asks the stockholders to pay four dollars a night for their seats. This they have pretty generally concluded to do, and several of them have even gone so far as to aid Mr Mapleson in raising a fund of £8,000, which must be deposited as a guaranty. The general impression is that if Mdme Patti comes back at all she will sing for Mr Mapleson, as she confided to several professional friends here that she would not again undergo such a tour as the one with Mr Abbey for double the money. That undertaking, by the way, resulted in a loss of £2,400 to the persons who furnished the money. Patti herself is reported to have taken away with her £33,000, out of which she has to pay Nicolini and Franchi. Nevertheless, these monetary details must be taken *cum grano*. Few are inclined to believe that Mr Mapleson, or anyone else, expects to pay £880 a night. Upon leaving us, Mdme Patti expressed great sorrow at the parting, and great admiration for the Americans. She had always regarded the United States as one of her favourite native countries, and would gladly live and die here if she had not purchased an estate in Wales.

Mr Mapleson's regular season came to a close last week, and he is now giving a series of performances at popular prices—two dollars for the best seats. It is, unfortunately, true that Campanini has temporarily damaged his voice. During the tour through the Western States he sang too often, and came back thoroughly exhausted. Since then his best friends have been hoping that, with rest and care, he would recover. But they have, up till now, been disappointed. His voice—they say—seems to have lost carrying power and sweetness of quality; and a doubt prevails in many quarters as to whether the summer's rest will restore it to its normal condition. After some words with Mr Mapleson, and threatened lawsuits, Mdme Minnie Hauk leaves the company, and has undertaken a concert tour with that old favourite Brignoli, Tagliapietra the baritone, and Teresa Carreño, a Spanish pianist, well known to London. There are also rumours of an English opera company for next year, in which Mdme Hauk and Miss Kellogg will share the hard work. Altogether Mr Mapleson's season has been successful, and has returned a net profit of about £10,000. He expects to disband his company and return to England in two weeks.

Mr Abbey, who has a contract with Christine Nilsson for next winter, has also engaged Del Puente, and will sail for England on the 11th of May, to make up the company; so that whether Patti comes or not, we shall have, at least, two Italian opera "troops" during the winter.

New York, April 22nd, 1882. HAVEY.

BERLIN.—Mad. Mallinger has recently abandoned her project of studying with a view to playing in spoken drama. The sympathy manifested by the public on the occasion of her farewell appearance at the Royal Opera, has induced her to cherish the hope of continuing on the lyric stage. Competent judges have declared that her voice has merely suffered from overwork and unskilful treatment. Her special reason for attempting to restore it to its old efficiency is, that it has recently been much superior to what it was, a fact attributed by the lady to the training to which it has of late been subjected. Mad. Mallinger is now studying assiduously with a well-known singing-mistress. — The operatic season at Kroll's Theatre commenced on the 6th inst.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 258.)

IV.

Cherubini was back in Paris by the beginning of March—that is to say, a few days after the performance of his *Ifigenia* in Turin. He lost no time, but immediately set about the composition of his *Démophon*, the poem of which Marmontel had given him eighteen months previously. He was evidently very anxious about it, and justly considered his first essay on the French stage as a highly important matter, for, with the exception of *Démophon*, he wrote nothing in the course of 1788; I say nothing, because his catalogue for this year mentions only an Italian air composed for the celebrated singer, Mdme Todi, who sang it perhaps at Court. The subject of *Démophon*, chosen by Marmontel, who borrowed it from Metastasio, placed Cherubini in a somewhat delicate position. A very talented musician named Vogel, who died in the flower of his age after successfully producing at the Opera a work entitled *La Toison d'Or*, left a *Démophon*, for which Desriaux had supplied the words, and which was accepted at this theatre. No one knew the score, but the overture, full of colour and superb in character, had been frequently executed at concerts, and had achieved a brilliant success. When the public heard that Cherubini was working at an opera on the same subject and bearing the same title, they thought—very wrongly—that he wished to enter on a sort of contest with Vogel's fame, to which an end had been so soon put. Still greater dissatisfaction was manifested at the steps he took when his score was finished, though they were very natural, to get it, through the influence of the Queen, brought out before the work of his posthumous competitor. These facts set the artistic world rather against him, and it was not, we are told, without a certain amount of prejudice that the public went to the first performance of his *Démophon*. This performance took place on the 5th September, 1788, and, if we were to be guided by the *Mercure de France*, we might think the work achieved a very great success. But it must be remembered that Marmontel, the author of the book, had for a long time been an assiduous member of the staff attached to the paper, which was consequently bound to treat him tenderly. It is only, therefore, with due caution, and with a disclaimer, as it were, of personal liability, that we must accept the praise lavished by the journal on the new opera, of which it first speaks in its number of the 13th December, as follows:—

"On Friday, the 5th inst., *Démophon*, a lyric tragedy in three acts, written by M. Marmontel, and set to music by M. Cherubini, was produced for the first time. . . . . It was very successful from beginning to end. . . . . In our next number we will go more into details concerning the very numerous beauties to be found in the poem and in the music. . . . . If we venture on certain criticisms with regard to the composer, far from being offered to discourage him in a career he has commenced so brilliantly, they will serve simply to lend additional weight to the praise he has so well deserved, and which we shall have great pleasure in bestowing on him."

In its following number (for the 20th December), the *Mercure* returns, at considerable length, to *Démophon*, and, while gently hinting that the public were at first rather reserved in their admiration, it nevertheless eulogises very highly the poet and the musician, without forgetting their interpreters, who, by the way, were no others than Mdme Saint-Huberty, Lays, Lainez, Rousseau, and Chardeni, besides Vestris in the ballet. This is how it expresses itself in its second notice:

"The performances of *Démophon* which followed the first one have been, as we foresaw, better understood and better liked. The petty pleasure of factiously opposing the work of a distinguished literary man has been succeeded by the less piquant but more flattering and purer pleasure of hearing an agreeable production. The prejudice, either too favourable or too unfavourable, with which people at first listened to the music, has disappeared. The score has now been judged by its true value, and the composer has reason to feel satisfied with the opinion thus formed, namely, that it was impossible for anyone so young and with such a slight knowledge of our stage to begin more brilliantly, and that the work proves he possesses everything requisite to do still better."

All this is slightly involved and strained. A little further on the writer states openly that the first impression was not altogether favourable to the musician:

"People had praised up M. Cherubini's talent very much before

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it was known in France. This mistake on the part of friendship is often more injurious than the abuse of hatred. Much being expected from the young composer, he was judged with great severity. His success, nevertheless, resisted so dangerous an ordeal, and that is saying enough for his praise generally."

Finally, after a very minute and very favourable analysis, the article concludes as follows with the reservations we are about to read on the general form and character of the work:

"We see, by the above host of quotations, that beauties abound in this opera. Perhaps there are too many of them (?), and this is, probably, the gravest defect of which we can accuse the author. By being too anxious about the dramatic effect, and by employing too freely the means for its production, he ends by weakening it. This defect, which, after all, is a proof of merit, is common to every young composer possessing genius, and experience alone can guarantee him from it. M. Cherubini's style is clear, because formed in a good school, and this quality is all the more remarkable in him, seeing that he may, perhaps, be charged with using the instruments too much. Again it is experience which will teach him that everything not absolutely necessary in the orchestra is detrimental and should be suppressed. We even go so far as to think that this defect is not a part of his particular manner, but that, when resolving to work for us, he was bound to study the works which succeed best in France; now, in this study, it is very important to make this distinction, that it is not on account of such a system that these works have succeeded, but that they have done so despite the system. M. Cherubini, however, presents himself in a fashion which causes us to presume that his second work will leave nothing to be desired."

To sum up, we do not quite know, after all the above, what to think of the attitude of the public, and the *Mercure*, visibly embarrassed, ostensibly registers a success, while at the same time it appears to put forward extenuating circumstances, the enumeration of which sometimes accompanies the record of a failure. In truth, *Démophon* was not a success, and the proof is that it could not achieve more than eight performances. At the expiration of two months the ninth was promised for the 6th February, 1789, and the *Journal de Paris*, in its numbers for the 4th and 5th of the month, thus announced it in its theatrical advertisements, but no ninth performance ever took place.*

It is interesting to know the opinion of one of Cherubini's most ardent and most sincere admirers—of one who has studied him more and better than most people—on *Démophon*. The following is the judgment pronounced by Fétis, when emphasizing the contrast observable between the young composer's style and inspiration in his first French score and the style and inspiration of that which he had just written in Turin:—

On the 2nd September, 1788, Cherubini's *Démophon* was performed at the Opera. It produced little effect and was coldly received by the public. The score furnishes a curious subject of historical study, if compared with *Ifigenia* which Cherubini wrote in Turin at the beginning of the same year. In the latter score, melody abounds, and, among several numbers full of charm, we remark a trio of the greatest beauty. *Démophon*, on the contrary, offers us only aridity in the cantilenas, vague motives, numerous defects in the rhythm and symmetry of the phrases, and, what is worse than all, languishing monotony in the general colour of the work. Even the harmony has nothing distinguished about it, and it is difficult to recognize in this feeble production the hand of a man who soon afterwards justly caused himself to be considered a great master. Whence could arise the embarrassment which thus oppressed his genius? It was evidently produced by the exigences of the French stage, previously unknown to him, and which he had not time to study, as well as by those of a not very musical language which did not offer the well marked rhythms of his native tongue, so favourable to the contexture of the melody. The constraint and anxiety caused by such difficulties are everywhere apparent in *Démophon*; now, talent exercised under unfavourable conditions can produce nothing but what is mediocre. From time to time we come across the beginning of a happy melody, as, for instance, in the air, "Faut-il enfin que je me déclare," and again in "Au plaisir de voir tant de charmes," but Marmontel's pretended and detestable lyric verses come in and dissipate the melodic perfume which seems about to be exhaled; poor Cherubini did not know what to do with these verses of all sizes, which sometimes compelled him to make his phrase five bars and sometimes allowed him only two, or forced him to augment the value of the musical tempi so as to make two bars out of one. The composition of this opera must have been one long torture for him.†

(To be continued.)

—o—

TO MARIE ROZE.

Oh, Marie! veil the radiant eyes
That melt with inner light,
Conceal the brow that o'er them lies,
The bosom warm and bright,

The dainty chin where dimples play
At merry hide and seek,
The mouth with careless laughter gay,
And either perfect cheek.

For we, enchanted by thy grace,
And lost in worshipping
The magic of thy form and face,
Forget to hear thee sing.

Or, if we listen to the strain
That, like a bubbling brook,
O'erflows thy lips in music, then
We all forget to look!

In vain to try the double spell
By which thou would'st ensnare:
Alas! thou singest all too well,
Or else art all too fair!

For we who listen to thy voice
Forget thy face to view,
And we who in thy face rejoice
Forget to listen too.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[*Aïda* was presented in Boston last night at the Globe Theatre for the first time in English. Marie Roze, as Aïda, achieved a great success, and was most enthusiastically applauded throughout the opera, and called several times before the curtain. Henry W. Longfellow occupied a proscenium box. He handed Marie Roze a bunch of roses after the third act, and went on the stage to offer her his congratulations. The critics are unanimous in pronouncing Marie Roze's first appearance in English a decided success.—*New York Times, Nov.* 9, 1881.]

MEYERBEER AND "LE PROPHÈTE."—An interesting letter relating to Meyerbeer and his celebrated work was lately addressed to the *Vossische Zeitung*. The writer says that Meyerbeer for very many years entertained the notion of composing an opera with Moses as the chief character, but, not to enter into competition with his friend, Rossini, after the production of *Mosé in Egitto*, abandoned his project, and got Scribe to write him a libretto on a very subordinate personage, the fanatic John of Leyden. This explains the discrepancy between the libretto and music when we learn, for instance, that the battle-song of the Anabaptists at sunrise was originally a martial summons to the People of Israel; the Coronation March, a religious march for the "Chosen Nation" after their release from bondage and the completion of the Tabernacle in the desert; and the Coronation intended, not for John of Leyden, but for the great hero and law-giver of the Israelites.—*Signale.*

* At the seventh performance, on the 9th January, there was an accident, thus described in the *Journal de Paris* of the 18th:—"There happened last Friday at the Opera an accident which might have deprived the public of a talented and very popular artist. During the last ballet in *Démophon* a trap gave way under M. Vestris while he was dancing. He disappeared entirely from the eyes of the spectators, whose alarm did not cease till he reappeared, carried by his comrades. He fell seven and a half feet, when he was stopped by a plank at that distance beneath the stage. He was not wounded, having only a slight contusion on one side. The shock he received rendered it necessary to bleed him, but he will, it is hoped, soon reappear."

† *Biographie universelle des Musiciens.* With regard to the poem of *Démophon*, Fétis commits a singular error in stating that Marmontel first entrusted it to Vogel and then took it from him to give it to Cherubini. Vogel had nothing to do with Marmontel in this matter. As I have already said, the book of Vogel's *Démophon*, entirely different from that of Cherubini's, was the work of a writer named Desriaux.

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Effect in Germany produced by the news that there is to be a Royal College of Music in England.

There will be places for you all.—Old Play.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DUPONT.—Omnem diem, feles et canes (*ut aiunt*) pluit.

AM I RIGHT?—No, "cert'nly" as the Colonel says. The overture to *Alessandro nel Indie* referred to by our correspondent is not Cherubini's, but Piccinni's.

F. G. R.—Mdlle Caroline Salla, the chosen heroine of *Françoise de Rimini*, is a Parisian born. She made her first London appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, May 3rd, 1877, the part selected for her *début* being Amelia, in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

DILETTANTE.—Mierzwinsky played *Faust* at the second performance of Gounod's opera. Frapolli assumed the part on the first occasion in consequence of Mierzwinsky's temporary indisposition. We believe that Frapolli could undertake any known character at half an hour's notice, and, moreover, represent it like a genuine artist. A singer so versatile and ready is priceless in a great establishment like the Royal Italian Opera.

ARIBANES.—Perish the thought! Had Beethoven been living, how would he not have stormed—he the author of *Fidelio*, the "Ninth Symphony," poet-composer of all time—at the mere notion of the Wagnerian "stage-play" being an outcome of his own latest imaginings! Had Mendelssohn, whose early disappearance from among us, Herr Wagner, in his notorious pamphlet, *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, laments (!), still survived, the new theory would have been blown to the winds with a first production of the completed *Lorlei*—a myth, also, by the way.

DEATH.

On March 3, at Auckland, New Zealand, of consumption, FRANCIS EDWARD HALLETT, second son of the late J. Hallett-Sheppard (Professor of Music), Clapham, aged 19 years.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

TO MADAME ALBANI.

Dotta Germania ti tributa onori,
Nazioni cento ti dan palme e allori,
E tu tornata all' Anglia terra fida,
Dove il tesoro del tuo cor s'annida,
Fra noi ritrovi ognor nodo diletto
Di somma ammirazione e ugale affetto.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE following letter of congratulation was sent to the Queen by the Directors of the above Institution on the occasion of the Royal marriage:—

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MADAM,—May it please your Majesty to accept the congratulations of the Directors, Committee of Management, Professors and Students of this Royal and National Institution on the recent auspicious event that has introduced a new member into the family which heads the realm. Deeply it is lamented that the dawning of the new joy has been clouded by a bereavement; but the members of our body politic and corporate join with all other loyal subjects of your Majesty in the hope that the Nation's sympathy may assuage the present sorrow, and that great happiness may be in store for their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany.—I have the honour to be, Madam, your Majesty's most obedient servant,

(Signed) G. A. MACFARREN.
(Chairman of the day.)

VERDI arrived in Paris last week. His first visit was to Vaucorbeil.

THE *Parsifal* performances at Bayreuth will be under the direction of Herr Hermann Levy, conductor at the Theatre Royal, Munich. (How about Richter and Seidl?—DR BLITZ.)

HANS RICHTER having declined re-election to the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts, Vienna, Jahn will, it is said, be appointed to the post.

TO MADAME MARIE MUCHANOFF *NÉE* COUNTESS NESSELRODE.*

MY DEAR MADAME,—A short time since, in a conversation in which you participated, you asked, in astonishment, the reason of the hostility which struck you as being so incomprehensible, and so evidently prompted by a spirit of depreciation, with which every one of my artistic products was received, especially by the daily press, not only of Germany, but also of France, and even of England. I have, now and then, met with a similar expression of surprise in the notice of some uninitiated novice on the press, to the effect that the writer supposed that there must be in my theories on art something exciting implacability, otherwise it was impossible to understand why I, more than any one else, should be thus, without intermission, unhesitatingly set down in the category of mere frivolous bunglers, and treated in accordance with the position in this manner assigned me.

The following pages, which, as an answer to your inquiry, I take the liberty of placing before you, will not only throw a light on the subject, but will also enable you to infer why I am compelled to furnish this explanation myself. As you, however, are not the only person amazed at the circumstances in question, I feel the necessity of giving the same answer at the same time to many others, and, therefore, of publishing it. I could not charge a friend with the task, as I do not know one in so independent and so secure a position that I could venture to draw down upon him the hostility to which I have been subjected, and against which I am so little capable of defending myself, that there is nothing left for me to do than distinctly to point out to my friends the motives of it.

But even I cannot do so without a heavy feeling about the heart; this does not proceed, however, from any dread of my enemies (for, as I have nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear, from them!); it proceeds from an anxious consideration for devoted and truly sympathetic friends whom fate has sent me from among those related by race to that national religious element of modern European society the undying hatred of which I have incurred by discussing its peculiarities, so difficult to repress, and so highly prejudicial to our civilization. Against this feeling I was fortified by the consciousness that these rare friends stand in the same position as myself, nay, that they have to suffer more acutely, and even more shamefully under the oppression to which all such as I have been subjected; for I cannot hope to render my statement perfectly intelligible unless I explain with the requisite clearness, the oppression, so paralyzing all free movement, exercised also, by influential Jewish society upon those allied to it by descent.

I now, therefore, beg to lay before you an article emanating from my pen, and published more than eighteen years ago.

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.

(1850.)

In the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, reference was made, not long since, to a "Hebraic taste in art;" this expression could not, and should not, fail to be attacked, and, also, defended. It appears to me a not unimportant undertaking to investigate at some length the subject here at issue, a subject hitherto touched upon by criticism only indirectly, or in an outburst of a certain amount of irritation. I shall not have to say anything new, but merely to explain the unconscious feeling, manifested among the people as a profound repugnance for the Jewish element; I shall have to express plainly something really existing already, and shall not be attempting to animate artificially, by the power of fancy in any degree, something unreal. Criticism is acting contrary to its nature, when, either attacking or defending, it has any other object.

Since it is now our purpose to explain exclusively with regard to art, especially music, the popular repugnance felt even in our days against everything Jewish, we shall of course pass over in complete silence the reasons of this phenomenon in the domain of religion and of politics. In religion the Jews have long ceased to be enemies worthy of our hatred—thanks to all those who, within the pale of the Christian religion itself, have drawn down upon themselves the hatred of the people! In pure politics, we have never been involved in actual conflict with the Jews; we even permitted them to found a kingdom of Jerusalem, and ought rather to lament that M. de Rothschild was too clever to make himself King of the Jews, instead, as we all know, of remaining the "Jew of Kings." But the case is altered when politics become a social question; viewed in this light, the isolated position of the Jews appealed to our humane feeling of justice ever since the impulse for social freedom became clearer in our bosoms. When battling for the emancipation of the Jews we were, however, the champions of an abstract principle, rather than of a concrete instance; just as all our liberalism was a not very clear-sighted play of mind, seeing that we exerted ourselves

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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for the freedom of the people without knowing them, nay, with a feeling of repugnance for absolute contact with them, our zeal for bestowing equal rights on the Jews sprang from the impulse of a general thought much more than from real sympathy; for, whatever we said and wrote in favour of Jewish emancipation, whenever we came into absolute, actual contact with Jews, we experienced an involuntary repugnance for them.

We have now come to the point that brings us nearer the object we have in view: we have to explain the *involuntarily repulsive element* existing in the individuality and being of the Jews, for the purpose of justifying our instinctive repugnance, which we plainly feel is stronger and more overpowering than our zeal, the fruit of a settled determination to free ourselves from that repugnance. But we still are only deceiving ourselves purposely in this respect, when we believe that we ought to consider it prohibited and immoral to manifest openly an antipathy for the Jewish element. Only very recently did we seem to arrive at the conclusion that it was more sensible to free ourselves from the restraint of this self-delusion, and, on the other hand, to consider quite soberly the objects of our forced sympathy and account for our antipathy towards them—an antipathy existing despite all our delusions about liberalism. We then perceived to our amazement that, while we were battling for the cause of liberalism, floating in the air and fighting with clouds, the beautiful ground of absolute palpable reality had found someone to appropriate it—someone who was probably highly amused with our aërial capers, but considered us far too stupid to recompense us by voluntarily giving up the solid ground usurped. Quite unobserved by anybody the creditor of kings has become the king of the Faithful,* and we can merely regard the prayer of this king for emancipation as uncommonly naïve, since it is *we* rather who have placed ourselves under the necessity of fighting for emancipation from the Jews. According to the present state of things in this world, the Jew is really more than set free; he rules, and will rule as long as money continues the power before which all we say and do loses its force. That the historical wretchedness of the Jews and the marauding outrages of Christian German potentates caused this power to fall into the hands of the sons of Israel is a fact into which we need not enquire here. But that taste in art, also, at the present day, has been placed in the busy fingers of the Jews by the impossibility of further developing what is natural, necessary, and really beautiful, on the basis of the height to which art has now attained, without entirely shifting that basis, is, on the contrary, a fact of which we do require to investigate at some length the reasons. All that the serf paid the lords of the Roman world and of the Middle Ages in misery and suffering, the Jew of the present day turns into gold; who remarks on seeing those apparently innocent little bits of paper that they are stained with the blood of innumerable generations? What the heroes of art extorted from the Demon hostile to it during two thousand miserable years, with incredible exertions, using up energy and life, the Jew of the present day makes an object of traffic; who would fancy that the pretty little productions of art are smeared with the sacred sweat of genius struggling for two millennia?

(To be continued.)

—o—

WAGNER'S *TETRALOGY* IN ENGLISH.

All persons conversant with R. Wagner's "Stage-Festival-Play," *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (which includes *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*), are aware of the immense difficulties which must be encountered by a writer undertaking to translate the work into another tongue. Nothing daunted by this fact, Mr Alfred Forman boldly resolved to make the experiment, the result being a masterly version, or rather marvellous counterpart, of the original. It is entitled *The Nibelung's Ring*, and is published by Messrs Schott & Co., No. 159, Regent Street. From some highly poetic lines of his own, printed with the "Stage-Festival-Play," we learn that Mr Forman's was a labour of love and we can well believe it. None save an enthusiast would give the time and pains indispensable for the accomplishment of such a task. Parenthetically, too, it may be remarked that even an enthusiast might not possess the undoubtedly exceptional powers which Mr Forman has shown. Herr R. Wagner has every reason for the gratitude he expresses in a letter addressed by him to that gentlemen. Besides rendering Wagner's lines by English lines which, in our opinion, are quite as good, Mr Forman has even adopted the alliterative system, patronized by Wagner, so that not alone in spirit but in form as well does *Der Ring des Nibelungen* stand revealed to the English reader. Leaving, of course, out of consideration the original works involved, it may justly be said that what Schlegel did for Shakspere, Mr Forman has done for Wagner. J. V. B.

* The German: "Gläubiger der Könige zum König der Gläubiger," contains a play upon words, which cannot be rendered in an English version. "Gläubiger" signifies a "believer" as well as a "creditor," and the quibble consists in the fact that, on its repetition, the word "Gläubiger" is taken to signify "believers," "the faithful," while, on the first occasion of its being employed, it signifies "creditor."—TRANSLATOR.

ENCORE JEANNE D'ARC!

Très beau concert, lundi soir, salle Erard, donné par Mme Caroline Montigny-Rémaury, en présence de l'élite de la société parisienne. Il est intéressant de suivre ce talent sans cesse en progrès, et d'entendre cette magistrale interprétation des maîtres les plus divers, rendue si nette et si intelligible par la vaillante et gracieuse artiste. La fantaisie de Liszt, le triomphe de la soirée, étourdissante de verve et de brio, a été jouée par Mme Montigny avec une autorité exceptionnelle et admirablement accompagnée par l'éminent chef d'orchestre, Charles Lamoureux. (Enfin!)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The first appearance of Mdme Albani brought, as rarely fails to happen, a crowded house and a genuine success. The success on this occasion was achieved in a character never previously represented by the gifted songstress before a London audience. Those who admire Mdme Albani for qualities that entitle her to special distinction might have calculated in advance on the manner in which she would portray the heroine of Dumas' romance and Verdi's still popular opera. That she would sing the music of *La Traviata* in perfection every amateur was persuaded beforehand. It lies easily within the compass of her voice; and the charm of that voice, to say nothing about the artistic use made of it by its possessor, is universally recognized. The plaintive soliloquy, "Ah forse è lui," a true test of vocal expression, with its animated "cabaletta," and "Sempre libera," as true a test of vocal fluency, were alike satisfactory, the one for its touching plaintiveness, the other for its brilliant execution. Both caused a display of enthusiasm too genuine for doubt. Mdme Albani's delineation of the character is just what might be expected from her engaging artistic idiosyncracy—never obtrusive, always earnest, graceful, and intelligent, impassioned where the situation requires it, and softening down what, but for such refined and delicate handling, might be (and has been) more or less uninviting. Signor Frapolli was an excellent Alfredo, and Signor Cotogni an elder Germont worthy all praise. The opera announced for this evening is *Faust e Margherita*, with Mdme Albani as the heroine. —*Graphic*

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A few lines must suffice to record the first appearance of Mdlle Stahl and the repetition of *Faust* with the special feature of Mdme Albani's resumption of the character of Margherita. The lady first named achieved considerable success as Amneris in Verdi's *Aïda*, the character being an important and arduous one, rising sometimes to an equality with that of the heroine. Mdlle Stahl manifested much vocal skill and special dramatic power, together with the possession of a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality and compass. She produced a very favourable impression, especially in the important duets with Aïda and Radames, and in the final scene. We shall, doubtless, soon again have occasion to speak of this promising *débutante*. The cast of the opera included the effective performances of Mdme Fürsch-Madi as Aïda, Signor Frapolli as Radames, and Signor Pandolfini as Amonasro. Signor Bevignani conducted. The brilliancy, pathos, and sentiment with which Mdme Albani renders the music of Margherita and the high dramatic power which she infuses into the later scenes of the opera require no fresh eulogy. These qualities were again manifested in Saturday's performance of *Faust*, with the same special effect as heretofore. The cast included, as on a recent occasion, Signor Frapolli as Faust, M. Bouhy as Mefistofele, and Signor Cotogni as Valentino; the part of Siebel having been transferred (on this occasion) to Mdlle Guercia. M. Dupont conducted.—*D. N.*

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CONCERTS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the fiftieth season, and most probably the last that we are to expect, naturally drew a crowded audience to St James's Hall. We have already dwelt upon the causes that have inevitably brought about the too early collapse of so admirable an institution, and need not recur to them. Nor on such an occasion is it necessary to speak about the performance in detail. The oratorio was *Solomon*, with the additional accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa, who, to the general satisfaction, had so completely regained his health as to be able to conduct with all that energetic precision and thorough mastery of the score, which have so frequently ensured a perfect execution of Handel's magnificent choruses. It was well that the great chief who revived the declining fortunes of the Sacred Harmonic Society as far back as 1848, and has directed them, with rare intervals, ever since, should preside over the very last. Sir Michael on appearing in the orchestra was hailed with unanimous cheering, which was renewed with increased enthusiasm after the National Anthem (his own arrangement) at the end. The demonstration was as genuine as it was justly due. The performance was excellent throughout.—*Graphic.*

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Unfavourable weather is always certain to make an appreciable difference in the attendances at this popular resort, no matter how varied and attractive the programme. But when Sol is nearing its solstice, and Muswell Hill is bathed in sunlight, the denizens of London are not slow to take advantage of the many amusements so liberally provided for them by the enterprising lessees, Messrs Jones and Barber. Wise in their generation, they are careful not to make music one of the side dishes of their feast; on the contrary, from post meridian till dewy eve, at frequent intervals, "music hath charms to soothe the *gentle* breast," [by your leave, Mr Editor, I make the above emendation as I have sometimes thought the poet must have been in a *savage* mood when he penned this line].* Passing, with honourable mention, the performances on the organ by Mr Arthur Dorey, on Saturday last, comprising selections from Auber, Handel, Verdi, Smart, &c., and the excellent efforts by the String Quartet under the direction of Herr Schuller, at half-past three we made our way to the concert-room, where a ballad concert was being given with the following artists:—Misses Mary Davies, Julie Albu, Jeanie Rosse, Messrs Edward Lloyd, J. F. Probert, and Thurley Beale. Of their efforts we have only space to note that Miss Mary Davies, in "The Miller and the Maid," Miss Julie Albu, in "Angels, ever bright and fair," and Miss Jeannie Rosse, in "St. Agnes Eve," won the suffrages of their audience. In response to a unanimous encore for his rendering of Balfe's "Then you'll remember me," Mr Edward Lloyd gave the same composer's "Come into the garden, Maud"; and Mr Thurley Beale, in "The Bugler," and "The Yoeman's Wedding," received hearty commendation. The other artists acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. A word of approval must be bestowed on the Alexandra Palace Choir for their rendering of the several part-songs set down for them, under their capable conductor, Mr D. Beardwell. Mr Albert Henning was heard to advantage in a solo for pianoforte entitled "Hungarian Dances," and "Zigeunertanz."—WETSTAR.

[* "Wetstar" is wrong, nevertheless.—Dr Bluge.]

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—On Saturday evening last this noble building was well filled by an audience convened to "assist" at a grand operatic and miscellaneous concert, under the direction of Mr William Carter. The vocalists present were: Mdmes Christine Nilsson, Trebelli, Szilardka Dumtsa, and a young *debutante*, Miss Patti Winter (whose appearance at the Alexandra Palace Concert we favourably noticed last week), Mr Joseph Maas, Signors Foli, Ghilberti, and Mr James Ley. The concert opened with Weber's charming overture to *Der Freyschutz*. The Miscellaneous on this occasion was the garniture to the Operatic, inasmuch as the only pieces "understanded of the people" were "What the waves said" (Carter), (given with such captivating style by Mdme Trebelli that she had to repeat the last two stanzas in response to a loud re-call), and "The King's Minstrel" (Pinsuti), sung by Signor Ghilberti. The operatic selections comprised excerpts from *Il Trovatore*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Roberto Il Diavolo*, and *Mosè in Egitto*, the artists doing their best with the pieces confided to their care. Part II., however, was the feature of the evening, consisting, as it did, of the Garden Scene from *Faust*, enacted in costume, with the following cast: Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Martha, Mdme Dumtsa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli; Faust, Mr Joseph Maas; and Mephistofele, Signor Foli. Notwithstanding her recent sad bereavement, Mdme Nilsson was in full command of her extraordinary resources, and *plus* the abortive attempt at a garden, which deceived no one, a most excellent representation was the result. Amid marked tokens of regard Mdme Nilsson retired from the platform with several large bouquets of flowers. Mr Charles Oberthür gave his harp solo, "Meditation," and accompanied Miss Patti Winter in her rendering of "Roberto tu che adoro." We must not omit to mention Mr Carter's performance, on the pianoforte, of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, ably supported by the orchestra, exhibiting, as it did, his command over the instrument, and his desire to give a faithful interpretation of the music. In this he had his reward. A capital concert was brought to a close with "The Soldier's Chorus," from *Faust*, given by the gentlemen of Mr Carter's choir. Messrs Carter and Bending were the conductors.—WETSTAR.

THE second of Mr Ganz's Orchestral Concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 6, when the programme included Schubert's Symphony in C major, and the overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Euryanthe*. Miss A. B. Huntington made a favourable impression by the way she rendered Rossini's "Non più mesta" and *Lieder* by Hartmann and Schubert. Herr Loewenberg, who made a favourable *début* last year in London, played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, and confirmed the good opinion of his talents expressed on former occasions. Mr Ganz conducted.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ commenced a series of "Chamber-music Concerts" on Wednesday evening at the Grosvenor Gallery, which was fully and fashionably attended. Mr Hallé, with his coadjutors—Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herren Straus, and Franz Néruda—played two quartets for pianoforte and strings (Dvorák's in D, Op. 23; and Schumann's in E flat, Op. 47). Mr Hallé also played two Rhapsodies by Brahms for pianoforte alone, and Mdme Néruda Handel's Violin Sonata in D major, with pianoforte accompaniment by Mr Hallé. The performance of each composition gave perfect satisfaction.

MR GEORGE GEAR, the talented young English artist, gave his sixth annual concert on Tuesday, May 2nd, at St George's Hall, under distinguished patronage, before a large and appreciative audience. A well-selected programme included four new compositions by Mr George Gear (three vocal, and one instrumental), entitled, "Medea in Corinto," a *scena* (sung by Miss Anna Williams), which drew forth well-merited applause, due both to singer and composer; "Sweet Visions," a charming song, rendered with deep pathos by Mdme Patey, and deservedly encored—words and music being far above average compositions of its class; a Serenade, "In the peaceful Night," agreeably sung by Mr Percy Blandford; and a Sonata (No. 2), in C minor, for pianoforte alone, admirably played by the composer, obtaining for him a genuine re-call. Mr Gear's Sonata is in the "classical form," consisting of *allegro*, *andante con variazioni*, *scherzo*, and *rondo-finale*. It is a graceful composition, each movement written to display the executive as well as the expressive qualities of the artist. Mr Gear's performance of his own work, we need hardly remark, did not fail to command admiration. Little space is left to chronicle the remaining pieces in the programme; but a few words of encouragement must be awarded to Miss Kate Chaplin, a very young lady (violinist), who played with Mr Gear, Beethoven's Sonata in A minor, a "Scéne de Ballet," by De Beriot; and, with Miss Nellie Chaplin (pianist), a duet founded on Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. Mdme Adeline Paget, who gave a "Barcarolle," by Gomez, from his *Salvator Rosa*, possesses a fine, clear, and powerful voice, and sang the "Barcarolle" (in Italian) with great spirit. She afterwards took part with Mr Percy Blandford in Lucantoni's duet, "Il Convegno," and also sang Dessauer's *bolero*, "Le retour des promis," with genuine effect. Mr Charles Oberthür, as usual, delighted the audience by his skilful performance on the harp of Parish Alvars' brilliant fantasia on *Oberon*. There were other compositions of interest, among them being Rossini's beautiful duetto, "La Pesca" (Miss Anna Williams and Mdme Patey), and "A Winter Story," by Michael Watson, sung by Mdme Patey, the harmonium *obbligato* part being well played by Mr H. Parker. We close our remarks by observing that on each of his appearances Mr George Gear increases in favour with the musical public; and we doubt not that he will soon take a very high position in his profession.

PROVINCIAL.

READING.—The Berkshire Amateur Musical Society gave a concert of more than ordinary interest at the Town Hall on Thursday afternoon, May 4th. The performers, soloists and chorus, of the Society consist entirely of the ladies and gentlemen of the county. Finer voices and better choral singing are rarely heard, and the Society may be congratulated upon having secured the services of Mr John Francis Barnett as their conductor. The first part of the concert was occupied entirely by Mr Barnett's fine cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, composed for, and given at the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival, 1870. The performance at Reading was faultless. There was not a "hitch" from beginning to end. Solos and choruses

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were all rendered with due precision, and the entire work was received by a very large audience with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr J. F. Barnett was loudly "called" at the conclusion to receive the applause he so richly deserved. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, and commenced with a pianoforte solo by Mr Barnett, who proved himself as fine a pianist as he is a composer and conductor. He played upon a magnificent "concert grand" pianoforte by Broadwood. Mr Charles Oberthür was heard to great advantage in one of his graceful solos for the harp, "Clouds and Sunshine." The vocal music—including a part-song, "From Oberon in Fairyland," by Stevens—was effectively rendered. The accompanists—Mr F. Davis, at the pianoforte, and Mr Giuseppe Dinelli, at the American organ—performed their duties admirably; and the concert, altogether, gave perfect satisfaction.

NORTHAMPTON.—The fifth Popular Concert of the series, being given under the patronage of the Mayor (W. J. Peirce, Esq.) by the Union Glee Club, and the Instrumental Quintet Society, took place in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, April 27th, the principal singers being the Misses Cosford, Messrs. Warren, and T. Cosford, whose chief successes were in Professor Bergson's effective song, "The two Hearts" (Miss Cosford), Balfe's duet, "Trust her not" (the Misses Cosford), "She wandered down the Mountain Side" (Miss Cosford), all of which had to be repeated. The band played the overture to Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, and the *adagio* movement from Hummel's Military Septet. The members of the Union Glee Club gave Pinsuti's part songs, "The Watchword," and "Parting Kiss," G. W. Martin's glee, "Haste ye soft Gales," and Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song." Haydn's "Farewell" symphony concluded an excellent programme.

LISZT'S "DANTE" SYMPHONY.

"Audi alteram partem."

The symphony which Liszt has written in illustration of Dante's *Divina Commedia* was played for the first time in England at Mr Ganz's orchestral concert on Saturday afternoon, the 22nd ult. The performance, although not absolutely perfect in detail, especially as far as the choral *finale* is concerned, was, upon the whole, satisfactory, and did credit to the orchestra no less than to the zeal and ability of the conductor to whom English amateurs are indebted for their acquaintance with so remarkable a work. That indebtedness would be increased by an early repetition of the symphony. So complicated is the structure of Liszt's conception that a perfect execution as well as the full appreciation of its significance is almost impossible at a first performance. Liszt's *Divina Commedia* symphony is the first of his two works which, except by their greater expansion, do not differ in substance or artistic form from his *Symphonic Poems* properly so called. Everything in this Symphony has more or less immediate reference to the poem which is its basis. Like the *Commedia*, Liszt's work is divided into three distinct portions or movements, the first and most important of which deals with the "Inferno." Without any preface the movement sets out with a *sombre* motive of a strongly rhythmical character on which Liszt has inscribed in the score the opening of the terrible motto which in Dante's poem bids all who enter the gate of hell to leave hope behind—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."

The composer thus at once strikes the keynote of his music, which proceeds to depict, as far as music can depict such things, the scenes of terror which filled the mind of the great Florentine exile. To give in words an idea of Liszt's vivid conception or to attempt an analysis of his musical structure would be impossible, and we need only say that here, as in all Liszt's works, a serious and even sublime poetic idea must be recognized, whatever may be thought of the artistic legitimacy of the musical devices by means of which that idea is carried out. It may be added that in the general colouring of his subject Liszt shows the influence of Berlioz, whose *Fantastic Symphony* is called to mind by more than one incident. But all is not unmitigated gloom in the musical "Inferno" of Liszt; it is lighted by a glimpse of love suggested by the Francesca da Rimini episode of the fifth canto. This episode is treated by Liszt with a delicacy of poetic feeling worthy of the highest praise. The *tempo* changes to a *quasi andante*, and we note some curious *glissando* passages for the harp, representing, no doubt, the whirlwind which carries along with it Francesca and Paolo, even as their passion had carried them to death. The lovers themselves may be easily recognized in the softly ascending chords of the two flutes accompanied by the harp passages already referred to and the muted violins. A recitative for bass clarinet which ensues may be identified with the words of Francesca, by which she prefaces the story of her guilt and misfortune—

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

It is responded to by another soft phrase, this time for two clarinets, the dualism of instruments being sustained whenever the lovers, inseparable in death, are alluded to. Presently the harp passages are repeated to indicate the approach of the pair—

"Quali colombe dal disio chiamate al dolce nido,"

and in due course a suave melody for the strings tells the tale of Francesca as plainly and as plaintively as she does herself in the lines of Dante's poem which are in everyone's memory. That a tragic motive of tenderest beauty has been admirably rendered by the musician it is impossible to deny. Liszt's poetic sensibility here, as throughout his works, must be admired by all unprejudiced hearers; the question only arises whether his creative power as a musician—in other words, his gift of spontaneous melody—is always rich enough to realize the idea so keenly felt by him. After the interlude of love, the tumult of the infernal regions is resumed with renewed vigour, the terrible "Lasciate ogni speranza" resounding again and again like the solemn voice of unalterable doom. In the second movement, the change of key from D minor to D major and the transition from the accents of rage and despair to those of sadness, still deep, but no longer hopeless or defiant, indicate that we have reached the "milder shades of purgatory." We must again, for reasons of space, refrain from a detailed analysis of this interesting piece, which includes an elaborate fugue and leads without break to the final section, in which a choir of heavenly voices sings the "Magnificat anima mea Dominum." In this beautiful piece Liszt gives utterance to his deeply devotional feelings, and at the same time shows his sympathy with the earlier Italian composers, whose style is alluded to throughout with the happiest effect. The air to which the "Magnificat" is intoned is, as Mr Barrett, well versed in such matters, states, founded on the old church melody known as the "First Gregorian tone." The *Dante* symphony evidently produced a deep impression on the numerous audience, and the merits of conductor and orchestra were acknowledged by loud applause.—*Times.*

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Correspondence.)

The following is the programme arranged for the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, to come off on the 28th, 29th, and 30th inst.: First day. Symphony in G minor, Mozart; *Joshua*, Handel. Second day. Pieces from the B minor Mass, Bach; Scenes from *Armide*, Gluck; *Walpurgismacht*, Mendelssohn; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. Third day. Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; air from *The Creation*, Haydn (Mdlle Lilli Lehmann); First Pianoforte Concerto, Johannes Brahms (Herr von Bülow); air from *Jessonda* (Herr Mayer); "127th Psalm," Wüllner; Prelude and Isolde's "Liebestod," from *Tristan und Isolde* (Mdlle Lilli Lehmann); air from *Oberon* (Herr Riese); Variations on Themes from Beethoven (Herr von Bülow); air from *Titus* (Mdlle Rössler); and chorus from Handel's *Joshua*.

WAGNER has returned to Bayreuth. Henceforth, *Parsifal* will engross his exclusive attention.

ACCORDING to a report just issued, pecuniary affairs at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, have been satisfactory from 1881 up to the present time.—Marie Wilt, who is fulfilling a short engagement, opened with *Il Trovatore*.

As prognosticated some time ago, Richard Wagner is too exclusively occupied with the necessary arrangements for *Parsifal* to allow of his anticipated arrival during the performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The disappointment in many quarters will be great; and unless the much-talked-of journey to Greece, with its contemplated issue in an "opera-drama" derived from some tempting subject belonging to Grecian mythology, be carried out, there is reason to believe that *Parsifal* will be its composer's last great work. He has devoted all his time and thought to it since the memorable representations of the "Tetralogy" at Bayreuth (1876), when the poem was already completed and the music in a fair state of progress. This is not surprising; for if the score assorts congenially with the drama, *Parsifal* will doubtless be the crowning glory of its author.

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Copyright for Representation.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—The case of "Wall v. Harris," referred to in the letter of "N. S. W.," has attracted very considerable attention.

It may be interesting to know that Mr Wall (who has an office at 8, Colebrooke Row, Islington) issues printed circulars headed "Copyright and Performing Right Protection Office. Established 1875. Secretary, Harry Wall, Esq., 8, Colebrooke Row, Islington."

Many cases have come to my knowledge in which clergymen and gentlemen residing in country villages have had the forty shillings' penalty demanded of them, and if they dared to dispute it have, like poor Mr Harris, been saddled with the costs of an action in a superior court.

Amateurs have no means of knowing what songs are or are not protected, and I have recently, on behalf of a victim, applied to the solicitor of the "Protection Office" for a list of the composers whose songs are not authorized to be sung. In reply, he writes me—"I am not at liberty to furnish you with the names of the supporters of this office, nor do I consider you warranted in asking for them." It is evident, therefore, that the method of "protection" adopted is simply to watch for innocent and unwary amateurs.

I would venture to suggest that such an abuse of the law of copyright may be prevented by a very short enactment to the following effect:—First, no penalty should be recoverable for performing a musical composition unless on the face of the published music there was a notice that the right of performance was reserved, with an address at which leave to perform might be applied for. Secondly, an enactment that the forty shillings' penalty, instead of being recoverable by action in a superior court, involving, as in the case of "Wall v. Harris," enormous costs, should be a sum not exceeding forty shillings, to be recoverable before and fixed by a magistrate, having regard to the circumstances of the case.

A MEMBER OF THE BACH CHOIR.

SIR,—With reference to the letter which appeared in *The Times* dated the 4th inst., I fear the writer's view is somewhat one-sided and contrary to the actual intention of the Legislature, which thought fit, solely and specially for the benefit, encouragement, and protection of authors and composers of "dramatic pieces" or "musical compositions" (and not for the general public), to pass certain Acts of Parliament, whereby such authors and composers (and their personal representatives or assigns) shall have as their own private property the sole liberty of publicly performing, or causing, or permitting the same to be so performed in the British dominions, for a certain limited term only (after which it shall become public property).

The printing and performing rights are very often vested in separate proprietors, who are frequently altogether uninterested in and even unknown to each other. The proprietor of the sole liberty of public performance only has no power to require the publisher to print a notice that such right is reserved, although, if practicable, the publication of such notice would be very desirable.

I think if the following suggestions were carried out, the public would have no just cause to complain of being unfairly treated:—Let it be enacted that no proprietor of performing right shall maintain any action for infringement thereof unless he has first caused an entry to be made in the registry-book at Stationers' Hall, or some proper place, wherein shall be expressed that he is the proprietor of such reserved right, together with such other particulars as are necessary for the guidance of the public. The price to be charged for such entry to be (say) 6d. or 1s., to include a receipted copy of such entry (and not, as at present, 5s. for the entry, and 5s. for a copy thereof). Then let a gazette be published weekly at 1d., containing a list, alphabetically arranged, of all such entries therein made—the fact of such gazette being so published to be publicly advertised, as widely as possible, in every newspaper in the kingdom, for, say, a month. There would surely then be no reason why such brain work should not be equally protected with hand or machine work, or other produce, and be as legally recognized as is other "property."

HARRY WALL.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students was held on Saturday, May 6. We subjoin the programme of the music given:—

Fugue, in E flat, organ (Bach)—Mr Frank Gwyn,* pupil of Mr W. G. Wood; Song (MS.), "The open Window" (Caroline Moseley, student)—(accompanist, Miss Moseley)—Miss Augusta Arnold, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr Fiori; Andante, from Sonata in G, Op. 31, No. 1 (Beethoven), and Studies, in C and G flat (Chopin), pianoforte—Miss Lanier, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Aria, "Convien partir," *Figlia del Reggimento* (Donizetti)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Ellen Chapman, pupil of Mr Duvivier; Postlude, in D, organ (Henry Smart)—Mr H. C. Tonking, pupil of Dr Steggall; Cantilena, "Perché piangé" (Gounod)—(accompanist, Miss Rolls)—Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, pupil of Mr Randegger; Rondo, in E flat, pianoforte (Weber)—Miss Mary L. Harris, pupil of Mr Schloesser; Sonata, in G minor, Op. 2, No. 4, violoncello (Benedetto Marcello—arranged by Piatti)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Mr J. E. Hambleton, pupil of Mr Pezze; Sonata, in C, pianoforte (Domenico Paradies)—Miss Eirene Pound, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Air, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," *Woman of Samaria* (Sir W. S. Bennett)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Bertha Ball, pupil of Mr Fiori; Allegro Vivace, from Sonata in E minor (MS.), pianoforte (Annie Cantelo—Lady Goldsmid scholar)—Miss Annie Cantelo, pupil of Dr Steggall and Mr Walter Macfarren; Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (A. S. Sullivan)—(accompanist, Miss Blanche Cornish)—Miss Frederica Jennings, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Nocturne, in A flat (Chopin), and Novellette, in F, Op. 7, No. 1 (Schumann), pianoforte—Miss Clarke, pupil of Mr Brinley Richards; Aria, "L'Addio" (Mozart)—(accompanist, Miss Blanche Cornish)—Miss Alice Bocquet, pupil of Mr G. Garcia; 3me Ballade, in A flat, Op. 37, pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Sanderson, pupil of Mr Westlake.

The next concert of chamber music will take place in the Academy this Saturday evening, May 15th.

* With whom this subject is a second study.

SGAMBATI TO FACCIO.

"*Caro ed illustre maestro,*

"*Ancora una volta, prima di partire, grazie, grazie di cuore a lei ed a questa mirabile orchestra per l'impegno e la simpatia che mi hanno dimostrato. Non dimenticherò mai la loro abnegazione cui devo il successo tanto lusinghiero.*

"*A lei, caro maestro, tanto grande quanto buono, una cordiale stretta di mano. Un saluto affettuoso a tutti i professori d'orchestra e mi creda.*

"*Suo devotiss. obblig.*

"*G. SGAMBATI.*"

VIENNA.—A special performance was given at the Imperial Opera on the 27th ult., to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Friedrich von Flotow, who, though not in very good health, travelled a considerable distance to be present, and who was the object of "ovations" on the part of a densely crowded house. The work selected was *Martha*, which was first produced in this capital.

DRESDEN.—Berthold, organist at the Court Church and the Sophia Church, died, after a long illness, on the 28th ult. He was formerly master in the Friedrichstädtisches Seminary, Berlin. Thence he went in a similar capacity to the Imperial Russian Institution for Noble Young Ladies, and lastly succeeded Schneider in this city. Berthold produced numerous works, among them being his oratorio, *Petrus*, performed in Moscow, Leipsic, and (1880) Dresden.

HAMBURGH.—The members of the Cincinnati (U.S.) "Harngari Männerchor" will take part in the Festival of German Singers to be held in August. The directors of the Red Star Line have engaged to carry them here and back again for ninety dollars a head. They start on the 10th June.

GRANADA.—On the recent visit of the Infantas Doña Isabel and Doña Paz a concert was given at General Riquelme's palace. The programme included a String Quartet by Celestino Vila, chapel-master of the cathedral, and a Nocturne for Piano by Gervos, who was himself the executant. Señora de Carvajal was the vocalist.

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MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

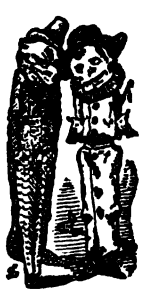
(From a Correspondent.)

Last night the Philharmonic Society gave their third invitation concert in the Salle des Pompiers, a new building as much noted for its bad acoustic qualities as for its bad ventilation. The room was crowded, and the heat insufferable; but the audience managed to "sit out" a well-varied programme interpreted by MM. et Mesdames les Membres Amateurs, assisted by the pupils of Mdme Faye and the Société des Ocariens. I could not quite make out, at first, the name of the latter, and was much baffled, because I connected their name with "octogenarians," and they were all young men; and "octo" could not mean eight, as there were nine in number. But when they produced some instruments in the form of "Easter eggs," of various sizes and forms, and breathed into them what came out in the shape of "L'Echo de la Montagne" (Mazetti), and later on, in "Le Rossignol" (a very stout gentleman representing the nightingale), I became aware that they were accomplished "ocariens." A solo on the flute, executed with much precision by M. E. Aigre; a trio from Ambroise Thomas's *Songe d'une nuit d'été;* and Gounod's "Chœur des Sabéennes," by the members of the Society, brought the first part of the concert to a close. The second part commenced with "Les plaisirs d'amour" (Martini), a pretty sparkling chorus, the solo parts in which were well sung by two young ladies well known in the town. The well-known cavatina from *Les Huguenots* followed. A concerto in C minor, for the pianoforte (whose?), was splendidly performed by M. Brunet fils, supported by the orchestra; and the "Septuor de l'Africaine" ended the concert.

We must now say "au revoir" to the Philharmonic Society till November, and hope they have had as good a financial year as last. The Society ought to be encouraged, giving us, as it has, such good music during two winters.

M. Champagne closed the doors of the theatre, also, last night with a benefit for himself and termination of his directorship—*Gentil Bernard* being the principal attraction. *Le Couçon*, a pièce comique by MM. Raymond et Ad. Dumas (not fils, but *petit* fils), has occupied the boards lately. The plot is "peculiar," and better suited to a Parisian than to a London audience. *Cadet-Roussel*, a string of old French nursery rhymes, entitled a "folie-vaudeville," as well as many other old and new dramas, have been given during the season, on the success of which M. Champagne must be congratulated. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, May 3rd, 1882.



When writing some months ago upon the subject of these representations, we expressed an opinion that the time was not yet ripe for the production of Wagner's latest works in this country. Notwithstanding the remarkable readiness which the public have shown to support the present undertaking, we still adhere to that opinion. So great is the curiosity now aroused among all sections of amateurs, that there may be crowds at each of the four "cycles;" but this will not prove an acceptance of the theories that are embodied in the work itself. When the curiosity and excitement have cooled down, then will be the time for judging the genuine impression created by the form of "drama" hitherto called the Music of the Future. The complete success of *Lohengrin* in England is no criterion for the immediate fate of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The younger work has somewhat cleared the path, it is true, by accustoming us to the abolition of the *aria*, the prominent introduction of motives, and the raising of the orchestra to an importance not secondary to that of the vocalists. But *Lohengrin* is quite as much as the receptive faculties of the average English opera-goer can manage at his present stage of cultivation. How, then, is he to be expected to take to opera that deprives him not only of the *aria*, but of the duet, the *ensemble*, and the *finale* as well; that replaces sustained vocal melody by perpetual declamatory recitative; that constructs the whole musical fabric on a combination and reiteration of *leit-motives;* and makes the singer entirely subservient to the orchestra, and both inferior in importance to the progress of the stage action? We unreservedly declare our unwillingness to hail this new operatic form as the model upon which composers are to work in the future. Neither will we accept it if it is intended to oust from popular favour the many beautiful examples of the lyric art with which we have hitherto been thoroughly able to content ourselves. We say to Wagner, and those to whom we owe this unexpectedly early introduction of his big work:—"Thank you for an opportunity of hearing *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. It is a marvellous specimen of persevering industry, and represents the conscientious working out of an idea that may not be excellent. As a splendid *tour de force* we admire it, and are much obliged for such a chance of judging it as was, we thought, to be afforded for a long time to come only to a favoured few. You will not expect us to hear without questioning, or describe without criticising, and above all do not marvel if you go hence, and leave our old-fashioned Philistine notions just as they were when you came."—*Sunday Times*.

WAIFS.

Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* has been given at Nantes.

Aïda has been successful at the Teatro Principal, Barcelona.

Etelka Gerster was to leave America for Europe on the 6th inst.

Nouvelli, the tenor, is engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Naples.

A new theatre, the Teatro Morelos, has been opened in Puerto-Frontera, Mexico.

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will be given next month at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples.

The French Academy have awarded the Vilet prize of 6,000 francs to Gustave Nadaud.

Dvorak's opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, will not be first produced in Vienna, but in Dresden.

Mdlle Marianne Eissler, a violinist of high repute on the continent, has arrived in London.

Tamberlik, with his Italian opera-company, has been giving a series of performances in Valladolid.

Edouard Colonne has gone to Lisbon to conduct the concerts annually by the Musical Association.

The season at the San Carlo, Naples, was brought to a close with *Il Duca d'Alba* and the ballet, *Excelsior*.

After remaining closed for a considerable period, the Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, will re-open in the autumn.

Nevada has been singing Amina in *La Sonnambula* and Elvira in *I Puritani* at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence.

The summer season at the Louisenstädisches Theater, Berlin, was inaugurated on the 1st inst. by *Il Trovatore*.

Artôt-Padilla and husband have been singing at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. Their first appearance was in *Carmen*.

Betty Trenk, a pupil of Mad. Marchesi's, has made her *début*, at the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden, as Rosina and Lucia.

Flotow is working on a new opera, *Sakuntala*, with which he intends to close his career as an operatic composer.

At its seventh concert the Musical Association, Gotha, gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Marie Wieck (sister to Clara Schumann) is still giving concerts in the North of Europe. In Stockholm especially she is exceedingly popular.

According to the *Arte Drammatica*, Tomaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, made 95,531 francs by 17 performances in St Petersburgh.

Johann Strauss's buffo-opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, has been played upwards of a hundred nights at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Gallmeyer is engaged by Amberg, manager of the Thalia Theatre, New York, for an American tour from the 10th November next to the 1st May, 1883.

The French Academy of Fine Arts have this year awarded the Chartier Prize, instituted for the encouragement of Chamber Music, to Professor Widor.

The repairs and alterations at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, are being actively pushed forward in the hope that the building may be ready by next Carnival.

There is no truth in the report that M. Gailhard, after the termination of his engagement with Mr Ernest Gye, is about to secede from the Paris Grand Opera.

Verdi has given the girl violinist, Teresa Tua, his portrait, with the inscription: "*A token of my deep admiration of one who, though so young, is already so capable.*"

Labatt, tenor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm. Before leaving, he gave 10,000 crowns to the Chorus Pension Fund.

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Joseph White, the violinist and composer, is in Rio Janeiro, where he has been appointed Professor to the Imperial Family and decorated with the Order of the Rose of Brazil.

Heinrich Hofmann's opera, *Wilhelm von Oranien*, has been performed at Dantzic, where it made a more favourable impression than when originally produced in Hamburgh.

Mr William Dorrell has returned from Sussex and will remain in London during the season, having taken possession of his new residence in Baker Street, Portman Square.

Mr James Airlie, the highly esteemed secretary to the Glasgow City Hall Company, is now in London and is indefatigable in his search for musical talent to assist at the twenty-ninth season of their concerts which commences in September.

Royal College of Music.—*Further list of contributions*:—The Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors, £1,050 in five years; the Duke of Norfolk, £500; the Worshipful Company of Pewterers, £105; Messrs Copestake, Hughes, Crampton, & Co., £105; Dr Agnew, of Tasmania, £100; the Baron de Reuter, £100; the Worshipful Company of Broderers, £52 10s.; Mr F. C. Pawle, £52 10s. in five years; the Earl of Ducie, £50; Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co., £50; the Archbishop of York, £50; Mr Gerard Leigh, £50; Mdme Albani Gye, £50; the Worshipful Company of Joiners, £50; the Earl of Home, £50.

Der Ring des Nibelungen.—Last night (May 8th) *Siegfried*, the second division of the Trilogy proper, was given at Her Majesty's Theatre. In some respects it is by far the finest of the series. Much of the music is pleasing and comprehensible; some of it, in the Forest scene of the second act, is charming; but it is too often wearisome, and at times the sole desire of composer and instrumentalists seems to be to make as much noise as possible—an aim in which the greatest success is attained. The inferiority of the scenery was a disappointment to those who had witnessed the Bayreuth performance. Siegfried was admirably played by Herr Heinrich Vogl, and Brünnhilde by Mdme Therese Vogl, who did all that mortal singers could do for the final duet, some passages of which are altogether beyond mortal voice. Herr Schlosser's Mime was also an extremely skilful study. Pressure on our space obliges us to withhold a detailed notice.—*Standard*.

Venice.—The Teatro Malibran opened for the season at Easter. The first opera was *La Juive*; the second, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The girl violinist, Teresa Tua, has appeared at the same theatre and met, as usual, with a cordial reception.

Zurich.—The meeting of the General Association of German Musicians will be held from the 9th to the 12th July, inclusive. The chief works performed will be Albert Becker's Grand Mass and Franz Liszt's *St Elizabeth*.

Havre.—On landing here a short time since from America, Marie Vachot handed over to the Mayor for a charitable purpose 1,220 francs, the proceeds of a concert on board the "Labrador," in which she took part.

Brussels.—This capital, already possessing twelve theatres (including the Cirque Royal), will shortly see two more. A Flemish Theatre is to be erected in the Rue de Laeken, while an immense edifice, to be called the Palace of the Thousand and One Nights, will be raised on the site of the Hôtel de Suède, between the Rue de l'Evêque and the Boulevard Anspach.—Franz Liszt's oratorio, *La Légende de Sainte Elisabeth*, has been given under the direction of M. Joseph Mertens, at the Alhambra. The principal singers were Mdlle Kufferath and M. Blauwaert. Liszt, who occupied a prominent box, was loudly cheered. Between the first and second parts M. J. Becquet presented him with an address and a diploma, constituting him Honorary President of the Society of Music.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, May* 13, 1882.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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Mdme Albani.

MONDAY next, May 22, "MIGNON." Mdme Albani, Mdme Valleria, Mdme Trebelli; M. Gailhard and Signor Lestellier. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

Second Appearance this Season of Mdme Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY next, May 23, "IL TROVATORE." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Stahl; M. Devries and Signor Nicolini.

Mdme Trebelli.

THURSDAY next, May 25, "LA FAVORITA." Mdme Trebelli; Signor Cotogni, M. Gresse, and Signor Lestellier.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

FRIDAY next, May 26, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mdme Adelina Patti; M. Dufriche, Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszké, and Signor Nicolini.

First Appearance of Mdme Pauline Lucca.

SATURDAY next, May 27, BIZET'S Opera, "CARMEN," will be produced. Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdme Valleria; M. Bouhy and Signor Lestellier.

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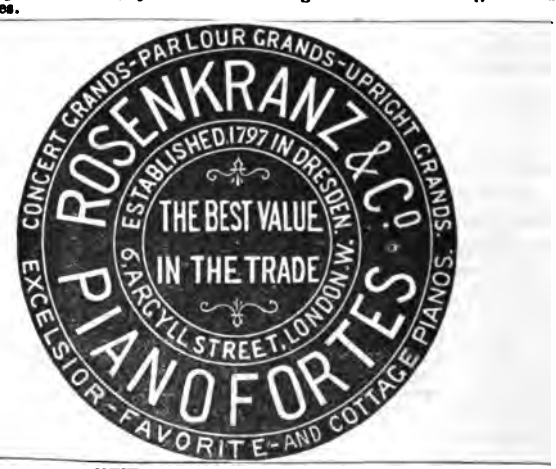

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

II.—The Walkyrie. *May* 8.

It may be doubted whether quite so many persons witnessed the *Walkyrie* on Saturday night as attended the *Rhinegold* on Friday. In the case of those whose curiosity is languid, a little of the *Nibelung's Ring* goes a great way; and it is specially unfortunate for the work as a whole that the prelude interests less than any other division. But whatever Saturday's audience may have lost in numbers it gained in satisfaction. The music of the *Walkyrie* is often extremely beautiful; while the situations have a dramatic significance easily appreciable even by those who look for entertainment, and are indisposed to the severe mental exercise demanded by a system which almost makes the comprehension of lyric drama a penal process. Hence there was genuine applause at certain times on Saturday night, rejoicings, we are bound to add, resembling those of travellers in the African desert, who now and then come upon an oasis, and rest beneath the shade of spreading palms.

With the *Walkyrie* we enter upon the "argument" proper, calling to mind all the story of the fateful ring, as set forth in the prelude, and how that symbol and source of power passed into the keeping of Fafner, surviving member of the firm employed by Wotan to build his castle—Walhall. An indefinite period is supposed to elapse between the end of the *Rhinegold* and the beginning of the *Walkyrie*, during which interval Wotan has not been idle. The nature of his doings we learn by attention to much prosy talk during the opening act. Let us summarise it at once. In the first place the god surprises us. He actually has grace enough ostensibly to respect his bargain with the builders. He cannot exert the power of the gods to deprive Fafner of the booty which is his by treaty. But the exalted reprobate is quite equal to the task of doing it through another, who, being a free agent, will not compromise the Court of Walhall. To this end he has lived among men as Volsung, and (crime the fifth—adultery) had twins, a son and daughter, born to him. Enemies, of a clan to which a warrior named Hunding belonged, one day destroyed his home in his absence, took away the girl, Sieglinde, and gave her to Hunding to wife. At the wedding feast who should enter but Wotan, in disguise, carrying a miraculous sword, which he plunged to the hilt in the stem of an ash. A hero of his race, and only he, can withdraw the weapon. In Siegmund, his son, Wotan hopes for that hero; but the young man is ranging the forest with every hand against him. Meanwhile Wotan goes back to Fricka, his lawful wife, leaving matters to work themselves out. At some time or other the god has been busy in another direction. Erda's warning, "wince from the ring," oppresses him, and to know more he visits the goddess, plays the lover to her, begets eight daughters (crime the sixth—adultery), and learns the uncomfortable tidings that a son of him (Alberich) who had forsworn love shall bring the reign of the gods to an end. Wotan takes precautions, nevertheless. Bringing up his daughters as war-maidens (Walkyries), and giving each a horse, he sends them into the world to stir up strife, and to bring the souls of dead heroes to Walhall for its future defence. All this happens before the *Walkyrie* curtain rises.

Hunding's house-place, with the "world-ash" ascending through the roof, and the sword sticking in it. Night; a storm; emptiness; then a weary, weaponless man seeking shelter; then a kind hostess, Sieglinde. The pair are mysteriously attracted to each other, even before Hunding enters with spear and shield. The husband is at first kind, but curious and just a little suspicious. Who art thou, stranger? See, my wife would like to know. The guest answers, relating the adventure which had led him, hunted by enemies, to seek a refuge. An unlucky tale. Of those enemies Hunding was one, and he darkly replies, "Rest now, but in the morning look to thyself." Then he turns to his wife, "Go, prepare my night drink, and wait." Sieglinde obeys, first directing the guest's attention, with a meaning glance, to the sword-hilt, and Hunding soon follows her. Left alone, the stranger laments his defenceless state. Then his thoughts run on Sieglinde, and the love with which she had inspired him. Lo! Sieglinde is here to say "Guest; I have drugged my husband's drink; fly, but first take the mysterious glaive." They look into each other's faces and the stranger does not fly. He remains, to debauch the wife of the man whose roof shelters him, and the wife is nothing loth. Doors open revealing the beauties of a night in spring. "See," cries the guest, "how Spring, breaking down wintry barriers, woos his sister, Love?" The answer is "Thou art the Spring"—by implication, "I am thy sister." So, indeed, she is, and both knew it after Siegmund has plucked the sword—which he names Needful—from the tree. Does the discovery change the current of their passion, and fill its channel with the soft flow of fraternal affection? Not a bit. "Thou'st won thy sister, I tell thee, as well as the sword"—so Sieglinde, and to her Siegmund, "Bride and sister be thou to thy brother—so blest may the Volsungs abound." At this point Herr Wagner's stage directions are, "He draws her towards him with a frenzy of passion, she sinks on his breast with a cry." The curtain falls quickly. (Crime the seventh—incest.) It has been contended on behalf of Wagner that this famous scene is in its uncompromising frankness absolutely chaste, even as were Adam and Eve in Paradise when walking naked and not ashamed. We shall presently be told that every mind so debauched as to have lost all moral perception belongs to a respectable gentleman! Extremes, indeed, meet when utter hardihood of guilt touches innocence. But the matter is not for argument. Let us rather ask what is the good of an official guardian of stage morality when an offence shocking to the most shameless is enacted almost before our very eyes. Does the Lord Chamberlain sometimes nod and Mr. Pigot go to sleep? Or has the school of artistic carnality obtained a licence to hold a mirror up, not to our nature, but to that of the beasts? Be this as it may, we protest against the incest scene as a disgrace to the stage, and a scandal to those who sanction its representation before the wives and daughters of Englishmen. Upon its author we should only waste words. The writer of *Tristan and Isolde*, and of *Parsifal*, did not perpetrate the first act of the *Walkyrie* by accident. It may be said that Wagner has half redeemed the scene by surrounding it with a poetic and musical halo of exceeding beauty. We demur to the statement. Granted that he has covered a dunghill with flowers, there is, besides a consciousness that it remains a dunghill, resentment that things so pure and lovely are prostituted to such uses. "What fellowship hath light with darkness?" Coming out of the—we were about to say—moral atmosphere, no choice is allowed us but to acknowledge Wagner's musical success. In the—save the mark!—love scene, he deals with strong emotion, aptly expressed by themes of rare attraction. The predominance and continuance of the emotion enabled him, without breaking his own rules, to treat the subjects at length, and with something of symphonic fulness. Hence the charm exerted, and the refreshment of entering a region where emotional expression prevails instead of unsympathetic artifice. The treatment of the orchestra in this act is marvellously seductive. It almost wins the senses to the side of that which revolts the mind:

O, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!

Wotan opens the second act. He knows Siegmund's danger, and bids Brünnhilde, his favourite Walkyrie, hasten to protect him in the fight with Hunding. Presumably, the maiden gladly obeys, for she goes after her horse, exclaiming, "Hoyatoho! Heiaha!" and likewise "Hahei!"—sounds suggestive of rollicking gladness. Brünnhilde, being a petted child, takes liberties with her wicked old parent, and, seeing Fricka coming, chaffs him about his wife's temper and tongue. We have great respect for Fricka here. She is actually on the side of decency as protectress of the marriage tie, the weakness of which no one should better know than the spouse of Wotan. The goddess, scandalized beyond measure at the doings of Siegmund and Sieglinde, has made up her mind that the man shall die. A long argument ensues, in the course of which Wotan shifts his ground several times, protesting that the pair have done no wrong, then that Siegmund is necessary to the gods, and so on. But Fricka is firm, and has her will. The miserable deity consents to blast his own hopes of a ring-robbing hero by destroying Sieg-

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mund, and virtuous Fricka goes away triumphant. Now has Wotan to countermand the order given to Brünnhilde, and bid her slay the man she was to guard. Doing this he takes an opportunity to relate the whole family story of the Volsungs—first of a long series to be inflicted on the audience by this prosy personage. Brünnhilde pities him in his despair, and would turn him to his original purpose, but this cannot be, and the Walkyrie promises to obey. The stage being clear, Siegmund and his sister enter, flying from Hunding. Overcome with remorse and fatigue, the woman faints, and remains unconscious during the interview which now takes place between Brünnhilde and her brother. The whole of this scene is dramatically and musically impressive. Reluctant and sorrowful, the Walkyrie bids Siegmund prepare for death, telling him of the glories of Walhall, where dwelleth Volsung, his father. Calmly the man asks, "Shall I in Walhall welcome a wife?" "No." "Then I follow thee not." Brünnhilde repeats the doom, and Siegmund pleads for the woman's sake. The Walkyrie will protect her and the child she will bear; the fiat cannot be changed. Then Siegmund draws "Needful." "Two lives here lie before; take them, 'Needful,' terrible steel!" The war-maiden interposes, her pity overmasters her, and she promises to guard Siegmund in the fight which Hunding's horn shows to be imminent. Reassured and joyful, Siegmund meets his foe, Brünnhilde covering him with her shield. But Wotan seems to have mistrusted his messenger. At the critical moment he appears; "Needful" is shattered upon his outstretched spear, and Hunding drives his weapon into Siegmund's heart (crime the eight—homicide). Then Wotan to the victor, with a contemptuous gesture, "Go and tell Fricka how she is obeyed." Hunding falls dead (crime the ninth—aggravated homicide), and Brünnhilde, picking up the pieces of "Needful," hurries away with Sieglinde. So ends the scene. The chief dramatic interest and musical attraction of this act lie between the entrance of the fugitives and the catastrophe. Once more the tender love music of the first act enchants us with its genuine emotionalism, while during the noble dialogue of Brünnhilde and Siegmund, the solemn Walhall motive, in union with others of equal though different significance, holds us under a spell. That the whole act should be considered a marvel of ingenious construction is true; but in the situations just named the heart is touched. We forget to worry ourselves about "motives." Under the influence of true music reflection ceases and sensation prevails. This is some return for the barrenness of the scene between Wotan and Fricka, and for the tediousness of the god's narration to Brünnhilde. The early stages of our progress through the act lead across a comparatively arid waste, but the road conducts to a garden of flowers, and "all's well that ends well."

The third act opens on the summit of a rocky mountain, where the Walkyrie maidens assemble, greeting each other with boisterous cries, as they successively arrive, bearing bodies of dead heroes across their saddle-bows. After a great deal of "Hoyatoho" and "Heiaha," inquiry is made for Brünnhilde, who presently comes storming along in haste, with, not a slain warrior, but a living woman. She appeals to her sisters for help. Angry Wotan is in pursuit, and she dreads his wrath. But what is the offence? Disobedience, the particulars of which are told by Brünnhilde, and heard by the rest with horror. No help from them. Not one will lend her horse for further flight. But they pity while they blame, and hide their erring sister from Wotan's sight as he strides in. Wotan is really angry with the genuine anger of a confirmed sinner towards the sins of others against himself. He, the contemptible old liar, thief, adulterer, and murderer—the mean trickster to whom honour is a sham or a joke—cannot endure disobedience, and Brünnhilde must suffer. The generous Walkyrie—who has told Sieglinde of her coming maternity, and hurried her, bearing the fragments of Needful, into a sheltering wood, where Fafner, changed to a dragon, watches the Nibelungen treasure—comes forward slowly to meet her fate. The rest of the Walkyries intercede, but the precious All-Father turns savagely upon them, and then to Brünnhilde, with words of doom: "From heavenly clans art thou excluded, banned, degraded from thy bless'd degree." More than this, she must lie asleep upon the rock till a man comes to wake her; him will she serve as a woman her lord. Again the Walkyries plead for pity, but Wotan orders them away. Now ensues a long dialogue. The culprit pleads that she had only carried out her father's secret wish, and the god reproaches her with yielding to sentiment at a time when he himself had to sacrifice his fondest hopes. Next, Brünnhilde urges the degradation of his own kin and order; and next, the fact that the Wolsung line will be continued in the unborn child of Siegmund and Sieglinde. But all is in vain. Seeing this, the warlike maiden begs one indulgence—let no coward wake and win her: "My helpless form hedge round with hindering horrors, that but by a free man, fearless of heart, here on the fell I may be found." At this the All-Father is touched, and gives his promise: "For one alone freeth the bride; one freer than I, the god." Then taking a last farewell, Wotan kisses her to sleep, lays her down, with helmet on head, and shield-covered; calls for a sheltering fire to burn around, and goes his way as the curtain falls. The action of this closing scene is slight, and its dramatic interest is in proportion. Interest of another kind, however, attends the pictures of the Walkyries with their abounding life and wild, romantic surroundings. True, the maidens scream a good deal, and have music to sing which is characteristic at the expense of our ears. Yet the fitness of the extraordinary "Walkyrie Ride" will not be disputed even by those who hold it, as music, in abomination. Passing from this through the stormy current of Wotan's wrath, in respect of which sympathy cannot even be effected, the pathos of the farewell scene is found hardly weakened by its enormous and needless length. Our contempt for the god disappears in sympathy for the noble and generous Walkyrie—the only character as yet presented who is worthy of it. Whenever feeling thus prevails, Wagner's system, it is curious to note, breaks completely down as a system claiming our intellectual perception. Face to face with argument and exposition, we may listen to the commenting language of the orchestra if we have taken the trouble to learn its vocabulary. But when emotion prevails—when love meets love, or despair contends against fate—thematic significance is swamped and drowned in the current of feeling. Who then cares that, "with her answer in the motive of flight, Sieglinde renders herself up to the brother," or that "the motive of Freia introduces Siegmund's enthusiastic words?" This consciously concerns us no more than in the flood of a great orator's eloquence, does the law of acoustics by the operation of which we hear. Not unfounded in truth, therefore, is the system of opera that reserves high musical art for use at moments of dramatic emotion, and employs them free from the bondage of such a method as that which fetters even the mighty genius of the Bayreuth master. Before that genius, as exemplified in the astonishing orchestration of the *Walkyrie*, we bow, but the form of its manifestation we must continue to regret.

It is quite out of our power to praise the performance unreservedly, because, in point of fact, it left much to desire. The stage was often inadequate to the demands of the play, as regards both scenery and management—a most serious fault in such a work; nor did the orchestra give entire satisfaction. The "Walkyrie Ride," for example, was marred by the weakness and inferior quality of the strings. If this be the orchestra of the Berlin Wagner Theatre, the establishment can hardly be congratulated. Exception must, however, be made in favour of the principal wind instruments, which are in thoroughly competent hands. As regards the principal artists, Mesdames Sachse-Hofmeister, Vogl, and Reicher-Kindermann, Messrs. Niemann, Wiegand and Scaria, it may be said that all were thoroughly cognizant of the spirit as well as of the letter of their task. Their declamation—singing it cannot strictly be called—was full of point and emphasis, as well as, under the circumstances, astonishingly correct. To Herr Niemann, Frau Vogl, and Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, who had not appeared before, the remark just made especially applies. More than this—as a better occasion will arise for detailed criticism—need not now be said, and there only remains to add an emphatic word frankly recognizing the manner in which Herr Siedl filled the responsible post of conductor.
—*D. T.*

(To be continued.)

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THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS.

(From the "Daily News.")

A greater effort has seldom been made by the human intellect and will than that of which the result has just been considered by the English public at Her Majesty's Theatre with attention amounting at times to veneration and enthusiasm. Whether or not Wagner's theory will succeed in gaining a firmer resting place for the musical drama, fast slipping from its hold on human sympathy, is not just now the point. We moderns are losing the enjoyment of illusion. The enjoyment of impersonation is a born gift, and that, happily, we shall never lose. The dramatic representation of human woes, joys, passions, and actions will never lose its interest for us while we remain the creatures that we are. But in the manner of portrayal in all the arts the pressure after truth is sensibly winning the race over pleasure in deception. Realism, we may call it, or a return upon nature or what we will, but it is the same spirit which informs research, which ardently inspires men of science, which leads artists to abandon merely visionary fancies, and which when it goes wrong, as being of humanity it is certain now and again to do, breaks out into the "fleshly school" of poetry and morbid novels. One of the first artistic bubbles to burst at the touch of the spear of natural truth would evidently appear to be the thing we have named Opera. Romeo and Juliet, speaking to each other as Shakspere makes them do, are a moving spectacle. But Romeo and Juliet screaming in numbers, expressing their anguish in beautiful tunes, raving over the footlights in competition with the orchestra, singing both at the same moment and as loud as they possibly can, no longer appear artistic in any other sense than the artificial. Yet, after spoken words, what medium is fitter for conveying human emotion than music? It can tell the tale of passion so well that poets have deemed language faint and weak before its spell. This is the incongruity, this the chasm between opera and natural truth which Wagner has with heroic vigour attempted to bridge. Wagner abandons the imbecility of making people communicate with each other in set airs, and of subordinating sense to melody to such an extent that it mattered little to the audience what nonsense was sung so long as the music was lovely and the voice well produced. He transfers the emotional utterance to the orchestra and makes his personages declaim their sentiments in noble recitative, while the "motive" of each is hinted by vivid recurrent phrases from the instruments. He disuses concerted singing, only introducing an occasional chorus under conditions which might possibly occur, such as the joyous jangling of the maidens at the opening of the third act of the *Walkyrie*, or a duet when the joint ecstasy of two individuals prompts common utterance, as in the first meeting of Siegfried and Brünnhilde. He uses no poetic rhyme, but employs alliteration's artful aid without stint. He prefers myth to historical subject, for the logical reason that extraordinary and supernatural beings are not to be judged by human standards of opinion, and may properly be supposed to conduct themselves in ways which would be inappropriate to ordinary men and women. This in itself is almost a concession of the disputed point whether musical drama can treat satisfactorily human history, at a time when myths are going out of fashion. It is certain that the interest in his great Trilogy from the purely human point of view is continually being checked and thwarted by the intercession of magical arts and extra-human deeds. Still we must feel, whether or not his road is the right one, that the great musician stalks in it with the steps of a giant. He builds up vast edifices of musical harmonies, pile upon pile, till the imagination aches at the effort to follow, only to be freshly charmed by soft and lovely phrases, breathings of divine beauty, which penetrate the soul and enchant the heart. Fervent believers in his music claim for Wagner a place where Dante, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Shakspere sit. It is a bold verdict, and one the world has not yet adopted. Time only can decide it.—W. P. J.

Brizzi's new opera, *Maria di Vasco*, does not appear to have been very successful at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

PARSIFALIANA.

I.

On returning home from the performance of *Götterdämmerung*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday last, I found a copy of the pianoforte score of *Parsifal* awaiting my arrival, which, thanks to the promptitude of Messrs Schott & Co., was supplied to me within a few days of its publication in Germany. Excited and tired as I was, and though it was an hour past midnight, I could not resist the temptation, before going to bed, of at least glancing into it. Almost the first thing to meet my eye was the "Grail" motive, which stands thus:—

Imagine my astonishment on recognizing in it an old friend, which has done excellent service in Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony!

In his admirable notice of the "Reformation" Symphony, Dr George Grove, the erudite annotator of the Crystal Palace Concert programmes, has told us that this ecclesiastical cadence "is employed as an *Amen* in the Catholic Church service at Dresden and elsewhere, and is said to have caught Mendelssohn's attention, while he was meditating the composition of his Symphony, as *an appropriate symbol of the ancient faith.*" That Wagner—whose turn of mind is so opposed to that of Mendelssohn's, though he has not shrunk from introducing Luther's chorale, "Ein' feste Burg," into his "Kaisermarsch," which both Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer (*Arcades ambo*) had made use of before him—should have incorporated this well-known phrase as a "leading-motive," and for an analagous purpose, into his latest music-drama, at first thought seems indeed surprising. But, on further consideration, it is perhaps to be accounted for on the supposition that this ecclesiastical cadence, which has come to be regarded as common property, is one which has customarily been used to accompany or immediately follow that point in the Mass at which the act of transubstantiation is believed to take place. If this be so, the reasonableness of Wagner's adopting it as representative of the Holy Grail is at once apparent.

Further enlightenment on this point is, however, desirable, as well as more accurate information than as yet has been forthcoming as to the original source of the ecclesiastical cadence adopted both by Mendelssohn and Wagner. In what particular Mass or Service is it to be found? C. A. B.

Sydenham, May 14th, 1882.

[Will our estimable "C. A. B." at once, and without procrastination, or the thief of time, forward the Kundry motive? He might therein oblige his equally estimable D. T.—who pines for the Kundry-motive.]

German Opera at Drury Lane.—The decorations and all the scenery and dresses arrived by steamer at the end of last week. These have been taken to the theatre of which Herr Franke had taken possession on Monday last. Everything on the stage has been pushed forward for the opening. Herr Director Pollini arrived in London on Thursday, May 11th. The solo artists and the chorus are expected by Saturday. The orchestral rehearsals, under Herr Hof. Capellmeister "Hans Richter," commenced last week with *Tristan* and *Meistersinger*, and have been continued daily since. The theatre has been entirely re-decorated for the German Opera by Mr Edward Bell under the direction of Mr C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., architect of the theatre.—(*Communicated.*)

(This communication, dated "May 13th," arrived, of course, too late for insertion in our last week's issue.—D. T.)

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Craig-y-nos.

(From "The Times.")

Mdme Adelina Patti has appeared before the public in many characters, and has been successful in all. She has made us laugh with Zerlina, and weep with Marguerite; she has been now thrilling, now amusing, and always charming, in the operatic triumphs of twenty years. This week she has played a new part, that of the defendant in a lawsuit; and it is hardly necessary to say that she has won her cause, and that the verdict was followed by cheers which neither judge nor ushers had the heart to suppress. The story of the case in which Mr Victor Emanuel Stevens attempted to extract some £3,000 from the popular singer is interesting in more ways than one. Like most lawsuits, it throws much light on certain recesses of human nature; and it throws still more upon the life of a *prima donna*, the whims and fancies that she would satisfy, the sharks and parasites by whom she is surrounded. Craig-y-nos Castle, in South Wales, is Madame Patti's latest and most costly toy. The very name has a ring of Arthurian legend about it; it sounds excessively romantic, and in modern times romance is usually expensive. Mdme Patti, or Signor Nicolini, or both of them, seems to have wished to turn Craig-y-nos into a picture as bright and lovely as one of those scenes of Mr Beverly's before which they have won so many of their successes. But they employed native talent to work the transformation; and the native talent of South Wales has too much self-respect not to endeavour to make the very most out of the foreigner whenever it gets a chance. Mdme Patti soon began to repent of having pitched her tent at Craig-y-nos. She even, according to the plaintiff's evidence, came to use very strong language about the gardeners and gasfitters, the decorators, and agents who were preying upon her, and longed to be delivered from "those vile people." One, Barron, a landscape gardener, sent in a little bill for £5,430 for what he called "reclaiming the surrounding moorlands;" and, while making his profit on the trees and shrubs supplied, modestly charged a fee of three guineas a day for 272 days for his personal supervision. Mdme Patti's friends stood firm, and insisted on reducing this account by more than £2,000. Another charge was that of the builders, Messrs Rees, which has been the subject of a previous action, and which was reduced by some £2,500. There is a story of a small Welsh tradesman, as good-natured and as shifty as many of his countrymen, who, on being convicted of sending in a bill twice, smiled sweetly upon his intended victim, and said, "Ah, yes, indeed, Sir! the Welsh are full of mean vices." It was an unflattering piece of self-portraiture; but it must be owned that it applies to some of the tradesmen into whose hands Mdme Patti fell.

But the *prima donna* did not only require to be saved from her tradesman; she had to be saved from one at least of her friends. This was the plaintiff in the present action, a Belgian, whose real name is Stevens, but who commonly passes under his baptismal name as M. Emanuel. This individual appears to have been the London agent for some French olive-oil merchants and the manufacturer of a "progressive hair-dye." In the year 1879 he seems to have made the acquaintance of Mdme Patti and Signor Nicolini, then freshly smarting from the misdeeds of the Swansea tradesmen. Their talk, or rather the lady's talk, was often of these matters; and she would appear to have taken all the world into her confidence and appealed for advice and help to all comers. Mr Victor Emanuel saw his opportunity. To rescue an innocent victim would be nobler than selling hair dye; to be a friend in need to the most popular singer in the world would be more profitable than essential oil. It mattered not that Mdme Patti had already very efficient friends looking after her interests; notably Captain Gye, who in his battles with Messrs Barron, Legg, and the rest, seems to have combined the shrewdness of the man of business with the courage of the British sailor. M. Emanuel, early in the day, discovered that his new friend was not a woman of business; of a lady who spends £1,964 in chandeliers and gas fittings, and who keeps no accounts, so much may safely be said. She talked freely of her affairs; she asked him to help her in getting clear. Who would swear that in a moment of expansive confidence she had not offered him any terms, even to the half of what he might save her, if he would settle these exorbitant demands? Moreover, Mdme Patti put herself to a certain extent in his power by insisting that the affair must be kept secret from Signor Nicolini, and by allowing some kind of clandestine correspondence. The natural result followed. M. Emanuel busied himself with Mdme Patti's affairs, stayed at Craig-y-nos, fished the stream (which he found to be much poached, as all Welsh rivers are), saw the tradesmen, took care to be with Captain Gye and the other negotiators when business was in hand, and then when the overcharges had been reduced, sent in his bill for the half of the amount saved. He did not remember that he had unluckily written to Signor Nicolini, "Mon ami, tout cela je *fait*"—Mr Emanuel's French is not Parisian—"pour vous et votre dame en ami et sans intérêt aucun." He demanded, when these friendly services had all been rendered, a fee of £3,000. The jury were impatient, and would hardly wait to hear the speeches of counsel and the summing up. They wished to end the case after Mdme Patti's and Captain Gye's evidence; and no wonder. They thought that Mr Emanuel had been amply paid by the hospitality that he had received, by the watch and medallion that his hostess had given him, and the "small paintings of mine," as Mdme Patti said, "which I think have some little value." He must consider himself lucky indeed to get the £50 that the defendant paid into court to cover possible outgoings, such as the railway journeys that his pretended friendship may have induced him to take. An immediate verdict for the defendant, as the defendant's counsel put it, "relegated Mr Stevens to the sphere of essential oils and progressive hairdyes, where he may endeavour to gain an honest livelihood."

From that decent obscurity it is not necessary that Mr Emanuel Stevens should again emerge. It is only natural, however, that the mind should dwell for a moment on the curious picture of an artistic interior which this case presents. Money lightly got is lightly spent; a singer that can earn a guinea a bar is not likely to be the most prudent of housewives. It is said that Mdme Patti and Signor Nicolini are to have £800 a night for their next American tour; and though the figure is probably imaginary, that it should be stated and generally believed shows the kind of incomes which these "stars" are in the habit of receiving now-a-days. What need for economy and daybooks and profit and loss accounts when one has in one's throat so inexhaustible a treasury? Even the famous chandeliers can be paid for in a couple of nights or so; a fortnight will suffice to "reclaim the moorlands." The modern Orpheus makes the trees dance to his song, out of the gardens of Mr Barron and on to the slopes of Craig-y-nos. It is only bitter experience that shows that the very largest cheque that an *impressario* can draw will not last for ever, and that however quickly one may gain money it is possible to spend it more quickly still. Probably Mdme Patti has been for years the victim of one person or another—of those who wanted to sell to her and those who professed a disinterested desire to save her from being cheated. The bills of the Swansea tradesmen and of the chivalrous Belgian are very likely only the last straw. She has no difficulty in protecting herself, though the worry of the preliminary negotiations and the annoyance of a lawsuit with a being of that order must have been very wearisome. Probably her success will for a time keep off the wolves and the false watch-dogs; it will hardly change her own way of managing her affairs. The artistic habit of mind is not economical. It is to be hoped, however, that for the future Mdme Patti will beware of Welsh castles, of Belgian commission-agents, and of officious friends.

MDME ADELINA PATTI.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—In your leading article in the *Times* of to-day you appear to hint that the "figure" to be paid to Mdme Patti for my forthcoming season in the United States is "probably imaginary." I beg to inform you that Mdme Adelina Patti is engaged to me for six months, commencing in October next, to sing at least twice a week, for which she is to receive £917 a night. The sum of £9,170 has been already placed to her credit at her bankers, in New York, as a guarantee for the payment of the last ten nights' services. In addition to this, Mdme Patti will have her private Pullman travelling car, containing drawing and dining rooms, kitchen, and sleeping accommodation for the whole of her servants, as well as two cooks, who will accompany the expedition.—Your obedient servant,

J. H. MAPLESON.

Her Majesty's Theatre, May 12.

SIGNOR ARDITI has arrived in London. At Mr Mapleson's benefit at the Academy of Music, New York, as a parting gift from Signor Campanini, a massive pillow of roses was conveyed to Signor Arditi, and embedded among the roses was a case containing a silver *bâton*. Signor Arditi, in the course of the evening, came in for "another attention" in the form of a monster floral device, representing a lyre crowned with a laurel wreath, on the top of which was perched a white dove. The audience then gave the popular conductor a hearty round of applause.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A programme of much and varied interest distinguished the fifth concert of the season, given in St James's Hall on Thursday evening May 11, and attracted a very large audience. The music composed by Weber for Wolff's drama *Preciosa* was one of the chief features, all of it being performed in connection with a concert-version of the play read by Mr S. Brandram. *Preciosa*, it will be remembered, was performed last season by the Meiningen company at Drury Lane, on which occasion we had an opportunity of calling attention to the great beauty and charm of Weber's music. There is no need to do this again, even if—which we greatly doubt—necessity existed then. The overture to *Preciosa* is known by every amateur, while the choral numbers and dance music are something more than a name to the vast majority. Hence, perhaps, the interest shown in the Philharmonic performance, which may be styled an exceptionally good one all round. Mr Cusins had his capital orchestra well in hand; Miss Santley sang the gipsy maiden's music with the taste and refinement that mark everything she does; and the choir discharged an easy task with success. The verses in which the "argument" of the play is stated are certainly not poetry, but they were read by Mr Brandram with a degree of point that an occasional slip did little to blunt. It is nevertheless to be feared that they wearied a part of the audience. Preciosa's story has been served up in so many forms that we cannot be expected to find in it much of the element of freshness. The music was a different thing, and, coming after some recent experiences, had the effect of a change from an atmosphere laden with artificial vapours to one impregnated with Nature's own health-giving properties. Following *Preciosa* came Mozart's "Mi tradi," with Madame Christine Nilsson to sing it, and by so doing to revive pleasant memories of her Donna Elvira in the Salzburg musician's masterpiece. Madame Nilsson had a very warm and sympathetic reception, answering to which she gave a fine reading of an air, instinct with the spirit of drama as well as of musical expression. Later in the evening Schubert's Serenade allowed her to display a no less remarkable measure of lyric feeling. In both cases the gratification of the audience may be imagined. Our old favourite, in retiring, made room for a stranger, Signor Sgambati, the Roman pianist and composer—one of the foremost musical representatives of young Italy. For his *début* as creator and executant Signor Sgambati chose a pianoforte concerto in G minor and major (Op. 15), recently produced by him in his own city. Something new and fresh was looked for, since there is nothing in the absolute nature of things which compels an Italian to follow the German model. Those who so anticipated were not doomed to disappointment. Signor Sgambati's concerto is in several respects of a novel character, though he has not chosen to set up, in outline at least, a new form. His work contains the regulation three movements, while those who listen carefully may observe a more or less familiar conformation. The novelty lies in details—in the ever-varying combination of the solo instrument with the orchestra, in the minute elaboration of passages, in the abiding predominance of simple melody over what is called "treatment," and in the studied play of attractive tone-colour. A strong concerto it is not, nor can we call it well-knit or logically sequential. But it charms all the same. With the instinct of his race, the composer appeals most to our sense of beauty, and if, as Aristotle says, beauty is better than all the letters of recommendation in the world, he brings in his concerto unimpeachable credentials. The slow movement is, perhaps, the gem, for reasons which, no doubt, we shall have a speedy opportunity of discussing. Signor Sgambati's playing has no affinity with the "blood and iron" style of his Teutonic contemporaries. He is not likely to break strings and make hammers fly, but clearly entertains the old-fashioned notion that a pianoforte is an instrument *sui generis*, and was never designed to be a bad imitation of an orchestra. Hence his style is one of singular delicacy and refinement, combined with great facility and accuracy. The new-comer must, of course, be heard in some great classic before his claims can be definitely estimated, but our present idea is that we have amongst us a thorough pianist in the strict sense of the term—one who understands his instrument, has mastered it, and will not be tempted to abuse his power. In the balance of the programme were Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and a few short pianoforte solos.—*D. T.*

—o—

DVORÁK'S SYMPHONY.

Every musician ambitious of reaching the highest pinnacle of fame will, sooner or later, try his 'prentice or master hand on symphony. The inexhaustible resources of the modern orchestra supply full materials wherewith to build and decorate any fabric his fancy might call forth. Fancy should be, like all agencies, subject to restraints—the restraints of form. Only in dreams, or visions of lunacy, is it left to roam a lawless vagabond. To be utilized it must cling to the support that reason and science offer to the framework provided to keep the gossamer texture from falling into a tangled maze. The imagination and emotion of the tone-poet need, then, scaffolding, however slightly bound together, upon which to spread proportions that otherwise would collapse entirely. Dvorák, one of the youngest of the symphonists, laden with the first-fruits of his genius, comes to the shrine to lay thereon an offering in homage to the founders and builders of the art-temple. It is only the insensate egotist who will turn his back upon the past. The proudest flower of the garden hides not signs of a humble parentage, neither does it discard helps that have enabled it to fight the long battle for existence. Only the wilful, vain musician is seen to spurn contrivances that hitherto have kept his art alive. To gradually set loose and part with that which is no longer necessary is a very different process to tearing away branches and stems upholding leaf and blossom. Is not evolution seen in music as in all things else? One form in nature rises into another, to be superseded in turn by that which makes a fresh starting point. But of late there has been visible in art a disposition to push aside, according to a reckless logic, all past conventionalities of form. In other words, to revert to primitive elements or chaos. It is forgotten that progressive conventionalities in art are steps leading to higher ground, as the onward modes of species and orders in nature are gradations always tending to a riper and fuller development.

The symphony of Dvorák is of the family of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. Dvorák, with Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, effectually controverts the dictum of Wagner, who declared that Beethoven had said the last word in absolute music. The last word! Heaven forbid. May Dvorák give us many more such discourses in absolute music as his Symphony in D, and add thereby proofs, other than the thousand already registered, of the fallibility of the harsh-tongued censor of Bayreuth. Escaping from that dreary, tangled wilderness, the *Rhinegold* music, how refreshing it was to listen to the fancies of one who paid the listener respect by being intelligible and agreeable! The impression wrought by hearing the symphony for the first time was one of unqualified delight. Although a Beethovenish halo encircles the work, there is by no means a lack of individuality. There will be found, and no mistake, the hand of Dvorák, if the voice of Beethoven be sometimes heard. The performance at St James's Hall on Monday evening, May 15, was remarkably fine. No wonder, Herr Hans Richter directed, and to him Dvorák has dedicated his symphony. The renowned conductor has gathered many laurels, but perhaps the most enduring honour will be the association thus made of his name with the first published symphony of Dvorák.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

NEW YORK.—"The New Operahouse will be protected from fire," says the Boston *Musical Record*, "if the builders can secure immunity. The entire building is to be of brick and iron. No stud partitions, wooden lath or timbered floors, but solid walls of brick and tile, floors of iron beams and brick arches, and roofs of iron and tile, so that there will be really nothing to feed a fire except the scenery on and about the stage. This will be covered by a network of water pipes above the stage, so arranged that a burning heat unsolders the caps and causes the water to flow from the pipes like a huge water-pot, reaching every part of the stage. Some of the pipes revolve by the force of the stream they throw, and the stage could be completely drenched in a few minutes."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPPS OF EPPINGHAM (late of Ipswich)—*Assurément.* Lamoureux *is* a first-rate conductor.

PARALLAX OF THE POTTERIES.—*Henri* Herz, not Phillip. Henri's brother was *Jacques* Herz.

LINDOR.—M. Hérold, late Prefect of the Seine, who died on the first day of the present year, was the son of Hérold, composer of *Marie*, *Zampa*, and the *Pré aux Clercs*. He was educated for the legal profession, published several treatises on law subjects, was delegate Minister of Justice in 1870 and interim Minister of the Interior in 1871.

THE ROYAL WEDDING MARCH.—This cannot be inserted without the signature of the author.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, May 13, MARY ANN WILLIAMS, widow of the late B. Williams, music publisher, Paternoster Row, aged 73.

On Saturday, May 13, at 208, Euston Road, JANE, wife of William Davies (sculptor), aged 55. Beloved by all who knew her.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

TO GEORGE GROVE, ESQ.

HONOURED SIR,—I read of a "Posthumous Minuet" of Beethoven's being announced for one of the concerts given by the Ecole de Musique d'Anvers. Can you tell me, and through me, the readers of the *Musical World*—signifying a multitude of Beethovenites (the real "Hittites")—anything about it? Even if you don't know it you must have felt it. Vouchsafe, and sempiternally oblige, your constant reader,

A. F. P.

Uttoxeter.

In a Wood.

Wandering in the weird fir-wood
On this blue May-morn is good.

High up, and out of sight, birds sing
More soft and strange than anything:

One pipes, some warble wild, until
At times the whole of them are still;

And the cool air that comes to me
Smells of the mountains and the sea.

But presently it is a breeze
That wakes a whispering in the trees;

And then a vague dim phantom roar
Like tides upon the shingly shore

And wail of refluent waves that die.
I thought it sounded like the sigh

That follows on a mystic word
Misunderstood if not unheard—

The sigh that bears a message vain
Back to the Infinite again.

And, gazing skyward whence I lay,
I saw the tall stems rock and sway
Slowly, for something past away.

Polkan.

A Lisbon critic compares Mdme Sarah Bernhardt to Saint Theresa.

A SCHOLARSHIP of the value of £3,000 for open competition in the colony of Victoria has been presented to the Royal College of Music by Mr W. J. Clarke.

RICHARD WAGNER *v.* JEWS AND JUDAISM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Herr Edward Hanslick has informed the readers of *The Musical World* that Richard Wagner, aiming yet further "at his own self-glorification," has lately published another pamphlet under the title of *Das Judenthum in der Musik* ("Judaism in Music"), in which, by manifesting his implacable hatred of Jews, and of everything Jewish, he again indulges his petulant humour. Jewish musical genius, as exhibited in the immortal compositions of illustrious Jewish composers, will maintain its fame despite the virulent assaults of the "Apostle of the Future of Music."

Jews have nothing to fear from the inane attacks of mischievous, bitter-natured men whose acid malevolence would tempt them to plant daggers in the hearts of an ancient, illustrious race, to aid oppression, and to murder the grand reputation of a renowned people. It is beyond any human power to arrest Jewish progress. He is not to be envied, who would endeavour to injure the national and social character of the most ancient religious people in the world. It would be a useless waste of time and argument to attempt to convince modern traducers of Jews that they are not alone committing a foolish blunder, but an unpardonable crime in striving to excite a rancorous feeling between Christians and Jews whose mutual interest it is to dwell together in amity and peace. It would be difficult to assign a rational motive which should induce men to go out of their way to revive religious hate. To men of crooked minds and twisted tempers, to the envious and malicious, it must indeed be gall and wormwood to witness, without the power of impeding it, the rapid and steady rise of the Jews of Europe, America, and the British Colonies, and to be reluctantly constrained to admit the patent fact. It would seem to be, for some persons, as much a physical as a moral necessity to seek in calumny and slander some temporary alleviation from a plethora of mental irritation which might otherwise tend to disturb their intellectual equilibrium.

Jews of all countries have held their own through so many centuries of dire persecution and irrepressible opposition, compared with which the present spiteful and malignant *anti-Semitic agitation* in Germany (*and* Russia?—Dr Blidge) is as naught, that they can well afford to deride their actual traducers, if it were only on the score of the unpardonable and most strange ignorance which they display of Jewish character and conduct, and of their aspirations and daily pursuits.

"Viewing," says Lord Beaconsfield, "the influence of the Jewish race upon the modern communities, without any reference to their past history, or the future promises of Israel; dismissing from our minds and memories, if indeed that be possible, all that the Jews have done in the olden time for man, and all which it may be their destiny yet to fulfil, we hold that instead of being an object of aversion they should receive all that honour and favour from the Northern and Western races, which, in civilized and refined nations, should be the lot of those who charm the public taste and elevate the public feeling. We do not hesitate to say that there is no race at this present—and following in this only the example of a long period—that so much delights and fascinates, and elevates and ennobles Europe as the Jewish."*

CHARLES KENSINGTON SALAMAN.

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.†

(1850.)

We have no need to begin by demonstrating the Jewification of modern art; it is evident and strikes the senses at once. We should be led to far too great lengths, were we to attempt explaining this phenomenon from the character of the history of our art itself. If, however, the most necessary thing strikes us as being emancipation from the oppression of Judaism, we must consider it particularly important to test our resources for this conflict for deliverance. We shall not, however, obtain these resources from an abstract definition of the phenomenon itself, but by rendering ourselves intimately acquainted with the nature of the inherent involuntary feeling, which manifests itself to us as an instinctive antipathy for Jewish ways; from this feeling, this invincible feeling, if we avow it with perfect sincerity, what we hate in the Jewish character and ways must become clear to us; what we then know definitely we can oppose; nay, from its mere naked exposure, we may hope to beat the demon from the field, where he can maintain himself only by the defence of a hazy half darkness, a darkness that we good-natured humanitarians ourselves threw over him, in order to render his aspect less repulsive.

* *Lord George Bentinck.* A Political Biography, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.

† *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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The Jew, who, as everyone knows, possesses a God all to himself, strikes us first, in common life, by his external appearance, which, no matter to what European nationality we belong, is marked by something disagreeably foreign to that nationality; we involuntarily desire to have nothing to do with a being of such an appearance. Formerly this could not fail to be considered a misfortune for the Jew; in more recent times, we perceive, however, that he feels quite at his ease under it; after his successes, his difference from us must strike him as a distinction. Passing over the moral side of the effect of this, in itself, disagreeable freak of Nature, we will here merely mention, with reference to art, that such an exterior can never be conceived by us as an object of representative art; when creative art desires to represent Jews, it generally takes its models from the imagination, wisely ennobling, or completely omitting exactly everything that characterizes the appearance of the Jew in common life. But never does the Jew lose his way on to the stage; the exceptions are, with respect to their number and rarity, such as merely support the general assumption. We cannot fancy any ancient or modern character, be it that of a hero or of a lover, represented on the stage by a Jew, without our involuntarily feeling the unfitness, amounting to absurdity, of such a performance.* This is an exceedingly important fact; a man whose appearance we consider renders him incapable of artistic representation, not in this or that character merely, but, by his very nature, altogether, cannot be deemed capable of artistically manifesting himself in any way.

Incomparably more important, nay, decisively important, however, is the contemplation of the effect which the Jew produces upon us by his *speech;* and this, indeed, is the essential point whence to commence our investigation of the Jewish influence upon music.—The Jew speaks the language of the nation with whom he lives, but he speaks it always like a foreigner. As it does not form part of our plan to occupy ourselves with the reasons of this phenomenon either, we may, also, refrain from indicting Christian civilization, which kept the Jew in his forced state of isolation, just as, on the other hand, by touching upon the results of that isolation, it is not in any way our intention to accuse the Jews, but, on the contrary, it is incumbent on us to throw a light upon the æsthetic character of these facts. In the first place, generally, the fact that the Jew speaks modern European languages only as acquired and not as inborn languages, must deprive him of all capability of expressing himself in them, according to his own nature, originally and independently. A language, with its expression and its development, is not the work of single individuals, but of a historical community; only he who has unconsciously grown up in this community takes any part in what it creates. The Jew, however, has stood outside every such community, alone with his Jehovah; he belonged to a race dispersed, and without a country of its own; a race to which all development from within itself was necessarily denied, while even its own language (Hebrew) has been preserved for the Jew of to-day only as a dead language. To be a true poet in a foreign tongue has hitherto been impossible, even for the greatest geniuses. Our entire European civilization and art have, however, remained for the Jew a foreign language; the unhappy, homeless being has taken part neither in the formation of the latter, nor in the development of the former, but, cold, and even inspired with a hostile spirit, has at most simply looked on. In such a language, and in such an art, the Jew can only speak as he hears others speak; he can merely imitate, not be a poet, truly speaking himself, or produce works of art.

What, however, is particularly repulsive to us is the purely material mode of speaking peculiar to the Jews. Civilization has not succeeded in conquering, by an intercourse of two thousand years with European nations, the singular obstinacy of the Jewish disposition with regard to the pecularities of Semitic pronunciation. What first strikes our ear as particularly strange and disagreeable is the hissing, screeching, buzzing, grunting character of the Jewish way of speaking; a manner, entirely foreign to our national language, of employing, and an arbitrary system of twisting about, the words and the construction of phrases, imparts, moreover, to it the character of an insupportably confused gabble, on hearing which our attention is involuntarily directed more to the repulsive *How* than to the *What* contained in it. How exceptionally important this circumstance is to explain, more especially the impression produced on us by the musical works of modern Jews, must, above all things, be recognized and remembered. If we hear a Jew speak, we are unconsciously offended by the absence of all purely human expression in his speech; the cold indifference of his peculiar lingo, never, on any occasion, rises to the excitement of really heartfelt passion. If, however, when speaking to a Jew, we find *ourselves* impelled to give more than ordinarily animated expression to what we say, he will always avoid us, because he is incapable of replying. The Jew never grows excited in the mutual interchange of sentiments with us, but, as far as we are concerned, solely and exclusively in the especial interest of his vanity or of his pocket, a fact which, combined with the disfiguring effect of his way of speaking generally, imparts to his excitement a character of ridiculousness, and produces on us anything save sympathy for the interest of the person thus speaking. Though, of course, we consider it probable that, among themselves, when treating of matters in which they are mutually concerned, and, especially, in their families, when purely human emotion overflows in them, even Jews are capable of giving utterance to their feelings, this cannot be taken into account here, where we have to consider the Jew as, in the intercourse of life and the relations of art, he speaks to *us*.

But if the peculiarity, as described above, of his way of talking renders the Jew pretty well incapable of manifesting his feelings and views artistically by *speech*, his capability for such a manifestation through the instrumentality of *song* is necessarily far less. Song is nothing more than spoken language excited by the strongest degree of passion; music is the language of passion. Now, if the Jew elevates his mode of talking, in which he can communicate his thoughts to us only with irritability, producing a ludicrous effect, but never with sympathetically moving passion, he becomes, the instant he does so, simply unbearable. Everything which, in his external appearance, and his language had a repulsive effect on us, in his singing absolutely drives us away, directly we are no longer attracted by the utter ludicrousness of such an exhibition. In song, as the most animated and irrefutably most truthful expression of the whole system of personal feelings, the peculiarity, so repulsive to us, of Jewish nature, reaches its culminating point, and, in conformity with a natural assumption, we should suppose the Jew capable of artistic tendencies in every other domain of art, rather than in that based upon song.

The gift of material perception possessed by the Jews has never been able to produce from among them adepts in the plastic arts; their eye has always been busied with far more practical things than beauty and the intellectual purport of the world of form. No one ever heard, in our time, as far as I am aware, of a Jewish architect or sculptor; whether modern painters of Jewish descent have really created anything in their art is a fact which I must leave professional judges to decide; it is very probable, however, that the position occupied by such artists with regard to plastic art is not different from that of modern Jewish composers with regard to music, and we shall now proceed to consider more nearly this said position.

(To be continued.)

* On this head, a great deal may, it is true, be said, after what has been recently done by Jewish actors, a fact to which I here allude only in a cursory manner. The Jew has not only succeeded at present in taking possession of the dramatic stage, but even in tricking the poet out of his dramatic creations; a celebrated Jewish "character-actor" no longer represents the personages of Shakspere, Schiller, &c., as written by the poets, but substitutes for them the creatures of his own conception, which are effective, and not without a certain purpose. This system produces much about the effect which would be produced if we were to cut from out a picture of the Crucifixion the portrait of our Saviour, and stick a demagogical Jew in its place. The falsification of our art on the stage has become a perfect deception, on which account, also, Shakspere and such like are mentioned only conditionally with reference to their adaptability for performance.

The complete pianoforte arrangement, music and text, of Wagner's *Parsifal* has been published by Schott & Sons, Mayence.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr Edward R. Terry, late of St Peter's, Paddington, has been appointed organist of St James's, Camberwell. At the latter church there is full Cathedral Service. The organ, a very fine one, by Walker, consists of three manuals, and was originally built for the Gloucester Festival.—*(Communicated.)*

ALBANI'S VIOLETTA.—One of the specialities of our Italian operatic season occurred when Mdme Albani made her re-appearance as Violetta, in *La Traviata*, a character to which she again gave importance, both in its musical and dramatic aspect. The bright and fluent delivery of the "Brindisi" in the first act was finely contrasted by the pathos of the opening *andantino* of the scena, "Ah! fors'è lui," which again imparted additional effect to the closing movement, in which the brilliant execution and silvery high notes of the singer's voice were displayed with triumphant success. In the duets with Alfredo and the elder Germont genuine tenderness and sentiment were shown, the expression of self-sacrifice and unquenchable love for Alfredo being admirably rendered. The despairing agony of the dying Violetta in the last scene was a display of intense dramatic feeling, all the more impressive because free from exaggeration. Mdme Albani's performance afforded another proof of her versatility as well as her excellence both as singer and actress. She was enthusiastically received throughout.—*Daily News.*

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CONCERTS.

Mr Charles Hallé's Concerts.—For several years past the concerts given by Mr Charles Hallé in St James's Hall, during the summer season, though called "Recitals," have really been concerts of chamber music, akin to those directed by Mr Arthur Chappell. With a removal from the building in Regent Street to the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr Hallé has given his enterprise its proper name, and the first of a series of eight "Chamber Music Concerts" took place in the large saloon on Wednesday evening. * * * The programme contained nothing but works of interest and value, beginning with Dvorák's pianoforte quartet in D (Op. 43). Great way is just now being made amongst us by the Prague composer, who lived for forty years before his own countrymen discovered more than ordinary talent in the man. We English are sometimes accused of being slow to perceive the subtle gifts that qualify a great composer; but Dvorák cannot take up any such parable against us, albeit the distinctiveness of his style is not covered by his adherence to classic forms. Our amateurs received his music kindly at the beginning, and now anything from his pen is anticipated with zest, and heard with a stronger feeling than curiosity. Dvorák is well represented by the quartet in D, of which the slow movement, with its delightful variations, lingers long in the memory. A better performance than that by Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Strauss, Herr Franz Néruda, and Mr Hallé, the most exigent could hardly have desired. Mr Hallé next introduced, in his own finished style, the two Rhapsodies of Brahms, not long ago played at a Popular Concert by Miss Krebs, and then noticed by us. Following these came Handel's violin sonata in D,* for which Mr Hallé had written a pianoforte accompaniment of some elaboration, but yet strictly in the manner of the master. The performance of this work by Mdme Néruda and the concert-giver afforded a rare treat. Mdme Néruda never played with more grace, delicacy, and spirit. Her execution was finished to the last degree, while broad enough in style for the robust nature of some of the movements. Briefly, it showed a rare union of high qualities. Schumann's pianoforte quartet ended a concert none the less enjoyed by a large and distinguished company because in the intervals the eye could feast on the works of art with which the Grosvenor Gallery is just now richly stored.

Symphony Concerts.—The second concert of the present series was given in St James's Hall on Friday evening, May 12, and attended by, amongst many other conspicuous amateurs, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. It is to be regretted that the general public were not present in greater numbers. A performance more enjoyable and, at the same time, more instructive is rarely placed within their reach. We do not, however, affect surprise at a comparatively thin house, the truth being obvious that this season the supply of musical entertainment is in excess of any possible demand. Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* opened the concert, and, after the "Ocean" scene from *Oberon* had been finely sung by Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, was followed by Schubert's great Symphony in C, generally known as No. 9, but classed in the programme book as No. 10. Here Mr Hallé and his orchestra had a splendid opportunity of showing what they jointly and severally could do, and right good use was made of it. A more perfect rendering of the beautiful work we cannot call to mind. We should have preferred the *scherzo* (*allegro vivace*) taken a shade faster; but this is a matter of taste. As to matters of fact, we have absolutely no criticism to offer. Every detail seemed as perfect as care and skill could make it. The reception of each movement under such circumstances could be no other than cordial, and, indeed, a strong desire to hear the *Andante con moto* over again was shown by a part of the audience. Keen interest, excited by Schubert's masterpiece, did not flag during the subsequent performance of Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*, save, perhaps, when time was needlessly taken up by Mr Clifford Harrison's conscientious recital of the "argument" of the play, together with a small portion of its dialogue. Beethoven's work having been performed at the Crystal Palace on one or two occasions within easy memory, a discussion of its merits need hardly be entered upon. It naturally suffers by severance from the acted drama; yet the abstract beauty of the various movements and their dramatic appropriateness enforce acknowledgment even in the concert room. The overture—one of the master's gloomiest, noblest, and most concise musical poems—made a great effect as usual, while the two little-known songs, sung by Mdme Sachse-Hofmeister, were heard with interest and received with applause. An air from Gluck's *Iphigenia* and Svendsen's fifth Norwegian Rhapsody brought this most excellent and enjoyable concert to an end.—P. G.

Richter Concerts.—At the third concert of the series, given in St James's Hall on Monday night, Dvorák's Symphony in D was produced, and received with marked approval by an audience which made up in interested attention for paucity of numbers. The symphony was played, for the first time in England, at the Crystal Palace last month, and then introduced the Bohemian composer as one who, through the highest form of instrumental music, appeals to the judgment, not of a locality, but of the world. When Dvorák had the ear of his own countrymen only, he wrote Sclavonian Rhapsodies for their delight. But now that Europe listens to him he composes symphonies. The change of direction, and enlargement of purpose are good, especially when they give us a work so elaborate, noble, and beautiful as that performed on Monday. The new symphony must be heard more than once in order to meet with full appreciation, and until it has been so heard we shall postpone criticism. Enough now that we may speak of Dvorák as a master whose future labours in the highest branch of his art will be watched with interest and regarded with a feeling nearer to assurance of resultant good than to merely hope of it. The performance, under Herr Richter, was full of spirit and distinguished by many excellencies. With Dvorák's work were associated the great scena from *Der Freyschütz*, sung by Mdme Marie Roze; a prelude and fugue of Bach for violin alone, played with extraordinary skill by Herr Rappoldi; and the "German Requiem" of Brahms, which last brought with it a great disappointment. Amateurs had hoped for a performance of special merit, but, as a matter of fact, Brahms' grand and solemn music received a very indifferent rendering, the choral numbers suffering most of all. We will not dwell upon this failure, since it is clear that Herr Richter can hardly be identified with a disaster of the sort and not promptly retrieve it. The solos in the *Requiem* were entrusted to Mdme Roze and Mr King.

Mdlle Alice Roselli gave her annual concert in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, May 2nd, when the performance of an excellent programme delighted a large and fashionable audience. The lady is known to be the possessor of a voice of considerable capacity that has received the benefit of careful and sufficient training. Her singing in songs by Roeckel and Milton Wellings was marked by an intelligence that added force and charm to more material qualities. In all the fair artist undertook her success was most complete with her friends, patrons, and the general public. She was assisted by several eminent vocalists, amongst whom must be specially named Miss Santley, daughter of the celebrated and esteemed baritone. Miss Helen Meason has also claims on our attention, for her vocalization is always refined and engaging. Mdme Enriquez never fails to command the admiration a superb voice and artistic culture bring. She made a great success in Blumenthal's new song, "Our Ships at Sea," which had the advantage of being accompanied by the composer. Mr W. H. Cummings always proves himself to be the possessor of artistic qualities that few enjoy. In addition to Clay's "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," he favoured the company with one of his own, "Just as of old." Both song and singer were most acceptable. The other artists were Miss Kipping, Miss Lilia Reynolds, Mr Jessurum, Mr Frank May, Mr Sydney Smith, Herr Joseph Ludwig, Mr Bird, Mr Lindsay Sloper, and Sig. Ciro Pinsuti.—D. E.

Temple Church.—Programme of Organ Recital by Mr E. J. Hopkins, on Tuesday afternoon, May 16:—

Part I.—Overture, Occasional Oratorio (Handel); Air Variée (Haydn); Allegro Vivace (Morandi); Motet (Mendelssohn); Largo (Beethoven); Fugue, in E flat—by desire—(J. S. Bach).

Part II.—Postlude, in C major (Henry Smart); Andante, in C major (Mendelssohn); Terzetto for Soprano Voices (Henry Smart); Fanfare (J. Lemmens); Andante Religioso, in B flat, and Allegretto, in F—by desire—(Mendelssohn); Adagio and Allegro, in D (Mozart).

The recital displayed the superb quality of the instrument, and the exquisite skill of the performer.

Miss Rosa Kenney gave her second recital on the afternoon of Monday, May 15th, at the Marlborough Rooms, when a distinguished audience enjoyed a most agreeable entertainment. The elocutionary powers of this young lady are well known and deservedly appreciated—and no wonder, for talents, inherited from a race remarkable in the dramatic and literary art, have in her case been seriously cultivated. We cannot but think progress had been made even during the short space of time that separated the recital under notice from its predecessor. Passages pointed with archness, phrases overflowing with tender pathos, and vocal modulations rounding off the periods, made evident that Miss Rosa Kenney acknowledges no finality in culture. Her excellent elocution had full scope in the "Vision of Joan of Arc," written by the late Charles Lamb Kenney—who for many years enlivened the pages of the *Musical World* with his brilliant wit—in a scene from the *School for Scandal* (with Mr John Maclean), and the Potion scene from Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet*. She was assisted on this occasion by

* Also familiar to the audiences at the Popular Concerts.—D. E.

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Mr Arthur Sketchley (the inimitable "Mrs Brown") and Mrs Aylmer Gowing. Miss Ada Iggulden sang Roeckel's "Dream of a Violet," and Mr C. P. Colnaghi rendered Clay's "I'll sing you songs of Araby." Mr H. Stafford Trego presided at the pianoforte.—D. E.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst, a concert was given by Mr J. Greenhill at Tolmer Square Institute. The first part was taken up with Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, in which Mdlle Lilas Spontini rendered, with a great deal of feeling and talent, the soprano part, notwithstanding that she had evidently been suffering from a severe cold. Nevertheless, she was very much applauded, as was Mr Baly, who undertook the bass part in the cantata. We trust often to hear Mdlle Spontini in the concert-room. She is already in great request at the fashionable *soirées* of the nobility. In the second part of the concert we listened, with a great deal of pleasure, to a cantata from the pen of Mr Greenhill, sung by his choir of young pupils, which met with a good reception from the public. We must not omit to chronicle that Mr and Mrs Frith were among those who gave their valuable assistance at the concert.

A large audience assembled in the Holborn New Town Hall at the first concert given by the Holborn Orchestral and Choral Society. The singers were Misses Ellis Walton and Evelyn Hope, and Mr John Cross. The instrumentalists were Mr W. Levey (violin), Mr J. Joyce (flute), Mr. James Clinton (clarinet), and Mr F. Sewell Southgate (pianoforte); Mr Southgate also, in conjunction with Mr W. J. Fleet, accompanied the singers. Both orchestra and chorus did justice to their training—the first-named by their performance of Boieldieu's overture to *The Caliph of Bagdad* and a minuet by Boccherini, and the choir by the way in which they rendered the choral parts in Professor Macfarren's cantata, *The May Queen*, especially the final chorus, "The Revels." Miss Evelyn Hope gained much applause in the air, "Beautiful May," which the audience would gladly have heard again. Miss Walton and Mr John Cross gave due expression to the duet, "Parigi, o cara," (*Traviata*), and in Brahms' "Death of Nelson" Mr John Cross obtained a unanimous encore. The pianoforte solos, "Lullaby" and "Verulam Mazurka," by Mr F. Sewell Southgate, were remarkably well played by the composer. The duet announced in the programme for flute and clarinet ("Lo, here the gentle lark"), to be played by Messrs Joyce and Clinton, was not given, Mr Clinton's clarinet having accidentally fallen from the music stand, and in consequence was too much damaged to be used at the time. Mr W. Levey played M. Sainton's violin fantasie on *Lucrezia Borgia* with considerable brilliancy, and the concert altogether gave perfect satisfaction.

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PROVINCIAL.

Anerley.—Miss Alba Phillips gave a *matinée* on Saturday, May 13th, at the Maple Hall Schoolroom, which was well attended by the parents of her pupils and residents in the neighbourhood. Several of Miss Phillips' advanced pupils sang with excellent taste. Among the most prominent were the Misses Williams and Cornwell (who, in Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my love," received much applause), Misses Maud Robinson, Humphrey, and Adams. The young and talented elocutionist, Miss Louise Ball, recited Planche's "Cheap Dinner," and "Willie's Grave," receiving after each enthusiastic applause.

Taunton.—Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* and G. A. Macfarren's *May Day* will be given by the Pitminster Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Thomas J. Dudeney, in the National Schoolroom on Monday morning and evening next, the 22nd inst. The singers will be—Misses Dansey and French, Mr H. B. Goldsmith, and the Rev. Spencer Jones. Miss Fowle will preside at the pianoforte and Mrs Crump at the organ.

Maidenhead.—Arthur Sullivan's beautiful cantata, *On Shore and Sea*, has been performed with great success by the Maidenhead Philharmonic Society in the Town Hall.

Manchester.—Dr. Bridge's cantata, *Boadicea*, was recently given with unanimous approval in the Concert Hall, at a performance for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary.

Crystal Palace.—There is to be no performance at the Crystal Palace to-day, but the concerts will be resumed next week. These admirable entertainments have a long score against us, which shall be promptly considered and definitively arranged.

Bayreuth.—The full dress rehearsal of *Parsifal* was to have taken place before a specially invited circle. This arrangement, however, is abandoned. The King of Bavaria having signified his intention of being present, that eccentric Royal Satrap will constitute the whole audience in his person.

TWO CASTS OF THE TETRALOGY.

First Night.

"Das Rheingold."

Wotan	Gods	Emil Scaria.
Donner		Heinrich Wiegand.
Froh		H. Bürger.
Loge		Heinrich Vogl.
Alberich	Nibelungs	Otto Schelper.
Mime		Max Schlosser.
Fasolt	Giants	Albert Ellers.
Fafner		Robert Biberti.
Fricka	Goddesses	Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann.
Freia		Antonie Schreiber.
Erda		Orlanda Riegler.
Wellgunde	Rhine-Daughters	Auguste Krauss.
Flosshilde		Katharina Klafsky.
Woglinde		Maria Schulze.

Scenes:—I. At the bottom of the Rhine.—II. An open district on mountain heights.—III. Subterranean Cavern.

Second Night.

"Die Walküre."

Siegmund		Albert Niemann.
Hunding		Heinrich Wiegand.
Wotan		Emil Scaria.
Sieglinde		Anna Sachse-Hofmeister.
Brünnhilde		Therese Vogl.
Fricka		Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann.
Gerhilde	Walkyries.	Auguste Krauss.
Ortlinde		Antonie Schreiber.
Waltraute		Katharina Klafsky.
Schwertleite		Maria Schulze.
Helmwige		Therese Milar.
Siegrune		Lina Wagner.
Grimgerde		Rosalie Zoller.
Rossweisse		Orlanda Riegler.

Scenes:—I. Interior of Hunding's dwelling place.—II. A wild rocky region.—III. On the top of a rocky height (Brünnhilden-Stein).

Mdme Christine Nilsson.—Ever ready to identify herself with a good cause, Mdme Christine Nilsson will give a concert in St James's Hall, on June 23, for the benefit of a fund now being raised with a view to repair and beautify the English Protestant church in the Rue Daguesseau, Paris. We understand that the request of Lord Lyons for the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously acceded to, and that other members of the Royal family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, take a sympathetic interest in the success of the occasion. As Mdme Nilsson may confidently be expected to associate with her own attraction that of the best available talent, the entertainment will doubtless be worthy of its object, its giver, and its illustrious supporters. While referring to the popular Swedish artist, the fact of her engagement to appear at the Royal Italian Opera invites remark. In view of the forthcoming production of Boïto's *Mefistofele* Mr Gye has been well advised to secure the creator, in this country, of the parts of Marguerite and Helen of Troy. The attraction added to this stage cannot be over-estimated, and we hope that Mdme Nilsson will have an opportunity of appearing in other *rôles* closely identified with her fame. Her engagement, on very high terms, to play in America next winter is, we believe, no longer a matter of rumour, but of fact. She will be received across the Atlantic with open arms by the thousands of amateurs who vividly remember her previous successes amongst them.

London amateurs will have an opportunity of being present at the first representation in the metropolis of F. H. Cowen's sacred cantata, *Saint Ursula*, written for the Norwich Festival of last year, which is to be given at St James's Hall on Thursday next. Mr Cowen will also introduce on the same occasion his Scandinavian Symphony, which recently met with such success at Vienna.

Würzburg.—Alexander Adam, formerly pupil of the Stuttgart Conservatory, who carried off the Mozart and Mendelssohn Exhibitions prizes, is appointed Music-Director at the Stadttheater.

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NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The greatest musical festival that this country has had began last Tuesday evening. I do not consider as music the extraordinary affair which occurred in Boston some years ago, under the direction of an Irish bandmaster named Gilmore, when ten thousand singers and an orchestra of one thousand performers went through national songs and much musical trash to the accompaniment of one hundred anvils and fifty canons. In 1869 we had a music festival in New York, at which the late Parepa Rosa was the chief singer, and Carl Bergman, also now dead, the conductor. Last year, as you know, Dr Damrosch organized a festival upon a large scale, using the Oratorio Society as a nucleus around which to gather the choruses from a dozen neighbouring towns. The chief festival singers were Gerster and Campanini. The expenses were about £16,000, and the receipts £20,000. Before the affair was well over, Theodore Thomas, Damrosch's rival, had induced several wealthy patrons of music to subscribe £10,000 toward a guaranty fund for a music festival in 1882. The drill-room of the Seventh Regiment Armoury (a hall two hundred feet wide and six hundred feet long), was rented for one week at £2,000, and, upon the strength of the guaranty fund, a score of eminent composers and *virtuosi* were invited to take part. Letters were written to Rubinstein, Liszt, Wagner, Brahms, Joachim, Frau Wilt, and Frau Materna. Rubinstein replied that he would not think of this country again until his book account gave out, and all except Materna declined the invitation. She consented to come and sing fifteen times for £2,500, and the expenses for three persons. At the time of Materna's engagement there was some thought of giving one opera of the Wagner tetralogy complete—probably *Siegfried*—but that has been given up.

In October last the chief works of the future festival were determined upon, and the choral societies of Boston, Philadelphia, and some smaller towns were invited to assist. The whole choral force numbers about 3,200 voices. Among the solo singers engaged were Materna, Candidus, Campanini, Miss Winant, Mrs A. E. Osgood, Whitney—the best basso heard here in late years—and Henschel. The orchestra, as finally constituted, numbered 300 musicians:—

50 first violins, 50 second violins, 36 violas, 36 violoncellos, 40 double basses, 6 harps, 6 flutes, 2 piccolos, 6 oboes, 2 English horns, 6 clarinets, 2 Basset horns, 2 bass clarinets, 6 bassoons, 2 contra bassoons, 9 horns, 8 saxhorns, 6 cornets, 4 trumpets, 1 bass trumpet, 6 tenor trombones, 2 bass trombones, 2 tubas, 4 kettle-drums, 2 bass drums, 2 small drums, 2 cymbals, 2 triangles.

The programmes for the whole festival are as follows:—

Tuesday Evening, May 2.—Cantata, *A Stronghold Sure* (Bach), Miss Winant, Mr William Candidus, and Mr M. W. Whitney. Symphony, C major (*Köchel*, 551), (Mozart). Recitative and Aria, "Abschenlicher" (*Fidelio*), (Beethoven), Frau Friedrich Materna. Jubilate (*Utrecht*), (Handel), Miss Winant, Mr Theodore J. Toedt, and Mr Georg Henschel.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 3.—*Iphigenia in Aulis* (Gluck), (*a*) Overture; (*b*) Scene i., "Diane impitoyable," Signor Antonio F. Galassi. Symphony in C major, No. 9 (Schubert). Aria, "Der Hölle Rache" (*Magic Flute*) (Mozart), Mdme Etelka Gerster. Overture (*Manfred*), (Schumann). Aria, "Der Kriegelust ergeben" (*Jessonda*), (Spohr), Mr Georg Henschel. Recitative and Aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (*Oberon*), (Weber), Frau Friedrich Materna. Aria, "Vainement Pharaon" (*Joseph*), (Mehul), Signor Italo Campanini. Overture (*Ruy Blas*), Mendelssohn.

Wednesday Evening, May 3.—Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67 (Beethoven). Missa Solemnis, D major (Op. 123), Frau Friedrich Materna, Miss Winant, Mrs E. Aline Osgood, Signor Italo Campanini, Signor Antonio F. Galassi, Mr William Candidus, and Mr Georg Henschel.

Thursday Afternoon, May 4th.—1. *Das Rheingold.* (*a*) Scene 1—The Theft of the Gold; (*b*) Wotan's Apostrophe to Walhalla, Mr Frank Remmertz; (*c*) Loge's Tidings; (*d*) Grand closing scene. 2. *Die Walküre.* (*a*) Introduction to Act I, Orchestra; (*b*) Siegmund's Love song, Mr William Candidus; (*c*) The Ride of the Walkyries, Orchestra; (*d*) Wotan's Farewell to Brünnhilde, and Magic Fire Scene, Signor Antonio F. Galassi. 3. *Siegfried.* Grand Scene: The Forging of the Sword, Signor Italo Campanini, and Mr Theodore J. Toedt. 4. *Die Götterdämmerung.* (*a*) Siegfried's Death, Orchestra; (*b*) Finale, Brünnhilde's Immolation, Frau Friedrich Materna.

Friday Evening, May 5th.—Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt.* Mrs E. Aline Osgood, Miss Winant, Miss Hattie Schell, Mr William Candidus, Mr Franz Remmertz, and Mr M. W. Whitney.

Saturday Afternoon, May 6th.—Sonata in D, (Arcangelo Corelli), String Orchestra. Aria di Chiesa, "Se i miei sospiri," (Alessandro Stradella), Miss Emily Winant. Menuetto, (Luigi Boccherini), String Orchestra. Aria, "Pria che spunti" (*Il Matrimonio Segreto*), (Domenico Cimarosa), Signor Italo Campanini. *Les Deux Journées* (Luigi Cherubini), (*a*) Overture, Orchestra; (*b*) Seatetto Finale, "O Ciel!" (Act I.) *La Vestale*, (Gasparo Spontini), (*a*) Overture, Orchestra; (*b*) Scene: "Del tuo gran Ministero," (Act II.) Mdme Etelka Gerster, Mdme Galassi, and Signor Italo Campanini. *Guglielmo Tell*, (Gioacchino Antonio Rossini), (*a*) Overture, Orchestra; (*b*) Terzetto, (Act II.), Mr William Candidus, Mr Franz Remmertz, and Mr Myron W. Whitney. Duo, "Ah, Leonora il guardo" (*La Favorita*), (Gaetano Donizetti), Mdme Galassi, and Signor Antonio F. Galassi. Aria, "Ah, non giunge" (*La Sonnambula*), (Vincenzio Bellini), Mdme Etelka Gerster. Romanza, "Eri tu" (*Un Ballo in Maschera*), (Giuseppe Verdi), Signor Antonio F. Galassi. Overture (*Re Lear*), (Antonio Bazzini).

Saturday Evening, May 6th.—A symphony to Dante's "Divina Commedia" (Liszt), I. Inferno; II. Purgatorio, Magnificat, with chorus of women's voices and organ. Scena (*Der Dämon*, Act I.) (Rubinstein), Mdme Etelka Gerster. The Fall of Troy (Act II.) (Berlioz). Chorus (*Die Meistersinger*, Act III.) (Wagner), Chorus and Orchestra.

The Wagner concert was given yesterday afternoon, and proved to be the most successful of the series, so far—especially the share of the Trilogy falling to the orchestra and to Materna. The attendance has not quite equalled the expectations of the managers, who have spent about £28,000, and find the receipts at each concert not more than £3,300, which will leave a deficit of about £4,000. It is said now that the invitation of so many out-of-town choruses was injudicious, their railroad and hotel expenses while here costing many thousands of pounds. The list of solo singers is also too long. In so far as such affairs can be musically satisfactory, the festival has been a triumph. The orchestra has done wonders, and Materna has aroused a *furore* of enthusiasm by the breadth and power of her singing. The critics of the daily press unite in declaring the festival to be the finest musical event that we have had in this country.

Havey.

New York, May 5th, 1882.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Having assisted at many disputes as to the capability of hearing in the upper regions of the Albert Hall, I determined to test for myself at the "Grand Concert" given on Wednesday, May 17, the possibility of doing so. Still clinging to the fables of early youth, and keeping in mind the history of the hare and the tortoise, for this once, I am happy to say, my convictions met their reward. Waiting till the crowd had surged in at the one shilling entrance, I wended my way upstairs, and was fortunate enough to secure a seat against the railings encircling the balcony—I will not say that one does hear or see, quite as distinctly as on a lower and nearer level, but you see and hear quite sufficiently to make it a most enjoyable afternoon. And in this age, when the full money's worth is exacted, the general public have their shilling's worth to the "uttermost farthing," for, added to this banquet of "sweet sounds," there is the enjoyment of a stroll round the gallery itself, one of the best lit and coolest galleries in London, and which, by the unflagging energy of the council of the Albert Hall, is filled with an exhibition of pictures and sculpture of unusual excellence. And it is well at a time when the "Academy" threatens to become in some measure a museum of antiquities, music's twin sister, should be encouraged in a spot eminently adapted to show the limner's art to advantage.

However, this is a digression; to return to the concert (in every way an admirable one). At a moment when the operatic stage is deprived of one of its greatest ornaments in the person of Mdme Christine Nilsson, it is a gratifying fact to think it is in the power not only of the restricted circle of the wealthy, but of all lovers of music, by means of so large an area as the Albert Hall, where the varying prices put it within the scope of every one, to enjoy the privilege of listening to the tones of her grand voice. The noble presence, the inspired face, of this fair northern "queen of song," her clear and liquid tones in "Angels ever bright and fair," that impregnated as they were with more than usual pathos, and which, filling that vast arena, floated upwards, and died in air, is a thing to remain in the memory—"a joy for ever."

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Mdme Nilsson also sang the "Miserere" duet from the *Trovatore*, in which she was admirably seconded by Mr Maas. One of Mdme Nilsson's many gifts is, that she is as great an actress as she is a songstress—and, without any stage adjuncts, she seems to bring before one the scene of the "Orrida Torre" with all its sombre accessories—and when Manrico implores her not to forget him, the wonderful expression of the face—Forget thee! !—seems to render words unnecessary. With a grace that carries out the Latin proverb—"That he gives twice who gives quickly," Mdme Nilsson responded to the repeated and enthusiastic encore—as she did later in "Auld Robin Gray"—when she acceded to the energetic demand of the public by giving Mignon's pathetic "*Connais-tu le pays?*"—in which not the faintest tone of her lovely voice was lost in the hushed silence of that vast space.

Mdme Antoinette Sterling sang "Sunshine and rain" and the always favourite "Better Land," and returned to bow her acknowledgments of the repeated plaudits. Mr Maas in "The Message," in the duet from the *Trovatore*, and also in the trio (duel scene) from *Faust* with Signor Foli and Mr Sauvage, kept up well the reputation of our great English tenors. Signor Foli gave also "She alone charmeth my sadness" and the "Viking's Song." With his customary success Mr James Sauvage gave "Dio Possente" and "Revenge, Timotheus cries;" Mdlle Montini, "Stride la vampa" and "Me voilà seule enfin;" Miss Blandy (who replaced Miss Patti Winter, absent from indisposition), "She wandered down the mountain side" and "Sombre forêt." Space forbids saying more than that all and each were excellent, and with the playing of Mr William Carter and Mr E. Bending in the *Barcarolle* from Sir Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto; Mr Charles Oberthür and Mr William Carter in Mr Oberthür's duet for harp and piano on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, (with the well-rendered choruses by the choir); the selection from *Carmen*, and Gounod's "Wedding March" by the Grenadier Guards under Mr Dan Godfrey, a programme was given so varied that it was almost an *embarras de richesse*. One felt loth to leave any one or anything unheard.—"CARLEON."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, performed on Thursday night to a crowded house, was chosen for the first appearance this season of Mdme Adelina Patti. A most cordial welcome was given to the favourite *prima donna*, when, bright and engaging as ever, she tripped upon the stage in the character of Catarina. The high honours accorded to Mdme Patti for twenty years naturally made her reception a matter of certainty, and the first few notes uttered proved that the qualities which have so long kept her upon the highest pinnacle of fame as a lyric artist are still in her possession. The same rich voice, fuller, perhaps, in the lower notes, if less free in the upper register, captivates the ear, while brilliant execution never fails to add the charm of perfect culture. Mdme Patti's histrionic powers are, if anything, greater than ever. This was evidenced last night in the fascinations that captivated Gritzenko and his band of Calmucks; in the interviews with Pietro; as well as in the *finals* of the first act, when bidding farewell to home. Pathos, in voice and gesture, found full scope in the tent scene, whilst witnessing the orgies of her lover, and receiving from him the sentence of death; and the utmost tenderness was exhibited in the last scene, where the distraught maiden, listening to the melodies of earlier days, is restored to reason and happiness. Floral demonstrations were not wanting on the occasion, for the fair artist was loaded again and again with bouquets. M. Gailhard gave a rather lugubrious rendering of Pietro. Dignity of bearing was often sacrificed to lachrymose utterances. Signor Lestellier's voice is rather too weak and tremulous for most of the music in the part of Danilowitz, but it is only just to mention his success in the *arioso*, "Disperso et erin," towards the end of the work. Perhaps the most successful artist, after Mdme Adelina Patti, was Mdme Valleria (Prascovia), who not only acted with spirit, but sang with brilliancy and effect. The chorus and band were excellent, and M. Dupont conducted with judgment.—P. G.

The company from the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, have gone for a time to the Stadttheater, Bremen, where they opened with Johann Strauss's *Lustiger Krieg*.

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

When in 1845, on the first production of *Tannhäuser* at Dresden, I ventured to point to Richard Wagner as the herald and representative of a new era in art, and when, on the appearance of every fresh work by this master, my enthusiasm increased in ratio to its undeniable greatness, the whole body of musical critics fell upon me as one man with abuse. Even those who were somewhat kindly predisposed treated my enthusiasm as a mild case of insanity, whilst others were not chary of charging me with sacrilege of the most heinous kind in daring to attack the great masters who had preceded Wagner. I was pointed at as the "Iconoclast." Although it is with intense delight that I now behold time to have achieved what I so many years ago prophesied as the inevitable, yet in my wildest moments of hope I never counted on so speedy a fulfilment. Even in Bayreuth, in 1876, when surrounded with congenial enthusiasts, and the ultimate production of *The Ring* in England formed the topic of conversation, I said that, "like all truth the play would find its way to the land that could boast of the grandest and noblest literature;" but I should have considered it madness had I attempted to prognosticate so early a date. It is only owing to the concurrence of the most fortuitous circumstances that such an event could have come to pass. For, in order to successfully bring about the representation of so gigantic a play, a combination of talents are required rarely to be met with in one man. But Angelo Neumann, the director of the four cycles, possesses them all. To a large fortune he unites the personal qualities of enterprise, sagacity, and an amiable persuasiveness invaluable to the organizer and director of so colossal an undertaking. "Veni, vidi, vici" seems to be his motto. He has engaged his present company for four years, and intends giving representations of the "Tetralogy" in all the chief cities of Europe. And what a company it is! It would appear as if the *impressario* had ransacked Germany for female beauty and vigorous manhood. And what voices, too! Seriousness seems to be the staple commodity of all the artists, and is not "earnestness the greatest majesty of man?" as Bulwer Lytton has it. By this time every one is fully aware that "earnestness" is Wagner's great and sole aim in art, and that all his works are thoroughly impregnated with this necessary quality to success. The art principles of Wagner claim for the opera the most serious and heartfelt music. He eschews entirely the conventional form of arias and duets. With him the orchestra is an indispensable necessity, and he makes it delineate in the most marvellous manner the feelings and emotions of humanity. The "leading motives," which not only typify the different personæ, but also the most subtle workings of their innermost mind, invest his operas with an intense interest which the stereotyped forms of aria, duet, &c., of the old opera entirely failed to attain. This same earnestness prompted him from the first to develop his undeniable high gifts as a poet. With rare felicity he has preserved in the *Nibelung's Ring* the alliterative and simple, yet withal powerful, expressive form of the old *Edda*. The answer to those of his superficial critics who complain of the occasional use of commonplace diction is, that Wagner designedly utilized certain original expressions of the *Edda* because they represented the tonal reverberations of feelings and emotions when language was yet in its infancy. Again, the strictures of other critics in reference to the moral of the play must be at once disregarded, as all pre-Christian religions contain parallelisms of the frailty of human nature, and *all* point to one common origin, viz., the exaltation of human beings into gods and demigods. To the student of ancient history, the analogy between the Eddas and Sagas and Greek and Roman mythology will be at once evident, *e.g.*, Wotan and Jupiter, Fricka and Juno, Freia and Venus, Loge and Mercury, Donner and Vulcan, &c. Another reproach hurled at Wagner is that he did not invent his own story, but sought it in the land of myth; but, I would ask, was Shakspere the original author of all those stories which he has clothed with such wondrous language; and did *Faust* emanate from the brain of the renowned Goethe? and yet are these masters any the less great for having appropriated popular legends?

FERDINAND PRAEGER.

[Does Ferdinand Praeger remember "The Books," "Plunderer," "Signale-Senft," &c., 1855?—D. B.]

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GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

On Thursday night Herren Franke and Pollini opened their long-announced season of German opera in our national theatre—a place by no means new to such an enterprise. We do not intend to discuss just now the character and prospects of the venture, but may mention what lies beyond the range of discussion—namely, that it is being made at a time when only merit of the highest order can command remunerative support. Never were the musical amateurs of London distracted by such a number of conflicting claims as at the present moment, and it is clear that all cannot receive the patronage they need, nor even such as they deserve. But the best will be best treated, for even in a world sometimes said to be out of joint that which most merits success gets, as a rule, the largest share of it. Calling this to mind, we may augur well for the new German opera, since it gave last night the most efficient representation of *Lohengrin* ever known in this country. Let us not be mistaken in the utterance of an opinion certainly involving a good deal. We have had performances of Wagner's masterpiece with certain parts as well or even better filled than by the Germans, but none with a cast so noteworthy for varied, and, as regarding the subject, appropriate excellence. The artists of last night were all "to the manner born," or, at any rate, trained in the particular school to which Wagner's opera belongs. How much this signifies we need not take the trouble to point out, while the truth of it was proved by Frau Sucher's poetic impersonation of Elsa; by the dramatic point of Frau Garso Dely's Ortrud; by Dr Kraus's artistic embodiment of Telramund; and by the grand Lohengrin of Herr Winkelmann. A better opportunity will present itself for discussing the merits of these artists, as also for doing justice to an *ensemble* in which every performer knew what to do, and did it well. When that time arrives, note must likewise be made of how the orchestra, conducted by Herr Hans Richter, discharged its important task. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, who re-called the chief performers again and again at the close of every act. Herr Richter's reception, we need scarcely add, was of the warmest possible character.—*D. T.*

—o—

LONDON GREGORIAN CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

The even-song of the tenth annual festival of this society was held in St Paul's Cathedral on Thursday, when a vast congregation joined in the service. As a prelude, trumpets gave out the opening phrase of the processional hymn, and then a thousand choristers, moving down the south aisle and up the nave to the choir, chaunted in unison the melody of "Rex sanctorum angelorum." The clear-cut notes of the ancient tune, spreading through the wide space of dome and choir, produced an excellent effect. The Rev. Mr Shuttleworth intoned the service, and, led by the cantors—Messrs Bucker and Sharp—the choir sang the appointed psalms to a Gregorian tone. In like manner the Canticles were chanted. The first lesson, appropriately selected, was read by the Rev. R. Bristow; the second by Dr Baker, head-master of the Merchant Taylors' School. The office hymn, "Ad cœnam Agni providi," preceding the anthem, was recited to a Gregorian mode. In this, as in the former tones, alternation of boys' and men's voices relieved, to some extent, the inevitable monotony, and often the mere force of numbers, expended on the limited phrases, gave thrilling effect. Nevertheless the harmony used in the anthem, "Hail! gladdening light," by the Rev. T. S. Greatheed, fell pleasantly upon the ear. As a composition, however, it is scarcely a good specimen of Anglican Church music, for the passages of imitation, often objected to in English cathedral music, are not only poor in material, but feebly worked. Many another from the long list of anthems could have been chosen of higher quality, and with nearer affinity to the character of plain song. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Jenner, who selected a part of the 11th verse of the 4th chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter for his text. The reverend speaker earnestly pleaded the cause of, and defended the position taken by, the association. Meeting the objections raised by those who stated that the movement was calculated to impede the real progress of music, he claimed for it a higher ground than that of mere taste, and contended that Gregorian music represented the religion of the Cross, and should be regarded as are the words of Scripture. After the sermon the "Te Deum laudamus" was sung to the simple form of the Ambrosian chant. Mr Warwick Jordan was the organist for the occasion, and supported the archaic themes by accompaniments embracing harmonic combinations and florid melodies certainly unknown at the time of St Gregory. Mr Spenser Nottingham conducted the choir, which was too scattered to obey his beat with unanimity, and there were also throughout the service signs that he had not had the advantage of full and sufficient rehearsals.—*P. G.*

—o—

WAIFS.

Gallignani has completed his opera, *Nestorio.*

A new Theatre will ere long be erected in Oporto.

Carl Formes took part, a short time since, in a concert at San Francisco.

Gounod is said to be writing the music of an opera to be called *Les Iconoclastes.*

The buffo-opera company from the Carltheater, Vienna, are playing in Hamburgh.

The first concert of the newly-founded Orchestral Society, Turin, was very successful.

From Warsaw, at the conclusion of the Italian season, Maini, the bass, went to Milan.

Bertha Baldi, of the Grand Opera, Paris, has been singing at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

On the 23rd April, Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* was performed for the first time in Nuremberg.

A. Nannetti, now resident in Buenos-Ayres, is setting a libretto entitled *Numa Pompilio.*

Götz's opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, has been well received at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

A new ballet, *Emma Florens*, by Smeraldi, has been produced at the Teatro Balbo, Turin.

The season at the Grand-Théâtre, Geneva, was brought to a close with Ch. Gounod's *Polyeucte.*

Stagno and Athos have been elected honorary members of the Philharmonic Society, Naples.

Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* will be performed next season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

There are in Belgium 2,000 musical societies and 1,400 bands, the number of executants being about 60,000.

It is said that, after the *Parsifal* performances at Bayreuth, Wagner will return in October to Venice.

An opera, entitled *Masina Spinola*, by Baron Jocteau, is to be produced at the Vittorio Emanuele, Turin.

Max Maretzek has settled down as a teacher of singing in New York. (Has he? I doubt it.—Dr Blitge.)

Galli-Marié has received offers from Stockholm and Copenhagen to appear there in *Mignon*, *Carmen*, and *Piccolino.*

Massenet's *L'Hérodiade*, with Borghi-Mamò, Tamagno, and Battistini, is announced for performance at Buenos-Ayres.

Mdme Materna arrived safely in America on the 22nd ult. (and has already sung at the New York Festival.—Dr Blitge.)

Scipion Taralli has presented the Grand Opera, Paris, with a bronze bust of her father, the once popular singer, Barrhoilhet.

Friedrich Kiel's second Requiem was recently performed at Magdeburg. (Kiel is known at the Popular Concerts.—Dr Blitge.)

After giving a concert in the Teatro de la Trindade, Lisbon, Lebano, the harpist, returned to Madrid, on his way to London.

Teresa Tua, the girl-violinist, has received an offer to take part in two concerts, on the occasion of the Czar's coronation at Moscow.

Pollini has engaged a young tenor, named Memmler, to replace, at the Hamburgh Stadttheater, Herr Winkelmann, who leaves next year.

The International Exhibition of Musical Instruments, announced to take place in the summer of next year at Berlin, is indefinitely postponed.

Annie Louise Cary, the Transatlantic *primâ donna*, has been compelled, in consequence of a temporary loss of voice, to throw up all her engagements.

The Swedish tenor, Henrik Westberg, is in Wiesbaden, where he lately sang at a morning concert before the Emperor and the Crown Prince of Germany.

The Teatro Quirino, Rome, is in course of demolition, and a new edifice, better adapted to the requirements of the present day, will be erected on its site.

Rosa Papier, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, has married Dr Hanns Paumgartner, who but lately resigned the post of "Correpetitor" at the same theatre.

Jan Blockx's Symphony, *Kermisdag*, and a "posthumous Minuet" by Beethoven will be among the works given at the next concert of the School of Music, Antwerp.

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Clara Louise Kellogg anounces that after her engagement with Max Strakosch, which terminates on the 25th inst., she will retire definitively from the lyric stage.

Labatt, the tenor, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, who has been singing in Stockholm, is a native of the latter city. (Labatt is known to Mr Gye.—Dr Blidge.)

During a recent performance of *Carmen* in New York, Minnie Hauk, in consequence of the illness of Valerga, sang that lady's part, Paquita, as well as her own.

Pohl, manager of the Stadttheater, Bremen, has applied to have his lease—which expires in 1883—renewed for five years on the present terms; but the Senate declines.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is engaged for twenty-four performances at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon, in October and November. He has been lately singing at Bilbao.

Del Puente declined a spring engagement in South America. After the Covent Garden season, he returns to New York to perform as a member of Mr Abbey's company.

A comic opera, *Zwei Componisten, oder Ein Schäferspiel in Versailles*, has been produced at the Hamburgh Stadttheater. The music is by Herr Adolf Hagen, the conductor.

Antonio Ghislanzoni has written three new four-act librettos: *Spartaco*, for Platania; *Emma di Catania*, for Gomez; and *Il Figlio delle Selve*, for Dall' Olio. (Good, better, best.—Dr Blidge.)

Smetana's opera, *Die verkaufte Braut*, a work very little known out of Prague, was lately performed in that city for the hundredth time. (Smetana is known at the Crystal Palace.—Dr Blidge.)

Signor Badia has arrived in London, accompanied by his accomplished daughters, whose exceptional vocal talents will no doubt be in frequent request during the season at all the fashionable concerts and *soirées*.

It is stated positively that Mr Mapleson has engaged Mdme Adelina Patti for an American operatic season of forty nights, and has deposited 44,000 dollars as a guarantee fund. (See Mr Mapleson's letter to the *Times*.—Dr Blidge.)

At a Congregation held in the Senate House, Cambridge, on Thursday, the 11th inst., the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon E. J. Crow, of St John's College, and organist of Ripon Cathedral; and upon Charles Joseph Frost, of Sidney Sussex College, and organist of Christ Church, Newgate Street, E.C.

MUNICH.—After taking leave of the Berlin public, Mdlle Marie Brandt sang at the Theatre Royal here, the part of Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, the occasion being a "*Separatvorstellung*," or private performance before the King alone. She then proceeded to Vienna, where she appeared at the Imperial Opera as Fidelio, Mdlle Lilli Lehmann, also from Berlin, playing Marcellina.

BERLIN.—Sylva, one of Vaucorbeil's tenors in Paris, who has been fulfilling an engagement at the Royal Operahouse here, opened as Vasco de Gama in *L'Africaine* and made a favourable impression. In consequence of important alterations about to be carried out with a view to ensure safety in case of fire, the house will close on the 7th June and not re-open till near the end of September.—The performances of the Italian Opera Company at the Central Skating Ring are still well attended.—At the last concert of Stern's Vocal Association the programme comprised Beethoven's music to *The Ruins of Athens* (entire), and a new cantata, *Schwestertreue*, for vocal soloists, chorus, and orchestra; words by Victor Blüthgen, music by Arno Kleffel.—In consequence of some misunderstanding, Bilse and his orchestra have parted company. On the 1st of September, however, the popular conductor, provided with other executants, will resume his performances in the Concerthaus.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, May* 20, 1882.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

First Appearance of Mdme Pauline Lucca.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 27, will be performed "CARMEN" (to commence at 8.15) will be produced. Carmen, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Micaela, Mdme Valleria; Escamillo, M. Bouhy; and Don José, Signor Lestellier. Conductor—M. DUPONT. The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle Gedda, Mdlle Reuters, Mdlle H. Reuters, Mdlle E. Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet.

MONDAY next, May 29, being Whit-Monday, there will be No Performance.

Mdme Sembrich.

TUESDAY next, May 30, "LA SONNAMBULA." Mdme Sembrich, Signor De Reszké, and M. Massart.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

WEDNESDAY next, May 31, "L'ETOILE DU NORD" (to commence at 8.15). Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdme Valleria, Signor Lestellier, and M. Gailhard.

Mdme Albani.

THURSDAY next, June 1 (first time this season), WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN" (to commence at eight o'clock). Mdme Albani, Mdlle Stahl, Signor Cotogni, and M. Sylva.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, May 27, at Three. The programme will include Symphony, "Eroica" (Beethoven); Pianoforte Concerto (Henselt); Scherzo, in G minor, for strings (Cherubini), first time at these Concerts; Pianoforte Solos (Schumann, Chopin, Liszt); Valse Caprice, in E flat (Rubinstein). Vocalist—Herr Betz (his last appearance this Season at the Crystal Palace). Pianist—Mr Franz Rummel. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

THE LAST MORNING BALLAD CONCERT—THIS DAY.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, This (SATURDAY) Morning, May 27, at Three o'clock. Artists: Miss Clara Samuell, Miss Eleanor Farnol, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, Mr F. Barrington Foote, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mdme Norman-Néruda. Pianoforte—Mdme Sophie Menter. The South London Choral Association of sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The first part of the concert will contain the following Songs, &c., by Arthur Sullivan:—"My dearest heart" and "Sleep, my love" (Miss Clara Samuell), "Orpheus with his lute" (Miss Eleanor Farnol), "The Lost Chord" and "Will he come?" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling), "The distant shore" and "Once again" (Mr Edward Lloyd), "A life that lives for you" and "Thou'rt passing hence" (Mr Santley), "If doughty deeds" (Mr F. Barrington Foote); Part Songs, "Evening" and "Joy to the victors" (South London Choral Association). New and popular Ballads in the second part of the programme:—"Good Company," "Waiting for the King," "The Little Hero," "Sunshine and Rain," "The Banks of Allan Water," "The Boatswain's Story," "Green grow the rashes, O!" also Part Songs, "You stole my love," "Altho' soft sleep," "Faithful and true" (Wagner), "Ye Mariners of England." Mdme Norman-Néruda will perform "Elégie" (Ernst), "Larghetto" (Nardini), and "Moto perpetuo" (Paganini). Mdme Sophie Menter will perform (*a*) Allegro (Scarlatti), (*b*) Melodie (Mendelssohn-Liszt), and (*c*) Rhapsodie (Liszt), also Tarantelle (Liszt). Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Family and School Tickets to admit Six to Stalls, £2. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL. FOURTH CONCERT, SATURDAY Afternoon Next, June 3, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Concerto, in C major, No. 1, for pianoforte (Beethoven); Symphonie Fantastique, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste" (Hector Berlioz); Solo Violin, Adagio from 9th Concerto (Spohr); Solos, pianoforte, (*a*) Rapsodie (Thomé), (*b*) Minuet and Gavotte (Saint-Saëns); Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini). Pianist—Mdme Montigny-Rémaury. Violinist—Mdlle Marianne Eissler. Conductor—Mr GANZ. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s., 1s., of Mr WILHELM GANZ, 126, Harley Street, W., Austin's, usual Agents, and Chappell & Co.

UNDER the immediate patronage of her Grace the Duchess of WELLINGTON.—Mr OBERTHUR'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the MARLBOROUGH ROOMS, 307, Regent Street, on TUESDAY, June 6. Artists; Mdme Liebhart, Mdme Vogri, Mdlle Doré-Desvignes, Mr Alfred Hemming, Signor Luigi Conti, Mr Frank Quatremaine, Mdlle Gayrard-Pacini, Herren Carl Henkel and Otto Leu, and Mr Oberthür. Conductors—Mr WM. GANZ, Signor LI CALSI, and Mr WM. CARTER. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s., at Mr Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; Messrs Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street; or of Mr OBERTHÜR, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

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MDME LIEBHART will sing OBERTHÜR'S admired Song, "THE DISCOVERY," at the Composer's Concert, at the Marlborough Rooms, Tuesday Morning, June 6.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

III.—Siegfried. *May* 9.

On the threshold of this gigantic drama's third division *Siegfried*, we are tempted to ask what has up to now been taught us—what great moral lesson has reached us through so complicated and elaborate an agency, and to what end have our steps been guided along ways of deceit, crime, and unutterable shame. But the question is hardly fair midway in the argument. Let us wait for the end and then put it. During the interval between *The Walkyrie* and *Siegfried* important events, which are told with customary prosiness in the dialogue, have taken place, and this is the proper moment to indicate their nature. When Sieglinde, bearing the fragments of the sword Needful, followed Brünnhilde's directions, and sought shelter in a wood near the Walkyrie rock, she encountered Mime, the whipped brother of Alberich. Mime seems to have retired from the Nibelungen business down below, and set up as a smith on his own account, though where he looked for custom in the midst of a forest does not appear. He sheltered Sieglinde, and when she died in giving birth to a son, Siegfried, he took care of the child. This sounds well, but among Wagner's characters, let us not hastily credit anybody, god, giant, or dwarf, with a generous impulse. Mime knows all about Wotan's plans, and hopes to use the Volsung hero as a means of securing the ring, tarn-cap, and treasure for himself. The precious booty is close at hand, guarded by giant Fafner in the form of a dragon. Siegfried, a brave and reckless lad, shall slay the monster, and then hey! for power, and, Alberich, look to thyself. So matters stand when we are shown Mime's smithy, and Mime himself forging another sword for young Siegfried—the lad has a habit of finding the Niebelung's weapons all too weak. As he works Siegfried bursts in with a captive bear, frightens Mime nearly to death, takes up the new sword, smashes it on the anvil, rails at his foster parent sulks with his dinner, and generally behaves like a froward, spoiled boy. He is getting beyond Mime, and begins to ask questions. "Mime, although I detest you, yet I always come back to you; why?" "Because your heart is with me." "Bah! I have seen the birds and beasts in pairs taking care of their young, where is your consort, that I may call her Mother?" "I am father and mother in one." Siegfried frankly calls Mime a liar, but pursues his catechism, and at last, by threats or violence, extracts from the Nibelung the whole story of his parentage and of the sword Needful. At once a new world opens before the youth. "Mend that steel, Mime, I'm off; this is not my home," and he runs into the forest to exult alone. The Nibelung is in despair, when the old reprobate, Wotan, enters disguised as a Wanderer. Mime is evidently to be looked after. "I have wisdom, Mime; ask three questions; I stake my head on answering them." Mime puts three questions, and the replies show that the visitor knows all about the ring and its history. Now the dwarf stakes his head, and the Wanderer interrogates. In answer, Mime reveals his acquaintance with the Volsungs and their sword; reveals also how near to his heart is the mending of the weapon. Then the departing Wanderer speaks to some purpose, "None, but who fear hath never felt maketh Needful new." Clearly, the fearful Mime is out of the game, and his despair deepens. When Siegfried returns he talks to him of fear. "What is that?" demands the unconscious hero. "Fafner the dragon will teach thee." "Then let us go, mend me my sword." Alas! Mime cannot do it. "I will," says Siegfried, and proceeds to the task in highest excitement and exaltation. "Bellows blow! brighten the glow! Needful, Needful! notable sword." As the work proceeds, Mime stands apart communing with himself. He has not given up the game. Nibelung cunning shall yet be too much for Volsung courage, and Mime will brew a drink that, after the combat, shall send the victor to sleep. Then, Needful, to Siegfried's heart, and the mighty ring for Siegfried's match. As the dwarf concocts the draught the hero finishes the sword, and the curtain falls as he holds it aloft: "Needful, Needful! notable sword! thy life again have I given. . . . Out then, and show the cowards thy sheen." In this first act Wagner's peculiar system is strikingly illustrated. Till Siegfried's exultation finds vent, there is nothing in the situation or the dialogue that calls for music, while both situation and dialogue are prolonged to the full extent of dramatic requirements without reference to the allied art. Yet every word is accompanied by the orchestra with as much elaboration as though the subject were one of lyric interest. Only the "motive" system would work here. A composer following ordinary methods would be at a loss, but to Wagner each sentence in the dialogue suggests directly or indirectly some idea for which he has a musical equivalent. Hence, at the farthest remove from the region of feeling, he is busy interweaving and connecting his representative themes. The result is ingenious, but, to most, incomprehensible, and, to very many, dull. We hear music which does not touch us, and music under these conditions is like salt which hath lost its savour. Wagner revels, of course, in Siegfried's exulting strains. Here he appeals to emotion by emotion's aid, and works, in the proper domain of art, with the intensity that in him never fails to answer provocation. No one can resist the *élan* of Siegfried's triumphant song. It is life and power, intensified, sublimated, carried to the highest point.

The second act shows the depths of the forest near Fafner's cave, and introduces our almost forgotten acquaintance, Alberich of the "*Rhinegold*." He is on the watch near the ring, and so is reprobate Wotan, whom we rejoice to hear the Nibelung salute with "Aroint, thou shameless rogue," following on with "villain" and other hard but just names. Wotan is still moving along "ways that are dark," and has come to tell Alberich of Mime's purpose to win the talisman through Siegfried's prowess. "Siegfried knows nothing; Mime knows all; look after him. Better still, warn the Dragon, perhaps he will give thee the Ring, if thou promise to protect him." Sleepy Fafner is stirred up and questioned, but takes no interest: "I lie in possession; let me slumber." Wotan thereupon goes away with the injunction, "Try Mime, he is easier beaten;" and Alberich conceals himself, calling Wotan a "light-spirited lust-gluttonous, godly enlightener." Day breaks; Mime and Siegfried enter, the first trying to inspire the second with fear. It is of no use. Siegfried laughs at his description of the Dragon, and orders the dwarf away. Seating himself under a tree, he muses about his father and mother. As he does so a singing bird draws his attention. "Would I could understand its language; it might tell me of my mother." He makes a pipe of a reed and tries to imitate the bird; fails, and resorts to his hunting horn. "So let me see whom now it will lure to make me a loving consort." The horn only awakes Fafner, who crawls out of his den. Siegfried receives him with laughter, as a "fair favoured friend," but the Dragon is not jocular. He sees a meal and opens his jaws. Out springs Needful from its sheath and drinks the monster's blood. Then Fafner, dying, generously warns his victor against Mime's contemplated treachery. Happens now a wonderful thing. In drawing Needful from Fafner's body, Siegfried stains his hands with the blood, and sucks it off. Immediately he understands bird-language, and learns from one feathered warbler the secret of the ring, the helm, and the treasure, of which cunning Mime had kept him ignorant. On this Siegfried enters the cavern, and Mime emerges from his hiding-place, followed by Alberich, the two brothers thereupon having a long squabble, which ends only when they again conceal themselves to avoid the returning hero. Siegfried bears with him the ring and tarn-helm; puts the one on his finger, ties the other to his girdle, not knowing exactly what to do with either, and listens once more to the Bird-Voice, which again says "Trust not, Mime." The smooth-tongued Nibelung approaches with honied speech and his sleeping draught; but the Volsung, thanks to the virtue of the dragon's blood, knows his real thoughts, and ends a long dialogue by striking him dead (crime the tenth—murder), while Alberich, looking on, concealed, laughs a triumphant laugh. One candidate for the Ring is no more. Weary now, Siegfried lies down, and questions the bird. He is lonely, and wants a friend. Will the bird help him? In return the Wood-Voice says, "I wot . . . a glorious wife. In guarded fastness she sleeps; fire doth emborder the spot; oversteppeth he the blaze, waked he the bride, Brynhild then would be his." This the hero

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understands but vaguely. A woman he knows not, has never seen; but he rises in ecstacy and follows the bird to the promised bride. As he disappears amid the forest the curtain falls. The dramatic current of this act—though checked and turned, so to speak, into back-waters by the terribly long dialogues thought needful to elucidate the story—runs often clear and strong, following always the movements of Siegfried. Around him gathers also no slight measure of poetic attraction, and the two combined go far to reconcile us to much that is extravagant and absurd enough for a modern pantomime. It must be said that Wagner handicaps his hero heavily when presenting him in association with tedious arguments and the squabblings of a set of rogues. But the hero bears the burden and wins. We watch this grand creature with ever-growing interest. Something of primeval greatness appeals to us through him, and enables us to realize an ideal of physical and emotional, if not of intellectual manhood. It is impossible to follow the details of the music, with all its elaborate interweaving of the many themes now accumulated. Enough that this act, like its predecessor, has moments when better things than ingenuity appeal to us. The whole of the forest music is attractive in its pictorial beauty and expressional force. Herr von Wolzogen tells us how it is composed; but we don't want to hear him. The themes speak with a higher significance than that arbitrarily foisted upon them by Wagner, and thus his art, as often in the work, is greater than his theory. Would that this potent master might free himself from his most mistaken apprehension of the mission dramatic music has to perform—a mission, however, which sometimes his own music discharges in spite of trammels.

In the third act we see Wotan consulting Erda, the earth goddess, as to the future that so oppresses him, and again the drama loses itself in a maze of words, from which it is ultimately gathered that, Wotan expects Brünnhilde to "work a deed for the world's release." As Erda disappears, Siegfried enters, following the bird, and Wotan bars his path with abundant talk, pouring out question after question concerning things we all know. Siegfried naturally waxes impatient: "Old inquirer, hark once for all, lead me no longer to chatter." But the god talks on, persuading the hero to turn from the danger of Brünnhilde's fire; and, when words avail not, stretching out the spear on which, he declares, Needful once brake to pieces. Needful does not break now. It falls on the god's weapon and splinters it. Already we see the advancing shadows of the night, soon to fall upon the corrupt and worthless tenants of Walhall, but Siegfried does not suspect the significance of his deed. The glow of Brünnhilde's blaze lights his eyes and warms his heart. So, yielding to the Wagnerian love for exclamations, he cries "Hoho! hoho! hahei! hahei!" and gaily wends him to the Walkyrie's rock, which now we ourselves behold, thanks to a change of scene. Brünnhilde lies as Wotan left her, save that the sun shines full on her face and flashes from her glittering shield and helmet. At sight of the apparition Siegfried, who has run through the guardian fire, stands amazed and puzzled. In growing wonder he removes the helmet and shield; yet the form is to him of a man. Next, with his sword he cuts the fastenings of the breast-plate. "This is no man! Burning enchantment charges my heart; fiery awe falls on my eyesight; my senses stagger and sway." Siegfried knows now what fear means, but strives to be calm, and nerve himself to meet the light of the strange creature's awaking eyes. He calls! no answer. He kisses her lips, and Brünnhilde sits up to hail the sun and returning life. Then begins a long scene of explanation and love. The Walkyrie knows her deliverer, and tells him how she had influenced his destiny. But the sight of her horse and arms recalls the past, so that when Siegfried advances to her she repulses him as one who brings shame to godhood. She entreats him to spare her, but the hero presses, and slowly the new womanhood asserts itself, till, passionate as he, she falls into his arms, and the curtain descends. This fine scene, though, like all the rest, unduly spun out, redeems the act, which, sooth to say, is elsewhere terribly uninteresting as well as tedious. Wagner makes no concession to human weakness. He will have his say, though the tale extend till crack of doom, and his system always allows him to go on working the orchestra through a sufficiently long string of oft-repeated motives. As is the act in its predominant dulness and welcome exception, so is *Siegfried* as a whole. Three scenes only impress the mind and move the feelings—in the first act, that of the sword; in the second, that of the bird; in the third, that of Brünnhilde's awakening; and with regard to each it is remarkable that the effect produced exactly corresponds to the measure in which the form and character of the music approximate to the orthodox type. Whenever there is vocal melody, continuity of theme, balance of phrase, and flowing, natural harmonies, the interest of the house awakens, the audience are placed *en rapport* with the stage, and a power is felt elsewhere unknown. For moments like these all must be grateful who endure others of unutterable weariness, not to say pain, and there are many such in *Siegfried*, unredeemed by dramatic interest, as well as by a sense of needfulness. We recognize the adage, "*De gustibus*," &c., of course, and possibly some may account as music the agonized and agonizing groanings and grumblings in "diminished" chords and harsh progressions of Wagner's low reeds and brass. We are not of the number. If such noises be music, then we go with Othello, who loved music "that may not be heard." As for portions of the drama, notably the scene of the Dragon, there should be no feeling but wonder at the serious revival in this our day of a Gothic absurdity fit only for children at Christmas time.

The performance had its merits and likewise its defects, the former lying chiefly in the representation of some of the leading characters. Herr Vogl, who played the hero, should especially be praised for a thoroughly artistic effort. In point of physique he did not present an ideal Siegfried, but his acting and declamation showed a most admirable conception of the character. A little more rude vigour in the sword scene would have improved its effect, but this was almost the only blot upon a performance that deserves to be remembered, and was heartily appreciated. In the difficult and repulsive part of Mime, Herr Max Schlosser did extremely well, bringing out all the low cunning of the Nibelung, and filling in the outline of the part with many happy touches, all conceived in the true spirit of Wagnerian realism. That Herr Schlosser's performance was not attractive redounded to his credit. It was splendidly unpleasant. Herr Scaria once more appeared as Wotan, with the result to be expected when a man has sustained such a character for three nights. The marvel is that Herr Scaria did not feel crushed into absolute impotence by consciousness of association with so much of the contemptible and wicked. Brünnhilde was again efficiently represented by Frau Vogl, Alberich by Herr Schelper, and Erda by Fraulein Reigler. As usual, the orchestra left much to wish for. It was often ragged and out of tune, while its want of balance materially damaged some of Wagner's choicest effects. Nevertheless, much applause followed each act, the principal artists being again and again called before the curtain.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The second "cycle" of the *Nibelung* representations came to a termination on Tuesday week with *Götterdämmerung*, and the third began on the Friday night following with *Rheingold*. There have been changes in the distribution of some of the leading parts, but nothing else to call for special notice in regard to the ordinary tenor of the performances, about the peculiar claims of which to public consideration we must reserve what general observations we have to make until the experiment has been thoroughly wrought out. Meanwhile, the fact that the audiences at the second and third "cycle" have been considerably less numerous, and considerably less enthusiastic, than those attracted by the first is anything but encouraging to the bold speculators, and goes almost to convince impartial thinkers that a little of Wagner, from time to time, may be good, but that a great deal of him, within a short space of time, is apt to pall.

IT is said that M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* will be given in the winter at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

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LISZT'S SYMPHONY.—DANTE'S *DIVINA COMMEDIA*.

It appears there are places other than heaven and earth trodden by Liszt's musical fancy. In the Dante Symphony it plunges into the infernal regions, and, listening to the howlings, ragings, cryings, and wailings, brings us an echo of the utterances of the damned. The theme was a favourite one with mediæval writers, especially so with Irish ecclesiastics, from the time of St Fursey in the seventh to Tundale in the twelfth century. The latter, whilst gazing in vision on the burning plains and listening to screams of suffering, was led to cry out in agony of soul: "Alas, Lord! what truth is there in what I have so often heard—the earth is filled with the mercy of God?" Had the old monk had the power of reproduction in music practised in the latter day by Abbè Liszt, the tempest of horrors might have proved destructive to reason; but, alas! the age of visions, like that of miracles, is past. The feeblest intellect, therefore, will get no disturbance, the frailest nerves no shock, nor the most morbid imagination any impetus to lunacy by the big-drum bogies of Liszt's orchestra. Even those whose blood used to curdle at the monsters of the pantomime, now, after becoming acquainted with the *Rhinegold* frights, can listen to the first movement of the symphony without fear of its madding power. It will never distress those accustomed to stage thunder. Peter Lombard, a mediæval writer, in a work called "Sentences," says—"the sight of the punishment of the condemned will not impair the glory of the blest, for although their own joys might be sufficient to the just, yet to their greater glory they will see the pains escaped." Now if no beatification is gained by sounds of woe in Liszt's vision, there is at the same time the comfort of safety from the flaming fires kindled by his genius. Were we not aware of the earnestness of the Abbé, and did we not know that the dogmas of his church teach him the solemnity of the subject, we should feel inclined to think that the composer was using his art in jest. No; we have no misgivings as to earnestness of purpose. He has, doubtless, laboured to be awe-inspiring, but unfortunately he has reached only the grotesque. In part the second—Purgatory—the composer leaves Gothic ground for regions somewhat classical. There is far more obedience to the rules of musical form, securing for it consequently the admiration that elaborate construction invariably enjoys. One of the subjects, with counter-subject, receives fugal treatment that affords pleasant contrast to the crude, disjointed fragments constituting the earlier portions of the work. The theme, given out by the strings, and afterwards taken up by the several divisions of the orchestra, fixes itself in the memory by the force of regulated science. Its meaning, however, may not be so apparent. Perhaps the subject laboured at by "strings" and "wind" may represent the stone that Sisyphus was condemned to roll in vain. But the theme lends itself to countless interpretations. It may signify anything or nothing. Who knows? it may after all be absolute music. The glories of "Paradise" find expression in the *Magnificat*, sung by soprano voices to the first Gregorian tone. The well-defined phrases of the primitive melody, set in an orchestral environement of considerable magnitude and elaboration, undoubtedly produce an effect that may be truly called "religioso." But it may be asked, has a Gregorian chant that supreme exaltation of character capable of embodying the ecstasy of heaven? Is there not in its accents something of a penitential nature? Has it not associations conveying a sense of sin and appeals for pardon? Burthened it may be with religious feeling without being the triumphant outburst of celestial joy. If so, the composer, despite an admirable effect, has not reached the height of his great argument. The second performance of the Symphony was given on Saturday afternoon, May 20th, at St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

Excepting two songs, admirably rendered by Frau Rosa Sucher, the fourth concert of the above series, held at St James's Hall on Monday evening, May 22nd, was devoted to the works of Beethoven and Wagner. The conductor evidently holds that the two have certain qualities in common to justify the alliance. Wagner, undoubtedly, has vigour of utterance, and general mastery over the orchestra that remind one of accents of the elder composer; nay, not only that remind, but that force a like attention, and extort something of the same kind of homage paid to the oracles of Beethoven. Here, however, relationship ceases. The spirit of reverence characterizing the elder musician is not found in the later writer. Indeed, reverence for past art, and, what is far more important, reverence for the immutable principles of morality, make the author of *Fidelio* take a rank far differing from that aspired to by the composer of *Tannhäuser*. More is the pity! For Wagner has genius capable, if rightly used, of lifting himself and his art even to the serenest heights. It seems, however, that he is content, after taking possession of his auditor, to lead him hither and thither in unseemly ways. At times there is no resisting his command over the emotions, and no one can hear the *Tannhäuser* overture, especially when performed as it was last Monday night, without being in some measure subdued by its fascinations. Few things in art afford more striking contrast than the themes found therein; and rarely is any subject invested with greater dynamic power than that which, plant-like, first winds its tendrils round the stately pilgrim's chant, then chokes its path with expanding foliage, and finally covers its subdued form with odour-laden blossoms. The charm and wonderous life of the subject, its versatilty of attack, and subsequent victory carry away the sympathies, and leave, at the end of the overture, the listener in a high state of excitement and pleasure. The pleasure, however, is banished if he turns to his book of words, for there he will learn, by language that offends by its baldness, that the sounds, pure in themselves as rainbow tints, are after all but hysterical screamings of passion, and will find to his dismay that what he took for honest, if fervid utterances, are but slaves to the lowest and basest part of our strangely mingled nature. With this conviction, is it any wonder then that he will cry shame to him, whoever he be, that drags down a thing of heavenly kind, to grovel in the mire of sensuality? The *Siegfried Idyll* imparting feelings of a very different nature, increased, by its very purity of theme, the pang of regret, that a man of such genius should have so often mistaken his way. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, No. 5 (Op. 73), for pianoforte and orchestra was performed, Mr Oscar Berringer taking the solo part. The concert concluded with a very fine performance of the mighty master's Symphony in B flat. In all the remarkable grasp and untiring energy of the conductor, Herr Hans Richter, was conspicuous.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

The order of performances at the Richter German Opera is divided into two series, thus administered:—

FIRST SERIES.—May 18, *Lohengrin*; 23, *Tannhäuser*; 25, *Lohengrin*; 30, *Die Meistersinger*; June 1, *Tannhäuser*; 6, *Euryanthe*; 8, *Der Fliegende Holländer*; 13, *Die Meistersinger*; 15, *Euryanthe*; 20, *Tristan und Isolde*; 22, *Tristan und Isolde*; 27, *Fidelio*.

SECOND SERIES.—May 20, *Der Fliegende Holländer*; 24, *Fidelio*; 27, *Lohengrin*; 31, *Fidelio*; June 3, *Die Meistersinger*; 7, *Tannhäuser*; 10, *Euryanthe*; 14, *Tannhäuser*; 17, *Lohengrin*; 21, *Der Fliegende Holländer*; 24, *Tristan und Isolde*; 28, *Die Meistersinger*.

So that they, as it were, intertwine. The idea is original and happy. Subscribers can choose between the two series, or grasp both with either hand, and without, moreover, quitting the city. Bravo! Mr Franke.

WAGNER AND "PARSIFAL."—An audience exclusively composed of known partizans of Wagner and his theories had been invited to attend the final grand rehearsal of *Parsifal* at the forthcoming celebration in Bayreuth. His Majesty of Bavaria, however, having intimated his desire to be present, the arrangements were necessarily altered, and that august monarch, in accordance with a favourite custom of recent years, will be the sole spectator. Those amateurs who intend going to Bayreuth with the object of hearing *Parsifal* may be glad to know that a pianoforte arrangement of the score, accompanied by the verbal text, has been published by the enterprising firm of Schott, at Mayence. An English translation, moreover, "in exact accordance with the original," from the united pens of H. L. and F. Corder, has been printed; and this will be of considerable use to a large number of foreign critics, who, as in the instance of *Ring des Nibelungen*, six years ago, being wholly unversed in the new Eleusinian Mysteries, found themselves more or less puzzled. Visitors to Bayreuth should go fully equipped for the occasion; and it is to be hoped that Herr Hans von Wolzogen will prepare a "Guide" for *Parsifal*, as he did for the *Ring*; so that the "*leitmotives*" may at once be detected and committed to memory. An English translation by Herr Ernst von Wolzogen, as clear and intelligible as that of the "Nibelung Guide," now in every one's hands, Wagnerian or non-Wagnerian, would also be an invaluable help. Wagner's recent works are not to be grasped without adequate preliminary study, and no such aids should be disregarded. It is stated in some German papers, that immediately after the representations of *Parsifal* the poet-composer will leave Bayreuth for Venice. Nothing since has been circulated about the visit to Athens, or the projected Greek opera. Let us hope, nevertheless, that the idea has not altogether been abandoned. "C. A. B." will, peraunter, instruct us on this matter.—D. T.

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A Jewish Synagogue Melody.

Eyrie—Himalaya.

Dr Wind.—Eagles, I have stayed out my welcome.

Dr Eagles.—How, Wind?

Dr Wind—You have two heads—one *pro*, t'other *con*. With the *pro* all right; with the *con* all wrong.

Dr Eagles.—Fudge!

Dr Wind.—I am aware that Dr Brandies is expected at the Eyrie, and I know that he also has two heads—one *pro*, t'other *con*. I detest the *con*, but tolerate the *pro*———

Dr Eagles.—Brandies is only coming to tea.

Dr Wind.—Besides, Mrs Eagles and the young Eaglets wish me a long way off. So, though I have given them bushels of plover's eggs, they want change. I can't, and wouldn't if I could, give phenicopters upon whom depend transmission and remission.

Dr Eagles.—Pheniocpters have not been in sight of the Eyrie for seven months———

Dr Wind.—Because they are afraid of Mrs Eagles, who wants to nourish her progeny on their bones and feathers; and you are aware that they are fleshless, &c., being merely the heads and beaks of defunct phœnixes. Moreover, I am waiting for news about an Ebrew melody, which———

(*Phenicopter appears with envelope in beak.*)

Dr Eagles.—Here's phenicopter!

Young Eaglets (*to Mrs Eagles*).—Oh! mama—let us have phenicopter for supper! Ask papa catch him.

Dr Eagles.—What say you, Wind?

Dr Wind (*promptly*).—By no means. My phenicopters signify transmission and remission, and I can't dispense with either. (*Takes envelope from beak of phenicopter, and blows it open.*) By Jove! Here's an Ebrew tune, fresh from Synagogne.

Dr Eagles.—Hum it.

Dr Wind (*singing tempestuously*):—

Dr Eagles.—Your voice is as the voice of one howling in the wilderness, without locusts or wild honey. Sing again.

Dr Wind.—Here is a postscriptum from Charles Kensington Salaman, who says that Rossini stole this from the Synagogue, and used it twice—once for the Willow Song in *Otello*, and once for the Prayer at the end of *Moses in Egypt*.

Dr Eagles (*Comic head*).—Then I must say that in both instances Rossini has much improved it.

Dr Eagles (*Grave head*).—I must say that in both instances Rossini has utterly spoiled it.

Dr Wind.—No matter, I must go to Salaman for information.

Young Eaglets.—Mama! Papa! Phenicopter pie, please — or else Dr Wind.

Dr. Eagles.—Wind, you must leave your phenicopter, or they will take you too and make pie of both. They are hungry.

Dr Wind.—Fiddlestick. Here (*blows eyrie, Dr Eagles, Mrs Eagles and eaglets into the valley a thousand feet below, and, catching the skirt of Boreas on his way to London, forms part of the whirlwind, from which, freeing himself with considerable dexterity, he alights at the house of Charles Kensington Salaman, who, putting aside Wagner's "Judaism in Music," which he had been sedulously perusing, welcomes his deliverer with open arms*).

C. K. S.—Glad to see you, old friend! How's Mrs Wind?

(Schluss folgt.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students was held on Saturday, May 20th, when the following programme of music was gone through and listened to with great attention:—

Fantasia and fugue in C minor, Vol. III., organ (J. S. Bach), Miss Green, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Aria, "Pietà, Signore" (Stradella)—(accompanist, Mr R. H. Cummings)—Miss Henry, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Recitation, "The flight of the Giaour" (Lord Byron), Miss Eleanor Rees, pupil of Mr Walter Lacy; Rondo in C, Op. 51, No. 1, pianoforte (Beethoven), Miss Mabel Lyons, pupil of Mr Walter Fitton; Recitativo ed Aria, *a*. "Giunse alfin" and *b*. "Deh vieni," *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart)—(accompanist, Miss Green), Miss Mear, pupil of Mr Holland; Bridal Song, (MS)—(unaccompanied)—(Herbert Smith, student), Misses Beare, Rose, Goodwin, and Christine Cross, pupils of Professor Macfarren; Sonata in F, No. 1, pianoforte and violin (Walter Macfarren), Miss Margaret Gyde (Thalberg Scholar) and Mr Frank Arnold, pupils of Mr Walter Macfarren and Mr Sainton; Duetto, "Si la stanchezza," *Il Trovatore* (Giuseppe Verdi)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe), Miss Sneddon and Mr D. Morgan, pupils of Mr Fiori; Sonata, pianoforte (Ferdinand Hiller), Miss Edith Salmon, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Song (MS.), "They bid me sleep" (George Hooper, student)—(accompanist, Mr Hooper)—Miss Margaret Cockburn, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr Garcia; Sonata in D, violin (Handel—accompaniment by Fred. David)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe)—Mr H. C. Tonking, pupil of Mr Sainton; Song (MS.), "A Lament for Summer" (John Cullen, student)—(accompanist, Mr. John Cullen)—Miss Lynn, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr F. R. Cox; Allemande, Gavotte, Bourrée, Menuet, and Gigue, from the Sixth French Suite, pianoforte (J. S. Bach), Miss Millard, pupil of Mr Eaton Faning; Cradle Song (W. Vincent Wallace)—(accompanist, Miss Munster)—Miss Brittain, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Humoreske, in Walzer form, pianoforte (Joachim Raff), Miss Marion Tirbutt* and Miss Lilla Reynolds,* pupils of Mr Charlton T. Speer.

The next concert of chamber music is announced to take place in the Academy on Saturday evening, June 10.

Bayreuth.—The statement which has appeared concerning the grand rehearsal of *Parsifal* is thus corrected by Wagner himself:—"People are mistaken. The King of Bavaria does not wish to attend any rehearsal at which I reserve the right of making alterations; this is the reason why—if only from a feeling of proper consideration for the artists—I have resolved to admit no one to the so-called general rehearsal (which has degenerated into an abuse)."

Constantinople.—Dubez, harpist, from Vienna, gave a concert in the Theatre of the Municipal Garden, Pera, which was numerously attended. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Baron Calice, and his wife, the Baroness, were among the audience. Dubez performed on the harp, the guitar, the concertina, and the cithern. He played, also, at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy for a charity, and before the Sultan at the Palace, who listened for two hours, and was so pleased that he immediately conferred on the artist the Medije Order, Fourth Class.

* With whom this subject is a second study.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It may be doubted whether the frequenters of operahouses greatly care now to witness *Il Trovatore*, but there is no question at all that, when Mdme Adelina Patti appears in Verdi's work—so dear to street organs—the proverbial contempt which too much familiarity breeds is overborne by a sentiment of personal admiration. The aspect of Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday night proved this; a large and fashionable audience listening to the well-known strains with a placidity bespeaking something more than patience. By the way, the character of that audience was contradictory. We have referred to it as placid, and, as a matter of fact, its enjoyment may have been deep, but was certainly not loud. Yet at times during the evening floral tributes rained upon the stage in numbers sufficient to indicate the wildest enthusiasm. The effect was curious—something like that of a man whose face suggests a roar of laughter, while he utters no sound. How Mdme Patti acquitted herself of a familiar task need scarcely be said. Her impersonations vary as little as do her vocal powers, and not more than the success she obtains. The old story has to be told over again about Leonora of Tuesday night—finished singing, refined, if not profoundly sympathetic, acting, and a pervading atmosphere of prima-donna worship. The Azucena was Mdlle Stahl, who had in that character something better suited to her powers than the light comedy part of Federico (*Mignon*). She played the gipsy in the broad and effective style which distinguished her performance as Amneris; gaining the full approval of discerning amateurs. Unfortunately her singing in "Stride la vampa" was a little out of tune, and the fact had a depressing influence, not removed by subsequent good work. Mdlle Stahl is, however, so capable an artist that her ultimate position amongst us cannot fail to gratify her desire. Concerning the Manrico of Signor Nicolini we need say no more than that it was the Manrico of previous seasons, while his singing exhibited the special qualities that have often provoked comment. As time goes on Signor Nicolini can less and less be heard with indifference. Few artists make their audience more conscious of the fact that a vocalist appeals to the feelings. Mr Devries was a fairly good representative of the wicked Count, and he gained an encore for "Il Balen," despite a suspicion of throatiness and a pronounced vibrato. The band and chorus were as perfect in their work as it was natural to expect, and Signor Bevignani conducted skilfully.

—o—

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The Ring Theatre trial has ended in severe sentences against Inspector Geringer and Superintendent Nitsche, the former being condemned to four, the latter to eight months' hard labour, with one day's fasting per week. Jauner is to be imprisoned, without hard labour, for four months. The three prisoners will, moreover, have to pay six thousand and eighty-seven florins to the sufferers and their relatives. There are, in addition, other compensation claims which, before settlement, will be investigated by the Court.

In consequence of the unsatisfactory financial results of previous experiments there will be no Italian opera this year at Vienna.

ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*First Violins*—J. T. Carrodus (Leader), Collins, Kettenus, Watson, Streather, Vogell Harndorff, Crosa, Roberts, Scuderi, H. Reed, Van Praag, Greebe' Breeden.

Second Violins—Betjemann (Leader of the Ballet), W. Reed, Tourneur, Earnshaw, Hargrave, Campione, Touche, Gibson, Klein, Newton, Hayes, Snewing.

Violas—Doyle (Principal), Waud, Webb, Stehling, Lawrence, Cubitt, Eberwein, Benfenati, Bowie, Channell.

Violoncellos—Howell (Principal), Boatwright, Trust, Serjeant, Snyders, Brie, Saunders, Rudersdorff, Alard.

Double Basses—J. Reynolds (Principal), C. Harper, Jakeway, Kleigl, E. Ould, Haydn Waud, Wade, E. Carrodus, Perkins.

Harps—Lockwood (Principal), Putnam. *Flutes*—Radcliff (Principal), Barrett, Jensen. *Hautbois*—Castegnier (Principal), C. Reynolds. *Clarionets*—Clinton (Principal), Maycock. *Bassoons*—Hutchins (Principal), Anderson. *Horns*—Stennebrugen (Principal), Preatoni, Standen (Second Principal), Beltrami. *Trumpets*—Scott (Principal), Ellis, Backwell, Webb. *Trombones*—Hadfield (Principal), Antoine, Blamphin. *Ophecleide*—Hughes. *Timpani*—Baker. *Bass Drum*—Henderson. *Triangle*—Middleditch. *Organist*—Pittman. *Librarian*—Geverding.

Conductors—Sig. Bevignani and M. Dupont.

To Guy of the Glaciers.

SIR,—You have formulated, or at least expressed, no opinion as to Eduard Hanslick's article on Wagner's *Judaism in Music*. Surely the last inimitable sentence about Nebuchodonezzar was worth a "Hoch." Please formulate an opinion, express and waft it across seas, to oblige your inconstant

Fiammatta.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The first of two morning Ballad Concerts announced by Mr John Boosey took place at St James's Hall on Saturday, May 13, before a large audience. Several of the favourite singers of the London Ballad Concerts took part in the one under notice, including Mdmes Lemmens-Sherrington, Isabel Fassett, Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Santley; Messrs Santley, Joseph Maas, and Maybrick, as well as the South London Choral Society, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. The usual enthusiasm was expressed by the audience after several of the most popular ballads had been sung, notably for "Quando a te lieta" (Mdme Sterling), from Gounod's *Faust*, and the same composer's "Nazareth" (Mr Santley), as well as for Mr F. H. Cowen's "Never again" (Mdme Sterling) and "Father O'Flynn" (Mr Santley), all of which had to be repeated. Miss Santley's expressive singing of "Wapping Old Stairs" and "O, that we two were Maying" (Gounod), met with warm approval, and Mdme Sherrington pleased immensely in "Quand tu chantes." Mr Maybrick was at his best in Stephen Adams' "Midshipmite," and Mr Joseph Maas was "called" twice after Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." A feature in the programme was Beethoven's Romanza in F for the violin, which Mdme Néruda played in perfection. The second and last morning concert is announced for Wednesday next, May 27, when the compositions of Mr Arthur Sullivan will occupy the first part of the programme, interpreted by Misses Mary Davies, Clara Samuel, Eleanor Farnol, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Barrington Foote, and Charles Santley. Mdme Norman Néruda will again appear, and Mdme Sophie Menter will make her first appearance at these concerts, where no doubt her exceptional talent will find ardent admirers. Mr Sidney Naylor, who undertook the arduous duties of accompanist at the first concert, will occupy his accustomed post.

TURIN.—Baron Jocteau's new opera, *Masina Spinola*, just produced at the Teatro Vittorio Emmanuele, was in most instances so badly performed, that hisses and laughter completely drowned all friendly applause.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—As usual, the annual concert given by Herr Breuning was, this year also, highly successful. The programme included works by Mozart, Haydn, A. Rubinstein, and F. Liszt. To these names must be added that of Herr Tivadar Nachèz, from London, who contributed five original pieces for the violin, all of which, together with Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, he played in a way that afforded unalloyed satisfaction, and was rewarded by loud and frequent applause. In fact, as the *Aachener Zeitung* says: "The real hero of the evening was the violin virtuoso, Tivadar Nachèz."

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER (*from a Correspondent*).—*Peccavi* I sing! In my last letter to the *Musical World* I wrote that there would be no more concerts this season by the Société Philharmonique; but, to my surprise, and to the pleasure of a numerous audience, at the Etablissement, on Monday night (May 22), a third concert *was* given. The pieces selected were mostly instrumental, but varied by Mdlle Scharwenka, who interpreted with facility and taste the "*Canzonetta du 17me qualuor* (Haydn). Some "Variations," by Proch, and a song in place of the "Valse de l'ombre," from the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, announced in the programme. The Membres de la Société sang with effect "L'Introduction et Barcarolle d'Obéron," arranged by Gounod, and "Les marins aux Tropiques" (J. d'Aoust), at the end of each part of the programme. M. Breitner delighted his audience by his execution of a Fantasia, by Schubert (orchestrée par Liszt), a *Gavotte*, by Raff, a "Romance," by Rubinstein, an "Etude," by Chopin, and "Marche Turque," by Beethoven. M. Vivien, son of the well-known violinist, a thoroughly good violinist himself, also charmed us by his performance of Vieuxtemps' Concerto, in E major, and a grand "Fantaisie militaire," by Léonard, each time accompanied by the orchestra.—X. T. R.

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Chamber Music Concerts,
GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FOURTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 31,
At Half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme.

Quartet, in D, Op. 23 ... ... (Repeated by desire.)	*A. Dvorák.*
Nocturne, in E, and Barcarolle, in F sharp—Pianoforte ...	*Chopin.*
Sonata, Piano and Violin, in A minor, Op. 23	*Beethoven.*
Quartet, in G minor	*Mozart.*

Executants—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus, Franz Néruda, and Charles Hallé.

Tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s., at Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and Grosvenor Gallery Ticket Office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. (Glasgow).—We like your gompany moch. Gif us more of it. Write and take sequences.

ERRATUM.—In the foot-note appended to the letter on the *Ring of the Nibelungs* addressed to the *Musical Standard* by Mr Ferdinand Praeger, and copied into the last impression of the *Musical World*, for "Plunderer" read "Plauderei."

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

ADELINA PATTI.

Quante del mondo genti visitasti,
Tante col divo tuo cantar beasti!
Popoli a mille fra di lor ti braman
E regina dell' arte ti proclaman!
Oltre l'Atlante apparsa, quivi inserto
Hai nuova gemma di tua gloria al serto!
Noi che da lungo tempo tu felici
Fai, ritornando a questi lidi amici,
In te scorgiam cotante doti e rare
Che davver non sappiam qual più pregiare!

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.

RICHARD WAGNER has replied to the statement published by the German papers in somewhat petulant terms. "People"—he says, among other things—"are wholly mistaken. The King of Bavaria expresses no desire to attend any rehearsal at which I claim the privilege of making alterations; and for this reason, if only out of consideration for the artists, I am determined to admit no one, under any pretext, to the so-called 'general rehearsal'—which has long since degenerated into a general abuse." The protest is of excellent flavour; but, as regards monarchical claims, a mere flare of self-asserting independence. From the time of Mozart, when Emperors, Kings, &c., were more or less despotic, till the actual period, when, happily, despotism is an exception, the "general rehearsal" has frequently been attended by the Court, not seldom in preference to the first public representation. Fancy Mozart keeping out the Emperor Leopold II. from any rehearsal of his *Serayljo* or *Figaro!* Still less likely is it that Wagner, at the final probationary trial of his *Parsifal*, would deny admission to the King of Bavaria, who is said to be responsible for whatever may be the deficit—a deficit—seeing that by no means the same amount of curiosity which, in 1876, brought people from every country to witness the *Ring des Nibelungen* is evinced—may possibly be considerable. The *Ring* itself did not "pay," as is tolerably well known, although it is notorious that the King of Bavaria, who was largely responsible, gave explicit orders that any one desirous of witnessing the "general rehearsal" might do so for the consideration of twenty marks, and that a large number of visitors to Bayreuth availed themselves of the privilege. Nevertheless, even with this "leg up," the "Stage-Play Festival" was, in language equally symbolical, "tail down"—that is to say, a disastrous pecuniary failure. Only the hotel-keepers, lodging-house keepers, car-proprietors, music-publishers, and tradespeople in ordinary—not one out of fifty of whom purchased a ticket to witness the agonizing throes of the somniferous Wotan—made any profit out of the undertaking, they themselves being simply undertakers in another sense. Be assured that His Franconian Majesty, upon whom Wagner has exercised as potent an influence as Lola Montez (also an acute politician) on his Royal predecessor, *will* be present at the final rehearsal ("general," be it, if that suits better) of *Parsifal:* and that he will be there as *sole spectator from the front.* I envy him the privilege—for whatever may be said, or thought, about the music, the poem is a great poem, and the poet—as Shelley says of Coleridge (a far inferior poet to Wagner)—

———— "*a mighty poet,*
With subtle-soul'd psychology."

I should like to embrace Wagner the poet, and cuff Wagner the musician. Why, because he is a poet in the skies, should he be so anxious to thrust music into a bog? Why can he not be thankful for the gift that comes to him from above? Why should he wish to destroy—utterly destroy—an art with which he has as little real sympathy as he has vast sympathy with another, in which he surpasses most men of our time?

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.*

Astonishment has often been expressed that the children and grandchildren of Moses Mendelssohn should have been induced to renounce the ancient religion of their race, which their illustrious father and grandfather upheld and defended with such consistent zeal, constancy, and erudition. I apprehend that astonishment will cease when the following facts are made more generally known, and considered in all their bearings by the world at large. By an edict of Frederick the Great, dated 1752, that despotic monarch limited the number of Jews whom he would permit to reside in Berlin, and ordered that the exclusive privilege should be purchased. A Prussian Jew was obliged to pay for permission to marry; he had also to pay a tax upon every child; and if the number of Jews in the Prussian capital exceeded the limit fixed by the King's edict, the surplus was forced to quit the country. Prussian-born Jews were not allowed to enter the army, nor to become agriculturists, nor manufacturers, nor to pursue liberal professions. They were only privileged to study medicine and mathematics. A Jew who was not born at Berlin could not obtain permission to reside there, unless he were in the service of one of his privileged co-religionists. Moses Mendelssohn, a native of Dessau, was *tolerated* at the capital, in *the capacity of shopman* to Bernhard, his co-religionist. He was indebted to a Frenchman for the privilege of residing freely at Berlin. The Marquis D'Argens addressed a petition to Frederick in favour of Mendelssohn, to whom the King was partial. The memorial was in the

* *Jews as they are.* (Appendix) by Charles Kensington Salaman.

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following terms :—"A bad Catholic philosopher entreats a bad Protestant philosopher to grant the privilege to a bad Jewish philosopher."† The King, perhaps amused at the oddness of the appeal, granted to Mendelssohn the permission asked for; but which, it was understood, was not to be extended to his descendants; and for this grant a thousand thalers were demanded. This tax was, however, remitted.

The foregoing statement would appear to be almost incredible but for the exhibition of narrow-minded illiberality and antagonism to Jewish interests of which the modern German *Anti-Semites* have lately given the world a too infamous experience. It would account for the descendants of Moses Mendelssohn having abandoned Judaism and professed Christianity; and not only the members of that gifted family, but such eminent artists as Heine, Woelfl, Ferdinand Ries, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Ferdinand Hiller, Joachim, Rubinstein, and numberless other distinguished German, Polish, Hungarian, and Russian Jewish musicians, poets, painters, *literati*, and scientists, who, finding that the religion of their fathers would interfere with the free exercise of their professional career, renounced its practice, and adopted the dominant religion of their native country which at once removed every obstruction, and restriction, and religious prejudice from which they might otherwise have suffered. The eminent genius and illustrious philosopher of Germany, merely tolerated as the "shopman" of a Berlin merchant, was

"Moses Mendelssohn,
The greatest sage since Socrates, his own nation's glory, any nation's ornament, the confidant of Lessing and of Truth.
He died, as he lived, serene and wise."‡

or, according to Professor Rammler's monumental inscription:—

"Moses Mendelssohn,
Born at Dessau, of Jewish parents, a sage like Socrates, faithful to his ancient creed, teaching immortality, himself immortal."§

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.‖

(Continued from page 305.)

The Jew, who, by his external appearance, by his speech, and most of all by his singing, is incapable of manifesting himself artistically, has, nevertheless, been at length able to exercise supreme sway over public taste in the most widely spread of any kind of modern art, namely, music. Let us, in order to explain this phenomenon, first consider how the Jew managed to become a musician.

From the turn in our social development, when money began, with more and more openly avowed recognition, to be raised to the real source of nobility and power, it was impossible to deny the Jews, to whom the system of making money without work properly so-called, that is to say, usury, was the only trade permitted, the patent of nobility in modern and needy society; but they achieved this themselves. Our modern education, attainable only by persons in easy circumstances, was the less closed against them, as it had sunk down to be a purchasable article of luxury. From this period, consequently, we beheld in our society the *educated Jew*, the difference between whom and the uneducated, common Jew, we have to consider attentively. The educated Jew has made the most energetic efforts to divest himself of all the striking marks characterizing his more humble co-religionists; in many cases he has even deemed it expedient to endeavour to efface by means of Christian baptism all traces of his origin. But this zeal has never enabled him to win the desired fruits of his exertions; it has resulted simply in completely isolating and rendering him the most heartless of men, to such an extent, indeed, that we cannot help losing even our former sympathy for the tragic fate of his race. In place of the bonds which he arrogantly snapt in twain, uniting him with his previous brothers in misfortune, it was impossible for him to find a new one connecting him with the society to which he had raised himself. He is connected only with those persons who require his money; but never has money been able to form between men a bond that was blessed in its results. A stranger, taking no interest in anything, the educated Jew stands in the midst of a society which he does not understand; with the partialities and efforts of which he does not sympathize; and the history and development of which have been matters of indifference to him. In such a position, we have seen thinkers rise up among the Jews; the thinker is a poet who looks backwards; the true poet, however, is the pre-announcing prophet. For the office of such a prophet a man is rendered capable only by the profoundest sympathy, full of soul, with a great community of similar aspirations, the unconscious utterance of which the poet interprets according to its purport. Completely excluded, in consequence of his position, from this community, and completely and violently severed from connection with his own race, the more gentlemanly Jew found that the education he had acquired, and paid for, could serve only as an article of luxury, as he really did not know what to do with it. One portion of his education consisted, however, of our modern arts, and among them of that art which may be learnt more easily than any other, namely, *music*, and, moreover, *that* music which, separated from the sister arts, had, by the impulse and the power of the greatest geniuses, been raised to the height of the most general power of expression, a height at which it could either, in new connection with the other arts, express the most elevated things, or, if still kept separated from them, the most indifferent and most trivial. *What* the educated Jew, in his position as described, had to express, when he wished to manifest himself artistically, could naturally be only something indifferent and trivial, since his entire feeling for art was simply a matter of luxury, and not a necessity. According as he was prompted by his humour, or by some interest lying beyond the pale of art, he could express himself in one manner or the other; but he never felt the impulse to say anything decided, necessary, and real; he merely wished to speak, no matter what he might say, and consequently the *How* was the only important consideration with him. Now, no art affords a person such ample opportunities for speaking in it without really saying anything as music, because in music the greatest geniuses have already said whatever was to be said in it as an absolutely separate art. When this had once been uttered, those who came afterwards could only gabble it imitatively—gabble it with painful exactness and wonderful similarity, just as parrots jabber human words and conversation, but also without expression or human feeling, again just like these stupid birds. There is, however, an especial peculiarity observable in this ape-like and imitative language of our Jewish manufacturers of music, namely, the peculiarity of the Jewish manner of speaking generally, as already minutely described by us.

The peculiarities of this Jewish mode of talking and of singing, in its most glaring singularity, characterize more especially the common Jew, the educated Jew having made the most unheard-of efforts to divest himself of them, but they stick to him, with impertinent stubbornness, despite all he can do. Though this misfortune may be explicable on purely physiological grounds, we find also a cause for it in the social position, on which we have touched, occupied by the educated Jew. All our luxurious art may, it is true, float almost entirely in the air of our arbitrary fancy, but a fibre connecting it with the natural, firm ground, the spirit of the people, holds it fast from below. The true poet, no matter in what department of art he produces his poetic work, always derives his inspiration only from the truthful and affectionate contemplation of spontaneous life, such as meets his gaze among the people alone. Where, now, does the educated Jew find such a people? If he has any connection at all with this kind of society, it is exclusively with some excrescence, entirely severed from the real and healthy stock; his connection with it is, however, completely devoid of affection, and the absence of that feeling must always be more apparent to him when, in order to obtain sustenance for his process of artistic creation, he descends to the bottom of this society; not only will everything there be stranger and more unintelligible to him, but the involuntary antipathy of the people towards him appears in its most insulting nakedness, because it is not, as among the richer classes, weakened or broken by any calculation of profit or consideration of certain common interests. Repelled, in the most offensive manner, from contact with this people, or, at any rate, perfectly incompetent to seize the spirit animating them, the educated Jew finds himself driven to the roots of his own stock, where, at least, he can undoubtedly understand things much better. Whether he wishes it or no, it is from this source that he is obliged to draw; but it is only a *How*, and not a *What*, that he has to gain from it. The Jew has never possessed an art of his own, and, therefore, his life has never been a life capable of an artistic purport; even now, a universally valid human purport is not to be obtained from it by the seeker, but only a peculiar mode of expression, and, moreover, the very mode of expression which we have already described. Now, for the Jewish composer the only musical utterance of his people is the musical worship of his Jehovah; the synagogue is the sole source from which he can derive national motives, *intelligible to him*, for his art. The more noble and sublime we may feel disposed to imagine this musical service was in its primitive purity, the more decidedly must we perceive that this purity was most offensively obscured,

† *Curiosities of Judaism.* Phillip Abraham.
‡ Inscription on a bust in Professor Herz's studio at Berlin.
§ Inscription on a monument erected to Mendelssohn by Professor Rammler, at Berlin. From *Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn*, by M. Samuel (1827).
‖ *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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before it reached us; in this instance, nothing has been further developed, for thousands of years, from out the abundance of inward life, but everything has remained, as in Judaism generally, stiff and motionless. A form, however, which is never animated by a renewal of its purport, perishes; an expression, of which the purport has long ceased to be living feeling, becomes senseless and distorted. Who has not had an opportunity of convincing himself of the grimace-like absurdity characterizing the religious music in a regular people's synagogue? Who has not been seized with a sensation of the greatest repugnance, mixed with one of horror and of ridiculousness, on hearing that guttural, shrill, gabbling noise, which no intentional caricature can convey, as it is performed in perfect, ingenious earnest? Recently, it is true, the spirit of reform has proved itself active in this music as well as other things, by an attempt to restore its old purity; but what was done by higher, reflecting Jewish intelligence is only, by its nature, a fruitless attempt, from upwards, which can never take root beneath to such an extent that for the educated Jew, who, for the requirements of his art, seeks the true source of vitality among the people, the mirror of his intelligent efforts shall be presented to him as this source. He seeks the Involuntary and not the Reflective, which latter is precisely what *his* product is; and, as this spontaneous element, he obtains only the distorted expression of which we have spoken.

If this return to the people, as his source, is, on the part of the educated Jew, as on that of every artist generally, involuntary, and, from the nature of the case, imperatively commanded by unconscious necessity, the impression received here, also, is communicated quite as involuntary, and, therefore, with invincible supremacy, to his whole mode of viewing everything and to his productions in the way of art. The melismata and rhythms peculiar to the music of the synagogue engross his musical fancy exactly as involuntary familiarity with the melodies and the rhythms of our national songs and of our national dances constituted the real fashioning power of those who created our artistic music, vocal and instrumental. In the wide range of what is national and artistic in our music, the perceptive faculty of the educated Jew can grasp only that which appeals to him generally as intelligible; but intelligible, that is to say, so intelligible that he can apply it to his artistic purposes, is only that which, in some approximate degree, resembles the peculiarity of Jewish music. If, when studying our naïve, as well as our consciously fashioning musical system, the Jew endeavoured to discover its heart, and its vital nerves, he would necessarily become aware that not the slightest part of it really resembles *his* musical nature, and the pefectly foreign character of the whole would inevitably so affright him, that he could not possibly retain courage to co-operate in our process of artistic creation. But there is nothing in his position to us which induces the Jew to penetrate thus deeply into our nature; either intentionally (directly he understands his position towards us), or involuntarily (if he cannot understand us at all), he observes our artistic system and its life-giving inward organism only in a completely superficial manner, and, thanks simply to this apathetic system of observation on his part, external points of resemblance with what alone is intelligible to his way of looking at things, and to his peculiar nature, may strike him. For him, therefore, the most pleasing outwardness of the phenomena in the domain of our musical life and of our art, must possess the value of their inward essence, and the sensations he derives from them must, when as an artist he reproduces those sensations, appear to us strange, cold, singular, indifferent, unnatural and distorted, so that Jewish musical works often produce upon us the same effect as, for instance, a poem by Goethe would produce, if recited to us in the Jewish jargon.

Just as, in this jargon, words and constructions are jumbled together, with a wonderful absence of all expression, the different forms and styles of all masters and times are mixed up by Jewish musicians. We find in their productions, piled up, close to each other, in the most confused chaos, the peculiarities of form belonging to every school. As the object in all such productions is merely to say something, regardless of the fact whether the thing itself is worth saying, such twaddle can only be rendered in any way exciting to the ear, through offering by a change, every moment, in the outward mode of expression, a new incentive to attention. Inward excitement, real passion, finds its language at the instant that, struggling to be understood, it resolves to speak; the Jew, whose character in this respect has already been minutely described by us, feels no true passion, least of all, passion impelling him, out of itself, to artistic productivity. Where, however, no such passion exists, there is no repose to be found; true, noble repose is nothing but passion appeased by resignation. Where repose has not been preceded by passion, we acknowledge only slothfulness; now the opposite of slothfulness is that feverish restlessness, which we perceive, from beginning to end, in Jewish musical works, except where it makes room for the slothfulness of ideas and of feeling, such as we have described. What, therefore, results from the determination of the Jew to produce anything in the way of art must necessarily possess inherently the quality of coldness, and of indifference amounting to triviality and ridiculousness, and we must designate historically the period of Judaism in modern music as the period of complete unproductivity and of decaying stability.

(To be continued.)

Dawn.

"Where hast thou watched, O my dawn,
Which art so chill and wan?

"All the dark hours hast thou lain
Where one sheet doth for twain?"

"Which were the lover fain of me
—Dead day, or day to be!"

"Then thou hast watched by another bed,
Close to the sick man's head?"

"I heard night groan in utter need,
And I passed and gave no heed."

"Maybe thine eyes are so weary-wide
With praying God that good may betide?"

"God? Where is He? I am seeking Him.
Behold, the stars grow dim."

Polkan.

BALFE.

The subjoined letter, addressed on the 4th inst. by a number of influential and distinguished musicians (whose names are appended) to the Dean of Westminster, was followed by the happiest result. A tablet to our popular composer is at last to be placed in a fitting position in Westminster, thanks to the Dean, who seems to be following in the footsteps of his eminent predecessor, Dean Stanley.

May 4th, 1882.

Very Reverend Sir,—We, whose names are appended hereto, desire to add our testimony to the claim of Michael William Balfe as a representative national composer; and to express our earnest hope that you will accede to the request to allow a tablet to be placed in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of a musician, whose genius and achievements won for him, during his lifetime, a high reputation, not only among his countrymen, but also upon the Continent of Europe.

To the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

Signed by—Fredk. A. Gore-Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon. (Precentor of Hereford, and Professor of Music in the University of Oxford); G. A. Macfarren, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., Mus. Doc., Cantab. (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge); Robert Prescott Stewart, Knight, Mus. Doc., Dub. (organist of Christ Church and St. Patrick's, Dublin, Professor of Music, Trinity College, Dublin); Herbert S. Oakeley, Knight, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon. (Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh); George J. Elvey, Knight, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor); John Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (Permanent Deputy Organist of Westminster Abbey); John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon. (organist of St. Paul's Cathedral); George Benson, Mus. Bac., Cantab. (of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal and Westminster Abbey); George M. Garrett, M.A., Mus. Doc., Cantab. (St. John's College, Cambridge); James Taylor, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of New College, organist of the University of Oxford); Walter Parratt, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of Magdalen College, Oxford); W. Howell Alchin, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of St. John's College, Oxford); Thomas H. Collinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of the Cathedral, Edinburgh); Philip Armes, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (organist of Durham Cathedral, and Professor of Music in the University); Michael Costa, Knight; William George Cusins (conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Master of Her Majesty's Music); Joseph Barnby (conductor of the Albert Hall Choral Society, and conductor of the music at

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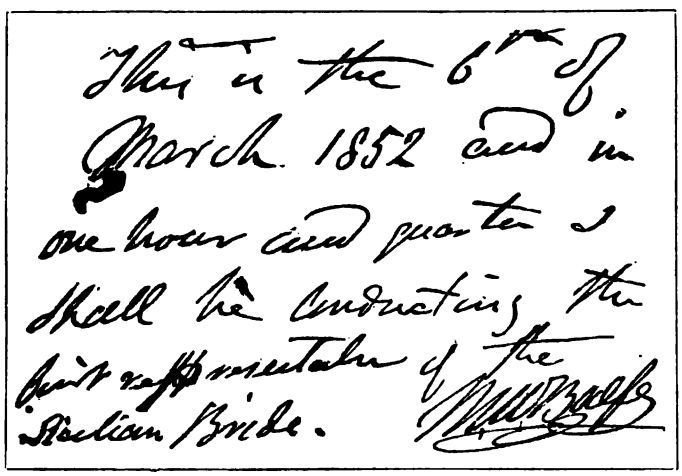
Eton College); George Mount (conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestral Society); Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (Professor of Harmony at Owen's College, Manchester); Henry Weist Hill (principal of the Guildhall School of Music); John Hullah, LL.D. (Her Majesty's Inspector of Music in Training Schools); Henry Wylde, Mus. Doc., Cantab. (Gresham Professor of Music, Principal of the London Academy of Music); John Ella (founder of the Musical Union, Professor of Music in the London Institution); Henry Gadsby (Professor of Harmony, Queen's College, London); Charles Harford Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of Gloucester Cathedral); J. C. Marks, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (organist of the Cathedral, Cork); J. B. Lott, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of the Cathedral, Lichfield); Roland Rogers, Mus. Doc., Oxon. (organist of Bangor Cathedral); Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc., Cantab. (organist of Lincoln's Inn); Burnham W. Horner, F.R.S.L. (assistant-organist, Chapel Royal, Hampton Court); Edwin J. Crow, Mus. Bac., Cantab. (organist of Ripon Cathedral); Langdon Colborne, Mus. Bac., Cantab. (organist of Hereford Cathedral); Edward Bunnett, Mus. Doc., Cantab. (organist to the Corporation, Norwich); Joseph C. Bridge, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon. (organist of the Cathedral, Chester); George Augustus Sala; Wm. Alex. Barrett, Mus. Bac., Oxon. (Vicar-Choral, St. Paul's Cathedral).



Mr Maurice Strakosch has left London for Paris.

Verdi and his wife have returned from Paris to Brussels.

Sig. Tagliafico's friends—and their name is legion—will be pleased to hear he is completely restored to health.

Mr Sims Reeves has gone for a short time to one of the German Baths. Health attend him.

Annette Essipoff-Leschetizky, the fairy pianist, played a short time since before the Czar at Gatschina. The King of Roumania has bestowed on her the large Gold Medal for Merit (First Class).

Mdme Montigny Rémaury, Queen of French pianists, will shortly arrive in London. She is to play at Mr Ganz's next concert (June 3rd) the first concerto (in C) of Beethoven—a masterpiece of the old eternal pattern, by far too seldom heard in public. For this, all true musical amateurs owe her thanks.

Valleria's Filina.—In Mdme Valleria Filina has again had a most competent representative. The part is played by no one with a truer perception of the spirit of comedy, or with more careful elaboration of detail. In this respect Mdme Valleria's assumption gave real pleasure to those who noted it carefully; while her singing, which was at its best in the Titania air, called forth repeated signs of approval.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Lyons.—The Municipal Council have released Campocasso, manager of the municipal theatres, from the agreement which bound him to the town for three years. They have also resolved to suppress the subvention and to put the Grand Théâtre and the Célestins up to public competition. "The grant made to Campocasso, which was not sufficient to establish a proper balance in his accounts," says a writer in the *Gaulois*, "was 200,000 francs; its suppression, in every respect deplorable, renders opera henceforth impossible in the second city of France."

CONCERTS.

Sig. Sgambati.—The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society brought forward Signor Sgambati from Rome, a pianist and composer of remarkable ability, of whom his countrymen are, and have reason to be, proud. Signor Sgambati has hitherto, we believe, given almost exclusive attention to instrumental music for the orchestra and the chamber, in each department winning distinction. The composition which introduced him to an English audience on the present occasion was a concerto in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra, his fifteenth public work, and one in every respect meriting high consideration. With much independent thought and originality of treatment, there is little in the concerto to justify an assertion put forth in the "analytical programme"—that Signor Sgambati is "a disciple of the modern school." On the contrary—as the writer feels compelled to add—"in the matter of form he adheres to classical models." The one assertion contradicts the other, inasmuch as what especially distinguishes the "advanced" school is contempt for that "form," venerated by the truly great masters, in the absence of which all artistic result must turn out, in a greater or lesser degree, chaotic. That Signor Sgambati can shape his ideas with logical consistency, and yet be here and there discursive, just as fancy may dictate, is shown in the "moderato maestoso" which opens the concerto; that he can be melodious and expressive, while at the same time happy in the use of ornate devices, is equally proved by the succeeding movement, a graceful *romanza* in the key of E flat. The *finale*, "allegro animato," framed after the "rondo"-pattern (ignored by "higher development," but enduring all the same), is built upon a catching theme, and being developed with unflagging spirit, brings the whole to an effective conclusion. As a pianist, though he studied for some time under Liszt, Signor Sgambati exhibits none of the peculiarities of those who most delight to figure as chosen apostles of that unique phenomenon. There is no hint of extravagance in his playing. Thanks to his perfect *technique*, when mastering difficulties with consummate ease he does so with such quiet composure as materially to enhance the charm of his performance. In fact, he cultivates the pure legitimate style with which self display and obtrusive mannerism have nothing whatever in common. As such he was doubly welcome, and the unanimous applause he obtained, a just tribute to his merits, showed how thoroughly he had been appreciated.—*Graphic.*

Mr Ganz's Orchestral Concerts.—The chief feature in the programme of Mr. Ganz's third concert, as in that of the first, was Liszt's "Symphonic poem" founded on Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Why the work was repeated does not seem very clear. Official announcements referred to the interest excited at its previous hearing, but there is just a chance that Mr Ganz reckoned upon the curiosity which description and criticism could hardly have failed in awakening. The feeling satisfied, we cannot suppose that this musical *Divina Commedia* will often vex the atmosphere of our concert rooms, unless, indeed, it be shorn of the "Inferno." Liszt's "Purgatory" is endurable, and his "Paradise" not without attractions; but a place in the abode of the blessed affords no adequate recompense for the horrors to be endured on the way thither. How earnestly a certain school of modern composers are striving to make music synonymous with suffering! Either they ingeniously twist it into a tangle, unravelled only by pains, or they distort it into a simulacrum of things horrible and ugly. The fault is certainly not theirs if concert-going remains outside the category of penal processes. Eventually they may secure for it a place therein; and then, should an "age of faith" return, there will be at hand a formidable means of mortifying the flesh. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Tannhäuser* were associated with the "symphonic poem" on Saturday afternoon, a perfect glut of romantic music being the consequence. But the programme could not fairly be called monotonous, some interesting songs, well sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, affording variety, as did to a greater extent and in a more decided way, the performance of Chopin's pianoforte concerto in F minor by M. Vladimir de Pachmann, an artist who then made his *début* in England. M. de Pachmann comes, we believe, from Russia, but has lately been playing in Paris with marked success. It may, therefore, be assumed that his powers are of no ordinary kind. The connoisseurs of Paris affect a decidedly exigent attitude towards candidates for their suffrages, and if M. de Pachmann has pleased them he is entitled to have the fact scored in his favour. His choice of Chopin's work indicated the particular school of pianoforte music with which he is most associated; but we are not sure that the selection was in all respects a wise one. The Polish composer could write for his own instrument in a way unique and unapproachable, but he knew little of the orchestra, and his concertos are heavily weighted by the feebleness with which he has treated it. For a *début*, therefore, Chopin in his orchestral form should be declined in favour of some master whose music is all a help and in no sense a

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hindrance to the artist. M. de Pachmann achieved, nevertheless, a success which must have been highly gratifying. He played with taste and facility, and at once gained the favour of his audience, whose applause was not stinted. Doubtless we shall soon hear the newcomer in a classic work of higher rank than Chopin's. Then will be the time for a more definite estimate of powers which are unquestionably great. Perhaps M. de Pachmann will follow the fashion, and give a "recital." If so, he may reckon upon a sympathetic hearing.—*D. T.*

Mr W. Henry Thomas gave his annual concert at the Athenæum, Camden Road, on Tuesday evening, May 23. To entertain his friends and patrons he secured the services of eminent artists, who faithfully carried out a programme of interest and merit. Miss Santley, hitherto known chiefly as the daughter of one of our greatest vocal and dramatic artists, needs no longer the help of a renowned name, for her pure voice, sound musicianship and engaging manners, are fast securing her a good reputation. In Sullivan's "Lullaby," and Roeckel's new song, "Lord Mayor Whittington," she displayed the qualities of an artist. Her esteemed father, Mr Santley, received an ovation, on his appearance on the platform, only accorded to singers in the highest favour of the public. That he fully deserved the favour he proved by most admirable and characteristic singing. Miss Margaret Hoare had previously achieved success in concerts given in the north of London, and certainly the good voice and refined style she manifested in Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Bishop's "Bid me discourse," will do much to increase the hearty appreciation hitherto accorded. Mr Henry Piercy, a young tenor, rich in tone, and manly in expression, made a very favourable impression. Miss Price, a young singer from the Principality showed that Wales still sent forth sweet singers, by her warbling in the quaint ditty, "The Bells of Aberdovey." Of Miss Orridge it is sufficient to state that she again confirmed the high opinion of her hearers, who insisted upon her acceding to an encore for Bishop's aria, "By the simplicity of Venus' Doves." Mr Lewis Thomas was also deservedly encored in "Non più andrai." The instrumental part of the concert did not by any means suffer eclipse through the vocal; for the class of music played by M. Marcel Herwegh and Mr W. Henry Thomas, was, in itself, of a high character. The "Duo pour piano et violon" (Goldmark); the solo violin "Andante et finale du concerto" (Mendelssohn); the pianoforte solos, "Minuetto grazioso" (Glück); "Waltz in A flat" (Chopin); with the "Romance and Scherzo" for violin (Franz Ries), afforded ample scope for the abilities of the artists. And an artist M. Marcel Herwegh assuredly is, for all he did proclaimed him such. He has an exquisite tone, brilliant execution, with a nervous sensibility that imparts vitality to every phrase. His success was great. The concert-giver, Mr W. Henry Thomas, is happily too well known and appreciated to need now more than a passing mention of his warm reception by a crowded house,—D. E.

Mr Sinclair Dunn, R.A.M., has brought to a close a series of six chamber concerts, at the London Art Galleries, Baker Street, at which it may fairly be said he has won fresh laurels. Commencing with the "Auld Scotch Sangs" of Burns, Hogg, Glen, Scott, Tannahill, &c., he ranged over the wider fields of English, Welsh, and Irish song and story, thereafter giving proof of his versatility, by admirable sketches of the great German composers, with illustrative examples from their best works, returning, in his last programme, to—

"The sangs my faither loved to hear,
The sangs my mither sang."

The concluding concert of Tuesday last embraced a history of song writers from James I. down to recent times, given, in a racy manner, as connecting links to the various songs set down in the programme. Of these the spirited war-song, "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," by Mr Dunn, evoked a loud response, and his rendering of "O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me" was received with equal favour. Miss Eleanor Rees, a mezzo-soprano of considerable merit, who has ably assisted Mr Dunn throughout the series, pleased greatly in all she did, especially in the well-known "Caller Herrin'" and in the Jacobite song, "Flora Macdonald's Lament," which was given with much pathos and power. A most enjoyable evening concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Alexandra Palace.—At the Ballad Concert, given last Saturday, the principal singers were—Mdme Patey, Misses Featherby and Adeline Paget, Messrs Joseph Maas, Thurley Beale, and Henry Prenton, assisted by the Alexandra Palace Choir, conducted by Mr David Beardwell. Mdme Patey, in "A Winter Story," and "The Snow-white Rose;" Mr Joseph Maas, in Blumenthal's beautiful setting of "The Message," and in Balfe's "Come into the garden Maud;" Mr Thurley Beale, in Pinsuti's "Raft;" Miss Featherby, in Cowen's setting of "The Better Land;" and Miss Adeline Paget, in Ganz's popular "Nightingale's Trill," were heard with evident delight, applause and encores being plentiful. Solos on the pianoforte, by Herr Albert Henning, were also duly appreciated, and the concert altogether gave perfect satisfaction. The attractions for next Monday (Whit-Monday) are unusually numerous. They include plays in which Mr Henry Neville, Miss Helen Barry, and other popular artists will appear, six Variety Entertainments, in which the favourites of the music halls will take part, races in Myers's hippodrome, music by the bands of the Royal Horse Guards, the Irish Dragoons, and six Volunteer bands, illumination of the grounds, and firework display, Myers's circus in the concert room, pedestrianism, a balloon race, hansom cab races, an instantaneous photographic competition, assaults-at-arms, and trade exhibitions of "straw bonnet," "teapot," and "sweetmeat" making. The lessees make a special point of important reduction of fares from King's Cross, and other stations.

Miss Elizabeth Philp's Concert.—Miss Elizabeth Philp gave an evening concert at St James's Hall on Friday, the 19th inst., which was attended by an exceptionally numerous and brilliant audience. The talented lady was assisted by Mdmes Antoinette Sterling, Pearsall Clarke, Isabel Fassett, Bessie Waugh, Ada Brown, May Johnston, and Hutchinson, and by Messrs Maybrick, Percy Blandford, Theodore Marzials, Arthur Oswald, Frederick Walker (bringing London Vocal Union), Ondricek, Bendall, Morton, Diehl, and Sir Julius Benedict. Several new songs were introduced to the public for the first time by Miss Philp, perhaps the most successful of these being "Little Wanderers" (sung by Mdme Fassett), and the glee, "The Owl sits up in the Ivy Bush," given to perfection by the London Vocal Union, who also created a distinct effect in Miss Philp's part-song, "The Hop-pickers," late though it came in a programme of considerable length. That the vocal honours of the evening should have accrued to Mdme Antoinette Sterling is no matter of surprise. This gifted vocalist's many admirers had seldom heard her to such advantage. While her magnificent voice seems to retain its earliest freshness, it certainly gains in richness and in the pathetic quality which gave rise to the expression, "tears in the voice." Mdme Sterling's delivery of Miss Philp's most dramatic song, "The Poacher's Widow," was an event to be remembered; Charles Kingsley's famous words uttered by Mdme Sterling cannot fail to impress the coldest audience. On this occasion the audience was by no means a cold one, therefore the lady received a perfect ovation, and after her touching rendition of Blumenthal's new song, "Sunshine and Rain," she was re-called and applauded until she returned to the platform and sang "The Long Avenue." Mr Maybrick sang "The Little Hero," M. Ondricek played two violin solos, Miss Bessie Waugh two pianoforte pieces—both meeting with well-merited applause; Mr Marzials, who appeared to be suffering from a cold, and for whom it would have been better to claim the indulgence of the audience in the usual way, gave a song presumably of his own composition; and two very young ladies, the Misses May Johnston and Ada Brown, played Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" as a duet for two pianofortes with such precision, brilliancy, and fulness of tone that they were enthusiastically encored. —Astur.

Miss Cowen's Dramatic Recital at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, May 16, was fully and fashionably attended. The programme included Ingelow's description of the "High tide on the Lincolnshire coast in 1571;" a scene from Shakspere's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (with Miss Alice Cruttenden, her pupil); "Fanny Squeers' Tea Party," by Charles Dickens; "The King's Tragedy," by Rossetti; "Before Sedan," by Austin Dobson; "Waiting," by C. S. Calverly; and Re Henry's "Lecture on Free Woman." Each of these pieces were recited by Miss Cowen with "due emphasis and discretion;" indeed Miss Cowen may be looked up to as a model by young elocutionists, so distinct is her articulation, so well rounded her phrasing. Miss Santley and Miss Fanny Robertson varied the programme by singing various songs and duets, and the whole entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed.

Herr Sigismund Lehmeyer gave the first of his series of Pianoforte Recitals at the new Chamber Concert Room in St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 24, with his pupils, the Misses Williams, Misses Schafer and Sorrell, and Mr G. Sumpter, assisted by Mdme Palmiero and Miss Fusselle as vocalists. The Misses Williams began the "recital" by playing Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, arranged for two performers on one pianoforte. Herr Lehmeyer followed with a Prelude, Fugue and Gavotte, by J. S. Bach, afterwards giving Beethoven's Sonata, in D minor, Op. 29, two short pieces by Schumann, a Nocturne, by Chopin, and Gottschalk's "Danse Ossianique," finishing the "recital" by playing, with his pupil, Mr Sumpter, a "Grand March à quatre mains," by Schubert. Miss Sorrell's contributions were—Hiller's "Zur Guitare," and Schumann's "Arabesque;" Miss Sinclair's, Gottschalk's "Banjo," as well as Charles Mayer's "Fontaine" (the last named

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particularly well played); and Miss Schafer's, the Prelude, Fugue, and Presto, from Handel's *Suite*, in D minor. The young ladies altogether showed signs of having profited by their master's valuable instruction. Miss Fusselle sang Gounod's "O that we two were Maying," and a new song, "Come back" (G. Silney). Mdme Palmiero gave Tosti's "Good-bye." Both ladies received applause due to their respective merits. Herr Lehmeyer's next recital is announced for Wednesday, June 28.

A MORNING as well as an Evening Concert were given at Lower Clapton, on Monday, May 22, in aid of the All Saints' Vicarage Building and School Enlargement Fund, under the patronage of the Lady George Hamilton, Mdmes Walsham and How, and William Elliott. The singers were principally amateurs, among whom was the accomplished Mrs Sutton Sharpe, who appeared as vocalist, pianist, and composer (in each character worthily sustaining her reputation), and Mr Spencer Tyler, the possessor of a tenor voice that many professional singers might envy. The instrumentalists were—Mr Arthur W. Payne, R.A.M. (violin); Mrs Avenell, Miss Florence Andrews, R.A.M., and Miss Mary Chatterton (harp). The concert went off with spirit, and a handsome sum, no doubt, was realized, the concert in the evening being exceedingly well attended

MR JOHN GILL'S Amateur Choral Society gave their annual concert in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music on Monday evening, May 22, when M. Gounod's "petit oratorio," *Tobie*, was given, the principal singers being Misses Hopkinson and Ashton Jonson, Messrs Buels and Poole. Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of the Psalm, "As the Hart pants," and the "Agnus Dei," from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, were in the first part of the concert, the second consisting of miscellaneous songs, from Mr Frederick Clay's *Lalla Rookh*, and other melodious sources. Miss Frost presided at the pianoforte, and went through her arduous task *à merveille*. Messrs Eaton Faning and Charlton Speer were at the organ, and Mr John Gill conducted.

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PROVINCIAL.

SOUTHSEA.—At Miss Emeline Dickson's concert on Wednesday evening, May 16th, Miss Emma Barnett, one of our most distinguished lady pianists, was the "attraction of the evening." She gave "The Ebbing Tide," and "Caprice Brillante," the compositions of her brother, Mr John Francis Barnett, and Chopin's Polonaise in E flat. Her playing was remarkable for elegance and power, combined with perfect execution. The audience, which was very numerous and included Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, were evidently charmed with Miss Barnett, manifesting their approbation by encoring and re-calling her after each performance.

NORWICH.—The twenty-second concert of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union took place at St Andrew's Hall on Friday evening, May 19th, under the leadership of Dr E. Bunnett, who, since the formation of the Society, has exerted himself *con amore* to render its concerts attractive. The concert under notice equalled any of its predecessors. Mr J. F. Barnett's *Building of the Ship*, which formed the first part of the programme, was heard for the first time in Norwich, and was remarkably well rendered both by principal singers and chorus, a fact testified by the frequent and discriminating applause of the audience. The chorus for ladies voices, "Beautiful they were"; the duet, "When the hot long day was over," and the chorus for male voices, "O worthy Master," were among the most successful numbers. The unaccompanied quartet, "How beautiful she is," was so exceptionally well given that it had to be repeated, the audience taking no denial. The principal singers were Misses Helen Stark and B. Allen, Messrs Meers and Brockbank. In the second part of the concert a new song by Dr Bunnett, "The last prayer," was charmingly sung by Miss Alden, and the same composer's part song, "Beware," was warmly applauded. Mr F. Noverre led the band, Mr Walter Lain presided at the organ, and Dr Bunnett conducted.

AMSTERDAM.—Edouard de Hartog, the Dutch composer, is appointed member of the Committee of Fine Arts (Musical Section) at the Universal Exhibition to be held here next year.

MILAN.—Writing to the *Perseveranza* in reference to Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini*, Capponi mentions eleven different operas founded on the subject immortalised, one each being written by Borgatti, Genoa, 1827; Mercadante, Madrid, 1829; Generali, Venice, 1829; Quillici, Florence, 1831; Staffa, Naples, 1831; Demasini, Milan, 1841; Carnetti, Vicenza, 1843; Froncheni, Lisbon, 1857; Macarini, Milan, 1871; Cagnoni, Turin, 1871; and Götz, Germany, 1871.—(Qy. Macaroni?—Dr Bülge.)

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

A high average of merit having distinguished the performance of *Lohengrin* on the opening night, it was with assurance rather than hope of enjoyment that a fairly large audience assembled on Saturday, to witness *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Wagner's early opera keeps its hold upon the public, though it has now become quite familiar, and even an indifferent representation cannot do much to spoil the enjoyment of its romantic story and picturesque music. We have seen the work in an Italian dress, associated with artists who mostly treated it as an Italian opera; and we have had it in the English theatre with the haphazard procedure inevitable where there are no guiding traditions. Even thus, *Der Fliegende Holländer* has gained upon us; how much more may it do so as now presented by admirable representatives of the stage for which it was created! We may depend upon the fidelity and conscientiousness of this German Company. They do their work in a serious spirit, every man and woman, from the highest to the lowest, meaning business. That they are all great artists cannot be said, and as vocalists it is likely that a frequenter of Italian opera would pronounce them second-rate. But Wagner knows how to write "music-dramas" in which singing, if it have place at all, goes for little, while at the declamation he has substituted, his Drury Lane interpreters are certainly adepts. *Der Fliegende Holländer* being, as regards the composer, almost pre-historic, demands some singing, and only with reference to one or two of the artists—Frau Sucher (Senta) and Herr Wolff (Erik), for example—can we say that its requirements were met in a manner specially noticeable. The representation was, however, striking and impressive, by reason of the thoroughness so remarkably evident in the performance of *Lohengrin*. There was no shirking; no coming out of the drama at intervals to survey the house or talk to neighbours and striking into it again. Nor were the assumptions half-hearted—a kind of compromise between the personalities of the performer and of the character, based upon an understanding that each is to prevail in turn. By the way, this very conscientiousness has, in some cases, an awkward side. An artist trained on the Italian stage, could not present one of Wagner's black characters in all its sombreness. He would be sure to throw in a little light somewhere, dropping the mask now and then, or perpetrating some vocal *tour de force*, so as to make the audience forget the actor in the singer. The Germans do nothing of this kind. They go through with their work in the spirit of the Othello who stained his skin all over. Thus did Herr Eugen Gura, when playing the Dutchman on Saturday night. Uncompromising in his sadness and gloom, in the lugubriousness of his utterance, and in his extreme care to let it be seen that the curse was no sham, the artist went very near to making himself the cause of pain in others. Theoretically this may have been the crown of his success; practically it ran the risk of failure. Frau Sucher, who appeared as Senta, had no such provocation to unpleasantness; but, as far as opportunity allowed, confirmed the agreeable impression made by her Elsa on Thursday night. This artist is clearly one of high rank, not because she is an exceptional vocalist, nor on account of special histrionic gifts, but for the reason that such musical and dramatic qualifications as hers are rarely found united in the same person. Her Senta equally interested the admirers of acting and of singing. The first of these classes saw a poetic embodiment artistically carried out in all its details; while the second heard Wagner's music sung with intelligence and skill. As we have intimated, Herr Wolff gave satisfaction in the part of Erik; Herr Ehrke was a fair Daland, and the parts of the Steersman and Mary were efficiently sustained by Herr Landau and Fräulein Schefsky. Again the chorus earned hearty applause, not only for their singing but for the intelligent manner in which they acted upon a notion, usually strange to their class, of having some connection with the drama. Half the charm of these representations lies in the fact that a work is played instead of a dramatic form being gone through by costumed singers. The fact in opera is a novel one, and very refreshing. How the overture and accompaniments were rendered by Herr Richter's fine orchestra may be imagined. Indeed, the instrumental music seemed at times quite enough for the interest and for the illustration of the story. No guide book to it was wanted. It told its own tale, as music always will when genius appeals through it to the emotions, and not, as in so much of the *Nibelung's Ring*, to the perception of a crowd of arbitrary symbols.

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WAIFS.

THE "NIBELUNGEN" BAND.—The "Wagner Orchestra," conducted by Herr Seidl at Her Majesty's Theatre, comprises 8 first and 8 second violins, 6 violas, 4 violoncellos, 4 double basses, 3 flutes, 4 clarinets, 2 oboes, 1 Cor Anglais, 4 bassoons, 8 trumpets, 8 horns, 8 sax-tubas, 4 trombones, 1 contra-bass tuba, drums and triangles. Happily, Wagner depends comparatively but little upon the "quartet" which the great masters placed before everything else in importance; otherwise, the disproportion between wind and string would be enormously excessive. The members of the orchestra are, we understand, from Hamburgh and other towns adjacent.

Gayarre's benefit at Bilbao was a success.

Amalie Joachim is drinking the waters at Ems.

Tamberlik and his Italian opera company will shortly visit Ferrol.

Grau's French *buffo*-opera season in New York was hardly a success.

The Teatro Goldoni, Modena, will re-open with Pedrotti's *Florina*.

The ballet, *Excelsior*, has proved successful at the Politeama, Florence.

A new *Salve*, by Barbieri, has been performed at the Cathedral, Valencia.

Sarasate, the Iberian fiddler *par excellence*, has been giving concerts in Turin.

The Teatro Costanzi, Rome, will be open for opera during Carnival and Lent.

The Stuttgart Conservatory celebrates this month its fiftieth anniversary.

G. Kastner, inventor of the Pyrophone, has died, aged 30, in Strassburgh.

The season at the Teatro Malibran, Venice, was brought to a premature close.

Suppé's *Boccaccio* has been produced at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

Aldighieri, the barytone, is engaged for next season at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

Pasdeloup will give concerts with his orchestra at Bordeaux during the Exhibition there.

Emilie Wigand, the concert-singer and teacher of singing, died on the 9th inst. in Leipsic.

Franz Botgorschek, the flautist, born in Vienna, the 23rd May, 1811, has died at the Hague.

Mr Vernon Rigby has gone to Italy. His tour will include all the principal cities of the "Land of Song."

Teresa Tua, the youthful violinist, has been playing with great success at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste.

Marie Geistinger is said to have made upwards of 50,000 dollars during her six months' season in America.

N. Massa's opera, *Il Conte di Chatillon*, first produced at Reggio d'Emilia, will be given at the Politeama, Genoa.

Monasterio, Guelbenzu, Lestan, and Mireki (the Madrid Quartet Association) have been giving concerts in Lisbon.

The speculators in seats at the Musical Festival, New York, were severely bitten. There was a loss of 10,000 dollars.

The winsome Wizjak and other members of the Italian company of Santiago, Chili, arrived safely at their destination.

The Chevalier G. Bossola has become manager of the Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, and will reopen it on the 26th December.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Tamagno, Castelmary, Borghi-Mamò, and Rambelli, was recently performed at Buenos Ayres.

Bulss, from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has been singing at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. (Scarcely credible!—Dr Blitze.)

Festivals in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund are to be held in Sheffield on the 19th, and in York on the 20th September.

Wagner's *Meistersinger*, with an Italian version of the book, will be performed in the autumn at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna.

A performance of *Les Dragons de Villars* was lately given for a charitable purpose by amateurs at the Théâtre Royal, Antwerp.

Fascinating little Nevada is announced to appear for a few nights as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, at the Teatro Comunale, Placenza.

At their third concert, the New York Liederkranz gave a successful performance of Heinrich Hofmann's *Aschenbrödel* (Cinderella).

The Istituto Cherubini, Leghorn, have placed a commemorative stone tablet on the front of the house in which Fabio Campana was born.

Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* has been transferred from the Teatro Principal, Barcelona, to the Liceo, where it can be placed on the stage more effectively.

The boisterous barytone, Ciampi, has resigned the managership of the Italian Opera, Odessa, but remains a member of the company.

Miss Hope Glenn gave a morning concert at 2, Queen's Gate Place (by permission of Colonel and Mrs Lopley Wray), on Tuesday, May 16.

Little Zagury-Harris is engaged in the place of the bigger Donadio to play Rosina in *Il Barbiere* at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mdlle Fraudin, formerly pupil of the Paris Conservatory, as the heroine, has been successfully given at Alexandria.

Peschka-Leutner, a soprano known to London, will return to the United States next season for a concert tour, of which she will be the "star."

A young lady, not very well versed in music, has written to the editor of an American paper to ask whether dance music is written in foot notes.

Félicien David's *Lalla Roukh* is to be performed next season at the Imperial Operahouse, St Petersburgh, with appropriate stage appurtenances.

The first of two recitals of pianoforte music by Mr Charlton T. Speer took place at the Royal Academy Concert-room on Wednesday evening, May 17.

The Duke of Coburg-Gotha has conferred the cross of the Saxe-Ernest Order, second class, on Goldberg, manager of the Stadttheater, Königsberg.

According to the Paris *Figaro*, Verdi assured Vaucorbeil that he had not as yet written a note of his *Jago*. (One hundredth time of telling.—Dr Blitze.)

Robert Müller, bass *buffo*, is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, where Schröder-Hanfstängl has tendered her resignation as member of the company.

Mr Ch. J. Bishenden has published a second edition "enlarged," at the low price of sixpence, of his work entitled "A Singing Lesson: How to learn or teach it."

Carl Heymann has, during his present tour, played in Riga, Mitau, Libau, and Wilna. At the first-named town his admirers offered him a silver wreath.

Mr Ernest Gye handed over the sum of £873, the proceeds of the Floral Hall concert given on Saturday, May 20th, to the treasurer of the Royal College of Music.

Mr Barton McGuckin, who has returned to London after a most successful tour with the Carl Rosa company, is engaged to sing the tenor part in Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost* at the Philharmonic Society's concert, June 9th.

The three leading singers at the Wagner concert of the recent New York Musical Festival were Mdme Materna (the original Brünnhilde), Mr Candidus (not long since one of Mr Mapleson's leading tenors), and Sig. Campanini (the original Lohengrin in Italy).

Mr Charles Hallé gave the second and third of his "chamber music" concerts at the Grosvenor Gallery on Wednesday evenings, May 17 and 24, assisted by Mdme Norman-Néruda and Herr Franz Néruda. The third is announced to take place in the same *locale* on Wednesday evening next.

Mdme Patey has returned from her short holiday visit to Paris. During her stay in the gay city she had an interview with M. Gounod in reference to his new oratorio, Mdme Patey being engaged to sing the contralto part in the *Redemption* at the ensuing Birmingham Festival.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—On Monday, June 5th, Messrs Alfred Reed and Corney Grain will produce a new piece by Arthur Law and Hamilton Clark, entitled *Nobody's Fault*, and Mr Corney Grain will give, for the first time, his new musical sketch for the season, entitled *Small and Early*.

THE VOCALION.—Dr. Stainer's oratorio *The Daughter of Jairus* was given on Monday evening May 22nd, at Finsbury Chapel, when Mr Baillie Hamilton's new musical instrument—the "vocalion" was used with excellent effect. There was an audience of nearly 2,000 persons. Next week the Vocalion is to be used at the annual meeting of the General Assembly in Scotland—of which the Earl of Aberdeen is Her Majesty's High Commissioner—several leading Scotch divines having expressed their desire of testing its adaptability for use in the Kirk, as the prejudice against the use of instrumental music in the performance of Divine Service north of the Tweed is fast disappearing.—*Times*.

The Park Band Society commence their season to-day in the band stand near Apsley House, Hyde Park, at 5 p.m. under the conductorship of Mr Hiram Henton (late 1st Life Guards). They will play from 5 to 8 p.m. on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays,

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Fridays, and Saturdays in Hyde Park, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays also from 5 to 8 p.m. in Regent's Park. The band is entirely supported by subscriptions and donations, the sale of programmes, and the letting of chairs. Season tickets, entitling holder and friend to admission to every performance, can be obtained either from Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, or from the Secretary, at the office of the Society, 51, Strand.

COPYRIGHT IN MUSIC.—It has been of late a source of great annoyance to musical amateurs to occasionally find themselves subjected to the payment of a fine for singing a song at a village concert; for, while it has been in general assumed that no permission is necessary, certain owners of copyright have recently begun to insist on their extreme rights. Accordingly Mr Gorst, M.P., has introduced a Bill making it incumbent on the proprietor of the copyright in a musical composition, who is desirous of retaining the right of public representation in his own hands exclusively, to print outside the cover a notice that his consent is requisite for a public performance. In default of this being done, any action to recover penalties is to be dismissed.—*Times*.

Miss Rosa Kenney, assisted by some friends, gave a pleasant entertainment on Monday afternoon, May 15, at the Marlborough Rooms. Miss Kenney showed considerable elocutionary and comedy powers in some scenes from the *School for Scandal*—in which Mr Maclean very successfully portrayed Sir Peter Teazle—but the chief interest centred in her rendering of the potion scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, which was greeted with warm and deserved applause, for Miss Kenney proved herself capable of giving expression with natural force to intense emotion. The effort was successful in no small degree, and there can be no question of this lady's versatile talent, which should be encouraged and developed. Mr Sketchley caused great amusement by his selections from "Mrs Brown."—*Sunday Times*.

THE "NIBELUNG RING" PERFORMANCES.—We are informed that after the (first) representation of the *Götterdämmerung* Herr Neumann was summoned to the Royal box, where the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family congratulated him on the success of the performance. The Prince of Wales remarked that he had seldom followed a work from beginning to end with such uninterrupted interest, and charged Herr Neumann with the expression of his satisfaction to the artists and to Wagner, whose compositions, his Royal Highness added, he had admired from his childhood. In reply, a telegram was yesterday received from the composer, expressing his thanks to the Prince of Wales for his gracious message, and to Herr Neumann and the singers for the excellent manner in which his work had been put before the English public.—*Times*.

COPENHAGEN.—Hans von Bülow has paid this capital a visit. He played first at the Theatre Royal, where he was assisted by the band, and then gave two concerts of his own. He afterwards started for Sweden, and meant on returning home to give a third concert here.

BERLIN.—M. Sylva chose the character of Eleazar, in Halévy's *Juive* for his second appearance at the Royal Operahouse. He was much applauded. His third character was that of Robert, in *Robert le Diable*. At the same house Schubert's three-act romantic opera, *Alfonso und Estrella*, according to the version of Fuchs, Vienna *Capellmeister*, has been produced and favourably received. Considering that the principal members of the company were absent, the performance was as good as could be expected.—Mr Augustus Harris has entered into an agreement with the manager of the Victoria Theatre to give a series of *Robinson Crusoe*, with scenery, dresses, properties, and corps de ballet, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—According to the *Annual Register*, just published, of the Association of Music-Masters and Mistresses, that body counts in Berlin some 200 members. The committee consists of Professors Alsleben, Breslaur, Drs Kalischer, and Bischoff, Herren X. Scharwenka, Werkenthin, Dobritzsch, and Hennes; the curators are Professors Haupt, Löschhorn, Frank, Jähns, Rudorff, Lessmann, and O. Eichberg.

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LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, May 27, 1882.*

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 22. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 3, will be performed "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" (first time this season). Rosina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Basilio, Signor de Reszké; and Almaviva, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Mdme Sembrich.

MONDAY next, June 5, "IL SERAGLIO." Costanza, Mdme Sembrich; Biondina, Mdme Valleria; Osmino, M. Gailhard; and Belmonte, Signor Frapolli.

Mdme Pauline Lucca.

TUESDAY next, June 6. "L'AFRICAINE." Selika, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Inez, Mdme Valleria; Nelusko, Signor Pandolfini; and Vasco di Gama, M. Sylva.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

THURSDAY next, June 8, MOZART'S Opera, "DON GIOVANNI."

Mdme Albani.

FRIDAY next, June 9 (second time this season), WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

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MDLLE VERA TIMANOFF begs to announce that she will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY Afternoon next, June 6, at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.

MR FRANZ RUMMELL will give his FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY Afternoon next, June 9, at Three o'clock (Bechstein's pianoforte). Tickets, 10s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

May 31.

Last night the original programme of Herr Neumann's enterprise in this country was completed, and when the *Walkyrie* and *Götterdämmerung* have again been performed at "cheap prices," the *Nibelung's Ring* will return to the land which produced it. Wagner's trilogy has not proved a success amongst us. Our public saw its approach without enthusiasm, and will witness its departure with indifference. They refused to be stimulated even by the high prices, which bespoke expectation of a rush for tickets, nor could the remarkable prominence given to the subject by the entire metropolitan press save the theatre from a disheartening array of empty seats. In so far as this bespoke lack of healthy interest in musical developments we unfeignedly regret it. A nation really progressive in art matters is neither prejudiced on the one hand nor indifferent on the other. It condemns nothing without trial, and on nothing turns its back with a yawn. For ourselves, we must confess to a suspicion that England is deficient in musical curiosity. The novelty market here hardly knows what a brisk demand means, and, as a rule, sellers realize at a loss. Herr Neumann has found this out, and possibly thinks less of us in consequence. But here all the blame does not justly lie on one side. The quality of the goods had a great deal to do with the slackness of their sale. Many of us suspected them at the first; on trial we did not like them; and in the exercise of our right we finally rejected them. That action does not want for champions and vindicators. We, for example, are prepared to justify it, out and out, as healthy and wise. More, it is clear that the attitude of English amateurs towards the *Nibelung's Ring* has been worthy of a nation which prides itself on a love of fair play. Our public fully recognized the extraordinary talent shown in the work, and did honour to its many masterful pages; they witnessed its performance with profound attention, and when compelled to an adverse opinion, expressed it, on the whole, in a judicial spirit rather than in the temper of a partizan. Richard Wagner is fond of imagining the existence of cabals. His measureless self-esteem prompts him to dream of unending conspiracies, all destined to lay him in the dust. Now it is an entire people who, though usually given to minding their own business, set in motion against his peace and credit an elaborate and powerful machinery, and now it is his natural enemies the critics who malignantly intrigue against a man by whom their incompetence has been found out. Herr Wagner will be at a loss how to lay the fate of his *Nibelung's Ring*, in London, at the door of a conspiracy. That easy way of explanation barred against him, it is just possible he may condole with Herr Neumann on having mistaken the bounds of civilization, and unwittingly taken the *Nibelung's Ring* over into barbarism. Happily, the sarcasm of Bayreuth is now more known than feared.

Looking back upon the entire matter, we see, before all, the trial of a "new art," which consists in a novel application of music to drama. This question may be considered without reference to the work which exemplifies it before the world, and really lies in a very small compass. It stands apart from such considerations as the abolition of the *aria*, and other set forms. We may concede all these to Wagner, because the life of music does not lie in them. The pith of the controversy is here—whether dramatic music shall be employed as the language of emotion, or whether, by the adoption of themes representing motives, purposes, events, and characters, it shall be transformed into a vocabulary of comment and explanation. This question cannot be evaded, neither will any argument round about it, nor any cloud of words designed to obscure it, in the least avail. It is a question which involves all that music is worth, since upon the issue turns the entire purpose of the art. Here, in fact, is no matter of law and form, but of life; no matter of development, but of transformation; no matter of outward change, but of inward renewal. We confess to amazement at the boldness of Wagner's idea, whether it was forced upon him, as he declares, by "unconscious necessity," or invented "of malice aforethought." It is an idea worthy of those mythic giants who, in the dim of the world's past, made war on heaven and strove to pull the gods from their seats. It impresses us with the arrogance of conscious strength, and with the daring of its implication that the true use of music in drama, which "Prophets and kings desired to see, But died without the sight," has at length been revealed to a greater than they all. Amazement only deepens as we contemplate the hopelessness of this new departure. Wagner must change human nature before he can excite more than an intellectual admiration of his "new art." Lovers of novelty, admirers of the ingenious, and those whose cue is to identify themselves with innovation, run after it on grounds quite intelligible. But the nature of things always proves too strong for any artifice which ventures to defy it; and whenever, in the *Nibelung's Ring*, Wagner achieves a musical triumph, he does so quite apart from his musical system. There are pages in the work supremely illustrative of the method he has devised. Yet the public allow these to pass with complete indifference, either not knowing what they mean, or, knowing, regarding them with merely a cold perceptiveness. The same public is moved, however, when the music presents a significance other than that arbitrarily imposed upon it—when its emotionalism throws off for a time the tyranny of "leit-motives," and, in native freedom, goes straight to the heart. Thus it is as Siegmund sings of Love and Spring; as the slumber music vibrates around the prostrate form of Brünnhilde; as young Siegfried rolls out exulting strains at the forge, or sits listening to forest noises, and as, in the end, the most solemn of marches bewails a hero's death—who then thinks of a system, and bends his faculties to the distinguishing of meanings? We are possessed by music which shakes itself free from forced alliances, and rejects all meanings save those conveyed in its own natural language—to be felt rather than perceived. Thus Wagner himself confutes Wagner. Why an elaborate artificial vocabulary when, at the most important moments, its application is unperceived, and the ear drinks in sound regardless of sense? Why, too, a waste of power in vain attempts to bend to unnatural purposes a spirit more subtle than Loge himself? The "inarticulate, unfathomable speech" of which Carlyle speaks laughs to scorn all attempts to tabulate its utterances and make them do duty as logarithms.

Turning from Wagner's system in the abstract it can hardly be denied that the *Nibelung's Ring* is, in certain respects, an unfortunate illustration. Its story can only be regarded, amongst ourselves, as a serious drawback. We do not, of course, pretend to speak of Teutonic taste as against the opinion of Wagner, who knows his own countrymen well; and inasmuch as the *Nibelung's Ring* was avowedly written for them, and them alone, we have no right to question the poet-composer's choice. Our worthy kinsfolk may not only reverence their national myth, but discern a soul-moving emanation from the personalities of gods, giants, dwarfs, singing dragons, talking birds, and other "properties" dear to the Brothers Grimm. Experience has just shown that these enchantments are nevertheless lost on the British mind, which instinctively refers them to Christmas and its time-honoured entertainment. To say that the British mind was puzzled by the nature of the drama is only to speak the truth. A pantomime head without a tail smacks of monstrosity; besides, where was the poetic justice which should have turned Wotan into Pantaloon and handed him over to the tender mercies of Clown Alberich. For this a magic lantern conflagration afforded a poor substitute, and applied a feeble salve to the irritated feelings of a much-enduring audience. It would be absurd to claim for our opera-going public an extreme sensibility. They are accustomed to sup upon horrors, and sit down to the feast with highly objectionable personages. But these are felt to be serious, whereas in the *Nibelung's Ring* we have an uncomfortable notion that there is a joke somewhere about among the horrors waiting to spring upon us. As to the morality of the characters and their actions we need not again be precise. Wagner's zealous apologists, who unreservedly apply to him a well-known axiom of the British Constitution, have endeavoured to "whitewash" both the master and his creations. We do not blame them, inclining rather to admire, if unable to imitate, the ingenuousness that "thinketh no evil," even when evil stands before them unclothed. Unhappily for their argument, it is confuted out of the story itself. The moral laws which these creatures of the early world—these cosmic children—are said to have known nothing about, actually had guardians in high places. What, for example, does Fricka represent when she storms down upon her wretched husband and forces that contemptible deity to avenge a crime against marital honour? Why, even the reprobate himself acknowledges, in appearance at least, the virtue of

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an agreement, and only seeks to break it by means of an agent, who does not know what he is doing. Assuming all that has been advanced on the other side, nothing excuses Wagner for filling his theatre with such a foul atmosphere. Vice never has a right upon the stage except when it works for virtue, and gratuitous crime there is always gratuitous offence.

For another reason we must look upon the *Nibelung's Ring* as an unfortunate embodiment of Wagner's system. That reason is found in the excessive hardihood with which it carries out the idea that the drama should make no concession to music, and that, even when allied to the sister art, it should be as realistic as possible. Never was there such an illustration as the danger attendant upon riding a hobby. Those terribly long dialogues, with hardly a melodic phrase to enlist on the side of music the finest of instruments, and that absence of concerted passages—because, forsooth, people do not usually all speak at once in actual life—are examples of artistic fanaticism which, in passionate revolt against error, blinds itself to truth. We do not deny that Wagner has done more than any man to purge the operatic stage of stupid conventionalities, which, by making it ridiculous, degraded it. Therein lies a credit peculiarly his own, but he has himself, in avoiding Scylla, steered upon Charybdis. The lyric stage is, in its very nature, conventional, and we should be prepared to argue, if the time were opportune, that it exists, not for drama, which has a stage of its own, but for music as applied to drama. Wagner, we all know, advances an opposite opinion, and, sternly carrying it out in the *Nibelung's Ring*, banishes music from his boards, as far as that may be done, and confines it to the orchestra. He has since found reason to modify his practice in this respect, and restore to the stage some portion at least of its abstracted charm. But we have not here to do with his penitential processes, though the return of so magnificent a sinner might well make all the harps in the heaven of art send forth the sounds of joy. It concerns us chiefly that the *Nibelung's Ring* carries the realistic idea to an extreme, and results in a thing which is neither opera nor drama, but a mixture of both, wherein each ingredient does its best to spoil the other.

Having regard to the considerations touched upon above, we affect no regret at the artistic failure of the trilogy in London. The result was hoped for, and is now rejoiced over, not out of passion or prejudice, nor because of any sectarian feeling, but from an honest conviction that its principles are the reverse of those which make for the good of the lyric stage. At the same time, it would be ungracious in the extreme not to acknowledge the enterprise that brought the *Nibelungen* to our shores and the ability of the artists who represented it. Herr Neumann has established a claim upon our goodwill such as may yet do him service, while the talents of Mdme Vogl, Mdme Reicher-Kindermann, Herr Niemann, Herr Vogl, Herr Schlosser, and their fellow-workers are likely to be remembered for many a day. They have set before us a great work and, though some of us do battle fairly and squarely with its principles, we shall not lose sight of the obligation which an opportunity for supporting truth and fighting error has imposed.—*D. T.*

Michael William Balfe.—In the belief that the name of Balfe, as that of the first British composer to elevate the English lyric drama to a high position, and to compete with the musicians of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, deserves to be nationally recorded, a memorial was recently addressed to the Dean of Westminster, by professors of Music in the Universities, eminent conductors, heads of musical educational establishments, and most of the cathedral organists in the United Kingdom, expressing an earnest desire that a tablet may be placed in Westminster Abbey, "To the memory of a musician, whose genius and achievements won for him, during his lifetime, a high reputation, not only among his countrymen, but also upon the Continent of Europe." This memorial has been most readily complied with; and the tablet which is intended to remind future generations of their debt to a man of fruitful genius will soon, it may be hoped, take its place among similar monuments, where its presence will honour alike the departed musician and those surviving members of his profession who, having been his contemporaries, unite in paying their tributes of admiration to his memory.—*Daily Telegraph.*

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY AT MANCHESTER.

We have so often been assured of the speedy doom of old-fashioned opera that we ought, perhaps, to hesitate about affirming that it possesses an extraordinary amount of vitality. Yet if opera as understood by Glück, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Balfe, and Verdi is destined to die, it will die hard. We hear of Wagnerian four-night festivals at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Wagnerian cycles at Drury Lane; but at Covent Garden *Il Trovatore, La Traviata, Dinorah*, and *La Favorita*, &c., are heard with unmistakable delight, and Mr Carl Rosa, himself an ardent admirer of Wagner, still finds his account in performances of works in which the conventional "air" and old time-honoured forms of concerted music are not replaced by declamation and "motives." *The Bohemian Girl* is still, we understand, the most popular of all operas with provincial audiences, and we do not believe there is any less willingness on the part of local audiences to enjoy opera in English when given under conditions such as those to which this company has long accustomed us. Mr Rosa was well advised to begin his season of six nights with an opera which, though in some respects one of the most interesting he ever produced, has not been heard often enough to make us grow weary of it. The libretto follows Shakspere so closely that it is almost unrivalled as an opera comedy, and the music throughout is so sparkling and witty, so fresh and melodious, that the fun of the play is sometimes almost intensified by the musical treatment. This, moreover, is thoroughly scholarly, and *The Merry Wives* almost takes rank as a classic, so that the amateur by whom even Donizetti would be disdained* listens to Nicolai's charming work with the same sort of pleasure he derives from *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Les Deux Journées*. In every act, indeed, the score displays the hand of a master, and we venture to predict that it will be heard with delight long after many which now enjoy a greater popularity shall have been consigned to merited neglect.

We have several times noticed the performance of this opera when the cast differed little from that of last night, and it is satisfactory to have again to remark the general attention to effect in every department. Pretty and characteristic scenery, beautiful costumes, and effective grouping added much to the enjoyment of the performance, and the leading parts had been confided to competent singers, all familiar with the music. Though here and there certain shortcomings might be noticeable, the general effect was satisfactory—certainly far beyond what we were accustomed to hear before the days of Mr Carl Rosa.

As Mrs Ford and Mrs Page these clever artists, Miss Gaylord and Miss Yorke, have characters admirably adapted to display both their musical skill and histrionic ability, and their singing and acting were not less enjoyed than heretofore. Miss Perry always sings with earnestness, and she was well supported by Mr J. W. Turner, whose delivery of Fenton's serenade was deservedly applauded. Mr Ludwig's Mr Ford is a performance of great merit, and by his fine singing and careful acting this gentleman more than maintained his well-deserved renown. Mr Pope as Master Page was painstaking, and avoided extravagance; and it is altogether needless to say that Master Slender, in the hands of Mr Lyall, was a remarkable example of clever grotesque acting; one, indeed, much too rare on the English stage. Mr Snazelle played the fat knight, if we mistake not, for the first time in Manchester. If his Falstaff cannot be called Shaksperian, it was often amusing, and a perfect singing Sir John is not to be met with every day. If Mr Brooklyn would take a lesson in restraint from Mr Snazelle, the effect of the tavern scene would be improved, for the incongruous introduction of a tobacco pipe in a play of Plantagenet times was a departure from the spirit of Elizabethan comedy. The opera was conducted by Mr Pew with his accustomed care.—*Examiner and Times.*

Miss Florence Waud.—The problem of elevating the working classes by means of pianoforte music is in a fair way of being solved by Miss Florence Waud, for, at the concert given last week by this clever and constantly improving young artist at the Victoria Music Hall, the audience, largely composed of labouring men and women, was roused by her performance to a high state of enthusiasm. The pieces presented were by no means of an ultra-popular kind. But Chopin's Polonaise in C (the violin part by Mr Pollitzer) was sufficiently appreciated to be re-demanded; and Miss Waud was also called upon to repeat Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Le Prophète*, for which, however, she substituted Scharwenka's series of "Polish Dances." The fair concert-giver was supported by vocalists innumerable.—*Whitehall Review.*

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* Sorry for that amateur.—Dr Blimp.

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GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The production of *Tannhäuser*, equally with the performance of *Lohengrin*, and more than that of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, honourably distinguished the German season. After three nights' experience of these representations, and while fully recognizing certain defects, an idea is forming in the public mind that we are seeing Wagner's early operas for the first time—for the first time, that is to say, as regards their spirit, if not their letter, and with reference to the dramatic conditions they exact. As we remarked in a previous notice, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and their fellows, when put on a foreign stage, are often presented more in accord with the traditions of that stage than with those of the one from which they have been transplanted. At Covent Garden, for example, they become quasi-Italian works, the artists naturally treating them much as they would an opera to the Italian manner born. How different that is from the German method appears in the apparent forgetfulness of the actors that they are playing to an audience at all; in the uniformly strict attention paid by the least important person on the stage to the progress of the work, and in the stately repose, or slow, majestic motion, recalling what history tells us as to the characteristics of Greek drama. With the style of representation now exemplified at Drury Lane, the protracted scenes in which Wagner indulges seem quite to accord; as emphatically they do not with the more buoyant life and vivacious action of Italian opera. This leads us to point out that whoever desires a genuine acquaintance with Wagner's early works should permit the Germans to act as introducers. In such a case there can be no mistake, and in the mind of the auditor each drama will stand or fall fairly upon its merits. The cast of *Tannhäuser* is a strong one, for proof of which we need hardly do more than refer to the fact that Frau Sucher plays Elizabeth, and that Herr Winkelmann devotes to the unhappy victim of sensual passion the talents which distinguished his Lohengrin. Frau Sucher's success was, if anything, greater as Elizabeth than as Elsa. This might have been expected, given a comparison of the two characters and a knowledge of the lady's powers. Despite the charm that surrounds Elsa she is a weak personage, who takes the earliest possible opportunity of doing that which she had expressly engaged not to do. Elizabeth, on the contrary, is all strength and devotion—"faithful unto death." The character is as grand as it is pure, and adapted to excite a true artist to the high effort which can only arise from unalloyed sympathy with the theme. That it brought forth all the enthusiasm of a gifted woman, and displayed her full powers, is beyond question. The acting of Frau Sucher was again worthy of study. Never fussy and demonstrative, and never tame, it charmed by that truth to nature which seems more true for the touch of art that graces it. We are at a loss for special illustrations of the fact, seeing that the embodiment was uniformly good. But mention may be made of the scene with which the second act closes, and that wherein the well-known prayer is offered. In the one, strength of feeling which never lost dignity and grace, and, in the other, pathos which went straight to the heart, helped to rank this effort among the greatest of its kind. Frau Sucher sang as well as she acted. Her delivery of the prayer—to mention only one thing in proof—was as pure an example of refined vocalization as could be desired. We must speak in equal terms of Herr Winkelmann's Tannhäuser—an impersonation that struck a grand note at the outset and sustained it to the end. The part was powerfully acted, Herr Winkelmann's dramatic talent easily meeting the accumulated demands upon it. He was most forcible, perhaps, in the last scene, and certainly none the less so because he refrained from rant and exaggeration. A more striking piece of acting and declamation than the long solo in the interview with Wolfram rarely calls for applause; while the lyrical portions of Tannhäuser's music were given in a style suggestive rather of Italian than of German vocal art. Herr Koegel was, perhaps, hardly at his best as the Landgraf, but Herr Gura (Wolfram) improved upon his "form" as the Dutchman, and would have done so still more had he not dragged the "Star" song till it became wearisome. Fraulein Wiedermann (Venus), Herr Landau (Walther), Herr Wolff (Heinrich), and Herr Ehrke (Bitterolf) did useful work in their respective parts, while the chorus and stage management gave no reason for complaint. Herr Richter's orchestra was a treat to hear. The delicacy of its accompaniment could not have been surpassed any more than could the admirable balance of tone and the just expression with which, from time to time, the solo passages were executed.—*D. T.*

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In Beethoven's *Fidelio* the German company enjoyed another opportunity of enforcing their claims upon our music-loving public, of which they availed themselves by giving a highly dramatic performance of a genuine masterpiece. The forces at command were again ample for carrying out that unity of purpose which has hitherto marked these representations. The band, under Herr Richter, unmistakably asserted its importance. Besides heightening the pleasure of the audience, when interest was centred upon the stage, by accompaniments that never failed in exact measure and quality, the orchestra gave the utmost gratification in the overtures No. 4 (*Fidelio*) and No. 3 (*Leonora*). At the present moment the *Leonora* is perhaps the most popular of all overtures with amateurs. Listening to every phrase, the audience seemed to be waiting for the stirring fiddle passage towards the end, which, like the final gallop of a race, never fails to cause the greatest excitement. The applause was uproarious, but Herr Richter wisely resisted the demand for an encore. One hardly acceptable feature in the band is the peculiar prominence of the "tympani." The effect, usually heard when Beethoven murmurs or thunders on the drums, was not found. It is a small matter, perhaps; but is not the observance of details the avowedly strong point of this company? Considerable interest was felt in the first appearance of Fräulein Malten (Leonora), whose fame had preceded her; and that interest was increased when the lady, imposing of stature and of handsome presence, was seen in the dress of her part. Seldom, if ever, has an artist looked more becoming in the garb assumed by Leonora, and the sight called up the thought that, if the *débutante* could act and sing as well as she looked, an impersonation of special excellence would be secured. Conviction quickly followed that Fräulein Malten is an actress of experience and exceptional powers; at the same time, it must be said that reports of the lady's vocal talent were more tardily justified. At first the voice sounded uncertain and veiled; but in the trio with Rocco and Marcelline its strength and richness were at once proclaimed. Later on, in the recitative and *aria*, Fräulein Malten had the fullest opportunity of displaying her vocal qualities. The recitative was delivered with great force and intensity of expression, the voice proving equal to every demand; in the *aria*, however, signs of fatigue were manifested. Fräulein Malten has not escaped the tendency of modern German singing to injure the voice, and mar the art of vocalization. But it would be wrong to judge her simply as a vocalist, for she is a genuine dramatic artist, and unquestionably one of high rank. Her conception of the character of the devoted wife is full and harmonious throughout. In it tenderness, pity, and love are blended with guileless intrigue and daring courage. Such qualities enabled her to gain, throughout the evening, frequent proofs of high appreciation. The important part of Rocco was but feebly played and sung by Herr P. Ehrke. In past years bass singers of remarkable powers lifted the "Jailer" into a very prominent place. Herr Ehrke is unfortunate when judged by those who recollect Carl Formes in his prime. On the other hand, the part of Florestan has seldom been more satisfactorily filled than by Herr J. Wolff. In the air which opens the second act he was admirable in voice and feeling, while his impassioned accents, when in vision he beholds Leonora, created a thrilling effect. Pizarro was ably represented by Dr Kraus, whose strident tones upheld the voice part against the full strength of the band. But perhaps his success in the "Revenge" air was in a great measure due to the skill of Herr Richter, who, without losing vigour, gave the singer an opportunity of being heard distinctly from beginning to end. Marcelline was unobtrusively played by Fräulein Wiedermann, the part of her lover, Jacquino, devolving upon Herr L. Landau. The members of the choir again showed that they not only could sing effectively, but also act with intelligence. In the famous chorus of prisoners they gave proof of uncommon merit.—P. G.

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On Tuesday night, Richard Wagner's eighth opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, was produced with brilliant success, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, and in presence of a large

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audience, among whom were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. There is much to say of the work and its performance, but for the present we can only refer to the one as a charming example of its composer's lighter mood and happier genius, and to the other as about the most perfect thing of its kind ever presented on an English stage. *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* should make the fortune of the enterprise with which it is now associated, and the chances are, judging by the universal applause of Tuesday night, that we shall have to chronicle some such result. Each act was received with enthusiasm, the curtain being raised again and again. To the meaning of the demonstrations indulged in by the audience we cheerfully subscribe. *Die Meistersinger* is beautiful, and, putting the work side by side with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, we cannot fail to see that it both vindicates and avenges art.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Grand Opera, M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* still figures in the bills, and, to avoid as long as possible any change in the cast, M. Vaucorbeil has secured M. Lassalle (Malatesta) till the middle of this month, buying that artist's holiday up to then. Maurel returned some time since, and chose *Hamlet* for his re-appearance. The chief novelty for the winter will be *Henri VIII.*, book by MM. Léonce Detroyat and Armand Silvestre, music by M. Camille Saint-Saëns. The official reading took place the week before last. The following is the cast: Catherine of Arragon, Mdlle Krauss; Anne Boleyn, Mdlle Richard; Henry VIII., Lassalle; Gomez de Feria, Sellier; the Pope's Legate, Boudouresque; and the Duke of Norfolk, Lorrain. Besides *Henri VIII.*, a two-act work, by M. E. Pessard, and a new ballet, book by the authors of *Yedda*, for Mdlle Mauri, will be put in rehearsal forthwith.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Galante Aventure* has been withdrawn after anything but a long run and its place taken by *Le Nozze di Figaro*, or *Les Noces de Figaro*, as it is here styled. The subjoined interesting information relative to the fortunes of this marvellous work in France is taken from *Le Ménestrel*:

"But let us go back to the arrival in France of the first of the three universally consecrated masterpieces written by the divine Mozart, so justly surnamed the Raphael of Music; it took place on the 20th March, 1793, on the stage of our Grand Opera, seven years after the first performance at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna (1st May, 1786). In the work as translated by Notaris, the dialogue of Beaumarchais alternated with Mozart's music. The French version was divided into five acts and bore in the bills the same title as the original comedy: *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The copious prose of Beaumarchais added to Mozart's voluminous score rendered the work of immoderate length. Moreover, the artists of the Opera, little familiar with the art of delivering spoken-dialogue, cut a rather bad figure in the characters entrusted to them, and which the public were accustomed to see played by actors of talent. Lays, too, on whom devolved the task of representing Figaro, did not possess any of the qualities requisite for pourtraying the physiognomy of the lively barber. He was heavy and dull, the memoirs of the time tell us. Adrien sang the Count; Mdme Ponteuil, the Countess; and Mdlle Gavaudan, Suzanne. When we add that French ears were still half closed to delicate music, the reader will not be astonished that the work achieved no success. *Le Mariage de Figaro*, as served up by Notaris, ran only five nights, and fell before the insufficiency of the receipts. The first performance produced, it is true, 5,035 francs, a tolerably respectable sum for that epoch, but, at the fifth, the takings amounted to only the ridiculous total of 448 francs! On the 14th November, 1807, *Le Mariage de Figaro* was performed at the Opéra-Comique by order of the Minister of the Palace, so at least we are informed, without further details, by the catalogue of the Musical Library of the Opera. Was this performance the only one or was it followed by others? We cannot say. But the real first performance in France of Mozart's masterpiece dates only from the year 1858, when M. Carvalho gave it with a new translation, by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Its success, as we know, was considerable. Subsequently, in 1872, the artist-manager transported the famous score to the Opéra-Comique."

The cast at the Théâtre-Lyrique was as follows: the Countess, Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez; Suzanne, Mad. Ugalde; and Cherubin, Mad. Carvalho; a vocal trio not to be surpassed or even equalled at that epoch. At present, Mad. Carvalho enacts the Countess: Mdlle Vanzandt, Cherubin; and Mdlle Isaac, Suzanne. Mdlle Ducasse appears as Marceline, and Mdlle Molé as Fanchette. Fugère plays Figaro, and Taskin is Count Almaviva. The revival has been extremely successful artistically and pecuniarily, the receipts often exceeding 9000 francs. Méhul's *Joseph*, which has been in preparation for some time past and has not been given since 1866, was to have been produced last Friday, the 26th ult., but, owing to the indisposition of M. Danbé, the conductor, the event has been postponed till Friday the 2nd inst. *Joseph* will be played by Talazac and Benjamin by Mad. Bilbaut-Vauchelet. There was some talk of having the renowned chorus, "Dieu d'Israël," sung by the pupils of the Conservatory, but that intention has been abandoned. An opera which will be put in rehearsal very soon, although not to be brought out before the Autumn, is *Lakmé*, book by MM. Goudinet and Gille, music by Léo Delibes. There is, also, a prospect of Victor Massé's *Cléopâtre*, of a *Manon Lescaut* by Massenet, and of a revival of G. Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mdlle Mauduit, formerly of the Grand Opera, as the heroine.

MM. Hartmann and Vianesi have signed an agreement with M. Ballande to rent the Théâtre des Nations of him for a short season. It is their intention to get up three operas—Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Massenet's *Hérodiade*, and Boïto's *Mefistofele*. Some persons assert that M. Ballande's temporary sub-lessees have an ulterior object in view: that, namely, of making their present enterprise simply a stepping-stone to the foundation of the much-desired Théâtre-Lyrique, with an annual grant from the Government of 200,000 francs, and from the Municipality of 300,000. If so, they have a rival in M. Paul Ferry. That gentleman, however, who is stated to have the command of well-nigh unlimited capital, would re-establish the Lyrique on the site of the old Grand Café Parisien, in the Place de la République, and his scheme has been for some time past under consideration in the proper quarters. He was formerly a dramatic agent, then the director of a paper called *La Comédie*, and afterwards manager of the Grand Théâtre, Havre, but his management lasted only a few weeks.

A most interesting event lately was the sale at the Hôtel Drouot of M. Savoye's collection of 214 musical instruments, dating from the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Among them may be mentioned the small piano given by Gluck to J. J. Rousseau, and afterwards the property successively of Grétry and Nicolo Isouard; Marie Louise's piano, also, figured in the list.

A new society, the Union of Young French Composers, has just been founded with the object of giving every year a certain number of fortnightly concerts for the performance of unpublished works by the active, or composing members, who are limited to twenty, and already include Mdlle Augusta Holmès, MM. André Wormser, Octave Fouque, and other less known aspirants for artistic fame. There is a committee appointed to superintend the performance of the works sent in, but without power to pass judgment or reject them. To enable the Society to carry out their scheme, an appeal is made to the lovers of music to become honorary members, paying five-and-twenty francs annually, and receiving in return so many tickets for each concert.—Q.

YESTERDAY afternoon the Duke of Edinburgh was to visit Maidstone, and address a public meeting in the Corn Exchange on behalf of the Royal College of Music, with the object of raising a fund in order to establish a scholarship for Kent.

AT the monthly meeting of the Musical Association, to be held at 27, Harley Street on Monday afternoon next, Dr H. Hiles, of Manchester, will read a paper entitled "From Rhythmic Pulsation to Classical Outline." After this has been discussed, an apparatus, invented by Herr J. Föhr, of Stuttgart, for writing down by electricity any music played on a pianoforte, will be exhibited, and Mr T. L. Southgate will explain the working of the instrument.

HERR ANGELO NEUMANN has leased Her Majesty's Theatre for October next, when he intends to bring over a first-rate troupe of German operatic artists and ballet to produce the latest and most successful German operas in London. A few of Wagner's operas will also be placed on the stage, but the greatest attraction for the public will undoubtedly be the new and fashionable operas.—*Morning Post.*

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The popularity of Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, when Mdme Adelina Patti appears as one of the ill-fated lovers, was made evident last Friday by the very large audience that visited the theatre. The character of Giulietta presents irresistible attractions to a lady so admirably adapted by nature and art for meeting its requirements. Fragile in form, youthful in appearance, and with personal characteristics distinguishing the Southern race, Mdme Patti is able to present the Veronese maiden in a way that few rival. Moreover, the music of the French composer supplies many and varied opportunities for the display of her vocal skill. In the air, "Nella calma," the singer, on Friday evening, absolutely revelled in graces of vocalization, and, unfatigued by the arduous exercise, repeated the song at the desire of her gratified audience. Her lyrical powers were never found wanting. In the balcony scene, when, unwittingly, Giulietta betrays her affection, the simple tones were those indicative of girlhood, and the impassioned accents the natural outburst of suddenly-awakened love. In the marriage scene the strains uttered were idyllic in their peacefulness, and her farewell to the banished Romeo, now wild with grief, now calm with resignation, was not wanting in any aid that art could bring. Neither in the interviews with Friar Laurence did Mdme Patti fail to show dramatic powers, while in the final scene qualities of a really tragic order were called into requisition. Signor Nicolini (Romeo) performed his part in the style well known to *habitués* of the Italian opera. If his voice proved still too rebellious for the restraints necessary to express tender feeling, it promptly responded to the call of robust passion. M. Dufriche (Capuletto), who made his *début* on this occasion, enacted his part with dignity. His naturally good voice is not free from the injurious *vibrato* of the French school; nevertheless, he sang like a practised artist. In the air, "Su baldi garzon," he secured the approbation of the audience. It is pleasant to record that Mdlle Guercia (Stefano), recovered from the stage fright that marred her efforts a few nights back in Siebel, gave on Friday a pleasant and effective reading of the Page's music. Mdme Corsi impersonated the Nurse. Signors Cotogni (Mercuzio), De Reszke (Frate Lorenzo), Sabater (Tebaldo), and Raguer (Il Conte Pari) were all efficient. Signor Bevignani conducted with the ease of an accomplished master, accompanying the voices with judgment and bringing out the characteristics of Gounod's orchestration with tact and effect.

On Saturday the opera was *Carmen*, then played for the first time at Covent Garden; that establishment being still satisfied, as in the days when *Faust* was a novelty, to follow the track of Mr Mapleson and pick up his successes. A large and fashionable audience was assembled, but it was not exclusively, or even chiefly, on account of Bizet's opera that "society" gathered in strength. *Carmen* is, no doubt, an admired work, and an executant representative of that which Richard Wagner, speaking at the Bayreuth supper in 1870, graciously acknowledged to be an art suited to French taste. But Saturday's audience were drawn together by a form of attraction than which nothing has more power over the frequenters of Italian opera. The "sweet compulsion" was that of a *prima donna*; more, it was that of a *prima donna* not seen on our stage for ten years; more still, it was that of Pauline Lucca, once the spoilt child of Covent Garden, whose very faults were admired for the charming *insouciance* with which they were committed. Our public never cherished ill-feeling against their old favourite for her desertion of them ten years ago. They missed a saucy Cherubino, a picturesque and impulsive Selika, and the most tempting Zerlina that ever made Fra Diavolo's brigands open wide their eyes. But it was quite in Mdme Lucca's line to carry her artistic waywardness over into actual life, and the chances were that she would return as suddenly as she disappeared. Meanwhile nobody forgot her, and on Saturday night she came to find the impress left in 1872 still existing, comparatively unaffected by lapse of time and the rise of newer favourites. That Mdme Lucca was greeted with prolonged applause will be taken as a matter of course. An English audience never forgets and never ceases to be generous. There are those who say that it is not critical, and imply a want of power to judge. It is rather soft-hearted whenever a good intent can be descried, and, no less, whenever there come up from the past recollections of service done and pleasure conferred. Who does not prefer this magnanimity to the savage hardness which in some other countries is cherished as a proof of artistic discernment? Mdme Lucca was expected to make a "hit" as the Spanish gipsy, and that not merely on the strength of what she had done in the *rôle* elsewhere. No one acquainted with her special qualifications for dealing with character parts could doubt that she would find in Carmen a success ready to hand. The gipsy might have been taken from Merrimée's novel and placed on the stage expressly for her, whose artistic individuality it fits "like a glove." In working out her conception of the part Mdme Lucca does not shrink from realism for the purpose of making things pleasant. She might represent Carmen as simply a nature animated and guided by instinct; now attracted in this direction and now in that, as a butterfly amid flowers, all the time careless of inflicting pain. We have such a Carmen on our stage—rough, hoydendish, using the power of beauty with enjoyment of the wounds inflicted, yet not wilfully bad, nor altogether heartless. This, however, is not the Carmen of Mdme Lucca, who, taking the broadest view of Merrimée's conception, makes her a very tigress, with cruel claws ready to dart forth and rend and tear on the smallest provocation. The Russian, according to Napoleon, must be scratched before the Tartar can be discovered; but the slightest brush the wrong way turns our fascinating gipsy into a fiend. Madame Lucca takes care that this shall be seen, almost as soon as she comes upon the stage, in the furtive vindictive glance, and in the hard set expression that falls like a cloud of night upon the whilom smiling face. We, therefore, are not at all surprised to hear that Carmen has stabbed one of her fellow-workers. Such an act seems as natural as, when Don José afterwards pesters her with his love, is the wandering of the hand to the knife stuck in her girdle. The same couching fierceness runs through the entire course of the character, and more than the sensuousness which passes with Carmen for love, puts upon it a distinguishing stamp. Mdme Lucca worked out her idea with consummate skill and abiding strength. No detail was wanting, nor did the outline ever lose its clearness. Even when Carmen set herself to allure the young soldier from honour and duty the lurking devil could be seen through the thin disguise she wore; and how, when Don José wavered, that disguise vanished as if by magic, while out burst a torrent of passion, chafing itself hotter by a sense of its impotence. If at any time better than another Mdme Lucca was so in the final scene, where the gipsy at last stands face to face with the spirit of revenge she has challenged. Her bye-play while Don José poured forth his complaints and entreaties was a study, and showed, better than words could do, the varying emotions felt. Now rage distorted the gipsy's handsome face, succeeded by an expression of unutterable boredom at having to witness agony to her incomprehensible. Then came scorn, defiance, pride, as the plaudits of the bull-ring bespoke the triumph of Escamillo; and, lastly, despair on seeing that the time of reckoning had come. The lyric stage has not often witnessed anything more elaborate and, at the same time, more powerful than this; but, indeed, the entire impersonation was a dramatic success which ought to and will rank among the events of the season. When we say that Mdme Lucca has come back to us with her voice and vocal powers but little, if at all, changed, it will be at once understood how she rendered the music of her part. Nothing of emphasis and significance was wanting, but the lady's triumph was mainly that of the actress, and as such her audience recognized it. Referring to the performance as a whole, we cannot for a moment compare it favourably with that given at Her Majesty's Theatre under Sir Michael Costa, although the pure and graceful part of Micäela was taken by the same artist (Mdme Valleria), who then played it so charmingly as to win universal admiration. M. Bouhy, said to be the "creator" of Escamillo, looked well, but failed to give the character any special importance either as actor or singer, even the Torreador Song passing without a demand for repetition. As Don José, M. Lestellier showed himself in the light of a respectable, if not an uncommon artist, and made a more favourable impression than at any previous time. His acting in the final scene was not without power, but he had to contend against recollections which may have indisposed the audience fully to acknowledge his just deserts. Mdlle Velmi, (Mercedes) and Mdlle Lonati (Pasquita) were quite indifferent, while it is not possible to speak with more than ordinary commendation of Signor Silvestri (Zuniga), M. Dauphin (Dancairo), and Signor Guerini, whose make-up as Il Remendado seemed to have been borrowed from the stage of opéra-bouffe. The chorus did their work well, as usual, but M. Dupont may be advised to practise his orchestra further in the delicate and piquant treatment demanded by Bizet's characteristic music. He should also correct some of his *tempi*, and in particular avoid spoiling the opening, the quintet, and one or two other movements, by taking them at undue speed.—*D. T.*

The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) left England for Canada on Thursday, the 25th May. Her Royal Highness's departure will be much regretted by many musicians and painters, in both of which arts the Princess feels so deeply interested. Her Royal Highness was accompanied to the station by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, &c. Among those who received telegrams to meet the Princess at the Euston Station to bid her farewell were the Misses Montalba and Professor Goldberg.

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Chamber Music Concerts,
GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FIFTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 7,
At Half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme.

TRIO, in B major, Op. 8	*Brahms.*
SONATA, Pianoforte, in A flat, Op. 110	*Beethoven.*
SOLO, Violin, Adagio from 9th Concerto	*Spohr.*
TRIO, in G minor, Op. 110	*Schumann.*

Executants—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Franz Néruda and Charles Hallé.

Tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at the Grosvenor Gallery Ticket Office.

BIRTHS.

On April 28, in Paris, Madam CHARLES LANGLOIS (*née* Gabrielle Lauvergnat), of a son.

On May 25, at Elmswood, Tooting Bec Road, Streatham, S.W., the wife of HENRY BRINLEY RICHARDS, Esq., Junr., of a son.

DEATH.

On May 27, at Northumberland House, Fulham, MARY CLEMENTINA SULLIVAN, widow of Thomas Sullivan, and mother of Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq., aged 71.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANACONDA DRAGONETTI.—The musician who on the occasion of Anton Rubinstein's *Ocean* symphony being performed at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, said that "the first movement wanted but a whale to make it perfect," was Spohr's intimate friend, the celebrated contrapuntist, Hauptmann, who also declared that the overture to *Tannhäuser* could only have been written by a maniac. Poor Hauptmann!

ERRATUM.—In the paragraph last week which states that Signor and Mdme Verdi have returned from Paris to Brussels, for "Brussels" read Busseto, where Verdi has an estate upon which he usually resides during the summer months.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

PAULINE LUCCA.

La sorte amica i nostri voti intese
E al nostro affetto te pur anco rese
Per ammaliarci con divino incanto
O che alla gioia tu atteggi, o al pianto.
Mancava al nostro ciel un' altra stella,
Ma scorta alfin l'abbiam! e tu sei quella!

PARSIFALIANA.

II.

The first two questions which present themselves on taking up the poem or the pianoforte score of *Parsifal*, are: (1) Why has Wagner entitled his work "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel?" and (2) why does he call his hero "Parsifal" rather than "Parzival," as von Eschenbach has done? The second is easier to answer than the first; but, premising that my aim is quite as much to elicit as to impart information, I will try to answer both.

I. The literal English equivalent of "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel," I take it, would be "A Sacred Festival Stage Play," or, as we should say more simply, "A Sacred Musical Drama." Regarded in this light, its analogy to the Mysteries and Miracle Plays of mediæval times, as well as to the Ammergau Passion Play of a more recent date, is at once apparent. By many the Ammergau Passion Play has been regarded as an offence, but by far the greater majority, who attended it in a proper and religious frame of mind, it has been pronounced to be in the highest degree an elevating spectacle. Thus it doubtless will be with *Parsifal*. The unthinking and irreligious will regard it simply as a musical dramatic spectacle. Religious people will find in it much which at first cannot but seem repulsive, but the objection to which will easily wear off, always provided that they approach it in a proper spirit, and in the same frame of mind as they would the Ammergau Passion Play. Attending the one as well as the other should be regarded as a sort of pilgrimage or religious function. For, according to Wagner, the dramatic stage is to become the great religious teacher and moralizer of the future, just as it was in the days of ancient Greece.

II. The second question—Why does Wagner call his hero "Parsifal" rather than "Parzival?"—is something more than an etymological one. In each of the various versions of the story of the life and adventures of the same knight his name is somewhat differently spelt; for this varied etymology there is good reason. In the prose romance (*Roman de Perceval*) by Chretien de Troyes, written before 1200 and rendered into verse by Menessier, he is called "Perceval." Here the word is derived from *Per*=a dish or basin, and *Keval* (*cyfaill*)=seeker; *i.e.*, Seeker of the Grail. It is therefore synonymous with "Peredur"—*Per* and *Gedur* (seeker), the g being dropped when compounded with another word—the name by which the same knight is known in the *Mabinogion* of Wales, translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. In von Eschenbach's poem the word bears quite another signification; viz.; that of "Right through" (*inmitten durch*), as appears therein from Sigune's address to the hero:—

"Fürwahr, der heissest Parzival!
Der Name sagt: Inmitten durch."

This is analogous to "Perceforest," the hero of a prose romance in Greek, which was turned into Latin, and thence into French, under the title of *La très Elégante Délicieuse Mellifleur et Très Plaisante Histoire du Très Noble Roy Perceforest* (printed at Paris in 1528), who was so-called because he dared to *pierce*, almost alone, an enchanted *forest*, where women and children were most evilly entreated.

The earliest writer about the "Holy Grail" appears to have been one Flegetanis, an astrologer, whose manuscript, written in Arabic, was discovered in Toledo by Kiot (Guiot), and furnished the groundwork of subsequent accounts. Though no mention of Parzival, Titurel, and other Knights of the Grail, who appear in von Eschenbach's version, is made therein, it was doubtless the existence of this Arabic manuscript which led Wagner to call his hero "Parsifal," rather than "Parzival," or "Perceval," in order that it might agree with the Arabic etymology. "Parsifal," it should be explained, is equivalent to "Fal parsi," or more correctly, "Parseh fal"; its signification in either case being "pure fool." Regarding the story of the "Holy Grail" as a heathen myth Christianized (as many commentators have done), the pertinence of the preference for "Parsifal" to "Parzival" at once becomes apparent. Not only does it serve Wagner's dramatic purpose better, but from a religious point of view it gains greatly in beauty. "Parzival" or "Perceval," the "thorough" knight, or "Seeker for the Grail," as "Parsifal" is allegorical of a Christian giving up everything in order to be admitted a Priest and King in the City of God, and, in accordance with St Paul's dictum,* becoming a fool, in order to learn true wisdom.

Sydenham, 28th May, 1882. C. A. B.

[The French prose romance of *Perceforêt* may be seen at the British Museum (King's Library) in gigantic, double-columned, folio volumes. More courageous than Southey, who stopped short in the middle of *Tristan* (see his edition of *Morte Arthure*, reprinted in black letter, after Caxton, and the notes to which are worth perusal), I waded through it to the bitter end, and was not rewarded for my pains—or what Southey calls "serious expense of time."—Otto Heard.]

* 1 Cor. iii. 18. "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."

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JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 322.)

In what is this entire phenomenon more clear, in what is it more perceptible than in almost anything else, than in the works of a musician of Jewish descent, endowed by nature with specifically musical gifts, as few musicians before him had been endowed! Everything which we perceived when investigating our antipathy for the Jewish element, every contradiction in that element, both as regards itself and us, all the incapacity of it, standing beyond the ground on which we stand, but wishing, notwithstanding, to hold intercourse with us on that ground, nay, even to give further development to the phenomena sprung therefrom, rise to the height of a perfectly tragic conflict in the nature, the life, and the artistic efforts of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who died so young. Mendelssohn showed us that a Jew may be most richly endowed with an abundance of specific talent, may enjoy the most liberal and most varied education, and may possess the highest and most delicately sensitive feeling of honour, without, by the aid of all these advantages, having it in his power to produce upon us, in one single instance, the profound impression, moving heart and soul, which we expect from art, because we know the latter to be capable of it, because we have, on innumerable occasions, experienced such a sensation, immediately a hero of that art merely opened his lips, so to speak, to address us. To professional critics, who may have arrived at the same convictions as ourselves on this point, we will leave the task of corroborating, from the details of Mendelssohn's artistic productions, this undoubtedly certain fact; let it now suffice to render clear our general feeling, for us to recall to mind that, on hearing anything by this composer, we felt our attention rivetted only when our fancy, desirous, more or less, of being merely entertained, was excited by the presentation, arrangement, and combination, of the most delicate, the smoothest, and the most skilful figures, as in the changing and charming forms and colours of the kaleidoscope—but never when these figures were intended to assume the shapes of the deep and vigorous sensations of the human heart.† In the latter case, even all formal power of production failed Mendelssohn, and on this account, especially when, as in oratorio, he approached the drama, he was compelled to grasp at every detail of form especially peculiar, as an individually characteristic mark, to one or other of his predecessors, whom he selected as his model in style. It is, moreover, a characteristic fact that, while pursuing this course, he should select as a model to be imitated, for his modern speech, incapable of expressing anything, no other than our old master *Bach*. Bach's musical language was formed at a period of our musical history when universal musical language was still struggling for the capability of more individual, and more certain, utterance; the exclusively formal and pedantic element still clung so closely to it, that it was first in Bach's works, thanks to the immense power of Bach's genius, that its purely human expression overcame the difficulties in its way. Bach's language holds the same relation to the language of Mozart, and, finally, to that of Beethoven, as the Egyptian Sphinx to a Grecian statue of a human being; as the Sphinx, though possessing a human face, emerges from the body of an animal, so does Bach's noble human head peer forth from beneath a peruque. An inconceivably thoughtless confusion in the luxurious musical taste of our time is to be found in the fact that we allow the language of Bach to be employed in addressing us at the very same moment as that of Beethoven, and that we delude ourselves into the idea that there was only an individually formal, but by no means a real and historical difference. The reason is, however, easily perceptible: the language of Beethoven can be spoken only by a perfect and thorough man of warm feelings, because it was the language of so perfect a musical being that, in obedience to the impulse of necessity he pointed out to us the road for the fructification of all arts by means of music as the sole successful mode of extending the latter. The language of Bach, on the other hand, can be easily repeated, though not in the sense of Bach, by a very skilful musician, because the formal element is still the preponderating element, the purely human expression not yet being so decidedly supreme that simply the *What* could or ought to be already uttered in it, since it was still engaged in the fashioning of the *How*. It is by Mendelssohn's endeavours to utter an obscure and almost negative purport in as interesting and mind-dazzling a mode as possible that the looseness and capriciousness of our musical style were carried to their highest pitch, if not actually originated. While Beethoven, the last in the series of our true musical heroes, struggled, with the highest aspirations and miracle-working power to achieve the clearest and the most certain expression of an unspeakable purport, by sharply-defined plastic fashioning of his tone-pictures, Mendelssohn, on the other hand, in his productions, reduces these pictures, all ready to his hand, to mere undefined shadows, on beholding the undecided glimmer of the colours composing which our capricious power of imagination is arbitrarily moved, but our purely human inward yearning for clear artistic vision scarcely encouraged with even the mere hope of realization. It is only when the oppressive feeling of his incapability appears to obtain the mastery over his mind, and forces him to the expression of gentle and melancholy resignation, that Mendelssohn is able to present himself to us characteristically, that is, in the subjective sense of a delicately feeling individuality, confessing, to itself, in the presence of impossibility, its own powerlessness. This is, as we said, the tragical trait in Mendelssohn's case; and if, in the sphere of art, we wished to bestow our sympathy upon mere individuality, we could not refuse Mendelssohn a large share of it, even though its force might be weakened by the consideration that this tragical element in his position clung to him, without his having a real, painful, purifying consciousness of the fact.

But no other Jewish composer can excite such sympathy in us. A widely celebrated one of our own times has appealed with his productions to a portion of our public, in whom he had not so much to spoil all musical taste, as to take advantage of a taste already corrupted. It is now a long time since, having proceeded by degrees, the public of our operahouses left off making those demands which they were entitled to make, not merely upon a dramatic work of art, but upon any work generally, which possessed a claim to good taste. These places of entertainment are mostly filled only with that part of our middle classes, with whom the sole motive for taking up one occupation after another is weariness; the disease of weariness is not, however, to be cured by the enjoyment derived from art, for it cannot be intentionally diverted, but merely deceived with regard to itself by another kind of weariness. The means of thus deceiving it has been made by the celebrated composer in question the study of his professional life. It is useless to characterize precisely the artistic resources which he employed with such profusion to attain the said object; it is sufficient that, as we perceive by the result, he understood perfectly how to deceive, and he did so by imposing on his wearied audiences‡ with the jargon we have already minutely described, as the piquant modern expression of all the trivialities with which, in their natural absurdity, they had so often been presented before. That he should, also, have attached importance to great mental commotions, and likewise to the effect produced by interweaving catastrophes of the feelings, is a fact that ought to astonish no one who knows how necessarily such effects are desired by persons suffering from weariness; that he succeeds in his design, ought to surprise no one who recollects the reasons why, under the circumstances, he must succeed in everything. This deceptive composer even goes so far as to deceive himself, doing so, too, as intentionally, perhaps, as he deceives his wearied audiences. We really believe that he would like to produce works of art, while, at the same time, he knows that he cannot produce them; to extricate himself from this painful conflict between will and capability, he writes operas for Paris, and then easily gets them performed in other parts of the world—now-a-days the most certain method of achieving an artistic reputation without being an artist. Under the yoke of this self-delusion, which is not, possibly, so light as might be supposed, he, also, appears to us in an almost tragical light; the purely personal element in his wounded feelings, however, renders the matter tragi-comical, just as, generally, a something which leaves us cold, and is really laughable, is the characterizing mark of Judaism as regards that class of artistic manifestations in which the celebrated composer shows himself with regard to music.

From a careful consideration of the facts adduced, and which we have been enabled to comprehend by the investigation and justification of our invincible antipathy to the Jewish nature, the one thing especially apparent is *the incapability of our epoch in musical art*. Had the two Jewish composers of whom we have thus spoken at length really brought our music to higher excellence,§ we should

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

† Concerning the new Jewish system which has been raised upon this quality of Mendelssohn's music, and for the justification of this artistic agreement, we shall speak further on.

‡ Whoever has observed the shameless listlessness and indifference of a Jewish congregation during the celebration of their musical service in the synagogue, will be able to comprehend why a Jewish operatic composer does not feel at all hurt on meeting with the same phenomenon in the theatrical public, and is able to continue working indefatigably for that public, as the phenomenon in question must strike him as less unbecoming at a theatrical performance than in the house of God.

§ Another characteristic fact is the position assumed by the other Jewish musicians, and, indeed, by educated Judaism generally, towards their two most celebrated composers. For the partisans of Mendelssohn the famous operatic composer in question is an object of horror; with a delicate senti-

have been compelled to admit simply that the fact of our remaining behind them resulted from some organic incapacity to which we had fallen victims; but such is not the case; on the contrary, it is evident that, in comparison with by-gone periods of art, individual purely musical power has increased rather than diminished. The incapacity exists in the spirit of our art itself which demands a different life to that artificial life which is with difficulty sustained for it. The incapacity of this kind of music itself is displayed to us in the artistic labours of Mendelssohn, the specifically and unusually gifted musician; the nothingness of the entire public, its utterly inartistic nature and desires, are most evident and clear from the successes of the celebrated Jewish operatic composer we have mentioned. These are the important points to which the attention of every one who cultivates art seriously should be now seriously directed; on these points we have to investigate, to interrogate ourselves, and to come to a clear understanding. Any one who shirks the trouble, any one who turns from such an investigation because he is not imperatively impelled thereto, or because he avoids the knowledge which might probably drive him out of the groove of an old system, devoid of thought and of feeling—any one who would act thus we include under the category of "Judaism in Music." The Jews could not master this art before it was requisite to exhibit in it precisely what they have demonstrably shown: its inward incapacity to live. As long as music, as a separate art, contained within itself a real and organic necessity for life, down to the time of Mozart and of Beethoven, there was not a single Jewish composer; it was impossible for an element entirely foreign to such a vital organization to take part in the conformations of such a life. It is not till a body is evidently dead within that the elements lying outside are able to obtain possession of, or merely to decompose it; then, it is true, the flesh of such a body is resolved into a swarming, multiple, life of worms; yet who, on beholding these latter, would say that the body itself was still alive? The spirit, that is: life, fled from the body to something with which it has affinity, and that is simply life itself; it is only in real life that we can again find the spirit of art, and not in its worm-devoured corpse.

I have said previously that the Jews have produced no true poet. This is the place to speak of Heinrich Heine. At the time when Goethe and Schiller were writing poetry among us, we know of no Jew who did so; at the time, however, when writing poetry among us became a lie, and everything, save a true poet, sprang from the completely unpoetic element of our life, it was the office of a highly-gifted poetizing Jew to expose, with irresistible raillery, this lie, this utter nullity and Jesuitical hypocrisy of our poetizing, which still endeavoured to pass itself off for poetry. He lashed mercilessly the musical celebrities of his own race, as well as other persons, for their pretence of being artists; no falsehood escaped his attacks; he was incessantly urged forward by the pitiless demon who denied everything that appeared to merit being denied, through all the illusions of modern self-deception, so far as to deceive himself by considering that he, too, was a poet, for which he had his poetic lies set to music by our composers.—He was the conscience of Judaism, just as Judaism is the evil conscience of modern civilization.

We have still to mention another Jew who appeared among us as a writer. He stepped out of his isolated position as a Jew to seek salvation among us; he did not find it, and was doomed to become convinced that he could find it only with the redemption which should render us, also, really men. To become a man in common with us is, however, for the Jew, tantamount, above all, to ceasing to be a Jew. Börne did this. But it is precisely Börne who has proved that this deliverance cannot be achieved with ease and with carelessly cold comfort, but that it cost him, like us, sweat, distress, anxiety, and a large amount of suffering and pain. Take part, without consideration of the consequences, in this work of redemption, bearing fresh offspring through self-destruction, and we are united and undistinguishable! But remember that there is only one means of redemption from the curse that weighs upon you, namely: *Annihilation!*

(To be continued.)

—o—

CONCERTS.

EVEN amid the thousand-and-one strong attractions of the present musical season interest was felt in the performance at St James's Hall, last Thursday night, of Mr F. H. Cowen's cantata, *St Ursula*, and a large number of amateurs gathered to hear and judge the work. *St Ursula*, as must be well remembered, was written for and produced at the Norwich Festival of 1881, but had never, previous to the occasion under notice, challenged the criticism of the metropolis. It underwent an ordeal, therefore, on Thursday, and we are bound to add, judging by the measures of applause bestowed, that it did so with gratifying success. The cantata was very fully noticed in our columns at the time of its Festival hearing, little more than six months ago. We then dwelt at length upon Mr R. E. Francillon's poetic version of the story of the legendary saint and her virgins; whose bones travellers on the Rhine may yet behold if they have faith to believe. The opinion then expressed upon its merits remains unchanged, and needs no repetition beyond this—when composing his poem Mr Francillon showed himself as heedless as most other librettists of the immense advantage which a composer derives from variety of rhythm. The monotony of the measure he has employed is a serious drawback even to the cantata as it stands, for though Mr Cowen made the best of the verses with which he was supplied, it was not in the nature of things that the difficulty should altogether be overcome. With regard to the music, further acquaintance increases the respect felt from the first towards an exceedingly earnest and painstaking effort. We cannot too highly commend the spirit of thoroughness shown in every number of the work; nor can we over-praise the evident desire to get out of the beaten track into a less trodden way. The spirit of thoroughness is always good, and we are happy to know that it increasingly characterises our young English composers; but the desire to strike out new paths, or to follow the foot-tracks of some pioneer genius may lead to danger unless exercised with caution. It is, at all events, certain that never in art can anything be gained by imitation when it involves a departure from the method and style which early preference and the force of education have made natural. A composer may transform himself, as Beethoven did, till the work done at fifty differs entirely from that produced at twenty. But Beethoven's transformation came from within, and was the reverse of that which happens when a man, by long contemplation of another, is "changed into the same image." It is ever best, we may depend upon it, not only for a composer to go into himself in search of ideas, but to follow the method of expression which comes most naturally to him. Between the thought and its proper utterance a subtle connection exists, which should always be, yet rarely is, recognized. Given the one, the other is not far off. Often, however, they are rudely separated by an exercise of will or whim, and the natural idea comes forth clothed in an artificial dress, to the injury of its effect, if not to the total loss of its power. All this was illustrated, we think, by the performance on Thursday night, first of *St Ursula* and next of the "Scandinavian" symphony, both from the same pen, and, as regards birth period, almost twin productions. In the cantata, with its "representative themes;" its frequent subordination of vocal to orchestral effects; its erratic harmonies, ever turning and twisting in unexpected directions, and its general air of unrest, we see Mr Cowen looking intently at Wagner, by him shaping the expression of thoughts which are not Wagnerian. But in the "Scandinavian" symphony we have Mr Cowen telling his own story in his own way. Idea and utterance are here one. A beautiful sense of unity prevails, and the result is strength—strength sufficient to carry the work to some of the most musical cities of the continent and bring it back laurel-crowned. The moral is obvious, and for the sake of the art which Mr Cowen, by his many and great gifts, is able to adorn, we trust he will never again be tempted aside by the fantastic paraphernalia of Wagnerism; even though, in so doing, he gain the sweet voices of a superfine circle. Those were attractive meadows through which Christian passed under the shadow of Doubting Castle, and into the grasp of Giant Despair. The performance, both of the cantata and the symphony, was not so good as might have been wished, orchestra and chorus equally failing. On the other hand, the vocal solos entrusted to Mdme Valleria, Miss Orridge, Mr Lloyd, and Mr King, were generally well delivered; Mr Lloyd carrying off honours by gaining an encore for the graceful song, "The river sings, the river flows." Mdme Valleria's operatic training enabled her to present Ursula's music in its most dramatic form; and now that this clever lady has appeared

ment of honour they feel how much he compromises Judaism, as far as the more accomplished musician is concerned, and are, therefore, without pity for him. The faction of the other composer is, on the contrary, far more cautious in what they say about Mendelssohn, contemplating with envy rather than with open ill-will the success he has achieved in the world of "more sterling" music. It is the manifest object of a third party, that of those Jews who still go on composing, to avoid anything like scandal among themselves, in order to avoid all exposure, so that their process of producing music may proceed without any painful disturbances; the successes, which cannot be denied, of the great operatic composer are, therefore, in their opinion, worthy of consideration, and they think there must be something in what he does, though there is a good deal which they cannot approve or pronounce "solid." In fact, the Jews are far too clever not to know how matters stand with them.

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on what may be called the oratorio platform, we trust she will remain there, a valuable addition to the brief list of English-speaking sopranos. Miss Orridge sang the contralto music artistically. How Mr Cowen, who conducted his own works, was applauded is easy to imagine. The verdict of the audience was all in his favour, and he will, doubtless, take courage from it, pressing on to yet higher things.—*D. T.*

Floral Hall.—A concert at the Floral Hall, with the Covent Garden company, was rendered more than usually interesting by the presence of Mdme Christine Nilsson and the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, with the Duke of Edinburgh in a prominent and responsible position. The performance, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, was under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family, whose labours have been and are being so freely devoted to the establishment of this institution. The programme was particularly well chosen, and both parts began appropriately enough with works by English composers—Sterndale Bennett's fantasia overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mr Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *The Merchant of Venice*. Both are too well known to amateurs to require new words of praise. If in the proposed school musicians are educated able to add worthily to the list of English orchestral productions, among which this overture and the Masque music hold high place, lasting thanks will be due to those by whose efforts the institution has been founded. These and the other two contributions of the Amateur Society—Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture (No. 3) and Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*—were played both with precision and thorough appreciation. Signor de Reszké opened the vocal part of the concert with an admirable rendering of a romance called "Povera Rondinella"; Mdme Trebelli followed with Blumenthal's romantic and poetical Hungarian air, "Catene di Rose"; and Signor Mierzwinsky gave with dramatic power and much sensibility a *scena* from Massenet's *Herodiade*. Mdme Albani's "Ah! fors' è lui" was a natural consequence of the remarkable success of her recent performance of Violetta at Covent Garden, which it fully confirmed. After Beethoven's overture Mdme Nilsson sang first Braga's serenade, "O quali mi risvegliano," with violin *obbligato* by the Duke of Edinburgh, and subsequently a couple of those characteristic Swedish melodies which the Swedish *prima donna* sings with such spirit and so charmingly. His Royal Highness was evidently somewhat nervous at the beginning of his task; but when this natural feeling was conquered, he played altogether admirably, both here and subsequently in the *obbligato* to Mdme Albani's exquisite delivery of John Sebastian Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria." There is no royal road to success as a musician, except diligent practice and the earnest cultivation and development of musical sentiment; but this road the Duke has traversed with completely successful results. His tone is remarkably pure, his phrasing artistic in a high degree, and in these accompaniments he exhibited the great and rare merit of being in perfect sympathy with the singer. It is well for a Musical College whose patrons are thus skilled in the art they seek to advance. The only other song was M. Bouhy's, an air from Nicolo Isouard's *Joconde*, with the familiar refrain, "Et l'on revient toujours à ses premiers amours."—D. L. R.

Crystal Palace.—Herr Anton Rubinstein had earned for himself, by force of his symphony denominated *Ocean*, the reputation of being the composer of the longest known work of the kind ever produced. But, apparently unsatisfied with the ramifications of this "mighty monster," he has lately deemed it expedient to add to it another movement—the seventh—called *The Storm*, and this was performed for the first time in England at the twenty-second Saturday Concert. People might have imagined that one of the very first thoughts in his mind would be that of depicting a tempest; but Herr Rubinstein has only recently conceived such an episode to be at all pertinent. We do not think the Moldavian composer has done himself justice in *The Storm*, save as a writer for the big drum, in which respect he distances all rivals. Beethoven gave us a marvellous storm scene in his Pastoral Symphony, and Mendelssohn has left one of scarcely inferior grandeur in his "Scotch" Symphony. There is music in both of these, however, whereas in Herr Rubinstein's there is little else but noise and confusion. A passage from *Rigoletto*, where the flute imitates the irregular outline of a flash of forked lightning, has evidently lingered in his memory. On the whole, it is to be hoped that when next *The Ocean* is performed Mr Manns will adopt the fair-weather version and exclude the storm. Mdlle Vera Timanoff played Liszt's flimsy fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra on themes from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* with considerable facility of execution, and, later on, contributed other pieces for pianoforte (unaccompanied) by Rubinstein and Liszt. The vocalists were the Misses Robertson, and the opening and concluding overtures were Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (with Wagner's Coda), and Arthur Sullivan's charming overture, *Di Ballo*.

Musical Artists' Society.—The object of this society, which exists for the production of new compositions, was well served on Saturday night, when a number of works were performed in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music. Among the more important were a pianoforte trio in B flat, by Mr Alfred Gilbert, the interesting string quartet with which Mr C. E. Stephens carried off the first prize in a competition arranged by the Academical Board of Trinity College, London, and a pianoforte quintet in C, the work of Mr Algernon Ashton, whose earnest labours in the department of chamber music we have more than once noticed. The quintet, which was written about three years ago, exemplifies certain of the faults of youth in the boldness of its treatment and the excess of its effusiveness. It is, however, not prolix, nor does it strain the classic form which, we are glad to see, Mr Ashton always observes. The opening *allegro* shows considerable independence of idea, and no small degree of power; but the romance (*andante cantabile*) excites greater pleasure at first hearing, the *scherzo*, in this respect, coming not far behind. That the work generally evinces a happy musical faculty is beyond question, and, no doubt, its young author will learn in time that effect does not always depend on elaboration, and that there is often a good deal of beauty in repose of manner. Mr Ashton may be encouraged to go on. There is good stuff in him. In the performance of the quintet he was assisted by Messrs Buziau, Schneider, Blagrove, and Reed.—*D. T.*

Floral Hall.—The first concert of the season took place on Saturday afternoon, in the annex of the Royal Italian Opera-house, some of the principal artists associated with that establishment contributing a varied and attractive programme. Among prominent features was the fine singing of Mdme Albani, who gave "Souvenir de' miei prim' anni" (from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*) with the same vocal brilliancy and charm as on the stage performances in the opera. To these the gifted *prima donna* added Widor's "Nuit d'Etoiles" and the ballad "Robin Adair," being encored in the first and last of her performances. The important violin *obbligato* in Herold's *aria* was finely rendered by Mr Carrodus, who also played, with admirably finished taste and execution, Vieuxtemps' well-known *Rêverie*. Mdme Sembrich's cultivated powers were favourably exhibited in the *bravura* air, "Che pur aspro" (from Mozart's *Il Seraglio*), and in two German *Lieder*. Other vocal pieces were contributed by Mesdames Fursch-Madi, Ghiotti, Stahl, and Desvignes; MM. Mierzwinsky, De Reszké, Massart, Gailhard, Gresse, and Devries, the opera chorus, occasionally co-operating. Sir J. Benedict, Signors Bevignani and Bisaccia were the conductors.

A concert was given at the Poplar Town Hall on Tuesday, May 30th. The singers were Miss Clara Dowle, of the Guildhall School of Music, Messrs E. W. Giles and Edward Shale; the instrumentalists, Mr Percy Jackman (pianoforte), and Mr Stout (violin). Miss Dowle gave "It was a dream" (Cowen), "A little mountain lad," and "I cannot say good bye" (Roeckel), each being enthusiastically encored. Mr E. W. Giles sang Knowles' "Wrecked and saved," Blewitt's "Little fat grey man," and Watson's "Powder monkey" (encored). Mr Edward Shale contributed "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee" (Hodson), "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfe), and "Once again" (Sullivan). Mr J. T. Stout's solos on the violin, and Mr Percy Jackman's on the pianoforte, were well played and much applauded.

Mr Edwin Holland, the esteemed professor of singing, gave his annual concert on Wednesday evening at the Royal Academy of Music. The programme was made up chiefly of songs by modern composers, among the most successful being Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), sung, in the original key, with charming *naïveté*, by Mdme Rose Hersee; Arditi's valse, "L'Estasi," by Miss Eleanor Farnol; "Quando le sere," by Mr Maas; and Pinsuti's "Bedouin's love song," by Mr Albert McGuckin (a young and promising barytone, brother to Mr Barton McGuckin). Mr Holland gave the aria "O casto fior," from Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, and joined Mr Albert McGuckin, Misses Ada Collin and Farnol in Pinsuti's quartet, "Good night." Several of Mr Holland's pupils were introduced to exhibit his effective teaching, and the programme was varied by Signor Tito Mattei playing a *melodie varié*, "Espoir," and a new "Walz-Galop," both of his own composition, Miss Arthur and Signor Li Calsi contributing a fantasia on airs from *I Puritani*, arranged as a duet for two pianofortes. The stereotyped "calls" were awarded to all the artists.

Mr Pollitzer.—An interesting concert was recently given in Steinway Hall by Mr A. Pollitzer, of whom it cannot be necessary to say that he is a resident violinist of high attainments and as high repute. The programme contained a strong infusion of the classic element. It began, with Schubert's always welcome quartet in D minor, last and greatest of the series of such works produced by that abundant labourer during his too short life. We may congratulate Mr Pollitzer, together with his talented associates,

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Messrs Gibson, Jung, and Ould, upon the manner in which they discharged a task not to be lightly undertaken. The quartet is the very reverse of a trifle. It requires serious playing, such as the four artists above named gave it, in order that bare justice may be done. All the movements were well executed, but the palm fell to the rendering of the *Andante con moto*, which, as every amateur knows, is a set of variations upon the solemn theme of Schubert's own song, "Death and the Maiden." The variations were given with much taste, and made a great impression, applause at their close being long and loud. Mr Pollitzer subsequently introduced two violin solos—Spohr's well-known *Scena Cantante* ("Dramatic Concerto"—so called among us) and his own fantasia on themes from *La Favorita*. In the first-named piece the concert-giver proved worthy of his reputation. That he did justice to the passages of display will at once be assumed; but his rendering of the *cavatina* may have surprised some present by the grace and tenderness of its expression. In this movement Mr Pollitzer was certainly at his best, and so thought the audience, if we may attach any significance to the applause which followed. Other features of the concert were Haydn's Quartet in G (No. 6), three Impromptus for the Pianoforte, by Mr J. F. Barnett, extremely well played by Miss Emma Barnett, and songs sung by Misses Carlotta Elliott and Helen D'Alton. Mr Henry Parker accompanied, contributing no little to the success of Spohr's *scena*, by his performance of the orchestral part as arranged for piano.

A CONCERT was given by Mrs E. Mitchell at the Athenæum, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, in aid of the funds of the West London Hospital, on Tuesday evening, the 9th May. The singers were Mdmes Frances Brooke, Osborne Williams, Isabelle Powers, and E. Mitchell; Signor Santo Arigoni, Messrs James Sauvage, A. F. Mills, Wakefield Reid and Tennyson Cole. The instrumentalists were Miss Mabel Bourne and Herr Lehmeyer (pianoforte), and Herr Polonaski (violin). We hope the issue of Mrs Mitchell's philanthropic undertaking resulted in a handsome contribution to the charity. The exertions of all concerned in the concert were evidently *con amore*, and general praise was awarded them. Mrs Mitchell's contributions were Braga's "Serenata" (violin *obbligato*, Mr L. Foster) and Claribel's "Come back to Erin." Mdme Isabelle Powers gave, among other songs, Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" and Henry Smart's "Rhine Maiden"; Mdme Frances Brooke, Milton Wellings' "Some Day." Mdme Osborne Williams sang Watson's "Winter Story," and joined Mrs Brooke in Horn's "I know a bank." Herr Lehmeyer played Gottschalk's "Danse Osianic" and a "Chaconne" by Durand, Miss Mabel Bourne a "Nocturne and Valse" by Chopin, and Schumann's "Carneval." Herr Polonaski played violin solos by Vieuxtemps, Polonaski, and Wieniawski; and the concert, conducted by Mr J. H. G. Ross, satisfied everyone.

ORGAN RECITAL.—At All Saints', Stoke Newington, on Thursday, May 25th, there was a full choral service—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, in F (Tours); Anthem, "Send out Thy light" (Gounod)—followed by a "recital" by Mr Davan Wetton (organist of the church). The following is the programme:—

Sixth Sonata (Mendelssohn); Air varied, "Holsworthy Church Bells" (Wesley); Grand Fantasia, "The Storm" (Lemmens); Toccata in F (Bach); (*a*) Cantilène (Solomé), (*b*) Postlude (Wély); Allegretto Grazioso (Tours); Marche Pontificale (Lemmens).

MDME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY arrived on Tuesday, and will play, this afternoon, Beethoven's early concerto in C major. The great French pianist might do worse than try on a future occasion Weber's first concerto, in the same key. She will be welcomed on all sides by genuine connoisseurs.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Three programmes remain for hearing in connection with these concerts, and they are all full of interest. Next Thursday (June 8) will be performed the whole of Schumann's *Scenen aus Göthe's Faust*. This work is in three parts, of which the first and second illustrate well-known episodes in the life of the legendary Doctor; the third being devoted to the final and most mystical section of Goethe's philosophical drama. We believe that the whole of the scenes have never been given at a concert in England; and, looking at the character of the music, together with the unfading charm of the story, it may be expected that amateurs will largely avail themselves of an opportunity for which many have waited long. At the penultimate concert, June 15, Mdme Norman-Néruda will play Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Mr Charles Hallé will conduct a performance of Berlioz's *Harold en Italie*. The series will end on June 22 with Beethoven's great Mass in D, soprano solos by Mdme Albani.

TO "AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN."

SIR,—When you write your next arrogant and impertinently high-handed letter, be careful, should you quote from a poet, that you quote him correctly.

"He was a mighty poet,
With subtle-soul'd psychology,"

is nonsense.

"He was a mighty poet,
And a subtle-soul'd psychologist,"

is sense, and these are the words of the writer. In regard to the remainder of your communication, it is all moonshine. True, the Bayreuth performances in 1876 received little or no support from the inhabitants of that city, no matter of what denomination (burghers included); but what has that to do with Wagner?—

Yours obediently,
FIAT JUSTITIA.

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—Now that the London public has been pretty well satiated with the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is pleasant to turn to Drury Lane, where, though a great deal of Wagner is in store for us, we shall have to consider him under varied phases. *Lohengrin*, for instance, is a thing *per se*. The legend is as clear and simple as the story of the *Sonnambula* itself, wherein it so essentially differs from *Tannhäuser*, its immediate precursor, and so essentially agrees with *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the immediate precursor of *Tannhäuser*. In addition to these, we are promised *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde*, the former embodying Wagner's notion of a comic opera of the merriest and most boisterous, the latter his idea of a tragic opera of the deepest, the one as chaste and undefiled, no matter from what point of view its purely artistic merits may be adjudged, as the other, which Wagnerites *quand même* regard as the highest flight of their idol's genius, is the precise contrary. Both, however, will be heard with interest; and, indeed, anything that rids us of "All-Father Wotan" and his surroundings, will be welcome. *Rienzi*, Wagner's opera "after" (a long way after) Meyerbeer, is not to be vouchsafed to us; but its omission will hardly excite general consternation. Out of twenty-four performances no fewer than sixteen are devoted to Wagner, the remaining six comprising three representations of Weber's *Euryanthe*, and three of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Mozart's enchanting *Cosi fan tutti* (a well of melody), originally contemplated, is abandoned at the eleventh hour—why, only Messrs Hermann Franke and Pollini, the spirited directors of the undertaking, can explain. Such an oasis in the wide Wagnerian desert would have been a veritable godsend. However, the series commenced successfully with a very fine performance of *Lohengrin*, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, beyond comparison the best interpreter of Wagner's operas, and justly renowned as one of the foremost of living conductors. The four leading parts were admirably sustained by Mdme Rosa Sucher (Elsa), Mdme Joanna Garso-Dely (Ortrud), Dr Emil Kraus (Telramund), and Herr Hermann Winkelmann (Lohengrin), about whom—the first and last, the Elsa and the Lohengrin, especially—did space permit, a very great deal might be said. For the present, however, we must be content with a general verdict of unqualified approval. The audience, a very large one, was deeply impressed, but only gave vent to enthusiasm at the conclusion of each successive act. Almost identical criticism may apply to the performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Wagner's first opera with a myth for its theme, and the very first with which the English people were made acquainted, at Drury Lane Theatre, where Mr Mapleson gave Italian opera (or "opera in Italian") in 1870. The leading parts in this work, so familiar to our public, thanks to Mr Carl Rosa, were admirably personated by Mdme Rosa Sucher and Herr E. Gura. The Senta of Mdme Sucher stands a very little way off perfection, and a more complete realization of the "Holländer" ("Vanderdecken," as we have been accustomed to style him), than that of Herr Gura could hardly be thought of. The scene in which the half-demented visionary maiden first confronts the long-absorbing object of her dreams, was enough to stamp the whole performance. It could not have been more forcibly presented. All the rest was good in every particular—thanks not only to the competent representation of more or less subordinate parts, but to Herr Richter and the orchestra he directs with such rare ability. *Tannhäuser* followed in due course, and, though not only an inferior opera, of much less wholesome tendency than the *Fliegende Holländer*, was received with equal enthusiasm—thanks to the general excellence of the performance. In the character of Elizabeth, the pure and devoted Princess, Mdme Rosa Sucher added another to the triumphs she had already achieved as Elsa and Senta. Here, indeed, we have a variously-gifted artist—for no three parts could have possibly so little in common, although all three, from different points of view, are disinterested and devoted women.—*Graphic*.

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THE LATE FABIO CAMPANA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your columns are ever open to appeals for help, and I have been requested to submit the following case for insertion in your journal:—The Cavaliere Fabio Campana, the well-known musical composer and teacher, who died very suddenly a short time since, left his English widow in very straitened circumstances. I am not, perhaps, exaggerating her position when I state that she has been left almost destitute, and this through no fault of her late husband, as he was working hard up to the very last. It is thought and hoped that not only the late *maestro's* many friends and numerous pupils, but a benevolent public generally—to whom his name must have been for more than a quarter of a century as "familiar as household words"—will respond to this appeal to aid his widow. I am instructed to state that the undermentioned ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a fund for Mdme Campana, and have kindly consented to receive donations. Any sum, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the member of the committee to whom it is sent, and information will be ultimately given to each donor of the manner in which the fund has been laid out on behalf of Mdme Campana.—I remain, yours faithfully,

F. C. HUGHES-HALLETT, Lieut.-Colonel,
(Hon. Sec.)

[Committee—The Right Hon. Lord Lamington, 26, Wilton Crescent, S.W.; Mrs Harold Browne, Farnham Castle, Surrey; Miss Davenport Bromley, 12, Montagu Square, W.; General and Mrs Rich, 105, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; Mrs De Bunsen, Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.; Mrs Gabrielle, 21, Queen's Gate Terrace, Hyde Park, S.W.; Mr and Mrs Quintin Twiss, 9, Chester Street, S.W.; Mrs Clere Talbot, 33, Queen's Road, St John's Wood, N.W.; Mrs Stirling, 3, Collingham Place, Cromwell Road, S.W.; Colonel Goodenough, 75, Belgrave Road, S.W.; Mr George Mowbray Sutherland, 117, Sloane Street, S.W.]

A LETTER FROM BUCHAREST.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR DISHLEY PETERS.—I fear you and the subscribers of the *Musical World* will entirely forget that you once had a contributor whose feeble effusions were signed "B. R." and who had some unjustifiable pretensions as a pianist.* I had hoped by my energetic correspondence to keep myself under, at least, the eyes of those whose ears I have spared during the last six months, but at present so little of *musical* importance takes place in Bucharest that I have felt compelled to remain silent. However, if you will submit to miscellaneous news I may perhaps find something to interest you.

The Roumanians are somewhat alarmed at Herr Neumann's menace to unravel the mysteries of the *Ring des Nibelungen* to the Bucharest public, and many express doubts as to his success. The feeble Italian Opera Companies usually engaged "go down" more favourably here, and although the German population is somewhat large, they do not form a sufficiently wealthy portion of society to support so expensive an enterprise alone. In a country where politics are so inextricably mixed up with everything, it is needless to add that the fact of Herr Neumann and his company being German does not further conduce to their popularity. To the Roumanians, Germans and Austrians are the same thing, and the latter are held in a detestation which the recent discussions on the Danubian question naturally tend to increase.

The weather (if I may be pardoned mentioning so hackneyed a subject) visited on us lately leads to the belief that Saint Demetrius, the patron saint of Bucharest, is amusing himself at our expense. It is the custom, after long absence of rain, to appeal to this lofty personage, and the body of the respected saint is brought forth in a silver coffin and trotted through the town, accompanied by a procession of 300 priests and crowds of the believers. The emotion displayed by the crowd is most touching. I have not seen such an ebullition of feeling since I have been in the country. It has been maliciously observed that the glass is always very low on the day fixed by the ecclesiasticals for St Demetrius' promenade; as a matter of fact, since his last appearance in public, more than three weeks ago, it has scarcely left off raining, and the interests of the harvest demand a prompt cessation of his favours.

Last Monday, May 10th (old style), being the anniversary of the proclamation of Independence, the arrival of the present king in Bucharest, and his coronation last year, the occasion was celebrated by one of the brilliant *fêtes* in which Bucharest loves to indulge. The streets and squares were most tastefully decorated with festoons of leaves and flags, principally, of course, the red, blue, and yellow of Roumania; but here and there the tricolor of France was observed, while from the British and American Legations, and *my own balcony*, the Union Jack of Old England "waved proudly in the wind." At 6 o'clock in the morning the cannons announced the opening of a national festival, and the sun intimated his intention of being present, "positively for this occasion only," as he has not condescended to appear since. Although the Roumanians are by no means a religious people, nothing can be done without the formula of an ecclesiastical ceremony; consequently at 10 o'clock the unfortunate King and Queen, neither of whom belong to the orthodox Greek Church, were dragged off to join the deputies and foreign ministers at the Cathedral. The service concluded, their Majesties returned to the Boulevard to review the troops. Two handsome pavillions were erected, one for the Queen and her special friends, the second for the diplomatists and other favoured persons. Some very handsome dresses were worn, and I may remark, *en parenthèse*, that the Roumanian ladies would sell their souls (probably, often do) for dress, which is carried to a most alarming extent. The march past began with the juvenile military school, consisting of all the small boys in Bucharest, soldiers in embryo, or perhaps, to be more truthful, in caricature, as the uniforms were somewhat incomplete and the rifles sham ones. They raised a feeble shout at stated intervals, to which the King good-naturedly responded. The "Guard" National followed, and, I must say, they are a very shabby lot; their worst enemy could not say they were kept for ornament. The fact of their supplying their own uniforms may partly account for their unmartial appearance. Some of the line regiments looked very well, and the Artillery and Cavalry really did King Carol, who is an enthusiastic soldier, credit. What struck me very much was the absence of any demonstration on the part of the crowd; the Roumanians evidently have but little sympathy with kings and queens. Only once during the procession—when the recently discovered standard of Tudor Vladimiresco, a celebrated patriot of 1821, appeared—was there any exhibition of warmth. Before leaving the Boulevard, the Queen, who, besides being a most distinguished woman and talented scholar, is extremely amiable and engaging, walked towards a group of the wounded soldiers standing near, and addressed them a few kind words. A strange contrast, the refined, elegant woman, and the rough, weather-beaten peasants, some still wearing their stained uniform, others having resumed their peasant dress. At five o'clock the King assisted at the banquet in the Chaussée given to the wounded; the repast appeared to me a most unappetizing one, but it met with keen appreciation. His Majesty's health was drunk, and the King, before leaving, presented his own Order, the Cross of Roumania, to an aged veteran who had taken part in the War of 1821. The town was brilliantly illuminated in the evening; and not the least pleased amongst the crowd was our charming Queen, who drove through all the principal streets.

I am longing to hear some of the music of which you seem to have too much in London. *Au revoir.*—Yours most sincerely,

ELISE JONNESCO (BESSIE RICHARDS).

Bucharest, May.

[* The "feeble effusions" were singularly healthy, and the "unjustifiable pretensions" as singularly legitimate. Our fair communicator will, I feel persuaded, accept this "retort courteous" pacifically.—OTTO BEARD.]

On his return from his concert tour in Scandinavia and Denmark, Herr Hans von Bülow spent a few days at Berlin. It is reported that he will shortly marry Mdlle Schanzer, of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen.

COLOGNE.—Not feeling at home in his new post as conductor at the Stadttheater, Hans Kössler, formerly director of the Dresden Liedertafel, has accepted a position on the staff of the Buda-Pesth Academy of Music.

BRUNSWICK.—At the conclusion of the present season, Franz Abt will resign the conductorship which he has held about thirty years at the Ducal Theatre. He thinks of residing permanently in Wiesbaden.

DRESDEN.—Dr Wüllner retires from the conductorship at the Theatre Royal. Like his predecessor, Krebs, he will henceforth conduct exclusively the music in the Roman Catholic Court-Church and the Symphony Concerts of the Royal band, remaining likewise, as heretofore, at the head of the Conservatory. E. Schuch succeeds him as operatic conductor.—The *Nibelungen* performances at the Residenztheater are fixed for the 8th, 9th, 11th, and 12th September. Director Neumann pays a rent of 1,200 marks a day, or the same sum forfeit money, should the performances, from any unforeseen cause, be found impracticable.

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SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

At the Symphony Concert on June 8th, Schumann's *Faust* will be performed in its entirety, for the first time in England. The preparations for the performance of this grand work have been made at a very considerable expenditure of both energy and money, Mr Hallé bestowing on it the utmost care in his usual zealous manner. The choir has been carefully trained by Mr Otto Peiniger since the winter, and, together with the splendid band under Mr Hallé's direction, a fine rendering may well be anticipated. It would be deplorable, indeed, if such an important musical event passed without recognition from as many lovers of music as the St James's Hall can hold. From a programme enclosed we further derive the information that the accomplished Mdme Albani will sing the soprano part in Beethoven's great Mass in D at the last Symphony Concert on the 22nd inst., that Mdme Norman-Néruda is to play at the intermediate Mendelssohn's Concerto on the 15th, and that Mr Hallé will play Beethoven's Concerto in G, No. 4.—(*Communicated.*)

—o—

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The great musical event of the last month has been the English opera season at the Bijou Theatre. The Montague-Turner Opera Company, after a season in Sydney and a tour through New Zealand, made its first appearance in Melbourne in *opera seria* on the 27th ult. The company includes Misses Annis Montague (*prima donna*), Williams, and Josephine Deakin, Messrs Charles Turner, first tenor; Edward Farley, J. Gordon, and R. L. Skinner. Mr C. H. Templeton and Miss Lambert have been engaged on certain occasions to sing the parts of Count Arnheim in *The Bohemian Girl* and Lazarillo in *Maritana* respectively. The chorus is well-trained and the orchestra, under the conductorship of M. Leon Caron, is efficient. The operas already produced are *The Bohemian Girl*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Maritana*, the company's repertory also including *The Rose of Castile*, *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Fra Diavolo*, *The Maid and the Magpie*, and *Mignon*. All these are sung in English. On the 4th inst. *Lucia* was heard in English at Melbourne for the first time. Each of the three operas already brought out has had a run of a week. Miss Montague possesses a soprano voice of wide range and great flexibility, and Mr Turner possesses a tenor which he uses in a manly style. The season is to last for six weeks from the 27th ult.

A successful performance of *The Creation* was given in the Melbourne Town Hall on Good Friday night by the Philharmonic Society. Besides a large chorus and an efficient orchestra, the grand organ was used. The soloists were Mdme Gabriella Boema, soprano; Miss Bessie Pitts, contralto; Mr W. Walshe, tenor; and Mr Juniper, bass. Mr E. King was leader; Mr. G. Peake, organist; and Mr David Lee, conductor. Mdme Boema, who has made herself a favourite in opera and concert, appeared for the first time at Melbourne in oratorio with legitimate success. The whole performance of Haydn's great work was creditable to the Philharmonic Society. The business arrangements were carried out in a satisfactory manner by Mr. R. B. Caunter, secretary.

On the same evening a sacred concert, consisting of selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, *The Creation*, *Elijah*, and *The Messiah* were given in the Exhibition Building. The leading vocalists were Misses Coy, Josephine O'Brien, and Venosta, Mrs Cutter, Mrs Ramsden, Messrs Paladini, W. R. Furlong, and B. T. Moroney. Mdme Tasca was solo pianist; Mr G. Sykes presided at the organ; Messrs Herz, W. R. Furlong, and A. Plumpton acting as conductors. The united choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral and St Francis' Church took part in the performance.

The Montague-Turner Opera Company gave Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at the Bijou Theatre on Good Friday evening.—Bent and Batchelder's Minstrels commenced a season at St George's Hall on the 8th inst.—The organ recitals at the Town Hall by Mr Daniel Lee, city organist, continue to be well patronized.

J. L. T. F.

Melbourne, April 12, 1882.

The Kennedy family have arrived in England from their recent tour in Canada and the United States.

A Sigh after the Cycles.

Heigho! This is just what my tympanum dreaded!
And if—as the poets are given to sing,—
Sweet Sound and Sound Sense are at last to be wedded,
'Tis certainly *not* with a (Nibelung's) Ring!

Punch.

WAIFS.

Lohengrin has been given at Barcelona.

Carl Beck, the pianist, has been playing in Madrid.

Gomez, composer of *Il Guarany*, left Genoa recently for Brazil.

Bottesini gave a highly successful concert a short time since in Rome.

Carlini is writing an opera for Nevada (Mr Mapleson's erst *prima donna*).

Franz Liszt has returned to Weimar after his visit to Brussels and Antwerp.

A new fortnightly paper, *La Rivista Musical*, has been published in Havannah.

Dalmau is engaged as conductor next season at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

M. Henri Capelly has taken a three years' lease of the Théâtre Bellecour, Lyons.

The tenor, Signoretti, has succeeded Masini at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville.

Masini, the Verdi-tenor, has been created Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Zagury-Harris has appeared with applause as Lucia at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Boccabadati has been appointed singing-mistress at the Rossini Conservatory, Pesaro.

The Theatre at Sibibel-Abbès, Algiers, has been burnt to the ground. No lives lost.

Mr Carl Rosa has returned from the Continent and will remain in London until August.

Nearly all the Italian opera company, headed by Gayarre, have left Bilbao for Valladolid.

Another pianistic precocity, Luis Gonzales, aged eleven, has appeared at Cartagena, Spain.

It is hoped that the monument at Venice to Goldoni will be inaugurated in a few months.

The Schiller Association, Trieste, have given a successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*.

Adelina Patti, according to the Boston (U.S.) *Musical Record*, returns to America in November.

Campanini gave a concert on the 8th May in Steinway Hall, New York, in aid of the local Italian charities.

Moses op den Niyl, an oratorio by Emil Wambach, was recently performed by the Schoolpenning, Antwerp.

Mad. Therese Devrient, widow of Eduard Devrient, the historian of the German stage, has died at Carlsruhe.

On leaving Valladolid, Tamberlik's Italian opera company went to Leon, where they were to give six performances.

A performance of Mozart's *Requiem* in the Conservatory, Milan, by the Choral Society, made a profound impression.

Marie Geistinger is now at her house in Kärnthen. Next winter she will make another tour through the United States.

Friedrich-Materna is to sail from America on the 10th inst., having promised to meet Wagner on the 25th in Bayreuth.

The illustrious Italian tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, will shortly give a few performances at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste.

A two-act opera, *Un Bacio al Diavolo*, by A. Sauvage, of Florence, has been produced at the Anfiteatro Fenice, Trieste.

Levy, the cornet-player, has returned from Europe to America, and is engaged for the summer at the Brighton, Coney Island.

Strass, hitherto first solo female dancer at the Theatre Royal, Munich, has deserted Terpsichore and made her *début* as a singer.

Pasqua and Gayarre are engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Lisbon, negotiations being also in progress with Borghi-Mamò and Tamagno.

After a tour in Holland, Germany, and Austria, Maurice Dengremont, the young violinist, has returned to Paris, where he will give some concerts.

One of the best living Spanish dramatists, D. Josè Velera, has been appointed Professor of Elocution at the National School of Music, Madrid.

Having conducted this year's three grand American festivals, Mr Theodore Thomas will go to Bayreuth and not to San Francisco, as previously announced.

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8,630 singers from all parts of Germany have already announced their intention of taking part in the German Singers' Festival, to be held at Hamburgh in August.

The Teatro Carlo Felice, which was nearly being destroyed by fire a short time since, will open for the Carnival season with a grant of 100,000 francs from the Municipality.

Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi* will very shortly be performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and with it *Holländische Bilder*, a ballet given a few years ago at some court festivities.

Anton Rubinstein is in Moscow, where he will conduct the three Orchestral Concerts given by the Society of Music. He returns in June to Peterhof to finish a grand ballet, which will be published in the autumn.

The Duke of Albany in acknowledging the congratulatory resolution from the Board of Management of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, informed the Board that the Duchess of Albany had expressed her gracious intention of interesting herself in the Hospital by becoming a Patroness. This, we believe, is the first indication of interest in English Charitable Institutions which has been given by our new Princess. The new Hospital, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Princess of Wales in July, 1880, will be ready for occupation by the latter part of the present year. *(Communicated.)*

FORLI.—Masini, the tenor, a native of this little town, being resolved to give the inhabitants an operatic treat such as they never before enjoyed, produced *Les Huguenots*, with a cast which, besides himself, included Turolla, Toresella, Maini, and Vaselli. Drigo officiated as conductor.

BERGAMO.—The fiftieth anniversary of the first production of Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* was celebrated on the 19th ult. at the Teatro delle Varietà. Sig. Logheder wrote a hymn for the occasion. On the stage was a bust of Donizetti surrounded by flags and crowned with laurels, while before its base were strewn wreaths and flowers.

BERLIN.—Herr Angelo Neumann has leased the Nationaltheater from the 1st October next to the 1st May, 1883, for the purpose of making it exclusively a Wagner Theatre. He will give "*Nibelungen* Cycles," *Tristan und Isolde*, *Lohengrin*, and, if possible, *Parsifal*.—The Museum has been enriched with a number of curious Japanese musical instruments from the collection of Dr Leopold Müller, for many years private physician to the Mikado.

MILAN.—The Orchestral Society, having brought their series of concerts at the Scala to an end, are making a tour, in the course of which they will visit Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice. Faccio, the conductor, accompanies them.—The Swedish harpist, Adolph Sgöden, gave a concert lately in the Royal Conservatory of Music, playing, among other things, a Fantasia on Swedish songs, a Concerto by Oberthür, and compositions by Bach, Mozart, Bovio, and Bazzini.

KREUZNACH.—A musical festival, the fifth since 1875, was held here on the 14th and 15th ult. The first day was devoted to Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and the second to an Artists' Concert, as it is termed, the principal feature in which was *Königstochter und Page*, for chorus, vocal soloists, and orchestra, by Hugo Willemsen, formerly musical director at Bingen. The chorus numbered 201 members, and the orchestra, which gave Beethoven's "Leonore Overture," No. 3, and Johann Brahms' "Akademische *Ouverture*," in capital style, was the band of the Establishment (*Curcapelle*) under Herr A. Parlow. The chief director of the entire festival was Gisb. Enzian.

BAYREUTH.—The cast of *Parsifal* is now definitively fixed as follows:—Parsifal, Jäger, Vogl, Winkelmann, and Gudehus; Kundry, Mdlle Marianne Brandt, Mdmes Materna, Malten, and Vogl; Gurnemanz, Herren Scaria and Siehr; Amfortas, Herren Reichmann and Fuchs, the latter appearing also as Titurel. The conductors will be Herren Levi and Fischer, from the Theatre Royal, Munich.

VIENNA.—A series of negotiations between the management of the Imperial Operahouse and Mad. Wilt, have resulted in the original eight nights for which she was engaged being extended to fourteen. In order to give a performance of Goldmark's opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, which has not been played for a considerable time, the management have secured the services of Voggenhuber and her husband, Krolop, the bass, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. Voggenhuber replaces Materna, absent on leave, as the Queen, and Marie Wilt will appear as Sulamith. The idea of giving Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini*, and Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*, has been for the present abandoned for pecuniary reasons. On the other hand, negotiations are pending with Verdi for the performance of his *Don Carlos*, or *Simon Boccanegra*. We cannot felicitate the management. Herr Paul Mader, a former prizeman at the Conservatory, has been provisionally engaged to succeed Herr Paumgartner as "Correpetitor."

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EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

WILLIAM SPARK, Mus. Doc.,

Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds.

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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, June 3, 1882.*

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 23. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Pauline Lucca.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 10, will be performed "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Siebel, Mdlle Stahl; Mefistofele, M. Gailhard; Valentino, Signor Devries; and Faust, Signor Frapolli.

Mdme Sembrich.

MONDAY next, June 12, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdme Sembrich; Enrico, Signor Pandolfini; Raimondo, Signor De Reszké; and Edgardo, Signor Mierswinsky. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY next, June 13, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Adelina Patti; Un Caprajo, Mdlle Tremelli; Hoel, Signor Cotogni; and Corentino, Signor Mariui.

THURSDAY next, June 15, "FRA DIAVOLO." Mdme Pauline Lucca and Signor Lestellier.

FRIDAY next, June 16, "SEMIRAMIDE." Mdme Adelina Patti and Mdlle Tremelli.

SATURDAY next, June 17, "I PURITANI." Mdme Albani, Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszké, and Signor Mariui.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, June 10, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Overture, *Son and Stranger* (Mendelssohn); Symphony in D (Sgambati), first time in England, conducted by the Composer; Pianoforte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Beethoven); Overture, *Genoreva* (Schumann). Vocalists—Mdme Carlotto Badia and Mr Barton M'Guckin. Solo Pianist—Signor Sgambati (Professor at the Conservatoire at Rome), his first appearance in England. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

UNDER the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of WALES.—Mdlle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at 27, HARLEY STREET, W., on MONDAY, June 19, at Three o'clock, when Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen will make her first appearance this season, after her long and severe illness, assisted by eminent Artists. Tickets, One Guinea each, may be had of Mdlle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN, 41, George Street, Portman Square, W.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

IV.—The Dusk of the Gods. *May* 10.

"Everything comes to him who can wait," even the end of a Wagner trilogy, and we have now seen the dusk gather round the gods of Walhall. Dusk! at times on Tuesday evening the wish was for a sun-compelling Joshua to hurry on the night and swallow up the Scandinavian deities, with their hybrid progeny, in blackness of darkness.

Gravely opens the last grand division of the drama, or epic—which is it? We see the Walkyrie rock and "three tall females in sombre and flowing drapery." These are the Norns, the Scandinavian Fates, and, for a time, "gloomy silence reigns," save in the orchestra, which, according to the Wolzogen guide-book, announces "those mighty accords of the greeting of the world." The Norns, unhappily, do not preserve their gloomy silence. One asks, for the strange reason that the night is new, "why should we not spin and sing now?" and, as there seems no just cause or impediment, the First Norn throws the end of a golden chord over a branch of a fir tree. During one moment a wild hope surges up within us. These are the Fates, and mayhap they intend to hang Wotan. Alas! no. The rope is only a mystic plaything, which they throw one to another as, one of another, they ask riddles bearing upon the doom of the gods. Much that they speak of we know; for the rest the "three tall females" leaves us in possession of the fact that Wotan, his spear shivered by Needful, has caused his warriors to split up the "world ash," and pile the timbers around Walhall ready for a grand act of cremation. Thanks, Norns, for the news. Day breaks. Siegfried and Brünnhilde appear, the hero in his wife's armour. Our ex-Walkyrie bears the change with a good grace, and is about to bestow her horse, Grane, upon her awakener, that he might, in knightly fashion, go forth to seek adventures. They part with mutual vows of constancy; Siegfried taking from his finger the accursed ring: "All my valiant deeds of strength, their virtue sprang from this. . . . Now well preserve thou the charm, as wedding gift to my bride." Unhappy Brünnhilde! She no more knows the nature of the gift than does the giver. To the one it is a symbol of luck; to the other of love. Then Siegfried rides away, winding his horn down the mountain, Brünnhilde watching him till the curtain falls. All this is a prologue, and began on Tuesday evening at 6.30.

A new scene—the Hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. King Gunther, his sister Gutrune, and Hagen are at table. Mark Hagen. He is the half-brother of Gunther, and his father is Alberich, the Nibelung, for Alberich also—even he who for the gold renounced love—has raised up a son to contend for the ring. This is the man of whom Wotan was warned some time ago; Siegfried must ware him, therefore, if ever they meet. Hagen very soon reveals himself as one worthy to join in the general game of wile and deceit. He speaks to Gunther of the fire-guarded Brünnhilde and of Siegfried the mighty. Brünnhilde should the King wed, and Siegfried, Gutrune. But how to bring this about? When Siegfried comes hither give him a charmed drink, which shall make him forget the Walkyrie, fall in love with Gutrune, and become devoted to Gunther, whose will he will work. A precious plot, but consistent with the course of a story in which drugged draughts jostle open violence for conspicuous wickedness. Now is heard Siegfried's horn, and the hero rows himself across the river to the King's hall. He meets with a seeming courteous welcome from Gunther and Hagen, who soon learns from the unsuspecting guest that the tarnhelm hangs at his belt, while the ring is on Brünnhilde's finger. Gutrune advances from an inner room with the potent draught, and Siegfried drinks to his bride. At once the spell begins to work. Forgetting the Walkyrie, he burns with pasion for his hostess, who retires with inviting bashfulness. Then the hero: "Hast thou a wife, Gunther?" "No, but there is one inaccessible on whom my soul is set." "Can I help thee?" Siegfried is now so far in the trap that, when he hears from the King of Brünnhilde and the fire, he offers to win her in Gunther's shape, assumed by aid of the tarnhelm. The two chiefs then mix their blood in a cup of wine, and drink together, with the oath of blood-brotherhood, from which Hagen holds aloof, having plans of his own. Siegfried starts on the adventure at once, he and Gunther taking boat to Brünnhilde's rock; while Hagen keeps guard at home, rejoicing that the ring will soon be within reach of his hand. This is genuine drama, full of action, purpose, and interest, and not overrun by obscure or mystic talk. We are aroused by it, and eagerly await developments—the more eagerly because clearly the *dénouement* of the entire elaborate plot is not far off. The scene changes to the Walkyrie's Rock, and shows us Brünnhilde covering the Ring of her absent lord with kisses. Here, however, the action stops, to accommodate one—omitted last night—of those long and tiresome episodes which Wagner, true to his system of almost epic fulness, works out to the bitter end. Waltraute, one of the Walkyrie's sisters, comes from Walhall to tell a sad story of wicked old Wotan. His sins have found him out, and now—we gathered all this from the riddles of the Norns—he and his war-men are sitting in Walhall, helpless, despairing; waiting for the end of their power. Yet there is one hope, since Wotan has been heard to say, "The day the Rhine's three daughters gain by surrender from her (Brünnhilde) the Ring, from the curse's load released are gods and men." Will not Brünnhilde, pleads Waltraute, give the bauble back to its rightful guardians? But gone has all the banished Walkyrie's regard for the things she once prized. She lives for Siegfried alone, and his gift she certainly will not surrender, were it to save a thousand Walhalls. "I'll lose not love from my heart; no 'hest shall hinder my loving; sooner to ruins Walhall's splendour shall crash." With this answer, woeful Waltraute retires; and Siegfried's horn is heard in the valley. Brünnhilde, exulting, goes to meet him; but recoils before a man strange of aspect, whom we know to be no other than her oblivious husband in the form of Gunther. The new-comer claims her for his own by right of force: "The night doth fall, thy room I demand;" but Brünnhilde invokes the protecting power of the Ring. She appeals, alas! to the Ring's lord, and, wresting the fatal gold from her, Siegfried commands her to lead him to her chamber, first, however, drawing his sword: "Now, Needful, witness thou that chaste my wooing is. To seal my oath to my brother, separate me from his bride." With this the act ends, leaving us in the old familiar atmosphere of trickery, deceit, and dishonour. There were twenty minutes on Tuesday night wherein to breathe a purer air, and mayhap to call for water, as Pilate did, wherein to wash one's hands.

When the second act opens we are again at the Hall of the Gibichungs; listening to a conference between Alberich and his worthy son, Hagen. So far the curse of the ring has not fallen upon either Siegfried or Brünnhilde; for they, knowing nothing of its power, use it not. Nevertheless, Hagen is enjoined to wrest it from them by any means: and promises dutiful obedience to his precious sire, the more readily because, were once the gold to return to the Rhine, it would be irrecoverable, and its potency vanish as a dream. Siegfried now appears in his own proper form, but alone. The false Gunther has handed over poor deceived Brünnhilde to the real one, and the pair are coming at leisure. As for Siegfried, he tells Gutrune of the success of the plot, and bids her prepare to receive the bride and bridegroom, who presently come hailed by the vassals with rejoicing. One in the company does not rejoice, and that one is Brünnhilde. Slowly and sadly she advances to the hall, to be met there by Siegfried, her rightful lord, hand in hand with Gutrune. She recoils in amaze, and listens in wonder while the unconscious hero introduces Gunther's sister as his affianced wife. But the Ring is on his finger, and Brünnhilde sees it. Pointing to Gunther, she exclaims—"Thou hold'st it wrongly. It was ravished by this man." The detestable scheme is at once revealed. Siegfried declares that truly he had gained the Ring, but not from Gunther, who, knowing nothing about the bauble, asserts that he had not given it to his friend. Amid the general embroilment, one thing is clear to the injured woman—Siegfried had played her a trick, and all her rage and scorn bursts forth. Henceforth a spirit of revenge possesses her. She accuses Siegfried of having been false to Gunther as well as to herself; and while the hero makes oath that he had respected

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the bride of his friend; while the wedding festivities of Siegfried and Gutrune go on, she remains outside the hall, listening to the tempter, Hagen, who learns then and there the secret that Siegfried is vulnerable only in the back. Presently these two are joined by Gunther, still doubtful of his honour, and the curtain descends as the three swear the death of him who, by artifice, had fallen into evil ways. If, in the foregoing remarks, we have ceased to tabulate crimes, it is only because we find no names for them in the statute book. What offence is that which takes away a man's memory to make him a traitor to his own honour, and wreck a woman's existence? Or that which swears a lie to compass revenge? Or that which stirs up despair to recklessness of dearest life? There is no criminal nomenclature for such deeds as these, more than that to which the *Macbeth* witch refers—each is a "deed without a name."

The last act opens in a valley on the Rhine bank, whence we see the daughters of the river disporting themselves, as they await a chance of recovering their lost treasure. Siegfried, out hunting with Gunther and Hagen, wanders that way alone, and from him the nymphs try to obtain the Ring; first by blandishments, and next by warnings of approaching fate. But all is in vain. "For a gaze of love gladly I'd leave it," says the hero, "if you threaten my limbs, though, and life, hardly you'll win from my hands the Ring." On this, with another warning, the Rhine Daughters disappear, while Siegfried, with a smile, reflects, "Alike on land and water, women's ways I've learnt to know." The rest of the hunters appear, and a meal is spread. After discursive talk, Siegfried tells some of his adventures, relating a number of those we have ourselves witnessed in action. As he nears his first encounter with Brünnhilde, wily Hagen—who knows that his memory of her is a blank—secretly brews another wicked drink to restore it, and proffers his cup at the critical moment. The charm works. The betrayed hero's tale runs glibly on, and Gunther soon hears of Siegfried's connection with Brünnhilde. Now the fatal moment has come. Diverting his victim's attention to the flight of a raven, Hagen stabs the hero in the back—(Crime, statutable, the eleventh—murder)—calls the act "retribution," and stalks gloomily homewards. Dying, Siegfried is himself again, and invokes Brünnhilde, his beloved. Dead, the vassals bear him out of sight in solemn procession, to the strains of that magnificent march which will ever rank among Wagner's greatest achievements. Now we are shown the Hall of the Gibichungs once more. It is night, and Gutrune awaits the coming of her husband, announced by Hagen, who, with sinister meaning, exclaims, "Fair booty, bring we along." The booty is Siegfried's corpse, at sight of which the Hall resounds with Gutrune's lamentations and reproaches. Of these Hagen is heedless. On the dead finger rests the Ring, and he claims it. Gunther, intervening, is struck dead by the Nibelung's son (crime the twelfth—murder), who then snatches at the precious treasure. But the clenched hand of the corpse rises threateningly, and all recoil in terror. At that moment Brünnhilde appears. What is the sorrow of Gutrune to hers? Long she looks at the body of her hero, then orders a funeral pyre to be built on the margin of the river. She contemplates the greatest sacrifice—of herself to Siegfried's manes, of the Ring to the Daughters of the Rhine—and bids Wotan's ravens carry the news to Walhall. Taking the Ring from Siegfried's finger, she fires the pyre, invokes her hero, and rushes into the midst of the flames. (Crime the thirteenth—suicide.) As the pyre collapses the Rhine swells up, and its daughters swim forward to grasp the Ring. Hagen, too, rushes at the prize, but is seized by two of the nymphs, who drown him—(crime the fourteenth—murder)—while the third secures the gold and holds it up rejoicingly. Then the entire play ends with a holocaust. Walhall appears in the distance all on fire. The reign of Wotan and his crew has come to an end through the power of love, and Brünnhilde has done "the deed that shall redeem the world."

From the foregoing outline sketch it is clear that the dramatic construction of the *Dusk of the Gods* approaches nearly to that of ordinary opera. More abundant incident animates the stage; there is far less than usual in the *Nibelung's Ring* of monologue and duologue, and there are more concerted vocal passages, including some for a male chorus. On account of these things, the drama plays with comparative briskness, and is but slightly affected by the mystic utterances of the Norns and other prosy personages. The chief chatterer, Wotan, happily, does not appear, and, rid of him, the rest can be endured. That the incidents are laid out with skill need hardly be said. In admirable gradation they lead up to the catastrophe, while the duologue is often made attractive by poetic beauty. Had Wagner dealt with this libretto according to the fashion of *Lohengrin*, the result would have been a splendid opera. As it is, we fear the *Dusk of the Gods* does not take the first place in the trilogy, but ranks after both the *Walkyrie* and *Siegfried*—certainly after the first-named. Yet there are in the work many splendid pages, as, for example, the passionate music of Siegfried and Brünnhilde's parting; the *finale* to the first act; the rude and realistic scene wherein a chorus is for once employed; the splendid Dead March, which, far better than being a thematic epitome of the hero's life, is a glorious specimen of emotional music; and last, not least, the final sacrifice of Brünnhilde. In these instances and all such, we again declare, the master rises above and overshadows the arbitrary system he has created. "Form is good," said William Penn, "but not formality." Making a like distinction of terms, we assert that Wagner here shows how much better is art than artifice. On the other hand, a great deal of the music belongs to the second of these categories rather than the first. Ingenious it may be, and full of significance to those who have mastered its peculiar language, but ugly and painful it certainly is. Such passages we must decline to accept as music at all, since they have not the character, nor do they discharge the functions of the art. Just here is the fundamental point of difference between acceptors and rejectors of the Wagnerian mode. We, the latter, contend that music is simply the language of emotion; they, the former, make it stand as representative of persons, places, things, and thoughts, from the ugliness or beauty of which it takes form and character. The two points of belief are wide as the poles asunder; but around one gather the traditions of the art, and the practice of great masters; the other, emanating from a single powerful mind, is only a few years old. Regarding Tuesday night's performance, a few words will suffice. Again Frau Vogl won unanimous approval by her impersonation of the hapless Walkyrie. As the tragedy darkened to its close her dramatic power was more and more displayed, till it reached a point not far from greatness. Alike in appearance, bearing, and intensity of expression, Frau Vogl satisfied the requirements of a very arduous part. Fräulein Schreiber, as Gutrune, was adequate, if not striking, a remark equally applicable to the Hagen of Herr Schelper and the Gunther of Herr Wiegand. On the other hand, Herr Vogl played Siegfried with combined intelligence and spirit; acting in a manly and unaffected way, and declaiming the dialogue with no less aptness of expression than power of voice. The subordinate parts were generally well filled, and the orchestra excited less unfavourable observation than heretofore. Three more cycles remaining to be represented, we may find another opportunity for some final remarks upon the *Nibelung's Ring* as a whole.

STUTTGART.—In consequence of an engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Mdme Hänfstangl requested that she might be released from her engagement at the Theatre Royal; but the King has refused compliance, on the ground that such talent as hers cannot be spared.

BASLE.—Following the example set four years ago by their colleagues in Zurich, the members of the Vocal Union here have given two performances of J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor, in the Cathedral. Thanks to untiring exertions, the somewhat hazardous experiment proved fully successful. Volkland was conductor, and Glaus organist.

PESTH.—Shortly before the close of the season each of the two large theatres announced a novelty—Boito's *Mefistofele* at the National-Theatre, and Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann* at the Folk's. Despite the *mise-en-scène* and spirited rendering, *Mefistofele* was but coldly received; while, on the contrary, the *Contes d'Hoffmann* was much applauded.

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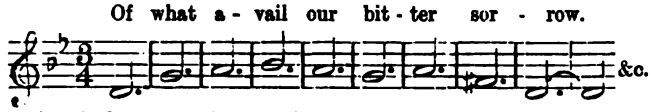
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 285.)

In part II.* there is more variety of key. No. 7 is a recitative going through several keys to a close in B flat, the dominant of the next movement. No. 8, in E flat, is a duet, "Come, my Saviour, and restore me," in the form of the madrigal; for each idea, words and music, is completed before the next is begun. There is much imitation of phrases, with tonic and dominant keys interchanged in the early part, with more modulation towards the middle, and return to tonic key for the close of the movement. No. 9, in G minor, contains the choral,

Ex. 177.



which is first sung by the chorus of tenors, with counterpoints for the treble, alto, and bass solos; and afterwards, to another verse by the chorus of trebles, the counterpoints being given to the alto, tenor, and bass chorus. This movement ends with a long drawn-out close on the major chord of the tonic (*Tierce de Picardie*).

From this point the keys of the cantata must be considered rather in relation to the major form of the original key of C than to the minor, in which it began. The final number is in C major, which must be considered in relation to the whole cantata as a large *Tierce de Picardie*, or cadence on the major form of the tonic chord; and in relation to that final number, the key (F) of the last but one (No. 10) stands as sub-dominant, and the close in G major of the No. 9, which we have just described, stands as dominant. Following, then, the G major close of the chorus, No. 9, is the movement in F, No. 10, a solo in the Scarlatti form, "Rejoice, O my spirit, in thy consolation." The final number, No. 11, has an introduction somewhat parallel to the *scena* which precedes an *aria;* for it is in changing keys and declamatory.

Ex. 178.

It is brought to a full close in the key of G, dominant of C, the key of the principal and concluding portion of the movement. This is a fugue on the words "Praise, and honour, and glory, and power be to our God for evermore. Hallelujah. Amen."

Ex. 179.

Secular works of similar plan, but, of course, without the choral tune, are called in Germany after the words on which they are written. For instance, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* are both called ballads, in allusion to the ballad-form of the poetry. Of late years, it has been the habit in England alone to give the name "cantata" to both sacred and secular works of this construction. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, and his *Fisher-maidens*,* are cantatas, and many others, both sacred and secular, by living composers. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* is entitled a *sacred cantata*, as if to imply that a cantata is properly a secular composition. The sacred works of this kind differ only in length from the oratorio, and sometimes approach so nearly that nothing but the humility of the composer prevents them from being called so.

Opera.

It is said that opera originated with the Greeks, and that their tragedies were sung or intoned throughout, and were, therefore, the first operas. It seems impossible to determine now how much the Greek music consisted of actual melody, or how much it was simply a measured rhythmic intonation through the resonating masks which the actors wore. The mask magnified the sound, and, as well as the rhythmic intonation, was used, like the intoning in a cathedral service of the present day, to enable the voice to travel a great distance, and thus to fill the large open air theatres. Whatever may have been the actual Greek use, the history of opera has been a series of efforts to rise to the ideal of a complete musical or lyrical drama, and whether that ideal is truly Greek or not, it is certainly a true artistic ideal.

In the later years of the Renaissance, when every other art had been revivified on the Greek model, Caccini and Peri, instigated by a cluster of noble amateurs and musicians at Florence, wrote operas on what they believed to be the Greek model of the drama (1597 and onwards).* These were in recitative throughout, free as to time, and designed so as to give the utmost power to the accents of the words, and thus to be truly declamatory. Caccini and Peri were singers, and so were eminently fitted to invent a style of music which was to depend so entirely on the use of the voice, both verbally and vocally.

Monteverde followed a few years later (1607), and he, being not a singer, but a theoretical musician as well as a practical composer, added his power to the invention of his predecessors by using a large orchestra instead of the three or four instruments and the figured bass of their works; and this, with the varied combinations he used in his thickly harmonized accompaniments, gave particular effects to each character and each scene.

Cavalli (1640) and Cesti (1649) followed, and brought rhythmic melody into opera, where it had been refused admittance before as childish and not worthy of the great Greek school of art.

After them came Alessandro Scarlatti, a man of great learning as well as genius, the whole force of which he put into his operas (1680). He is supposed to have been the first to use interludes or phrases for the orchestra between the vocal phrases; and it is thought to be about his time that the difference began to be made between speaking recitative with its lute or harpsichord accompaniment, and accompanied recitative with full orchestral accompaniment and interludes. He also used in his operas that earliest vocal form which has been described in previous pages as the Scarlatti form. Though this particular form is somewhat undramatic in the exactness of its repetition of the first part, yet much is owing to Scarlatti for this first introduction of an air of complete design. An air, in any of the later designs that have grown from this, is as fitting in its proper place in the musical drama as a soliloquy is in the spoken drama. We cannot even in real life be always running about the world; we must sometimes stay awhile and think. So, doubtless, thought Scarlatti when he held his hero for a moment to meditate; so, doubtless, thought Shakspere when he made Hamlet stand and think, "To be, or not to be," and made Desdemona sit and sing about the willow.

Unfortunately, art, like all growing things, must either improve or go back, and after Scarlatti came many composers who cultivated the set airs and forgot the drama which was the origin of the airs; and opera became a chain of airs in a prescribed order, sung by a prescribed number of singers of prescribed kinds of voice.

Gluck set himself to reform these and other abuses in the opera of his day, and began this reformation with his opera *Alceste*, in 1767. He wished to go back to the original ideal of Caccini and Peri, namely, Greek drama, wherein the drama was to be the first thing to be thought of, and music was to heighten and strengthen its effect. But Gluck, unlike Caccini and Peri, did not deem that all that was best and most beautiful in music must be cast aside and nothing kept but that which was dreariest and most monotonous, so that, maybe, poetry and action might shine by the poverty of music; nor did he, like Monteverde, think of the orchestra as the principal means of distinguishing characters and scenes from one another. On the contrary, Gluck added the experience of his predecessors to his own genius and dramatic feeling, and, therefore, in his effort to strengthen the expression of the poetry and the action of the drama by music, he used all the means that music gave him.

* Of Bach's cantata, *My Spirit was in Heaviness.*

† Macfarren's *May Day*, *Lenore*, *Outward-bound*, &c.?—Dr Bridge.

* The dates of opera-composers given are the dates of the production of their first opera.

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Good judges say that he had not a perfect knowledge of music, so that in some points he may have failed to use everything that was possible; but all that he had he used and despised nothing. Music must be the help-mate and not the abject slave of poetry and the drama, and to be a fit help-mate she must have all her faculties and powers. If the dramatic poet is to ride upon Pegasus, with advantage, he must not cut off his wings or his legs. Bridle him if you will but lame him not.

Many composers since Gluck's day, as well as those before him, have not written up to the standard which he set up, but we cannot do otherwise than consider those the noblest who have best striven to do so.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(From the "Morning Post.")

The Dean of Westminster, Dr Bradley, in giving permission to erect a tablet to the memory of Michael William Balfe in the noble and time-honoured Abbey over which he presides, has done an act of grace and of justice. There are few names better known in the musical world than that of the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, whether it be in or out of England. The number and variety of his works, and the lasting popularity of many of his melodies, is a strong testimony to the influence his genius exercised over his countrymen; and the respect paid to his talent in the great continental musical centres is a further proof that his accomplishments were recognized in those countries where the possibility of the existence of an English composer was a matter hard to believe. His music did not minister to a merely ephemeral taste, neither did it derive its success from his personal influence. Had such been the case he would in all probability have outlived his works, and have regretted the fickleness of popular fancy. But only last week an English opera company performed three of his works in Birmingham, and each night there were more people presenting themselves for admission than the house could hold, and many had to retire in disappointment. Some of his music is constantly given in France, and in Germany the *Vier Haimon's Kinder* especially, and one or two others of his operas are among the most attractive of the stock pieces of the several theatres. In London, where, like the Athenians of old, audiences are ever on the look out for some new thing, his ballads are always welcome and productive of delight. His melodies, fraught with a special character, have given rise to new thought in music, and his name has been used as the basis of a new adjective to qualify the description of music written in a manner he was the first to employ. The sweetness of his melodies, their influence over the feelings by their truly emotional character, justify his claim to be considered as a national composer, one who has done good in his generation and added much by his gifts to the number of pure pleasures all with ears to hear and hearts to feel can enjoy. The honour to be paid to his memory in Westminster Abbey is therefore an act of grace.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth English musical genius was encouraged and recognized both at home and abroad. The progress of development in all arts and sciences was checked by the events which occurred in the subsequent reigns. When "the peaceful arts once more did smile" the attempt to elevate native musical skill to the position it once occupied was successfully made by Pelham Humfrey, whom King Charles sent to France to study under the great Lully, and by the pupil of Humfrey, greater than his master, the immortal Henry Purcell. Both of these great men lie in the peaceful cloisters of the Abbey. More than half a century after the death of Purcell, during which time English art was crushed out of life by the unpatriotic patronage of foreign musicians, Dr Arne exerted his genius in the furtherance of the design suggested by Purcell, and produced music which was not only successful in its day, but which still lives fresh and green, a triumphant proof of the lasting character of native musical power. In his *Artaxerxes* he sought to prove the possibility of English opera after the accepted model of fashionable Italian opera, and succeeded so far as to enable his model work to continue its popularity until a greater genius than himself arose. Originally produced in 1762, Dr Arne's *Artaxerxes* kept the stage until the year 1838, the same year which saw the production of Balfe's first English opera, *The Siege of Rochelle*. There are many yet living who can still recall the extraordinary effect this work created at the time, and there are thousands who have never seen the opera whose hearts have been gladdened by the sweetness and touching simplicity of many of its melodious extracts. Balfe, hitherto known only as an accomplished and well-trained vocalist, was now acknowledged to be the possessor of the rarest gifts that ever excited the admiration of his compatriots. From that time onward his career was one altogether unprecedented in this country. An inexhaustible store of tunefulness seemed to be at his command, and

> *"With smiling grace he roused the Muse*
> *Whose beauteous charms enslaved the soul."*

Opera after opera he gave to the world, scoring a success for each successful score, each increasing in popularity and power, though produced with astonishing rapidity, the bombastic absurdity of many of his librettos never interfering with the hearty reception accorded to his music. So great was the fascination of his genius that it imparted a poetical strength to words which, taken by themselves, seemed to be inconsequential nonsense. Sir Henry Bishop, whose beautiful songs, glees, and choruses contributed towards the success of a number of dramas, had the advantage of the collaboration of some of the best contemporary poets, and many of his ballads which still hold sway over the popular mind are marked by true poetical expression in the words, so that "voice and verse, twin-born harmonious sisters," unite to strengthen their hold upon the mind. Balfe's music supplies the sentiment and motion often lacking or only dimly indicated in the words with which they are associated. It calls into strong life those feelings which the poet strove but failed to give birth to, and therefore it may be truly said that Balfe was a poet in music whose expressions never fail to touch the chord of sympathy.

That this power was not confined in its recognition to his own countrymen, there are many pieces of evidence to prove. Balfe was invited to write operas to Italian and to French librettos, and there are some which have become popular through the medium of the German tongue. The greatest dramatic poets and musicians contemporary with him have claimed artistic fellowship with his genius. The universality of his talents has been admitted on all sides. Rossini held him to be as Italian as the Italians; Scribe and Auber welcomed him as having all the *esprit* expected in the best French musicians; it has been also happily said that the music of Balfe is in the blood of the Germans, and Englishmen are proud to claim him as thoroughly national. The honour now to be paid to his memory in the venerable Abbey of Westminster, the place where so much of native genius is peacefully commemorated, is therefore not only an act of grace, but an act of justice. The concession granted by the sympathetic ruler of that ancient pile is one which should awaken a feeling of gratitude in the heart of every musician, for it is not only that the memory of Balfe is kept green by the refreshing dew of distinguished recognition in a more tangible form than that which his never-dying melodies supplies, but the whole principle and value of national musical art is thereby acknowledged, and a distinct honour is reflected upon all English musicians.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.—You are an amateur with a nice voice, and you are asked to sing at a charity concert. You cheerfully accept, and deliver some favourite old ditty such as "She wore a Wreath of Roses," with great effect. You afterwards discover that in the audience you had at least one highly appreciative listener, for within a day or two you receive a letter from an enterprising gentleman, who says that he is agent for the holder of the copyright of the above song, and who threatens proceedings in case a certain fine is not paid forthwith. As you are informed that legally this gentleman is within his rights, and that you have not a leg to stand upon, you pay the money, but your enthusiasm for singing at charitable concerts is thereafter visibly cooled. Now it is a monstrous thing that a carelessly-worded enactment should enable these crafty spiders to make prey of poor musical flies who buzz unaware into their nets. So Mr Gorst has brought in a Bill which enacts that if the owner of a musical copyright desires to retain in his hands the right of public representation he must print a notice to that effect outside the cover of the piece. We hope Mr Chamberlain will support this sensible little Bill, which deals with a downright injustice, and will not insist on Mr Gorst waiting (as he hinted on Monday night) till the copyright question can be dealt with as a whole. The copyright question as a whole is a very complicated affair, and is chiefly interesting to publishers and authors,* who are quite capable of looking after their own interests, and who do manage, even under the present confessedly defective system, to secure pretty completely what they want; whereas this manifest abuse of musical copyright affects the public generally, and inflicts anxiety and pecuniary loss on a set of inexperienced persons, who deserve encouragement rather than punishment.—*Graphic.*

* By no means always music-publishers, who are oftener preyed upon than preying.—D. T.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

That melody, pure and simple, still retains its charm for the public was evident on Tuesday night by the spontaneous applause bestowed upon the performance of Bellini's *La Sonnambula*. Madame Sembrich, by admirable vocal art, then showed that the vein of melody opened up by the Sicilian composer fifty years ago still yields materials worthy of the singer's highest skill. In the *cantabile* passages her phrasing, marked, as it was, by inflections of tone and grace of accent, seemed a direct inheritance from the singers, who, from the time of Pasta to the present, have made the part of Amina illustrious in operatic history. The florid and sometimes erratic embellishments of the melodious text were invariably executed with surprising force and agility. Throughout Madame Sembrich's impersonation of Amina many excellent qualities were revealed; but the chief characteristic was undoubtedly vocal skill that never once faltered. The audience, after the daring flights in "Ah! non giunge," recalled the singer to testify by loud applause their gratification. M. Mussart (Elvino) made his *début* on the Covent Garden stage on this occasion. This gentleman at once secured the sympathy and goodwill of the audience by youthfulness appropriate to the part. Indeed, it is not often that the stage-lover is seen to depend so little upon his "make-up" as did M. Mussart. But if he has the attraction of youth, it is not unaccompanied with the defects inseparable from inexperience. Freshness of voice, does not fully atone for comparatively unfinished vocalization, nor a juvenile appearance for the aids that come from stage training. Further opportunities of study and practice will, doubtless, make M. Mussart a very acceptable lyric artist; but Covent Garden is hardly the place in which to serve a novitiate. Signor de Reszke (Rodolfo) was successful as far as regards the bearing of the character, but overdrawn sentiment occasionally marred his otherwise excellent singing. Signor Bevignani kept his orchestral forces in mind of the fact that the interest for that night was centred on the stage.

Lohengrin, performed for the first time this season on Thursday evening, was put upon the stage with the magnificence that has made Covent Garden famous, every opportunity offered for display being utilized to the utmost. The orchestra, holding such an important place in Wagner's works, carried out as usual the designs of the author by giving clear and ample expression to the ideas, sentiments, and passions of the stage. For instance, the instrumental illustrations of the lugubrious scene in the second act, where Federico and Ortruda moan and plot together, were effectively rendered. But throughout the evening the band was admirable. By far the most commendable feature in the performance was Mdme Albani's impersonation of Elsa, and the trait in the character especially accentuated was its womanliness. Mdme Albani never lifts Elsa into the regions of the heroic, but always keeps her subdued and essentially feminine. When before her foes, in the opening scene, she patiently bore unjust accusations, and showed no hate or revenge as the sword of Lohengrin avenged her; when, at the promptings of pity she admitted the cunning sorceress into her house to reinstate her into love and favour; when, yielding to the tempter, she gave way to a curiosity that rebelled even against her marriage vow; and when the full extent of the misery thus wrought by imprudence was laid before her—in all and each of these situations Mdme Albani kept the true woman well in view. That her fine voice afforded full and ready aid in working out so well-conceived a part will be taken for granted. M. Sylva gave a manly rendering of Lohengrin, singing the music with vigour, and acting with the judgment that comes of ripe experience. This gentleman may not present an ideal knight, but he is, all the same, an accomplished artist. M. Gresse (King) was tremulous in voice, which, if designedly so, to stimulate extreme age, was, perhaps, not out of place. But why did M. Dauphin (Herold) attempt to vie with him? If *vibrato* be a fashion the sooner it is discarded the better. Mdlle Stahl, as Ortruda, avoiding the repulsive side of this unattractive character, gave the delineation expected from so thoughtful and efficient an artist. Signor Cotogni was the Telramund we all know so well.

P. G.

* * * * * * * * *

Il Seraglio was generally well given on Monday night, above all as regards the two female characters, Costanza (Mdme Sembrich) and Biondina (Mdme Valleria). The Hungarian soprano appeared in her very best form. Like most genuine artists, she does not move along a dead level, but encounters the ups and downs incidental to susceptible temperaments. Throughout *Il Seraglio* she was, so to speak, on a hill; singing with rare facility, enthusiasm, and expression. The rendering by Mdme Sembrich of the famous and, generally considered, impossible air, "Martern aller Arten," could not have been surpassed by any living singer. It was a magnificent vocal effort, and called forth the greatest enthusiasm —not the enthusiasm of bouquets and flower-baskets, at which sensible people laugh, but that of genuine and spontaneous applause. The Biondina of Mdme Valleria commanded equal approval for its own special qualities. Not only did the artist, always trustworthy, sing her music with as much apt expression as real skill, but she acted in the true spirit of comedy, entering into each situation, and considering no touch superfluous however likely to be overlooked. This was apparent above all in the amusing scene with Osmin, but, as a matter of fact, at no moment when Mdme Valleria trod the stage did the audience miss a sprightly, and, at the same time, artistic Biondina. The Belmonte of Signor Frapolli could scarcely be accused of excessive sprightliness. Nevertheless, the Italian tenor* sang with taste and commanded approval, as did, for various reasons, M. Gailhard, a humorous Osmin; M. Soulacroix, a lively Pedrillo; and Signor Scolara, a portly and pompous Selim. The choral and orchestral music gave no cause for other than satisfaction with the conductor, M. Dupont.

On Tuesday *L'Africaine* was revived, with the part of Selika entrusted to Mdme Pauline Lucca, as it used to be in the days when Meyerbeer's "Swan's Song" was fresher to the public ear than now. Selika is one of the characters that fall naturally to the German *prima donna*, and in the embodiment of which it seems impossible for her to be other than truthful and picturesque. Mdme Lucca's success, therefore, was assured beforehand, the more positively because no impersonation of all that she has given on our stage is better remembered. In the ten years that have elapsed since she last played Selika amongst us, her conception of the part has not changed. She still presents the African princess as a woman whose magnanimity of soul is greater than even the force of her passion, and who, though impulsive and imperious, knows how to make sacrifice and to die. Whether by art or by instinct matters not, this is the Selika which Mdme Lucca portrays in bold and decided outline, and than this Selika no other could so readily evoke approval and applause. Inez had a charming representative in Mdme Valleria, who, by the power of her sympathetic acting and singing, invested the character with more interest than naturally belongs to it, while the very pronounced dramatic method of Signor Pandolfini secured excellent results in that of Nelusko. Exaggeration here was barely possible, and the artist's besetting weakness became for once a source of strength. As Don Pedro M. Gresse showed himself careful and efficient, while M. Sylva was musically successful as Vasco di Gama. He sang throughout intelligently and well, bearing himself, moreover, as gallantly as possible under the weight of a character quite as contemptible as the Pollione of *Norma*. Several "cuts," more or less open to question, were made in the usual acting version of the opera. It was curious to note that the famous orchestral unison-prelude to the last act, once always doubly encored, passed without a "hand." Signor Bevignani was, as usual, an excellent conductor.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR INDIA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—May the public learn that the suggestion recently made by the writer of a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* will be acted upon? Whilst favourably advocating the project of translating the National Anthem into fourteen Eastern languages, and scattering it broadcast through the length and breadth of India, *The Telegraph* expresses the opinion that, if it is to win its way among the native population, the music as well as the words should be Oriental. A letter will immediately be forwarded to Dr Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, the principal authority upon Hindu music, requesting him to secure the services of the best native composer and a melody which shall at once suit Oriental taste and the measure of the translated hymn.

May I further say that the first of these translations (the Hindustani) has been heard and approved by about 200 of the best judges. It is now ready to be sent out, only waiting until those who can afford to befriend India will permit this seed of loyal unanimity to be sown upon its plains.—With compliments, Sir, I remain your obedient servant,

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

COLOGNE.—During the past season at the Stadttheater, there were 139 performances of 38 different operas, the novelties being *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, Goetz; *Genoveva*, Schumann; *Der Dämon*, Rubinstein: *Die Grille*, Semet; *Die Götterdämmerung*, Wagner; *Idomeneus* and *Così fan Tutte*, Mozart.

TURIN.—The International Musical Festival, which was to take place this summer, has been postponed till the summer of 1884, when it will be given in connection with the National Exhibition.

* A genuine Italian tenor—a *rara avis* now-a-days.—Dr Blimp.

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Chamber Music Concerts,
GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SIXTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 14,
At Half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme.

QUARTET, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, in D, Op. 76, No. 5	*J. Haydn.*
CONCERTO ITALIANO, Pianoforte, in F major	*S. Bach.*
SONATA, Piano and Violin, in A minor, Op. 105	*Schumann.*
GRAND QUINTET, Piano, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, in F minor, Op. 34	*Brahms.*

Executants—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Charles Hallé, L. Ries, Straus, and Franz Néruda.

Tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at the Grosvenor Gallery Ticket Office.

THE funeral of Mrs Sullivan took place at Brompton Cemetery on Thursday, the 1st June. The coffin and the open car upon which it was carried were covered with wreaths and crosses of beautiful white flowers, sent by numerous attached friends of the deceased lady. Mr Arthur Sullivan, her sole surviving son, was chief mourner, and with him were the widow and children of his late brother, Mr Frederic Sullivan, Mr John Sullivan, his uncle, and the following invited relations and friends: Captain Hutchinson (who married Mrs Frederic Sullivan), Mr B. Findon, Mr Tom Chappell, Mr Frederic Clay, Mr Ballard Carter, Mr Edward Dicey, Mr A. Dremel, Mr George Grove, Mr E. A. Hall, and Mr Smythe. Besides these, there were assembled at the grave Messrs D'Oyly Carte, Arthur Cecil, Frank Cellier, Louis Engel, Michael Gunn, Douglas Grant, George Grossmith, Stanley Lucas, Rev. J. R. Richardson, Mdme Montigny, and many other relations and personal friends of the deceased, including many ladies. The service was read by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Priest-in-Ordinary to the Queen and Master of the Children of H.M. Chapels Royal, who, from the time Mr Arthur Sullivan entered the choir of the Chapel Royal under his tuition, twenty-eight years ago, has been the attached and faithful friend of Mr Sullivan and his family. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh sent his private secretary, Mr G. F. Bambridge, to represent him, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, for whom His Royal Highness had a great regard.

MR HENRY HERSKE has *not* resigned the position of Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, a fact which all well-wishers to that time-honoured institution will be glad to learn.

MR HENRY IRVING has entered into an engagement with Mr Henry F. Abbey, the American Colossus, to make a professional tour of the United States and Canada, commencing in New York, October 29, 1883. Mr Irving will be accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company.

AMONG those present at Rossini's funeral, in Paris, was Auber. On returning, after the ceremony, the witty composer, who was eighty-four, observed to his colleague, Gounod: "I fancy this is the last time I shall attend a funeral *en amateur*."

ABOUT Mdme Sarah Bernhardt, who is renewing her triumphs at Mr Hollingshead's theatre, we shall speak in our next. Her engagement is a short one; but every play in which she appears is worth hearing, and should be heard by admirers of her transcendent acting.

MARRIAGE.

On June the 5th, at St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, by the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, EDWARD BRYDGES WILLYAMS, M.P., of Carnanton, Cornwall, to EMILY, daughter of J. M. Levy, Esq., of 51, Grosvenor Street, W.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

IL SERAGLIO.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

It may be an offence against the ethics of operatic management to select works for the *prima donna* instead of the *prima donna* for the works, but this course is not an unmitigated evil. To it was certainly owing the production of Mozart's *Il Seraglio* last season, and the same cause operated for its revival on Monday night. Few directors, even those of classical inclinations, are fortunate enough to command the services of an artist equal to the music of Costanza, while it may be that fewer still would find such an exceptionally gifted singer willing to prefer Mozart to the more catching and frivolous Italian composers. Mr Gye and Mdme Sembrich are exceptions to the rule. The manager has the artist, and the artist has the preference; the public, on their part, being gainers by the opportunity of witnessing an opera which, musically considered, is one long delight. Our attention has of late been demanded by a form of lyric drama to which *Il Seraglio* presents the greatest possible contrast. We have seen music in humble attendance upon the play, the one being dominated by the other, bored by the other, compelled to forms of ugliness by the other, till not only its rightful supremacy but its native charm has been almost lost. In Mozart's work this position is entirely reversed. There music reigns, and the drama is but an opportunity for its expression. Poor, halting drama we grant it to be, without much interest either of character or situation. But this matters little. The loves of Costanza and Belmonte, the fortunes of Biondina and Pedrillo, and the humours of Selim, give pretext for a series of delightful musical pieces which appeal to us with the eloquence of natural truth and consummate art, which are not encumbered by arbitrary meanings, and do not require sign-posts or guide-books. Admitting that *Il Seraglio* scarcely illustrates the ideal union of music and drama, it is, at least, faulty on the right side. It never bores us with far-fetched theories which spoil both arts, but gives us at least music in its purity. The performance of Mozart's work seemed to be enjoyed by its audience, and, truly, no other result was conceivable, even in view of a representation far inferior. Who would not enjoy such a stream of delightful melody, set off by the resources of a genius which may indeed be called heaven-descended? We have lived to hear Mozart styled "infantine;" and so he is, but not in the sense meant. He is infantine in purity and freshness, in native grace and artlessness, and in the irresistible unconscious attraction which compels our love. Let us be thankful for such artistic "infants," and hope they may never grow into adults prolific of bombast and eaten up with conceit.

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BAYREUTH *v.* PARIS.

The subjoined letter, addressed to M. Edouard, Dujardin, appeared in the *Renaissance Musicale:*

"*Bayreuth, 17th May*, 1882.

"DEAR SIR,—An extract from a newspaper which has been sent me and which I transmit you proves that the question of performing *Lohengrin* in Paris, is enveloped in obscurity; I will endeavour to put it in a clear light. Not only do I not wish *Lohengrin* to be played in Paris, but *I strongly desire it may not be played there*, and for the following reasons: In the first place, *Lohengrin*, having made

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its way all over the world, does not require it; then it is impossible to translate it into and sing it in French so as to give any idea of what it is. As to a performance in German, I can easily conceive that the Parisians have no wish for one. With regard to the execution of fragments, I had no objection as long as they were really fragments; but now that entire acts are given at concerts, I will not deny that the practice is disagreeable to me. I gave Herr Neumann permission to play my works in Paris without, I frankly confess, thinking much what I was doing. On reflection I have begged him to abandon Paris, and, as the object of his enterprise cannot be to annoy me, I feel pretty sure I shall gain him over to my way of thinking, which I hesitate imposing absolutely upon him, because he has gone so far into the business as to incur expense. My works are essentially German and I feel confident that those among your countrymen to whom they appear, for one reason or the other, worthy of attention, will not refuse to hear them in the original.

Be kind enough, dear sir, to publish these lines, in order that those who like to know the exact truth may be correctly informed as to my opinion concerning the representation of my works in Paris.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

RICHARD WAGNER."

[Poor Herr Neumann! May Aphrodite tickle, and Proserpine pickle him! Some Roman Emperor made a consul of his horse. There have been gods with feet of gold, and all the rest of them clay. The toe of the Pope has been frequently kissed of the devout.—Dr Blidge].

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 338.)

The foregoing notice, unchanged in any essential particulars, appeared, as I have already stated, rather more than eighteen years ago, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

Even at the present day I can scarcely comprehend how my recently deceased friend, Franz Brendel, the editor of that paper, could make up his mind to venture on publishing such an article; a man of serious purpose, who boldly looked things in the face, and was thoroughly upright and honest, he merely supposed, however, when he inserted it, that he was assigning the space imperatively demanded for the investigation of an exceedingly interesting question concerning the history of music. But the result taught him with whom he had to do. Leipsic, where he held an appointment as professor at the Conservatory of Music, had, in consequence of the labours, during a long series of years, of Mendelssohn, justly honoured as he deserved, been baptized musically according to the Jewish rite; as a critic said, complainingly, at the time, blond musicians had become more and more rare, and a place once so distinguished by its university and its great book trade, in all German matters, forgot, as far as music was concerned, everything like the feeling of local patriotism, which is, as a rule, so spontaneously characteristic of the cities of Germany; it became exclusively the Jewish musical capital. The storm which broke out against Brendel rose to such a pitch as to threaten his social existence; it was with difficulty, and solely owing to his firmness and to the calm exposition of his conviction, that his opponents were compelled to leave him in possession of his post at the Conservatory.

What soon enabled him to escape from material molestation was a characteristic turn which the affair took after the first unthinking outburst of rage on the part of those aggrieved.

I had never entertained any idea of denying, if the avowal should be requisite, that I was the author of the notice; I simply wished to prevent the question, which I had treated in a very serious and objective spirit, from being dragged at once into the domain of pure personality, and this, in my opinion, was to be expected, if my name, that is to say, the name of "a composer undoubtedly jealous of the reputation of others," were brought forward from the beginning. I appended, therefore, to the article a pseudonym: K. Freigedank, which was intentionally recognizable as such. I had communicated my object on this head to Brendel, who had the courage stedfastly to allow the storm to break over him, instead of diverting it to me, and immediately relieving himself. I soon perceived signs, nay, evident allusions, showing that I had been recognized as the author; I never answered an accusation of this kind by a denial. My opponents learned sufficient from this to change completely the system of tactics they had previously adopted. Hitherto only the heavier artillery of Judaism had been brought into the fight, to bear against the article; there was no attempt made to put forth an answer in anything like an intellectual or even skilful manner. Coarse attacks, and an insulting system of defence against a tendency imputed to the author of the article to hate the Jews, a tendency peculiar to the Middle Ages, and disgraceful for an enlightened age like ours, together with absurd misrepresentation and falsification of what had been said—such was all that appeared. But there was now a change. At any rate, higher Judaism took the matter up. What annoyed this class of persons was the commotion that had been excited; immediately my name was known, the fact of its being brought into the discussion could only raise apprehensions that public attention would be excited still more. But a ready means of avoiding this was found in the circumstance of my having substituted a pseudonym for my real name. It now appeared advisable to continue ignoring me as the author of the article, and even to stop all talk about it. But I was to be got at in quite a different way; I had published works on art, and written operas, and I then wished to see the latter produced. A system of calumny and persecution of me as an author and a composer, the disagreeable question of Judaism being at the same time completely dropped, promised to furnish the means of wreaking upon me the punishment desired.

It would be, perhaps, arrogant on my part, as I then lived in close retirement at Zurich, were I to attempt to describe minutely the inward working of the persecution commenced against me in their turn by the Jews, and continued on a constantly increasing scale. I will merely narrate facts which anyone may verify. After the production of *Lohengrin*, at Weimar, in the summer of 1850, men of eminent artistic and literary reputation, such as Adolf Stahr and Robert Franz, came forward encouragingly in the press, to direct the attention of the German public to me and to my work; even in musical papers of suspicious tendency there appeared most important revelations for me. But this happened *only once* in the case of each of the several writers. They all became dumb immediately afterwards, or, in course of time, even hostile according to circumstances. On the other hand, a professor Bischoff, the friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, now cropped up in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, where he founded the system of calumny afterwards pursued against me. This individual confined himself to my works on art, and twisted my idea of "An Art-work of the Future" into the laughable tendency of a "Music of the Future," that is to say, music that would turn out very well at a future period, though it might be bad at present. Not a word was said by him about Judaism; on the contrary, he plumed himself upon being a Christian, and descended from a Superintendant. On the other hand, he said I had declared that Mozart and even Beethoven were bunglers; and that I wished to do away with melody and, henceforward, have only psalmody.

Even now-a-days, my dear Madame, directly the conversation turns upon the "Music of the Future," you will hear nothing but these things said. Just reflect with what vigorous persistency such absurd calumny must have been sustained and spread about, since, simultaneously with the actual and popular propagation of my operas, the said calumny, directly my name is mentioned, appears again, with continually renewed force as being something that is no more disputed than it is to be disproved.

Since people could ascribe to me such senseless theories, the musical works which sprang from those theories must naturally be of the most repugnant kind; no matter what their success, the press still persevered in asserting that my music must be as atrocious as my theory. This was the point on which to lay particular stress! The really educated and intelligent classes must be won over to this view of the case. This object was effected through the instrumentality of a Viennese lawyer, a great musical amateur, proficient in Hegel's dialectics, and, moreover, easily accessible on account of his Jewish descent, though he delicately disguised the latter. He, too, was one of those who had, at first, declared for me with almost enthusiastic partiality; his conversion was effected so suddenly and violently that I was perfectly aghast at it. This individual, now, wrote a libel on the *Musically Beautiful*, in which he pursued a course unusually well adapted to advance generally the interests of musical Judaism. In the first place, by means of an exceedingly dainty dialectical form, which looked quite like the finest philosophical profundity, he deceived all the intelligence of Vienna into the belief that a prophet had really risen up among them; and this was the great aim he had in view. For what he coated with this elegant colouring consisted of the most trivial commonplaces, such as can be propagated, with any appearance of significance, only in a sphere where, as in that of music, people have always begun talking rubbish immediately they commenced æstheticizing about this art. It was certainly no such clever thing to claim for Music the "Beautiful" as principal postulate; if, however, the author could effect his purpose in this respect, so as to cause everyone to feel astounded at such genial wisdom, he would be able to succeed in something decidedly more difficult, namely, the task of setting up modern

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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Jewish music as the really "beautiful" music; and, without a soul's perceiving what he was about, he caused this dogma to be silently recognized by appending Mendelssohn, quite naturally, as it were, to the series consisting of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; nay, if we understand correctly his theory of the "Beautiful," he really attributed to Mendelssohn the merit of having done an important and beneficial thing; of having happily re-arranged the web of beauty, which had been thrown somewhat into confusion by his immediate predecessor, Beethoven. If, now, Mendelssohn were once raised to the throne, a feat that was to be gracefully accomplished by placing at his side certain Christian notabilities, such as Robert Schumann, among others, a great deal more might be rendered credible in the domain of modern music. But the principal object of the entire æsthetic enterprise was already achieved; the author had, by his clever libel, gained universal respect, and thus obtained a position which lent him importance, when he, an admired æsthetician, appeared as critic in a widely-read political paper, and declared me and my artistic efforts utterly null and void. The fact of his not being led astray by the great success with which my works met on the part of the public, necessarily invested him with all the greater nimbus; and, in addition, he succeeded (or others succeeded through him) in causing, at least, wherever newspapers are read in the world, this tone to become the style when speaking of me, a tone which you, my dear Madame, were so astonished at meeting everywhere. But reference was made to nothing except my contempt for all the great masters of tone; to my hostility towards melody; to my horrible compositions, in a word, to the "Music of the Future"; but still not the slightest notice was taken of the article on "Judaism in Music." This, on the contrary, as is the case in all such rare and sudden instances of conversion, worked all the more efficaciously in secret; it was the head of Medusa, immediately held before anyone in whom there appeared an inconsiderate partiality for me.

(To be continued.)

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DIE MEISTERSINGER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—What would the Messrs Corder have done, in their translation of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, without the Anglo-Saxon word "wax"—to rhyme with Sachs? We are surely being Wagnerized to extremity. Beethoven never wrote nine lines in self-glorification; Wagner has written nine volumes—*his* nine symphonies. Oh, that he had composed a "No. 1," with a full close here and there! The last close best of all. I am puzzled to understand how the London musical public can possibly reckon in its numbers so large a minority of ———

Your correspondent, "Fiat Justitia," is a noodle, as I could easily show were it worth the showing.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham.

KING LUIS OF PORTUGAL once promised Rossini a cask of some wine made expressly for the Royal cellar. But the memory of kings is not better than that of ordinary mortals, and—the wine did not appear. The great composer, however, was not the man to forget a promise, and addressed the following to his Majesty of Portugal:

"Your Majesty promised to send me a cask of wine, but it has never arrived. Of course, you have not forgotten your promise, sire, for kings never forget; but allow me to remind you that at my time of life no time is to be lost."

The wine was sent with Royal expedition.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The fifty-ninth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine went off extremely well, and was attended by larger numbers than had been present at any previous Festival. The proceedings on the first day opened with Mozart's symphony, in G minor. Then came Handel's *Joshua*, which went admirably under Herr F. Wüllner's direction, and was energetically applauded. The solo-singers were—Mdlles Lilli Lehmann and Fides Keller, Herren Riese and Carl Meyer. The second day's programme included Mendelssohn's *Erste Walpurgisnacht*, fragments from Gluck's *Armide*, and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," with the Prelude and "*Liebestod*," from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. Hans von Bülow, as solo-pianist, performed variations on the *Eroica*, and Johann Brahms's First Concerto.

CONCERTS.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—At the fifth concert, given in St James's Hall, on Friday evening, a new violinist appeared, to make up, in the estimation of novelty-lovers, for the otherwise entire absence of that which they crave. Almost of course, the *débutant* was a German. This is the year of the Germans, who bid fair to render it as famous in our musical history as the Normans made 1066 in the annals of the nation. The Normans came and stopped; and the Germans are exceedingly likely to do the same, with a view to parcelling out a fat artistic domain, and ousting its old possessors. No other invaders have a chance. The Italians are out of it, or, at most, hold a mere corner of Covent Garden, having given up the rest to Frenchmen and Belgians, who themselves, surrounded by grim and hungry Teutonic bands, spend a precarious existence. As for the aborigines—well, they continue to accept, with traditional meekness, the *rôle* of those who find the money, taking pride, perhaps, in the ownership of a purse which attracts all the musical free lances of Europe. A good many quacks and shams come to our shores, but Herr Georg Hänflein, the violinist of Friday night, is not one of them, if judgment may be given simply upon the hearing of Spohr's Dramatic Concerto as played by him. A strong fiddler Herr Hänflein cannot be called, but he is very tender and graceful, executing *cantabile* passages with the taste and expression of a great vocal artist. Hence he was heard to most advantage in the Cavatina—that movement wherein Spohr has combined Italian sweetness with German feeling, and thus produced a better thing than either standing alone. Herr Hänflein's tone is not large; on the other hand, he phrases well, his intonation is certain, and his command over the instrument, if not regally powerful, cannot be charged with incompleteness. Referring to Spohr's work, it is curious to observe, as significant of an almost puerile revolt against classic forms, that the annotator of the programme pointed to the dominant and tonic chords at the end of the recitative as a device which "in more modern compositions has happily now almost become obsolete." Why happily? Is there really treason to art in a "full close" where the ear expects it, where the sense requires it, and where those benighted creatures, Mozart and Beethoven, rarely failed to employ it? Whatever the answer to this question, we do not deny that very many inditers of "modern compositions" seem to exhaust the greater part of their powers in successful efforts to keep a "full close" out of their music. They are like bats flying over a plain, not daring to touch the ground through inability to take wing again. The orchestral selections at this concert were the introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, and the same master's Eighth Symphony. These, for the most part, had a fine rendering, the principal exception being the minuet and trio of the symphony, which have been heard to greater advantage. Frau Malten and Herr Gura, of the German Opera, Drury Lane, contributed the vocal music in a style that suggested the desirableness of limiting their efforts to the Wagnerian stage. Herr Richter conducted with customary masterfulness.

MR GANZ'S CONCERTS.—St James's Hall was well filled on Saturday afternoon, when the fourth of these concerts took place. Regarding the principal feature in the programme—the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz—there is no need to speak at length. On former occasions we have sought to do justice to the fancy and skill shown in the earlier portions of the work. At present these require no champion. The *Reverie and Passions*, the *Bal*, the *Scène aux Champs*, and, in large measure, the *Marche au Supplice*, are understood and admired to the full extent of their deserts. On the other hand it may be necessary to warn the many who are in danger of having their perception of true music perverted by rhodomontade, that the fifth part, *Songe d'une Nuit de Sabbat*, is not music at all, but rather an illustration of the rebellion of music against an unwise effort to employ it for purposes and in a manner foreign to its nature. All such attempts recoil upon those who make them. Here, for instance, a fine work is spoiled by an ending possible to the muse only when in a state of *delirium tremens*. It is a fearful example, and should be nailed to the doors of concert rooms as dead kites were once displayed in farmyards—*pour encourager les autres*. The performance was on the whole good. We can conceive a more delicate and graceful rendering of the "Ball" scene, but when power and precision seemed all important, those qualities were not wanting.

With the French composer's symphony came a French pianist in the always welcome person of Mdme Montigny Rémaury, a lady qualified to represent, wherever she goes, the legitimate school of her art. Mdme Rémaury's taste is not restricted. She can recognize all that is good in new works; but her keenest sympathies remain with the great masters, with Beethoven above all. She is, we believe, the only pianist who of late years has cared to perform that

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master's first concerto in London. No doubt the work is old-fashioned, according to the theories we are now asked to accept. It is certainly melodious, symmetrical, and beautiful; but Mdme Rémaury is not on that account ashamed of it. This, indeed, may have been the reason why she played it on Saturday afternoon, and why she did so with all the grace and brilliancy which the work demands. A more precise or neater finger than Mdme Rémaury's no pianist is fortunate enough to own, nor can any interpret a "classic" so as to make its structure and meaning more clear. This was frankly recognized by the audience, the applause bestowed being at once cordial and amply invited.

Following the French pianist came Mdlle Marianne Eisller, a violinist who has journeyed from Vienna to win, if haply she may, the approval of English amateurs. The young lady chose a well-known theme in the *Adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and, as she played only that movement, it is manifestly impossible to judge of her full pretensions. From what she did, however, it seemed clear that Mdlle Eisller has the all-important gift of musical sensibility and taste. Her delivery of some of the phrases, towards the close of the *Adagio* in particular, was marked by decided and appropriate expression. Assuming that the young lady's executive skill is on a par with her natural powers, she deserves the attention which may, hereafter, be more fully accorded. The vocalist at this concert was Madame Patey, whom we cannot too highly praise for a perfect delivery of Sarti's melodious *arietta*, "Lungi dal caro bene." —*D. T.*

Mdme Sophie Menter.—A large and critical audience assembled at St James's Hall on Friday afternoon, June 2, to listen to the interpretation, by Mdme Sophie Menter, of a programme embracing works widely different in character and merit. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 81), *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, occupied, as it should, the most prominent place, and called forth the entire resources of the fair executant. The first movement, *Les Adieux*, seemed instinct with the accents of tender regret, and was rendered with full significance, as well as perfect manipulation; the second, *L'Absence*, gave still further evidence of the lady's thorough grasp of her subject; whilst the third showed what entire mastery she possesses over the key-board. Mdme Menter's playing in a *Pastorale* and *Allegro Vivacissimo*, by Domenico Scarlatti, proved, in another fashion, no less remarkable. Judging by the large space allotted to Chopin, that idealistic composer must be a great favourite with the pianist. From the six pieces performed consecutively we select the second, fourth, and last for special notice. The *Etude* in G flat was rapturously encored, the *Ballade* in G minor afforded almost equal pleasure, and seldom has the *Valse Brillante* in A flat been played with greater fluency. The programme was made up largely of "arrangements." First came the *Toccata* and *Fugue*, for organ (Bach), arranged by Tausig for the pianoforte; then Mendelssohn's "On song's bright pinions," followed by Schubert's "Fleurs fanées" and "Erl King," arranged by Liszt. Whilst acknowledging that these concoctions have merit in their way, we confess to little perception of a real artistic value, and question the propriety of making the melodies of great masters ground-work for mere fantastic decoration. Liszt's *Rhapsodies*, played with marvellous power and skill, nevertheless failed to command much respect. In speaking of Mdme Sophie Menter's extraordinary talents no "if" or "but" is needed to qualify high praise.—P. G.

Signor Tito Mattei's Concert.—The Marlborough Rooms were crowded on Saturday afternoon, at the invitation of Signor Tito Mattei. This highly-respected professor generally provides some novelty, and on this occasion a "new waltz-galop (*de concert*)" afforded him an opportunity of displaying his talents in the double capacity of composer and executant. Moreover, he rarely omits to bring forward singers and players who are but little known to the public. On Saturday three such artists appeared, and are certainly worthy of better acquaintance. First, Signor Palmieri, in "Questa o quella" (Verdi), showed himself the possessor of an agreeable voice; and, next, Mdlle Perretti, who selected "Nacqua all' affano" (Rossini), displayed an organ of considerable compass, with evidence of assiduous training, that in the end will, no doubt, bring success. The song chosen was, perhaps, too trying for a young beginner, but the difficulties were, in most cases, fairly surmounted. Mr Leigh-Bennett, in "Vorrei morire" (Tosti), also gave signs of coming excellence; Miss Orridge's fine voice, and Mdme Rose Hersee's charming talents were duly appreciated; while Mr Maybrick sang "The Little Hero" (Stephen Adams) in so touching a manner as to secure the warmest approbation. Mdlle Rosina Isidor, Mr Maas, Signor Foli, Signor Runcio, and other popular vocalists were announced, the instrumentalists being Signor Papini, Signor Albert, Signor Li Calsi, and Signor Pinsuti.—P. G.

W. C. A. Ehrenfechter.—A *matinée musicale* was given by this gentleman on Wednesday last at his residence in Earl's Court Road. Mr Ehrenfechter we presume to be a professor of standing in the district in which he lives, and that he enjoys credit and respect in his vocation may be inferred from the large attendance vouchsafed to him upon the present occasion by his friends and patrons. In the course of the *matinée* he gave examples of his qualifications as a solo pianist and composer, and it will readily be believed he was not listened to without compliment. Violin and violoncello performances, and a round of vocalisms by Mdme Vogri, Miss Berta Foresta, and Mr D'Arcy Ferris, (with whose name we confess to be unfamiliar, but who seemed to be in excellent vogue with the visitors present), contributed the remaining incidents of the concert.—H.

Miss Emelie Lewis's concert on Wednesday evening at Steinway Hall was fully attended. The young singer has made great progress since we last heard her, rendering on the occasion under notice Mercadante's "Il sogno" (violoncello *obbligato*, Mr J. A. Brousil) with fluency and expression. Miss Lewis also contributed Milton Welling's "Dreaming" and Behrend's "Firelight Fancies," besides joining Mdme Liebhart in Oberthür's duet, "Wir Wandern aus dem Vaterland." In each of these Miss Lewis was warmly and deservedly applauded. Mdme Liebhart pleased her audience, as she invariably does, with G. B. Allen's "Little bird so sweetly singing" (flute *obbligato*, by the bye, capitally played by Herr Wustemann). Mr Herbert Thorndike was at his best in a pleasing song by Mina Gould (whose "Time of Roses" is so universally popular). Miss Carrie Lawrence gave an Irish recitation, "Shemus O'Brian," which she was called upon to repeat, but she gave "Old Maids and Old Bachelors" instead. Besides the singers we have named, Misses Alice Fairman and Eleanor Crux, together with Signor Villa, gave various songs and duets, and Miss Maggie Okey played with Mdlle Brousil and Mr Brousil a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Miss Okey afterwards contributing one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies," and Mr Brousil solos on the violoncello by Weber and Popper. Signors Romili, Samuelli, and Denza, Messrs C. Ryal and Davieson accompanied.

Signor Muratori is to be congratulated on the success of the concert he gave on Wednesday morning (by kind permission of Mrs J. R. Campbell), at The Holme, Regent's Park—congratulated not only for its musical success, but for the valuable assistance granted him by several of his fair amateur pupils, whose beautiful fresh voices were heard with such charming effect in the compositions selected for their performance, among which must specially be noticed Signor Muratori's trio, "Oh! Dei che dolce incanto" (Mrs Aston, Mrs Stone, and Signor Rizzelli); Rossini's trio, "L'usato ardir" (by the same fair lady amateurs and Mr Noyes); Campana's duetto, "Una sera d'amore" (Miss Foster and Miss M. Foster); Signor Muratori's Romanza "Amore" (Mrs Stone), the violin *obbligato* part to which was finely played by Signor Scuderi; Verdi's duet, "Se m'ami ancor" (Mrs Aston and Signor Rizzelli); Signor Muratori's Valse, "L'Amante"—"The Lovers' Waltz," (Mrs Aston); Mr Farmer's song, "Shall I wear a white Rose?" (Mrs Stone); and several other popular songs, not forgetting Mercadante's *aria*, "Ah! s'estinto," beautifully rendered by Mrs Aston. Certainly Signor Muratori may be envied for the esteem he is held in by those who have placed themselves under his tuition.

Mr Oberthur gave a *matinée musicale* at the Marlborough Rooms on Tuesday, June 6th, assisted by Mdmes Liebhart, Vogri, and Doré-Desvignes, Signor Luigi Conti, Messrs Alfred Hemming and Frank Quatremayne, as vocalists; and, as instrumentalists, by Mdlle Gayrard Pacini (pianoforte), Herr Carl Henkel (violin), and M. Albert (violoncello). The interest of the *matinée* was concentrated in the compositions of Mr Oberthür, which included his Trio in F minor, for violin, violoncello, and harp; his duet, for violin and harp, on subjects from *Der Freyschütz;* his Concertino for the harp (the orchestral parts, on this occasion, being arranged for the pianoforte and played by Mdlle Gayrard-Pacini); and several of his songs, among them, "The Babe and the Sunbeam" (Mdlle Doré-Desvignes), "A Noble Knight" (Mr Frank Quatremaine), "The Discovery" (Mdme Liebhart), and his romance, "The Rose and the Ring" (Mr Alfred Hemming). It is scarcely necessary to say, Mr Oberthür's talent as a composer being well known, that both the instrumental and vocal pieces were attentively listened to and heard with pleasure, receiving the applause due to their exceptional merits. Among the miscellaneous songs was Blumenthal's "Evening Song," rendered with great expression by Mr Alfred Hemming, who, a few years ago, was well known and esteemed in our concert-rooms, and who has just returned from a long sojourn in Russia, with voice neither injured by time nor climate. The concert gave perfect satisfaction to a full and fashionable audience, among whom we noticed many distinguished amateurs and admirers of the harp, on which instrument Mr Oberthür is so accomplished an executant.

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THE MISSES KINGDON.—A *matinée musicale* was given on Saturday June 3, at 31 Maida Hill West, in aid of the London Fever Hospital. The programme included Schumann's "Dichter liebe" and several pianoforte duets, rendered with thorough accuracy, taste and expression by the Misses Kingdon, two accomplished amateurs, organizers of the entertainment. The ladies in every instance won merited applause.

PROVINCIAL.

TAUNTON.—The concert given by the Taunton Philharmonic Association in the London Hotel Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, June 1st, may be pronounced in every respect a decided success. The performance was of a high character, reflecting credit upon all who took part therein, and the attendance was large, fashionable, and appreciative. The works selected for presentation were Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* for the first part of the programme, and G. A. Macfarren's delightful cantata *May-day* for the second, and the leading passages in both were capitally rendered, the solos being very nicely given, and the choruses for the most part displaying a degree of steadiness, speaking of careful and painstaking training on the part of the conductor, Mr Thomas F. Dudeney. The soloists were:—Misses May Bell and French; Messrs Theo. Taylor and W. J. Trenchard. Miss Simmons officiating as pianist and general accompanist, left nothing to be desired. We may heartily congratulate all concerned upon this concert being one of the most attractive and artistic the association has yet brought before their patrons and the public.

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—On Wednesday morning the Chester Musical Festival commenced with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, given in the cathedral. The city was gaily decorated; the showery weather, however, somewhat interfered with the pleasure of the visitors. There was a band and chorus of 250, with Mr Joseph C. Bridge, organist of the cathedral, as conductor; Dr Rowland Rogers, of Bangor Cathedral, as organist; and Herr Strauss, as leader of the band, which was chiefly composed of members of Mr Charles Hallé's Manchester orchestra; the principals being Herren Strauss, Jacoby, Bernardt, and E. Vieuxtemps. The chorus was selected from Chester, York, Durham, Ripon, Manchester, and Hereford Cathedrals. The proceedings opened with the Hundredth Psalm, specially arranged for this festival as a motet for eight voices by Dr Pole. The principal singers in the oratorio were Miss Marriott, Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke, Mdme Patey, and Messrs Maas and King. In the evening, *Acis and Galatea* was given at the Music Hall.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Die Meistersinger was represented a second time on Saturday night, with important changes in the caste, Fräulein Malten being substituted for Frau Sucher (Eva) and Herr Nachbaur for Herr Winkelmann (Stolzing). These changes do not imply the smallest public or managerial dissatisfaction with the artists temporarily set aside, rather do they point to a fact which Richard Wagner persistently overlooks. The human voice is not an instrument of wood or brass, nor are human lungs made of leather. He, therefore, who takes a prominent part in one of the "reformer's" music-dramas resembles a sentry on duty with the thermometer below zero. His "go" is a short one, but short as it may be he cannot get rid of an uncomfortable reflection that duty, in such a case, means mischief.* Verdi was once accused of an intent to destroy singing on the Italian stage, but he is a mere Fifth of November effigy compared with the genuine Guy Fawkes of Bayreuth. No doubt German lungs are strong, and German throats lend themselves more to shouting than to singing, but even a Teutonic artist is not qualified to do the work of a fog-horn. His capacity knows limits, and if there are to be four Parsifals at Bayreuth next August, why should there not be two Stolzings and two Evas at Drury Lane? Comparisons between Frau Sucher and Fräulein Malten, or between Herr Winkelmann and Herr Nachbaur, would be as ungracious as the impulse to indulge in them is natural. We shall resist the impulse and avoid the ungraciousness, a course the more readily followed because neither Eva nor Stolzing is a character of first-rate dramatic importance. Wagner usually makes his lovers the real hero and heroine of the plays to which they belong, but the lovers in *Die Meistersinger* are feeble folk, of very little beyond musical consequence, wherefore criticism upon them must be musical chiefly, and here some will contend for the superiority of Fräulein Malten as a more intellectual artist than Frau Sucher, while it is just possible that the feeble tones of Herr Nachbaur strike a chord unresponsive to the strenuous declamation of Herr Winkelmann. After all, it matters little. The case may be summed up—at any rate, as regards the ladies—in the familiar lines, "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away." In other respects the original cast remained unchanged on Saturday, so that we again witnessed Herr Gura's masterly embodiment of the cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, and again regretted that the clever artist was hampered by extreme prosiness. There should be one edition of *Die Meistersinger* for Germany, and another for countries whose people cannot take a lively interest in frequent preachments about German art. True, Sachs is not such a terrible bore as Wotan. The Nuremberg tradesman does not require us to hear interminable narratives concerning family doings connected with which there are bars sinister enough to make a gridiron for Fafner and Fasolt. But he does talk, and talk so much that even Herr Gura can hardly save him from the unenviable distinction supremely won and worn by the Scandinavian god. Herr Gura, as Beckmesser, labours under no such disadvantage. Beckmesser is always welcome on the stage, never, when there, saying too much. He is a character distinguished by genuine comedy, and as a real comedian Herr Ehrke deals with him. A more finished impersonation our stage has seldom witnessed. It is complete to the last detail, every accent, gesture, and attitude being studied, yet with the art that keeps art invisible behind a close semblance of nature. Almost as warm praise is deserved by Herr Landau, upon whose David no one dreams of improvement. A grave and dignified Pogner in Herr Koegel, a finished Kothner in Dr Kraus, and a capital Magdalene in Fräulein Schefsky, complete a representation worthy the work which comes to us as Wagner's most genial and pleasant representative. Of the chorus, orchestra, and stage management no praise could be too great. The rendering of the music is a genuine triumph for Herr Richter—the noblest he has won in this country, while the animation of the stage, due to the fact that every person engaged is an actor, reflects credit not only upon its management, but upon all concerned. Should the German opera season be remembered for only one thing, that thing will be the performance of *Die Meistersinger*.—*D. T.*

* [*When constabulary duty's to be done,*
The Policeman's life is not a happy one.

Dr Blinge.]

ELECTRICITY AND MUSIC.—At the monthly meeting of the Musical Association, held on Monday last, Mr C. E. Stephens in the chair, a paper was read by H. Hills, Mus. Doc., entitled "From Rhythmic Pulsation to Classical Outline." After this, a "music electrograph," invented by J. Föhr, of Stuttgardt, was exhibited and described by Mr T. L. Southgate. The apparatus writes down on a band of paper unwound from a cylinder by clockwork any music played extemporaneously on a pianoforte to which it may be attached. This result is attained by the current staining the paper, chemically prepared for this purpose, a blue colour on the parts of the music staff corresponding to the position of the notes struck. The duration of the sounds is indicated by the length of the stains, and the positions of the bar lines are shown by depressing a pedal. —*Times.*

PRAGUE.—Smetana's opera, *Libussa*, has achieved an undoubted success. It is pronounced by competent judges to be his masterpiece. It was first produced on the 11th June, 1881, at the National Bohemian Theatre, burnt down two months subsequently. (The "Jettatore" had nothing to do with this catastrophe.—Dr Blinge.)

COPENHAGEN.—The members of the Private Pension Fund of the Ballet at the Theatre Royal lately held their annual meeting. During the past year the capital increased from 110,690 to 116,642 crowns. Three pensions, of 577,576, and 200 crowns respectively, were granted on the occasion.

BERLIN *(Correspondence)*.—Experiments with the electric light have been carried on for some time at the Royal Operahouse. The Emperor Wilhelm, who attended the last performance of *Mignon*, was conducted by Von Hülsen, Intendant-General, to the machine-room, where Brandt, Inspector-in-Chief, fully explained the system to his Majesty, who expressed himself much interested.—The Central Skating Rink, at present occupied by an Italian opera company, will in future be permanently devoted to art. In the autumn, it will be transformed into a concert-room, where Bilse's old Orchestra, now at the "Charlottenburger Flora," will perform.—Carl Constantin Louis Grimm, the harpist, died on the 23rd ult., in his sixty-second year. Born in this capital on the 17th February, 1821, he applied himself from his eighth year to the harp, on which, thanks to the instruction received from our own Parish Alvars, he attained great proficiency. After playing for some time with success, he was appointed (in 1844) Royal Prussian Chamber-Musician and member of the band at the Royal Operahouse. On his 25th professional anniversary (1869) he had the title of Royal *Concertmeister* conferred on him. He subsequently retired on his pension, and gave his whole attention to the musical instrument manufactory established by his father.

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TERESA TITIENS.

A Sketch.

"On October the 3rd, 1877, at her residence, 51, Finchley New-Road, after many weeks of severe suffering, Teresa Tietjens, aged 46 years. Friends will kindly accept this intimation."

Among the many stars who, from Mara downwards, have shone in the firmament of Italian opera, some few, perhaps, under certain conditions, may have been greater, others as great, *none* have occupied a position so unique, as the subject of the above simple obituary notice. Mademoiselle Teresa Tietjens, or Titiens, to use the spelling which she adopted, on her arrival in this country, was a native of Hamburg, and made her first public appearance, at the principal theatre of that city, in a German version of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in 1847. Advancing by the usual progessive stages, in Frankfort and elsewhere, she worked her way to the Carinthia Theatre, at Vienna, where she filled a leading position during some years, until discovered and engaged by the late Mr Lumley. She made her *début* in London, at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1858, as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, and was at once recognized as one of the most interesting, and exceptionally-endowed singers of modern times.

The following are the thirty-three operas in which, during nearly twenty seasons, Mdlle Teresa Titiens has been heard in London:—*Iphigenia en Tauride* (Gluck), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Medea, I Due Giornati* (Cherubini), *Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Il Flauto Magico, Il Seraglio* (Mozart), *Les Huguenots, Robert le Diable, Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), *Oberon, Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Lohengrin* (Wagner), *Martha* (Flotow), *Falstaff* (Nicolai), *Faust, Mirella* (Gounod), *Hamlet* (Thomas), *Semiramide* (Rossini), *Norma, I Puritani* (Bellini), *Lucrezia Borgia, Lucia di Lammermoor, Anna Bolena, La Favorita* (Donizetti), *Ernani, I Lombardi, Il Trovatore, I Vespri Siciliani, La Forza del Destino, Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi), and *Nicolo di Lapi* (Schira). In 1859, she sang at Drury Lane, and in 1860, at Her Majesty's, under Mr E. T. Smith. In 1861, she was at the Lyceum, for Mr Mapleson's first season of management, and was again at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1862, where she remained, until its destruction by fire, in 1867. In 1868 she was a leading member of Mr Mapleson's company at Drury Lane, and sang in 1869-70—the years of the famous opera-coalition—at Covent Garden. Subsequently she was with her old manager, Mr Mapleson, at Drury Lane, for six seasons, and finally inaugurated the new "Old House," in the Haymarket last spring, soon after which illness incapacitated her from the further discharge of her duties.

Although regarded, on her arrival in London, as the more than probable inheritrix of the Pasta-Grisi repertory, the new comer did not, at the outset, fulfil every condition, requisite for that position. Her personal appearance certainly marked her out for this line, and, in addition to unmistakable dramatic instincts, her voice, a true soprano, even in every note of its extensive register, at that time combined sweetness, and liquid purity, with an almost colossal power. But there was still something wanting. Nurtured in all the traditions of the German school, Mdlle Titiens had yet to acquire the Italian method, and so make good her claim to a first place on the Italian stage. Hence her earliest successes were obtained in *Les Huguenots, Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In *Il Trovatore*, her Leonora was freely criticised, but a few weeks later the Lucrezia excited new interest, as affording evident proof of progress, and as foreshadowing that excellence, in music of the Italian school, to which, from this date, she steadily advanced. To follow, step by step, the career of this incomparable singer, or to comment in detail upon each part of her wide *répertoire*, would be impossible, within these limits, but the following notes may be of interest. The fine-ladyism of Martha sat awkwardly upon Titiens, as being something wholly foreign to her nature, yet all London went to hear "The Last Rose of Summer," sung as, perhaps, it was never sung before—as probably it will never be again. Who can forget the tender charm of her "Qui la voce," as the heart-stricken Elvira, in *I Puritani*; or the splendour of her mad scene, in *Lucia*, when having surpassed herself in the *largo*, which exhausts the resources of so many singers, she would advance with unimpaired vigour to the footlights, and in the *cabaletta*, "Spargi d'amour," attack, and sustain, for some momenis, a B *in alt.* with all the clearness of a silver bell? These parts were long since laid aside by Titiens, but their recollection is ineffaceable. Her Valentine, Donna Anna, and Contessa d'Almaviva, were from the first held to be super-excellent; indeed, we always considered her rendering of the two airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono"—belonging to the last-named part—for perfect phrasing, just accent, and exact measurement of time, to be amongst her very finest vocal achievements. As years went on, the supremacy of her Norma, Semiramide, and Lucrezia Borgia, operas of the purely Italian school, became equally established; and there were other events in the operatic reign of Titiens too important, as landmarks, to be passed over. Such were her Reizia in *Oberon*, revived in 1860; her Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, which created, in 1862, as great a sensation as that of Jenny Lind, some fifteen years before; and her Fidelio, in 1864, when old *habitués* recalled Cruvelli, Malibran, and Schroeder-Devrient, only to find their latest successor no whit inferior by the comparison. But the greatest achievement of all was on the production of Cherubini's *Medea*, in 1865.* when she proved, past doubt or cavil, that the highest walk of lyric tragedy was within her means. Many as were her subsequent successes, Titiens may be said to have reached, in this part, the apex of her artistic renown. To her, also, we probably owe the introduction of Gounod's *Faust* to this country. Titiens was the original Marguerite in London; and though physically unsuited to the character, she was, both in singing and acting, the very ideal of Goethe's heroine. Owing to the declining popularity of the lighter class of operatic music, and to her all-absorbing attraction in grand opera, few were aware of her talents as a comedian, since the opportunities of witnessing them were so rare. None, however, who heard that opera, will fail to remember her Mrs Ford, in Nicolai's *Falstaff*. Here her acting was not only in the finest spirit of comedy, but was marked by a humour, and a sense of enjoyment, for which only one parallel occurs to us—that of Mrs Keeley. And in later years, when she might well have been excused for reposing upon her well-earned laurels, Teresa Titiens assumed three new *rôles*, namely, Gertrude, in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, Leonora, in *La Favorita*, and Ortrud, in *Lohengrin*. In the first of these, she completely distanced the Ophelia (Mdlle Sessi) of the night, and worked up a part, hitherto looked upon as a mere lay figure, into a creation worthy of Shakspere. Her Leonora was, from first to last, superb; and she imparted to the repulsive character of Ortrud a dramatic significance which, now that she has departed, it may possibly never regain. But great as was the perfection to which Titiens attained in the Italian school, she never relinquished her predilection for the music of her Fatherland. To her, more than to any other, we owe the extended knowledge, and acceptance, of the German school of opera, in England. True that *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, had long been traditions of the operatic repertory at both houses, that the works of Meyerbeer had formed so many sheet anchors, in the earlier seasons, at Covent Garden. It is to Titiens, however, that we are indebted for the revivals of the *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* of Weber, the *Flauto Magico* and *Seraglio* of Mozart, besides the *Iphigenia* of Gluck, whose *Armida* was also—had her health allowed it—to have formed a leading feature in the late season at the Haymarket. And these, with others, paved the way for the introduction of Herr Wagner's compositions—with what real result, however, yet remains to be seen.

Enough, then, has been told to prove the industry, no less than the abilities of this great singer. That which gives her an unique place in the musical annals of this country has not hitherto been sufficiently shown. Others, we think *all* her predecessors, have come, from season to season, to London, and during the intervening months have repaired to Paris, St Petersburg, Moscow, and other cities, which maintain large operatic establishments. Mdlle Titiens, it is true, returned to Vienna, to complete her term, after her first engagement with Lumley; she went also to Naples for the carnivals of 1863-4; and to America, on a concert tour, in the autumn of 1875; but with these exceptions, and those of two short visits to Paris and Barcelona, she has, we believe, spent the whole of the last nineteen years in this kingdom. And in identifying herself thus completely with England it was natural that she should direct her attention to another branch of her art,

* By a coincidence, the year of Pasta's decease. Pasta had herself been the unequalled representative of another *Medea*—that of Simon Mayer—which she had often sung on the same boards.

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more popular in this country than in any other—we mean oratorio singing. The mantle of Grisi had fallen upon Titiens, the diadem of Clara Novello was also to encircle her brow. In brief, she soon shone supreme alike in sacred and secular song. To follow her triumphs, in this line, were endless, but to give only two examples we vividly recall the sublime manner in which she led the trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," in *Elijah*; the earnestness and the deep religious feeling with which she rendered "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in *The Messiah*—at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1870.

Time, which spares none, eventually detracted something from the power and fulness of her voice, but, to the last, Teresa Titiens continued to outshine all her workfellows, since, to the last, she was able to bring the impress of a great mind to bear upon everything which she attempted, and, in the fulfilment of her artistic duties, to evince neither carelessness nor fatigue. There was no such thing as second-best, in the organization of this transcendent woman. She would sing with the same care and heartiness, in the dilapidated old Assembly-Room of Truro, as before the most brilliant of metropolitan audiences. She had been the mainstay of the old Haymarket Opera in its concluding years, it was therefore only in the fitness of things that she should be chosen to inaugurate the new Her Majesty's Theatre, at the beginning of the late season. The overwhelming cheer which burst from every corner of the building as Norma entered, in the second scene of that opera, was proof enough, were any wanting, of the perennial popularity of the *diva*. But gloriously as she sang, on this and the three or four following evenings, it was already known to the members of her own family, that the hand of death was near; that the night "when no man can work" had come for Titiens, as it will for all; and that when the curtain fell upon her last performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*—on Saturday, the 19th of May—it descended also upon her professional career.

It has been affirmed that artists have no private life. Their every action, from earliest years, is subjected to the censorship of a public, ever ready to be severe upon every shortcoming, whilst, too seldom, reflecting upon the fiery ordeal of temptation to which they are, from their very birth, exposed. But if the faults of the profession are thus ruthlessly laid bare, it should be added also, in all honesty, that their good qualities are, of necessity, manifested, and acknowledged, in a corresponding degree. It is pleasant, then, to be able to add, that Mdlle Titiens had, during her long and distinguished career, won the love and esteem of all who knew her. An exemplary daughter, a kind sister, she was further known to be the most generous, amiable, and self-sacrificing of her sex. It was a byword of the *coulisses* that, "to quarrel with Titiens were to effect the impossible." The airs and affectations which disfigure so many of her operatic sisters, were as things quite apart from Titiens. She was altogether above them. None who approached her could be insensible to her peculiar charm of manner; for it was characterized by a quiet dignity, and a simple grace which were the outward expression of innate good-breeding. And the unselfishness which was, through life, one of her most striking attributes, was evident to the last. On the recurrence of each paroxysm of pain she banished her relatives and attendants from the sick room; for she *would not* unnerve them by the sight of her sufferings. And now the great singer has gone to her long home; but it is with the extinction of memory alone that the fame of Teresa Titiens will ever die.

October, 1877. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

M. ALPHONSE THIBAUD.—*Le Journal des Débats*, writing about this young artist at one of M. Pasdeloup's *Concerts Populaires*, says:—"The success of the last concert was that of M. Alphonse Thibaud, a young *virtuoso*, who hardly numbers twenty years, yet played with uncommon vigour Rubinstein's Fourth Concerto. He possesses not only great power, but rapid and neat execution, never playing a false note. These are the qualities which distinguished his performance and brought down an enthusiastic ovation. We are convinced that in a few years' time this young pianist will attain a high position in the artistic world.

ZURICH.—It is said that Franz Liszt has promised to attend the Musical Festival on the 8th July, when his *Legend of St Elizabeth* will be performed.

WAIFS.

Mdme Montigny-Rémaury has returned to Paris.

Suppé's *Boccaccio* has proved a success in Madrid.

De Reszké, the soprano, is now singing at Barcelona.

Tamberlik inaugurates in September the theatre at Vigo.

Jäger, the tenor, is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

The tenor, Engel, is engaged for next season in St Petersburgh.

The barytone Athos is engaged for next season at the San Carlo.

The new Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, will be opened early in the autumn.

Theodor Thomas is appointed Musical Director of the New York Liederkranz.

The pecuniary result of the New York Festival is a deficit of 20,000 dollars.

Angelo Ferni has been appointed professor of the violin at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* is in rehearsal at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

Tremelli, the contralto, is engaged for the coming Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Fortunato Magi, composer and professor at the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, has died in Venice.

J. J. Abert's opera, *Ekkehard*, has been produced with success at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

The cross of the Crown of Italy has been conferred on Giovanni Tonoli, organ-builder of Brescia.

"Little Nevada," the American soprano, has made a highly favourable impression in Venice.

The concert given at Bergamo by the Scala Orchestral Society, under Faccio, was a great success.

The Texas Legislature has reduced the tax on theatrical performances from ten to two dollars.

The Germania Männerchor, Chicago, have presented their conductor, Balatka, with a music-stand.

A new opera, *Carlotta Clepier*, music by Floridia, has been produced at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

Another new opera, *Cesira d'Aragona*, by P. Bianchedi is performing at the Teatro Comunale, Corinaldo.

There is some talk of giving Auber's *Fra Diavolo* in Rome, with Repetto as Rosina and Stagno as Almaviva.

Johann Strauss is writing in his country house, at Schönau, an opera for the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A semi-serious opera, *Aurelia*, music by Graziani-Walter, has been produced at the Teatro Salvini, Florence.

The receipts for eighteen performances of the ballet *Excelsior* at the Politeama, Florence, were 87,000 francs.

Our English organist, Frederick Archer, is to "inaugurate" the new organ in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, U.S.

Four designs for the new Theatre, Cadiz, have been sent in to the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

The annual examinations at the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamacion, Madrid, were to be held last week.

Two Popular Concerts, under the direction of Luigi Mancinelli, have been given at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Abbey, anxious to secure Judic for America next season, has offered her 1,000 francs a night for a hundred nights.

Another infant phenomenon, Theodora Linda Dacosta, aged seven, has come out as a vocalist at Chickering Hall, New York.

A new buffo opera, *A Pearl of a Laundress, or Starch and Tan*, book by Dr Salmi Morse, music by Karl Kersen, is announced in New York.

Owing to the closing of the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons, the tenor, Salomon, has signed with Vaucorbeil, and will return to the Grand Opera, Paris, in October.

Without counting her place near Havre, or her house in Paris, it is estimated that Mad. Sarah Bernhardt-Damala now possesses a fortune of 1,200,000 francs.

Albert Niemann will shortly fulfil a six night's engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. He will sing in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Joseph*, *Fidelio*, and *La Juive*.

Teresina Tua, the girl-violinist, gave two concerts lately in Padua, and was enthusiastically applauded. On the 22nd ult. she completed her 15th year.—A rival to Teresina Tua has appeared in Norah Clench, the fourteen-year-old violinist of Toronto, Canada. Remenyi pronounces her "wonderful."

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Rothmühl, tenor, formerly pupil of the Vienna Conservatory and afterwards member of the Royal Opera, Dresden, is now engaged at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Franz Arnouts, ex-pupil of the Brussels Conservatory, and professor of the violoncello at the Conservatory, Port Louis (Mauritius), intends making a concert-tour in America and Australia.

Ernest Boieldieu, nephew of the composer of *La Dame Blanche*, died recently in Paris. He was successively Secretary to the Vaudeville, the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and the Hippodrome.

The St Cecilia Choir, under the direction of Mr Malcolm Lawson, will give its third annual concert on Monday evening, June 12th, at the Royal Academy of Music. The choir, which consists entirely of ladies, will be accompanied by a string band, also of ladies. As far as we know, this is the first ladies' orchestra which has been organized in London. The programme will include choral works by Brahms, Hofmann, Gernsheim, &c.—(*Communicated.*)

When Mdme Pauline Lucca arrived in London, and her maid went to the Custom House, for the purpose of attending the examination of luggage, it was discovered that the whole of it, including all her opera costumes, had been destroyed in the vessel which was burnt at Queenborough Pier. This unfortunate loss placed Mr Gye in great difficulty, as he naturally hesitated to communicate such unpleasant news to the *prima donna*, fearing it might prevent her promised appearance as Carmen in the evening. Mdme Lucca was therefore not informed of the accident, and special dresses for the character were immediately ordered. Her luggage had been insured for £500.

Mr Frederick Bowen Jewson's "Second Concerto," Op. 33 (Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.).—Until opportunity is afforded of testing the quality of this composition through the medium of a complete performance, it would be premature to pronounce judgment on its merits. As a work of considerable importance, however, and the production of an English professor of long standing, a word of hearty welcome is its due. Something more than this may be accorded to its composer, who, in the midst of his manifold professional engagements, yet finds time for the service of the less lucrative branch of his art, and Mr Jewson will have his reward in the respect of his brother professors, and the increased weight of his authority over those whose studies he is called upon to direct. The concerto has three movements: *Allegro moderato* in E—triple time; *Andante con moto* in G—common time; and the *Finale allegro vivace* in E, in which we recur to triple time. The pianoforte part, which may be described as brilliant throughout, is written with the technical skill of a pianist, and if the concerto is scored with equal efficiency, it should produce a good effect in performance.—*The Queen.*

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 17, will be performed "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." La Contessa, Mdme Albani; Susanna, Mdlle Valleria; and Cherubino, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Il Conte, M. Dufriche; and Figaro, Signor Cotogni.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

MONDAY next, June 19, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszké, and Signor Nicolini.

TUESDAY next, June 20, "LE PROPHÈTE" (to commence at 8.15). Mdlle Stahl, Mdme Valleria, and M. Sylva. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

Mdme Pauline Lucca.

THURSDAY next, June 22, "FRA DIAVOLO" (first time this season). Mdme Pauline Lucca and Signor Lestellier.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr MANNS' BENEFIT CONCERT, THIS DAY, (SATURDAY), June 17, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Festival Overture (G. A. Macfarren); Duet for Two Sopranos, from *Euryanthe* (Weber); Duet, "Vous soupirez, Madame," *Bénédict et Béatrice* (Berlioz); Violin Solos (Ernst and Marsick); Choral Symphony (Beethoven). The following Artists have kindly given their valuable assistance: Mdme Peschka-Leutner (from the Opera at Hamburg); Mrs Hutchinson, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr Barton M'Guckin, and Mr F. King. Solo Violin—M. Marsick. Crystal Palace Choir and Orchestra. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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His Grace the Archbishop of YORK.
The Very Rev. the Master of the TEMPLE.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON begs to announce that she will give a CONCERT in AID of the FUNDS of the ENGLISH CHURCH in PARIS (Rue d'Aguessau), in ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY Afternoon, June 23, to commence at Three o'clock. Mdme Christine Nilsson will be assisted by the following Artists, who have most kindly volunteered their services: Mdme Trebelli, Signor Bonetti, and Herr Von Zur Mühlen; Mr Barrington Foote and Mr Maas. Pianoforte—Mr W. G. Cusins. Violin—Mons. Musin. The Bijou Drawing Room Orchestra. Conductors—Signor Bevignani and Mr Sidney Naylor. Sofa Stalls and front row Balcony, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Balcony, 5s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; of all the usual Concert Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Mdme Christine Nilsson, 116, Belgrave Road, S.W.

UNDER the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of WALES.—Mdlle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at 27, HARLEY STREET, W., on MONDAY, June 19, at Three o'clock, when Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen will make her first appearance this season, after her long and severe illness, assisted by eminent Artists. Tickets, One Guinea each, may be had of Mdlle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN, 41, George Street, Portman Square, W.

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MR KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY next, June 19. Mdme Albani and Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdme Sembrich and Mdme Trebelli, also Mdme Marie Rose, Miss Mary Davies, the Misses Robertson, Mdlle Devignes, Mdlle Nordman, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling, M. Massart and M. De Reszké. Mr Barrington Foote and Mr Santley. Violin—M. Musin. Violoncello—Mr J. Hollman. Harmonium—Mr Pittman. Pianoforte—Mr Kuhe. Conductors—MM. BEVIGNANI, RANDEGGER, W. GANZ, KUHE, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Tickets, 21s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the usual Agents; Austin's Ticket Office; and Mr KUHE, 60, Welbeck Street.

MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) begs to announce that his GRAND HARP CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Afternoon, July 1st, at Three o'clock, assisted by the most eminent Artists. Harp Solos, Songs with Harp Accompaniment, Duets for two Harps, and several Compositions for a BAND OF HARPS. Further particulars will be duly announced. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be obtained of the principal Musicsellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS' MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the MARL-BOROUGH ROOMS, WEDNESDAY, June 21, at Three o'clock, Vocalists—Mdlles O. and A. Badia, Miss Edwards, and Miss Emily Dones, Signor Parisotti, Signor Ria, Mr Stanley Smith. Instrumentalists: Violin—Signor Papini; Violoncello—Herr Otto Leu; Piano—Miss Edwards. Accompanists—Signori Badia, Romili, &c. Tickets and programmes at the principal Musicsellers, and at Miss EDWARDS' Residence, 100, Ebury Street.

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (QUARTET).

MISS ELLIS WALTON, Miss EMILIE LLOYD, Mr JOHN CROSS, and Mr AUGUSTE CARRÉE will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance as a Quartet, at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, at the Concert given in aid of the funds of the Princess Louise's Home, on Wednesday evening next, June 21.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR ALFRED HEMMING will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on the 27th June.

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CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From a special Correspondent.)*

Chester, June 8.

The second Chester Musical Festival began this morning under very favourable circumstances, and with hopeful prospects of a very successful meeting. The weather indeed was showery, but the sunshine came conveniently for the crowds in the streets who found their pleasure in watching the visitors on the way to the Cathedral, and for the visitors themselves who strolled about the old city during the long interval between the parts of *Elijah*. A very large audience filled the body of the nave and its broad aisles, and on all sides there was emphatic evidence that the festival was a city celebration—one in which the ecclesiastical, the municipal, and social sections of the community were all taking pride.

If any town in England is fit for artistic revels, Chester certainly is. Nowhere else have the conditions of a remote antiquity survived in more picturesque fashion, and in no other city do the old and the new combine with so little of the incongruous. Chester is in fact, a busy, active, modern place—far less sleepy than some cathedral cities; yet, if we could imagine a return of the old mediæval processions, no other city would afford so appropriate a setting for the pomp of feudalism and the masquers and mummers of bygone times. The old half timbered houses with their high peaked roofs, their picturesque gables, so rich in fantastic beams and parquetted fronts, and the always wonderful "rows," bring up memories of other centuries, which are the more vivid on days like this, when the city is unusually gay with bunting, and otherwise bedecked with extraordinary finery, while the church bells clang welcome to hundreds of visitors who arrive in the morning trains.

The great abbey of St Werburgh, which Henry VIII. converted into a cathedral, has been the scene of many famous events, and a chronicle of all the feasts within its walls or under the shadow of its massive tower would be a tolerably complete record of the manners and customs, and anything but a prosy or obscure page of the history of England. As one listened to the thrilling tones of the organ while the visitors were assembling in the cathedral this morning, it was pardonable and natural to look back to the merry-makings and feasts of other centuries, and, happily, Sir Gilbert Scott has banished none of the ghosts from the venerable building which he began to restore. The authentic records of Chester go back more than eighteen centuries. Caer Lleon had long been Chester when the Miracle plays were given within the walls of this great church, or in the adjoining abbey yard. The four nations—the French-speaking lords and their suites, the Latin-speaking churchmen, the English, and the Welsh—who were wont to gather when either in the abbey, or in the castle hard by, there were feasts or plays, were all represented this morning, but the contrast between the divisions of those days and the unity of to-day is even more decided than that between the festival performances of those centuries and this. For it is worth remembering that in both cases the object was to illustrate Scripture-history, and to accommodate it to the requirements and conditions of the age. We need no spoken dialogue in our cathedral performances now; no fantastic dresses; no representations of the Enemy of mankind and his agents; but Mendelssohn is not less potent as a magician than were the old chroniclers. He tells the story of Elijah's inspired career in language that stirs the soul and elevates the imagination. We hear the wailings of the despairing people, weeping for themselves and their children in the famine; the widow's anguish and her overwhelming joy are set before us almost as visions. We can all but see the frantic worshippers of Baal as we listen to their revels and hear them under the taunts of Elijah driven from defiant pride to the wildest despair. Nor is this terrible scene more vivid than the picture of the prophet on Mount Carmel, when his servant tells him of the little cloud, and he proclaims the end of the famine and the coming of the healing rain that "laveth the thirsty land." Again we have the wanderings in the wilderness, when the prophet, escaping from the vindictive Jezebel, offers the heart-broken prayer, "It is enough, now let me die," and at last the thrilling scene of the translation and "the fiery fiery chariots and fiery fiery horsemen." You will, I hope, forgive this optimist comparison, and it is, perhaps, as well when circumstances might suggest the lament of the *laudator temporis acti* to remember that if they built greater temples then, we have music more wonderful than Miracle plays now.

There was a little delay at the commencement of the performance. Mr J. C. Bridge, the conductor, stood waiting, bâton in hand, for a considerable time and it was more than ten minutes past the appointed hour when the signal was given. Introductory to the oratorio, there was a short service, and the sight of the great nave, flooded with sunshine during the singing of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," to the Old Hundredth Psalm, was very imposing. The hymn was given as the first part of a motet for eight voices, written specially for this festival by Dr Pole, a successful "attempt to combine a free vocal composition with a familiar *canto fermo*," and the effect of the soprano voices singing the well-known hymn as an accompaniment to the "Jubilate" was remarkably striking. It is not necessary to discuss the performance of the oratorio at great length—though it should be remembered that an oratorio in a cathedral is very different from the same work heard anywhere else. Shortcomings not readily overlooked elsewhere are more easily pardoned where acoustical perfection cannot be expected. Mr Bridge was fortunate in his orchestra of 70 performers, which included a large number of the members of Mr Hallé's band, and they were very well placed between two of the mighty piers which support the arches of the transept. Behind them, however, the place of the choir was less fortunate, for though this was to the advantage of the audience in the south transept, it was impossible to estimate fairly the vocal strength of a choir singing immediately beneath the great tower, at the meeting place of three lofty vaults altogether unenclosed. Admitting the difficulty of submitting an accurate judgment under these circumstances, it may, however, be safely said that the strength of the men's voices was not commensurate with that of the women's and boys', and more than once the effect of a fine chorus was interfered with by the comparative weakness of the tenors and basses. Mr Bridge is a careful conductor, and he had evidently studied the oratorio with intelligence—but his reading of several of the more important choruses differs from that of other conductors, and it cannot be said that where he departed from the ordinary *tempi* the result was always a gain. The choral singing was most effective and satisfactory in the more devotional passages, and I might mention several admirable examples of massive and accurate part-singing; but in the more exacting descriptive choruses, such as that which tells of the storm and the fire and the earthquake, there was not always such adequate appreciation of the scene and the sentiment as is invariably expected at the great Yorkshire festivals, at Birmingham, and in choirs nearer home. The overture was splendidly played, and in the accompaniments, both general and *obbligati*, there was much to admire. The famous rush of the violins in the chorus, "Thanks be to God," created the usual impression, and in no concert-room are the brass wind instruments heard with such altogether satisfactory effect as in a lofty building like this. If I am not mistaken, when Mendelssohn wrote *St Paul* and *Elijah*, he thought of their performance in such edifices as the Thomas Church at Leipsic and the great church at Brunswick.

The solos this morning were all entrusted to competent singers, and I hope there is no improper insular pride in saying that, notwithstanding the fact of the blessings of a National College of Music being still in the future, the soloists were all born and educated in this country. Miss Annie Marriott took the whole soprano part. She sings with unfailing intelligence, and seems to have unbounded energy. Her voice is very powerful and extensive in range, and its quality is at its best so very fine that it is a pity she frequently forces it; probably she was afraid of not being heard in so large a building, but even in the "Sanctus" Miss Marriott might have exercised greater restraint with advantage. Mdme Mudie Bolingbroke sang the contralto music in the first part, and Mdme Patey in the second. Mdme Bolingbroke, whose voice has gained in volume since she was last heard in Manchester, has never sung with greater skill. Her impressive delivery of the recitatives and her rendering of "Woe unto them," was much admired. Your readers will probably think that Mdme Patey's singing in this oratorio is so well known that there is nothing new to be said about it. Yet this accomplished lady's magnificent rendering of the Jezebel music astonished even those who have heard it most frequently. It was positively thrilling; not a point was missed, not an emphasis overlooked. It is, of course, needless to say how Mdme Patey, who was in very fine voice, gave the most popular air in the oratorio, "Oh, rest in the Lord." Mr Maas, who sang the tenor solos, was also in excellent voice, and what this means we may readily imagine. In oratorio, at any rate, he never sang with greater taste, and never showed more entire appreciation of the composer's meaning. That Mr Maas was effective in the songs I need not say, but his declamation in the recitatives could also be heard in every corner of the Cathedral. Mr King, who undertook the music of Elijah, had of course a very difficult task, but few have made such steady and rapid progress, and he was always judicious and artistic. Mr King, whose voice has gained in power, now gives the great songs with much more dramatic force than formerly. More than a word of praise is due to Miss Miller, Mr Halliday, and Mr Cuzner, for their assistance in the concerted music, and the lady

* *Manchester Examiner and Times.*

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also deserves commendation for the efficient manner in which she sang the soprano solos of the Carmel scene. Dr. Roland Rogers, of Bangor, was the organist, and Mr Bridge, who may be congratulated on the success of the opening performance, was fortunate in securing so able a coadjutor.

It would be unjust to say nothing about the admirable arrangements for the ingress and egress of visitors, and the courtesy of the gentlemen who undertook laborious duties as stewards.

To-night, at the first of the concerts in the Music Hall, a fine performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was given. A more attractive Galatea than the deservedly popular Miss Mary Davies could not have been desired, while as Acis and Polyphemus, Mr Guy and Mr Hilton were both heard at their best. In the short miscellaneous selection which followed Mdme Patey and Mr Maas were the vocalists.

(To be continued.)

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 350.)

Operas are divided into several classes, differing generally as to title in the various countries in which they have been cultivated.

In plan, the distinction lies in the treatment of the less lyrical portions of the dialogue. In one class this is in speaking recitative, with harpsichord, pianoforte, or 'cello and bass accompaniment; the more lyrical portions only being set in accompanied recitative and *cantabile*. In another class, it is spoken—not sung; in yet another class, the whole drama is treated continuously with music and the band in use throughout, varied, and with interludes according to the will of the composer. As to the use of speech in conjunction with a musical drama, we cannot altogether say that it is contrary to all Greek ideas—supposing that we hold to them as the standard—for a Greek writer about A.D. 160, says that, in his opinion, when the dialogue is sung by a character who shows sympathy and emotion it is good; but when a character like Hercules sings it is absurd.

In Italy, up to the production of Rossini's *Otello*, in 1816, all operas—whether serious or comic—were written in the first of the forms described above. The less lyrical parts of the dialogue were set in speaking recitative; and for the introduction of a *scena* or other designed piece of music, or at points of strong emotion, accompanied recitative was used, with band and interludes. In this manner Mozart's serious operas, *Idomeneo* and *Don Giovanni*, his comic operas, *Cosi fan tutte*, and *Figaro*, and the comic operas, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, and *Il Barbiere* of Rossini, were written. Rossini, in his serious opera, *Otello* (1816), discarded the speaking recitative with harpsichord accompaniment, and used the band throughout, setting all the dialogue with accompanied recitative; and from that time all Italian operas, both serious and comic, have been written in that form.

In the Neapolitan opera buffa, up to about fifty years ago, spoken dialogue was used; and in some performances of Italian comic operas in other places, up to the present time, some of the dialogue in the most comic situations is spoken. This practice is used even in operas like Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, in which the whole dialogue (with the exception, of course, of that portion which was in more important music) was set by the composer to speaking recitative; and it may, perhaps, be due to the somewhat elastic treatment of the speaking recitative by those who are skilled in the performance of it, and who, knowing that accent, and not harmony or melody, is the important part of recitative, feel that they may even improvise the notes of the recitative so long as they keep the right accent.

French operas are classed under two heads—grand opera and opera comique; either of which may be serious or comic. The former is the historical French opera, and its earliest examples the compositions of Cambert, from 1659. These were written after the manner of the early Florentine writers, Caccini and Peri, namely, the whole opera in recitative, with continuous accompaniment for a slight band, little more than a figured bass being written down. Lulli, after writing ballets and dance-music for the Court, followed, in 1672, with operas containing ballets, and with fuller accompaniments. After Lulli, came Rameau; and after him, Gluck and Piccini; and Gluck, writing for the French stage, put in practice the reform which he had previously applied to the Italian opera at Vienna. The French grand opera has always retained two principal characteristics, the one being the natural growth from the continuous instrumental accompaniments of Cambert and of the Florentine school, and the other from the days of Lulli, the writer of Court ballets; namely, the accompanied recitative for the whole of the dialogue, and the use of the ballet either incidental to the piece or incorporated in the action. The French opera has never had the speaking recitative with harpsichord accompaniment, which was adopted in the Italian opera at a later date than the Florentine writers. Examples of grand opera of the French school since Gluck's time have been written for the French stage by Paër, Cherubini (*Anacreon* and *Ali Baba*), Spontini (*La Vestale* and *Olympia*), Rossini (*Le Conte Ory* and *Guillaume Tell*), Auber (*La Muette de Portici*), Halévy, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Donizetti (*La Favorite*), Balfe (*L'Etoile de Seville*), and Gounod.

The second kind of French opera, opéra comique, takes its name from the company by whom it was performed, and its construction from the necessity of being different to that used by the grand opera company. The first operas written for the younger institution were of the same kind as the grand opera. Objection was then made by the grand opera company that this was an infringement of the patent which they had held since the days of Lulli, and the new operas were forbidden. Then a system was devised for the actors to speak and, at certain points, to bring in a large placard on which were written words that the audience could read and could sing to some popular tune; and as the music was not sung on the stage, the patent was not infringed. After this, an arrangement was made that the construction of the operas given at the two houses should be different. Like the grand opera, the plot of the opéra comique may be either serious or cheerful; but, unlike the former, a certain portion must be spoken and not sung. This portion consists of the conversations, and corresponds exactly to that which in the old Italian opera is given in speaking recitative. The musical part of the opéra comique corresponds with the rest of the musical part of the Italian opera, and consists of accompanied recitative, airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, as settings of the more emotional, more lyric portions of the drama. Writers of this kind of opera were Méhul, Grétry, Cherubini (*Les Deux Journées*), Adam, Hérold, Auber (*Fra Diavolo*), Boieldieu, Meyerbeer (*Dinorah* and *L'Etoile du Nord*), Balfe (*Le Puits d'amour* and *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*), Donizetti (*La Fille du Régiment*).

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

A WALL WITH EYES AND EARS.

Mr Harry Wall looks so sharp after anything resembling infringement of copyright in songs, that for the epithet "Lynx-eye'd," as applied to a watchful person, might be henceforth substituted "Wall-eye'd." Further suggestion,—have a portrait of Mr Harry Wall as frontispiece to a Comic Copyright Song, with title, "*Oh, for the Guardian Wall!*"—

Oh, for the Guardian Wall!
The sharpest cuss of all!
I'll never forget
The night we met,
When I sang a song with the words well set
By Balfe: I the fee—which I wish he may get—
Owe to the Guardian Wall!

But surely there must be some effective compositions over which he has no control. So let charitable amateurs look into other *répertoires*, remembering that only the Weakest go to the Wall. *Punch.*

Nothing yet has been definitively settled with regard to Angelo Neumann's projected autumn season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Nevertheless, Colonel Mapleson is in town.

GERMAN OPERA COMPANY, DRURY LANE.—We are informed that Messrs Franke and Pollini have arranged to give a concert on a grand scale at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 24th June, at three o'clock, when they will introduce to the public the whole of the artists and chorus of their fine company, who have been performing for some weeks past at Drury Lane with so much success. The orchestra will be largely increased for this occasion and conducted by Herr Hans Richter.—(*Communicated.*)

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JOSEPH HAYDN.*

Herr C. F. Pohl—archivist and librarian, as we all know, of the Society of the Friends of Music, in Vienna—is the model of a conscientious and thoroughly efficient musical historian. He much prefers laying himself open to a charge of over precision—supposing him, by the way, to acknowledge such a charge—to allowing a volume of his Biography of Haydn to pass out of his hands as long as there may possibly glimmer in the distance any detail he has not investigated or substantiated. For this honourable reason he has made us wait some six years for the second volume of his *Haydn*,† after the first rendered us so eager to have the continuation. The first volume we noticed in these columns at the time (Christmas, 1875,) greeting it with sincere delight as an important addition to the wealth of our musical literature. We could not avoid uttering a slight lament over the first volume, nor can we help doing so now over the second, on account of its too great copiousness, and if (according to Ehlert's witty remark) brevity is the politeness of authors, we must characterise our friend Pohl—a thing which assuredly no one ever did before—as deficient in that quality. Having eased our critical conscience with this outburst, we can from the bottom of our heart praise, and only praise, Pohl's Second Volume. It contains much that is new and interesting. In the First Volume, we lived with Haydn during the years of his childhood in Rohrau and Hainburg, and then accompanied the young chorister to the choir of St Stephen's, Vienna, following with sympathy the joyless and laborious period of his early career.

There is a peculiar irony of fate in the fact that Haydn, whom people are so ready to reproach with belonging to the "pigtail" school, should have been expelled the choir because, carried away by the high spirits of youth, he cut off the cue of a fellow pupil. Hungry and frozen, he then found himself, deserted by everyone, in the streets. We know what followed: the first unhoped for assistance rendered by the honest people who enabled him to take a small garret in the Michaelhaus and the good fortune which brought him together with two celebrated men, Metastasio and Porpora, who lived in it. At the end of the First Volume, we left him as chapelmaster to Prince Paul Antony Esterhazy at Eisenstadt. The Second Volume commences with Haydn and the Prince's musical establishment going to Esterhazy and a graphic description of the place. That great lover of magnificence, Prince Nicolaus, had made his palace of Esterhazy arise as though by magic from out a swamp, and embellished it till it was a second Versailles. At the present day, everything is again desolate and deserted, only the ruins of former magnificence telling of its splendour when Haydn lived there. The Prince resided in the palace during the greatest portion of the year, with his numerous and court-like retinue, his body of instrumental performers, and his operatic singers. Pohl describes the superb palace, the park, and the theatre; it is a fairy-like and strange world which lies displayed before us—and only a hundred years have passed away. The musicians and singers occupied a separate building, containing on the ground floor seventeen and on the first floor thirty-seven rooms. There were eleven married couples, each couple having two rooms; to Haydn, however, and his wife three were assigned. Every two members of the band had a room between them. There was a performance every day in the spacious and tastefully decorated theatre; it began at six o'clock. All the Prince's officials and servants were admitted to it, as were, also, any strangers who might happen to be in the place. Twice a week opera was played; on the other days, dramas and comedies were given. It was here that Haydn's earliest opera was first produced. The operatic company consisted of five or six men and as many women, mostly Italians; while the orchestra under Haydn's direction numbered from sixteen to two-and-twenty members. The performances were celebrated far and wide. "When I want to hear a good opera," said Maria Theresa, "I go to Esterhazy." It was after one of these operatic performances, followed by a masquerade, that Haydn was presented to the Empress, and seized the opportunity to remind her of the "recent spanking" which at her command he once, when a chorister, received in the gardens of the Schönbrunn Palace, because, despite reiterated admonitions to the contrary, he would clamber up the scaffolding. "You see, my dear Haydn," replied Maria Theresa in a kind and jocose tone, "the spanking has borne good fruit after all!" In addition to the theatre for operas and plays, the Prince had a separate Marionette Theatre, built like a grotto, and fantastically decorated with coloured stones, snails, and mussels. The scenery and machinery were described as surprisingly beautiful, as were, also, the artistically formed and richly attired puppets, all of respectable size. The parts were spoken and sung by members of the dramatic company behind the scenes. For this Marionette Theatre, which was in high favour with the Prince and his guests, Haydn wrote a number of short operas.‡

The drama was entrusted to the best strolling companies, who were engaged in turn for so many months, and played even great classical pieces. Among other such works for which Haydn composed musical interludes were *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Götz von Berlichingen*.

The whole musical establishment at Esterhazy, according to Pohl's description, constituted, so to speak, one large family, the members of which clung faithfully together, and, by mutually cheering each other up, sought compensation for the complete absence of agreeable trips and other sources of amusement. Their life was probably at times rather free, and even Haydn was not proof against temptation. Through Pohl we learn for the first time something authentic concerning Haydn's love affair with the singer Luigia Polzelli. She was nineteen when, in 1779, she was admitted, with her husband, a violinist, into the Prince's musical establishment. Neither of them appears to have pleased the Prince; he wanted to discharge them even before the expiration of their two years' engagement; and it was evidently owing to Haydn's intervention that they were retained till the breaking up of the establishment (1790), notwithstanding that Polzelli, always ailing, could no longer fulfil his professional duties. Haydn had conceived a violent liking for the lady, though she, on her side, seems to have been actuated rather by greed than love. At any rate, she cost him a great deal. After the breaking-up of the Prince's musical establishment, Haydn procured engagements for her at small theatres in Italy. His love followed her to Placenza and Bologna; in fact, everywhere; so did—his money. He even contemplated, after his first journey to London, visiting Italy, for the purpose of seeing her. "I esteem and love you," he writes to her, "as much as I did the first day, and am always grieved when I am not in a position to do more for you. But have patience; a day may come when I shall be able to show you how much I love you." But that day did not come, not even when the twofold obstacle was removed by the death of Sig. Polzelli and that of Haydn's wife. Luigia Polzelli married, before Haydn's decease, the singer Franchi, in Bologna. It was not till 1832, that she died, aged eighty-two, in Kusohau. Haydn, whom people are accustomed to look on as a model of strict morality, had at least one excuse for this intrigue: his unfortunate marriage. As we know, he married, when in his nine-and-twentieth year, the eldest daughter of the Vienna wig-maker, Keller, or, rather, allowed himself out of good nature to be married by her, when her younger sister, whom he wanted, preferred entering a convent. Mdme Haydn was the greatest dissonance in the life of her eminently harmonious husband. Ill-natured, miserly, and bigoted, she embittered so consistently her husband's life that at last, after thirty years' wretchedness, he was compelled to send her into exile, in which she died (at Baden, near Vienna), in the year 1800. Though we live in an age of literary "rehabilitations," no one has yet had the courage to represent in a favourable light a woman whom the good-natured Haydn designated without more ado "una bestia infernale." Pohl cleverly puts in his mouth a quotation from Lessing's *Junge Gelehrte*: "It must be conceded that I have had no object save

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

† *Joseph Haydn. By C. F. Pohl.* 2nd Half-volume. Leipsic: Breitkopf and Härtel, 1882.

‡ It is really a pity that this droll entertainment has quite died out among us, and now possesses a retreat only in a few unimportant folk's theatres in Italy. Stendhal, who found Marionette theatres in good society at Naples in the last century, was quite charmed by them, especially by the clever extempore dialogue. He remarked that the persons talking, not having to trouble themselves about gestures and action, spoke far better than they would have done had they been on the stage, and he winds up by exclaiming: "Might not this class of play be transported to Paris? It is a source of the most lively amusement."

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that of exercising myself in the virtues necessary for putting up with such a woman." The report once set afloat and utilized for a wide-spread system of begging, that Haydn was the father of young Polzelli, is convincingly refuted by Pohl.

A much more agreeable impression than that made by this anything but ideal love affair with Luigia Polzelli, is the impression produced by the permanent and high-minded friendship which bound Haydn to Mad. von Genzinger in Vienna. This lady was the wife of the physician, Peter Leopold Genzinger, ennobled in 1789 by Maria Theresa for his eminent services. Fond of art, and especially very musical, Mad. von Genzinger was, when she formed Haydn's acquaintance, the mother of six children. Whenever Haydn came from Esterhazy to Vienna, he was a welcome visitor at the Genzingers' in the Schottenhof, made the daughter sing something, the mother play the piano, and himself took part as an executant in a quartet. His numerous letters to Mad. von Genzinger (first published by Karajan in 1861) are characterised by a rare mixture of respectful, nay, ceremonious politeness combined with warm and truly friendly devotion. In this family circle Haydn felt more happy than anywhere else. Only too quickly did the time glide past during his visits to Vienna; he was always compelled too soon to return to Esterhazy where he felt every year more lonely and more dissatisfied. "O, if I could but be a quarter of an hour with you," he writes to his friend, "to pour out my troubles and inhale comfort from your lips. I am subjected under the present system to many annoyances, which, however, I must here pass over in silence." "But in God's name," we read further on, "even this time will pass away and the hour arrive when I shall again have the inestimable delight of sitting near you at the piano, hearing you play Mozart's masterpieces, and kissing your hands for so many beautiful things."

(To be continued in our next.)

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

A quasi-novelty produced at the Royal Operahouse shortly before the close of the season was Gluck's comic opera, *Der betrogene Kadi*, "arranged" by J. N. Fuchs, who has supplied new words for the songs. The public, delighted with the music, were loud in their applause. The cast included Mdlles Driese, Pollack, Horina, Herren Fricke, Oberhauser, and Junck, who sang and acted with much spirit, and were called on at the fall of the curtain. The *Kreuz-Zeitung* has published the following details respecting the work:

"Favart, the manager of the strolling French company who accompanied Marshal Saxe to Flanders, as the leading heroes and heroines of the Paris stage subsequently followed the Emperor Napoleon to play before a 'pit of kings' at Erfurt—Favart, in his *Memoirs*, gives us an account of the origin of Gluck's comic operas. The artists of the Imperial French Theatre, Vienna, afterwards, like all other foreign theatrical establishments, done away with by Joseph II., used to perform, among other things, operettas in Court circles. The librettos were obtained through Favart from Paris and set to music by local composers. Favart himself, one of the most fertile French authors of comedies and librettos, furnished Gluck with several books and brought out some of his operettas in Paris. Lemonier was author of *Le Cadi dupé*, and the libretto appears to have agreed so well with the operetta-taste of the day that it stimulated not only Gluck but likewise P. A. Monsigny, author of a series of elegant operas, whose name, with those of Cherubini, Lesueur, and Martini, was proclaimed by heralds at a revolutionary festival held in 1798, in the Champ de Mars, Paris, as the name of one who had rendered good service to French art!—Anton Schmid, in his *Biography* of Gluck, says: 'This two-act piece with songs was translated by André from the French and under the title of *Der betrogene Kadi* performed very often at Berlin in 1783.' We may add that Carl Theophilus Döbbelin, who enjoyed a special patent from Frederick the Great, produced it at the theatre formerly known as Schuch's Komödienhaus in the Behrenstrasse on the 1st December, 1783. Five weeks previously, Döbbelin had introduced Gluck as an operatic composer to Berlin with the three-act musical piece, *Die unvermuthete Zusammenkunft oder die Pilgrime von Mekka*. This also was very successful at Döbbelin's Theatre. Otherwise, the manager, who had to depend entirely on his receipts, would not have followed it up so quickly with *Der betrogene Kadi*. Döbbelin discovered, moreover, in that year (the first Gluck-year at Berlin) that, as soon as the leaves appear in spring, the public disappear from the theatres. So he had a Summer Theatre erected in the garden known as Count Reuss's (where the Royal School of Medicine now stands). The spectators sat under an awning, green hedges formed the side-walls, and the easily constructed stage had the sky above, so that the curtain was not raised and let down, but drawn asunder to the right and left. The orchestra played under a large umbrella. But matters speedily went wrong with Döbbelin; the awning turned out not to be water-tight, and the Summer Theatre, the earliest in Berlin, was not successful. The more welcome, therefore, was a full treasury, in the 'winter season,' with Gluck's *Pilgrime von Mekka* and *Betrogener Kadi*."

Herr Ferdinand Gumbert has published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* his usual yearly statistical returns of the Royal Operahouse. From the 15th August, 1881, to the 5th June, 1882, when the season was brought to a close with *Czar und Zimmermann*, there were 255 operatic performances, the repertory consisting of 56 works by 28 different composers. These stand in order according to the number of times the respective works were given:—1. Wagner, 33 times with 6 works.—2. Bizet, 33, 1.—3. Meyerbeer, 29, 5.—4. Mozart, 25, 6.—5. Auber, 16, 5.—6. Gounod, 12, 2.—7. Weber, 11, 2.—8. Gluck, 11, 4.—9. Verdi, 9, 4.—10. Lortzing, 9, 1.—11. Grisar, 7, 1.—12. Beethoven, 6, 1.—13. Götz, 6, 1.—14. Marschner, 5, 2.—15. Nicolai, 5, 1.—16. Rossini, 5, 1.—17. Donizetti, 5, 2.—18. Rubinstein, 4, 1.—19. Franz Schubert, 3, 1.—20. Goldmark, 3, 1.—21. Boieldieu, 3, 1.—22. Ambroise Thomas, 3, 1.—23. Halévy, 3, 1.—24. Spohr, 2, 1.—25. Brüll, 2, 1.—26. Flotow, 2, 1.—27. Ueberlée, 2, 1.—28. Spontini, 1, 1. Artists who sang, not being members of the company (*Gäste*), were:—*ladies*, Luger (engaged), Lichtenegg, Pollack (engaged), Littner, Albani, Lola Beeth (engaged), Liszt, Wurzbach-Grossi, Klein, Kauer, Wassermann (engaged); *gentlemen*, Hedmont (engaged), Erl, Sylva, Marion, Hermann. The "novelties" during the season were Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella*, and Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi*.

A new four-act opera, *La Modella*, has been produced at the Central Skating-Rink, the music by Oreste Bimboni, conductor of the Italian company. The story as told by Signori Fiorentino and Ducati, authors of the libretto, and based on a historical fact, may be thus summarised: Lippo Lippi, accompanied by his pupil, Folcoretto, visits a convent, for the purpose of painting an altar-piece. Both fall in love with a novice, Sister Lucrezia, selected as a model. Lippo runs off with her, but, denounced by Folcoretto, is arrested and cast into prison. Recovering his liberty, however, he challenges his rival. As they are fighting, Lucrezia rushes between them, and, receiving a dagger-thrust intended for Folcoretto, is killed, but, ere dying, reconciles the combatants. Bimboni has written some pleasing music, but full of reminiscences. The performers were Adini, Malvezzi, Aramburo, Brogi, and Caracciolo, who, with the composer, were several times called forward.

By virtue of an agreement between the Intendant-General and Johann Pafen, an invention for rendering objects fireproof is adopted in the Theatres Royal here as well as at Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, its efficacy having been proved. It is hoped that Pafen's mixture may have nothing in common with that employed at the Burgtheater, Vienna, the use of which will probably be discontinued. It appears that, in process of time, the salts and other chemical ingredients of which the mixture is compounded have a tendency to disintegrate and fill the air with minute particles, highly irritating to the throat. The consequence is that a voice, strong and fresh in the first act, grows languid and weary as the play goes on till at the end it verges on extinction. W. P. J.

Important alterations, designed principally with a view to the safety of the public, are being carried out at the National Theatre, Buenos Ayres.

BAYREUTH.—It was rumoured that, in consequence of an epidemic of small pox, the performances of the "Stage-consecrative-Festival-Play" (*Bühnenweihfestspiel*) announced for July and August would be postponed, but the rumour was destitute of truth. Herr Vogl, however, has written requesting Wagner to release him and Mdme Vogl from taking part in the said performances, wherein the husband was to represent Parsifal and his wife to appear as Kundry. The reason assigned for this is, that the Vogls are not to be exclusive representatives of the parts in question.

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HANS RICHTER AT DARWIN'S.

It was at Whitsuntide last year that my friend, Hermann Francke, the manager of my concerts in London and the German Opera I am now conducting at Drury Lane, said that Darwin wished to make my acquaintance, and had invited me to spend the whole of Whit Sunday with him. Francke married Darwin's niece, formerly a Miss Wedgewood, and there was a good deal of music going on in Darwin's house. Mrs Darwin herself is extremely musical, and had neither more nor less than a classical musical education. How delighted I was at the invitation I need not say. Francke, his Wife, and myself started by an early fast train for Kent Down, which we reached in two hours. A carriage was in waiting and took us through a charming part of the country—the ground is undulating, and the verdure remarkable for its luxuriance, its English luxuriance—to Darwin's residence. This was an ordinary one-storied English country house, with nothing special or striking about it. There was the usual front garden planted with clumps of all kinds of shrubs and shady trees. The gates in the low railing were thrown open, and we drove up to the house. We were shown through a short passage direct to the parlour; the door was opened, and I stood before Darwin, who was seated in an arm-chair near the fire-place in which there was a small fire still burning. On our entrance, he rose quickly, holding out his hand and cordially greeting me. What was the first impression? Indescribable. I had seen many photographs and pictures of Darwin, but there is one thing which none of them, however good they may be, reproduced: the beauty of the eye, the Germanically-beautiful eye, with its endless benevolence, its wealth of goodness and gentleness. I was, I frankly confess, awfully agitated. I then gradually scanned him and found that all his pictures represented him with too dark an expression of countenance; his was a delicate face with a not immoderately large head, as people imagine. But, on the other hand, he was taller than one was apt to picture him, and when young must have been very tall, far taller than the usual height. The forehead was exceedingly large and magnificently developed; hair and beard completely white, the beard not so long and shaggy as in the pictures of him; in dress, the perfect gentleman. His whole appearance was exceptionally dignified and at the same time pleasing, as if he were some rich lord who had retired to his estate to live for his peculiar tastes—but, on looking the lord in the eye, you quickly perceived what streamed out of it. I could not look my fill, though expected at the same time to eat my fill, for breakfast was ready. Against the right wall of the parlour was a famous Erard, and before it a stand with an open music-book on it. It was Beethoven's 'Cello Sonata in A major. "Who here plays the 'cello?" I enquired. "No one," replied Darwin, "but my son, now in Strassburgh, plays the bassoon." Mrs Darwin, a stately, vigorous, handsome woman, far advanced in the sixties, and exceptionally ladylike, begged me to play something, she herself giving the themes, at first Mozart, then Haydn, Beethoven, and finally Wagner. I played pieces from the *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, and *Lohengrin*. After dinner we went into the garden. During the dinner, which lasted about an hour and a half, Darwin was uncommonly amiable and lively. He laughed heartily whenever I told a funny story, but turned the conversation also to serious subjects, and emphatically dwelt on *the deep respect he entertained for Germany, German intellect, and German work*. He could not speak German, but he read and understood perfectly German scientific works, Mrs Darwin informed me. After dinner we had more music, for in the dining-room there was a magnificent grand; after the black coffee, we went into the garden, conducted thither by Darwin, who then retired to his study for his afternoon's nap. The study and the laboratory were two different rooms; the laboratory I did not see. The study was situated in the passage by which you enter the house; it lies on the right hand and the windows look on to the front garden. It was very simply fitted up and filled with bookcases, all in the neatest order. It was with exceeding great delight that Darwin showed me the large and magnificent album presented him on his seventieth birthday by some four hundred German savants, professors, &c. He repeatedly expressed his delight at it. What pictures decorated the room? Well, it is a remarkable fact, in this room as likewise in the passage, there were none but pictures from the history of Christ's Passion, both the whole journey to the Cross and other scenes out of the New Testament, though only such as relate to Christ, as the Sermon on the Mount, the Draught of Fishes—I think in water-colours. I observed no busts. While Darwin was having his nap, we walked about the garden. Before the dining-room there was an open verandah from which, without having to descend any steps, you pass directly into the garden. First of all there was a large lawn for the English game with balls.* Then came beds covered with clay pots, glass hand frames and so on, as well as a large glass house. Were the flesh-eating plants cultivated in it? I do not know; I saw a number of flowers of the strangest description, but I am not strong in botany. The garden led to a wild or English park, as it is usually called. We opened the latch of a gate in the paling, the mechanism having been previously explained to us, and stood in the midst of a wood, with luxuriant meadows on the slope before us, all of the most magnificent green and the most reviving freshness. On our return, we met Darwin in the dining-room, and at his request I played something more. Then we again had a solid meal to strengthen us for the return journey. Darwin complained of being obliged to interrupt his work in the laboratory; the doctors, he stated, would not leave him alone; they said he must go to the seaside, and he was quite inconsolable that he might not work there. On our taking leave, he promised that this year, in June, when *Die Meistersinger* was performed, he would come up to London on purpose. Which of us would have thought, when this promise was made, that one so vigorous and cheerful was never destined to redeem it!—*Neuer Wiener Tagesblatt*.

*Lawn-tennis?—TRANSLATOR.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave a "Chamber Concert," in the Concert Room of the institution, on Saturday evening, June 10. We subjoin the programme:—

Motet, "O Jesu" (Haydn)—the Choir—solos, Miss Florence Norman, Miss Christina Cross, Mr Sinclair Dunn, and Mr Musgrove Tufnail; Song (MS.), "They bid me sleep" (G. Hooper, student)—Miss Margaret Cockburne; Duetto, "Si la stanchezza," *Il Trovatore* (Verdi)—Miss S. Fenn, and Mr Lewis; Andante, with variations, in B flat, Op. 83a (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss Lilian Munster, and Miss Munster, pupils of Mr Eyres; Songs, "Thou'rt like unto a Flower" (Schumann), "Sing, Maiden, sing" (Sir Sterndale Bennett)—Mr Hirwen Jones; Shakspere Song, No. 9 (female voices), "Ye spotted Snakes" (G. A. Macfarren); Trio, in A, Op. 26 (Sir Sterndale Bennett)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Robinson, pupil of Mr O'Leary—violin, Mr H. C. Tonking—violoncello, Mr H. Hambleton; Cantilena, "Perche piangi?" (Gounod)—Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg; Selection from *Carnaval*, "Scenes Mignonnes," Op. 9 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Dyer, pupil of Walter Macfarren; Song (MS.), "A lament for Summer" (John Cullen, student)—Miss Lymn; Impromptu, Op. 66, on a *motivo*, from Schumann's *Manfred*, for two pianofortes (Reinecke)—Miss Rose Evans, and Mr Septimus Webbe, pupils of Mr Westlake; Song, "Do not wake me from my Dream" (Schira)—Miss Hope Brittain; Polonaise, in E flat, Op 22 (Chopin)—pianoforte, Miss Lucy Ellam, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Duet, "The Garland," *Jessonda* (Spohr)—Miss Easterfield, and Miss Ercell; Part-song, "The Fairies" (Walter Macfarren)—the Choir.

Mr William Shakespeare conducted.

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CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—While thanking you for your friendly notices of our Musical Festival, I must ask you to print these few lines, written to avert a misconception which might easily arise, and which would be very injurious to this cathedral. Your reporter says that one singer was "particularly well received," that two others gained "great applause," that in another case the audience "warmly testified their approbation," and that in another "the marked approbation of the large audience was secured." It is evident that these expressions might naturally be understood to denote audible and even loud expressions of feeling. But nothing of the kind occurred during any part of our services at the Festival, and if such irreverence had been conceived of as possible, these services would never have been held in the cathedral at all.—Your obedient servant, J. S. HOWSON.

The Deanery, Chester, June 10.

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MARRIAGE.

On June the 10th, at St James's, Camberwell, by the Rev. J. D. Dyke, WILLIAM JOHN CLILVERD, of 28, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, to ELLEN MARGARET, daughter of Francis Goodlake, of Derwent Lodge, Overton Road, Brixton. No cards.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 354.)

It would really not be uninstructive for the history of our civilization to follow carefully these wonderful works of conversion, since they have led to the formation, in the domain of music, a domain hitherto so gloriously occupied by Germans, of a strangely ramified party, composed of the most different elements, and the members of which appear to have simply assured themselves mutually of impotence and unproductivity.

You will now, my dear Madam, first ask how it happened that the indisputable success which I achieved, and the friends whom, after all, my works openly procured me, could not in any way be employed to combat these hostile machinations?

This cannot be easily or shortly answered. First of all hear what happened to Franz Liszt, my best friend, and most zealous champion. It was precisely through the magnanimous self-confidence which he exhibited in every matter that he provided his opponents, who were cautiously on the watch, and took advantage of the most trivial and subordinate things, with the very weapons which they wanted. What the latter so ardently desired, namely: the elimination of the question about Judaism, a question which so irritated them, was agreeable to Liszt, also, but, of course, for a directly contrary reason, namely: because he wished to see an honourable dispute on art free from embittered personal feeling, while it was the interest of his opponents to keep concealed the motive of a dishonourable conflict, the cause of the calumnies directed against us. Thus, then, this fermenting element in the movement was left untouched by us as well as by the opposite party. On the other hand, it was a jocular notion of Liszt's to accept the nickname of "Musicians of the Future," which had been applied to us in ridicule, in the same way that the name of "gueux" was accepted by the Netherlanders. Genial traits like these, on the part of my friend, were extremely acceptable to his opponents; the latter had now, on this point, scarcely any necessity for further calumny, and through the "Musicians of the Future," it was a very easy task to attack an artist like him, so impetuous both in his life and in his productions. With the defection of a hitherto warmly devoted friend, a great violin-virtuoso, on whom the shield of Medusa appears at last to have taken effect, there commenced against Franz Liszt, a man, in every respect, magnanimously careless, that raging agitation, which finally brought about the disappointment of his hopes and the spirit of bitterness, owing to which he abandoned for ever his splendid efforts to found in Weimar an abode where music might be supported and promoted.

Now, my dear Madam, are you not as much surprised at the persecution to which our great friend was subjected, as at that which overtook me?—You might, perhaps, be deceived by the fact that, owing to the brilliancy of his outward artistic career, Liszt had certainly drawn down upon himself the envy of different people, especially of his German colleagues, who had stuck by the way, and that, moreover, by his abandonment of the career of a *virtuoso*, and by his appearance for which, up to that time, he had been simply preparing, of a creative artist, he excited, in a tolerably intelligible manner, a doubt that very easily arose, and, therefore was easily to be fostered by envy, as to his fitness for the fresh vocation he had chosen. I think, however, that I shall be in a position to prove, by means of something on which I shall subsequently touch, that, if we search to the very bottom of the matter, we shall find that these doubts, precisely as, in my case, my supposed theories, were used simply as an excuse for a war of persecution; just as with the latter, it was sufficient to examine attentively the former, and weigh them against the correct impression of our productivity, to perceive that the question rested upon an entirely different point; we might then form an opinion, discuss the matter, and speak for or against it; something would, at any rate, have come of such a course. But this was exactly what was not desired; nay, this careful examination of the new phenomena was just what our opponents wished to prevent; on the contrary, with a vulgarity of expression and of insinuation, the like of which has never been known under similar circumstances, they so howled and roared in the wide domain of the press that it was entirely out of the question to come to a human verbal explanation. And, therefore, I assure you, that what Liszt also underwent, springs from the effect produced by the article on "Judaism in Music."

But this did not strike even us at first. There are, at all times, so many interests determining people to oppose new phenomena, nay, to brand unconditionally, as heretical, everything contained in them, that even we could not help supposing that we had to do, in this case, simply with slothfulness and the love of ease, which we had disturbed, felt by those who look upon art as a mere business. Since it was, above all in the press, and, moreover, in the large and leading political papers, that the hostile attacks appeared, those friends who were rendered anxious about the result of Liszt's appearance, which now took place, as an instrumental composer, by the fact that the impartiality of the public was disturbed by these attacks, considered that they ought to adopt active measures; with the exception, however, of a few mistakes which were committed, it was speedily evident that the most deliberate discussion of one of Liszt's compositions could find no admittance in the larger papers, the entire space in which was already taken up and occupied by a hostile interest. Who now will seriously believe that such a course on the part of the great papers indicated apprehension of the harm which might be inflicted by a new direction in art upon good old German taste for the latter? I have lived to find that, in an esteemed paper of this description, it was impossible for me to mention Offenbach in a manner appropriate in his case; who can, in this instance, believe in anxiety about German taste in art? To such a pitch did matters go; we were entirely excluded from the great German papers. But to whom do these papers belong? Our liberals and men of progress have to pay dearly for being tarred by their opponents, the old conservative party, with the same brush as Judaism and its specific interests; when the Romish ultras enquire what right a press directed by the Jews can possess to take part in matters connected with the Christian Church, there is a fatal meaning in their question, a meaning at any rate based upon a correct knowledge of the dependent position of the papers in question.

The strange thing in all this is that the fact is known to everyone; for who has not learnt it from his own experience? I cannot say how far this indisputable state of things extends to higher political affairs, though the Exchange affords a pretty evident indication; but in the domain of music, a domain abandoned to the most utterly worthless babble, sharp-sighted persons do not entertain the slightest doubt that everything is subjected to a most remarkable rule, which is carried out in such widely-ramified circles, and with such unanimous exactitude, as to lead us to believe in highly energetic organization and management. In Paris I found, to my surprise, that this most careful management was no secret; everyone there can relate the most wonderful traits in connection with it, especially with regard to the care, descending to the very smallest details, taken in order that the secret, which by being shared by too many persons concerned in it was exposed to become ventilated, might, at any rate, be protected from open denunciation, that every little hole, however small, through which it could find its way into a paper should be stopped up, even were this done by a visiting card dropped in the keyhole of a garret. Everyone, then, obeyed as in the best disciplined army during an engagement; you know the platoon firing which was directed against me in the Parisian press, and demanded by good taste in art.—In London, I met in this respect, with greater openness. Mr. ——, the musical critic of the *Times* (just reflect how colossal and universal is the paper of which I am speaking), assailed me immediately I arrived with a storm of insults, and did not hesitate in the course of his outpourings against me, to hold me up to public indignation as the calumniator of the greatest composers, on account of their Judaism. With the English public, he had more to gain than to lose in importance by this discovery, on the one hand, in consequence of the great consideration enjoyed among the English by Mendelssohn, and, on the other, perhaps, in consequence of the peculiar character of the English religion, which strikes competent judges as being based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament.—In St Petersburgh and Moscow only did I find the ground of the musical press as yet neglected by Judaism; I there experienced the wonderful fact of being taken up, for the first time, by the musical press in exactly the same way as by the public, whose kindly feelings for me the Jews had not been able to

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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affect anywhere except in my native town, Leipsic, where the public have simply stayed away from me altogether.

In consequence of the laughable aspects of the matter, I have almost fallen into a jocular tone in this communication, but I must now give up that tone, if I would undertake, my dear Madame, in conclusion, to direct your attention to a very serious aspect of the matter, which aspect, probably, commences, even for you, exactly at the point where we turn from the persecution of *me*, to consider the effect of this remarkable persecution as far as it extends to our artistic spirit itself.

(To be continued.)

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RUBINSTEIN'S *PARADISE LOST*.

There are some who hold that Anton Rubinstein is fitted by nature to be a composer of the little. They point to his charming songs and smaller pianoforte pieces with a triumphant air, contrasting the universal favour in which these are held with the anything but unanimous verdict passed upon his more pretentious effusions. Let this be as it may, one thing is certain—Rubinstein has an intellectual preference for the vast, the grandiose, and the sensational. He has written a symphony, *The Ocean*, to which he is continually adding new movements, as though it should, even in dimensions, be worthy of an illimitable theme. In opera he has dealt with the heroic story of the Maccabees, and in oratorio with the wonders of Babel and the "confusion of tongues." More than this, it is to Rubinstein we owe a musical illustration of the events which, as says Milton, "brought death into the world, and all our woe." We can conceive an oratorio on the subject of *Paradise Lost* which shall be in the manner of an idyll. The fresh joy of Nature in her youngest hours, the innocence and beauty of man's first life, the temptation, the fall, and the banishment from Edenic delights to a place of labour and sorrow, made endurable by a promise of ultimate restoration—these things need not be treated in the Ercles' vein. They form a "pastoral" through which runs a moral of profound significance and of always absolving interest to those upon whom the mysteries of life weigh heavily. But Rubinstein—or Rubinstein's poet influencing him—could not be satisfied with the simple story of Paradise. Within the limited space of an oratorio he has compressed the argument of him who invoked the muse's aid to an

> "*Adventurous song,*
> *That with no middle flight intends to soar*
> *Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues*
> *Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.*"

We cannot conceive a greater mistake. That the *Paradise Lost* of Milton should go back to the origin of things, show us the revolt in Heaven, the creation of the world and of man, and the conspiracy of the lost angels against the happiness of the new creature, is right enough. Milton's poem is an epic, and the whole ground of his subject had to be covered with epic fulness. But when a composer emulates this comprehensiveness he invites disaster. Either he must make his work of enormous and unmanageable length, or he must lay himself open to a charge of sketchiness and inadequacy of treatment. Rubinstein's oratorio proves the fact, by trying to avoid each fault and being successful in escaping neither. On the one hand, it is too long; on the other, some of the tremendous events dealt with are scarcely more than touched. The plan of the work, in short, is too big altogether—so obviously too big that we can only explain Rubinstein's non-perception of the fact by supposing him under the influence of an overwhelming fancy for sensationalism. There is reason to believe that this influence actually controlled him, and we find it in the poem, which deals largely with the powers that waged war on Heaven. The rebel angels are brought on the scene as often as possible, and nothing is done to qualify their position or their sentiments. They fight against the celestial legions with such words as "Curses light upon God's Throne," and, in torment, they exclaim to their leader, "Give us vengeance on yon Heaven, and on God." Elsewhere Satan is made to call up Sin and Death, with their attendant train, who answer "out of Hell's recesses deepest," and profess themselves filled "with Hell's intensest ardour." All this is decidedly strong, and proportionately attractive to a tumultuous composer like Rubinstein. But the temptation should have been resisted. Such scenes are beyond art, and better left to the imagination. Even Milton, for all his prayer—

> "*What in me is dark,*
> *Illumine; what is low, raise and support*"—

did not keep up "to the height of this great argument," and that which his genius failed to do with the full and rich resources of language is certainly impossible to the more restricted means of the painter and musician. In *Paradise Lost*, however, Rubinstein gives the loosest rein to his daring. He consented to the introduction of even the Divine Being, and allotted to Him, hardly veiled by the designation, "A Voice," the most conspicuous part in the work. Can we wonder that the music to the scenes in Heaven, notwithstanding its unquestionable power and still more undisputable noise, seems weak and unsatisfactory? Who is sufficient for these things? That there are exceptions to the rule of inadequacy we admit. The invocation of Death and Sin, for example, contains striking and impressive passages, while the angelic chorus following the Divine announcement of a purpose to create a new race is excellent in character and treatment. But, generally speaking, we see in this part of the work a composer of grandiose proclivities struggling with a subject which, if treated with no more than grandioseness, is almost burlesqued. We see him, too, getting the worst of the encounter.

In the second part, Rubinstein's poet, still elevated on the highest of stilts, sets forth the story of the Creation, and requires the composer to measure himself against Haydn. The old master does not count for much in these days, it is true, being spoken of by "superior persons," when they condescend to notice him at all, with a mixture of pity and contempt. Rubinstein, doubtless, is too wise to decry the composer of *The Creation*, and must have had uncomfortable reflections as to the result of the comparison here challenged. We will not say that his reflections were entirely unwarranted, for even the orchestral representation of Chaos—a subject well adapted to the ability and taste of so many modern composers—cannot match that of Father Haydn. Moreover, all the stages of the six days' work are treated with a brevity which, though unavoidable, leaves behind a feeling of incompleteness. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the music contains many happy ideas effectively expressed. The chorus of angels, who hail the rising of the firmament, is a case in point, short though it be. So is that attendant upon the birth of fruits and flowers, and that which describes the calm shining of the new-made moon. In point of fact, wherever the subject invites what we may call lyrical treatment, Rubinstein does not fail to display the gentler graces that constitute his real strength. At the end of this part, the composer gathers himself up for a mighty effort, even as did Haydn when the heavens first declared the glory of God. The chorus, "Ring out, ye heavenly trumpets," is one of his finest achievements in the grand style. Introduced by a pompous exordium for voices and instruments, it takes the form of a fugue on the words "Praise ye the Mighty One." Soon, however, the voices forsake the contrapuntal subject to combine in massive harmony, while the theme remains with the orchestra and constitutes the chief feature of accompaniment. The peroration is a genuine climax, and the number, as a whole, would deserve a very high place were it not lacking in individuality, and, we may add, scored so as to make the effect degenerate sometimes into that of mere noise.

The third part is that which justifies the title of the work, by devoting its action to the incidents of "man's first disobedience." Here, however, the librettist has thought proper once again to introduce the rebel angels, who open with a chorus of triumph, using words thus rendered by a severely literal translation, "Hell, keep glowing, hotter, hotter! Satan, sputter fiercer flamings! For 'tis Hell that conquers now." This may appear a gratuitous horror; but, on the other hand, the poet, deficient in the Gothic spirit that led Wagner to write music for a dragon, has passed over the actual temptation, and escaped the serpent. The fatal sin is supposed to have been committed, and we are concerned chiefly with its punishment, after devils have triumphed, angels mourned, and Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel pleaded in an exculpatory trio that hell was too strong for their guardianship of the new-made creatures. The scene in the Garden between the Divine Judge and our first parents is given with considerable minuteness. Then we have the lament of the offending pair, with which are conjoined the exultation of hell and the grief of heaven, the whole work coming to an end with the shutting of the gates of Eden. Musically speaking, the third part is the weakest in the oratorio. The ear and mind have already had enough of Rubinstein's demoniacal music, and of shouting contests between devil and angels; nevertheless both are repeated here *ad nauseam*, unrelieved by graceful episodes such as those that have already engaged our attention. Without going further into details, we may say that this is characteristic in a modified sense of the entire work. *Paradise Lost* is too strongly suggestive of effort. Save for here and there a quiet episode, it is full of storm and stress—laborious striving after effects not always attained, and a piling of Pelion on Ossa in vain attempts to reach the inaccessible. An over accumulation of means has its usual results. The orchestra sometimes becomes vulgar with excess of noise, while the voices, unsparingly used in an unvocal manner, soon fall painfully upon the ear. This is the fault, not of Rubinstein's musicianship, but of his temerity in choosing a

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subject beyond his power, as, indeed, it would be beyond the power of most men. At the same time, we must fairly recognize a partial success.

Though the performance was far from perfect, we may speak of the solo singing in terms of general praise. Mdme Rose Hersee gave apt expression to the music of an angel in the first part, and of Eve in the second and third. She brought intelligence to her task, and the inestimable quality served her well. A word may be said, also, for the manner in which Misses Penna, Farnol, and Hudson respectively impersonated the archangels, Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel. Signor Foli gave characteristic effect to the music of Satan, and Mr Ludwig was excellent in the part of Adam. The greatest credit of the evening was due, however, to Mr Barton M'Guckin, whose delivery of the many recitatives allotted to "A Voice," bespoke him alike a good vocalist and an intelligent artist. We take full cognizance of the difficulties which both orchestra and chorus had to encounter; yet it must be said that a better rendering of the concerted music should have been forthcoming. There only remains to add that the oratorio was received without much enthusiasm, and that the English version of the text had been well written and skilfully adapted to the music by Mr Henry Hersee. Mr W. G. Cusins was the conductor.—*D. T.*

CONCERTS.

Crystal Palace.—The twenty-sixth series of Saturday afternoon concerts was completed last week, leaving only the usual supplementary "benefit" of Mr Manns, the conductor, announced for to-day. Saturday's concert included the first performance in England of a new symphony by Signor Sgambati, a Roman composer and pianist, of whom we recently spoke with unqualified favour in reference to his brilliant performance of a concerto of his own at the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society. Signor Sgambati's symphony is an elaborate composition, consisting of four principal divisions, of which the first and the last are the most diffuse and the least interesting. In the symphony generally, and especially in the portions just specified, the influence of Wagner and Liszt is very manifest in the avoidance of coherent structure and continuity of interest, together with a tendency to exaggerated and spasmodic orchestral effects. The second movement, *andante maestoso*, contains much flowing and melodious writing, with fanciful and well varied instrumentation; the *scherzo* is spirited, vigorous and well contrasted with the two associated trios. The symphony, conducted by the composer himself, was greatly applauded throughout. It is unnecessary again to eulogise Signor Sgambati's great executive powers as a pianist, which were on this occasion manifested by his performance of Beethoven's great Concerto in E flat. Mdlle Badia sang with much success Verdi's scena "Ah! fors' e lui" and the air of Salome from Massenet's *Herodiade;* while Mr B. M'Guckin gave Handel's recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels" in very artistic style. The programme also included the barcarolle from Balfe's *Painter of Antwerp* (assigned to the singer last named), Mendelssohn's overture to *Son and Stranger*, and that to Schumann's *Genoveva*. With the exception of the symphony, Mr Manns conducted as usual. The selection for his "benefit," this afternoon, includes Beethoven's Choral Symphony. After the concert the presentation of the Manns testimonial will take place in the Opera Theatre, and after the presentation a complimentary dinner to the universally esteemed conductor, who has helped to make the Crystal Palace a temple to the Muses.

Richter Concerts.—Beethoven's great Mass in D was performed at the seventh concert of the present series, given in St James's Hall, on Monday evening. The extraordinary work, so illustrative of its composer's highest genius and of a daring which, in its latest development, practically amounted to weakness, is no longer "caviare" to our public. This was shown by a large attendance, and by the lively interest with which every movement was followed. Even the most recondite utterances of Beethoven are now beginning to be understood, or, at any rate, are heard with a conviction that they *can and ought to be* understood. The agreeable fact, however, does not make their interpretation any the more easy, as Herr Richter and his people had reason to know on Monday night. Indeed, a perfect rendering of the Mass remains, and will remain, something to dream about, but hardly to realize. The highest praise possible under such conditions was deserved by the latest on the present occasion, band and chorus working together with as much skill as energy, and, led by their masterly conductor, overcoming every difficulty not quite insurmountable. Some of the solo parts were in excellent hands, notably that for the soprano, allotted to Mdme Peschka-Leutner, who, a few years ago, came amongst us for the first time and won universal admiration. We shall have immediate occasion to speak of this lady in connection with German opera, and it may suffice now to say that she sang Beethoven's music as perfectly as fastidiousness itself could desire. Miss Orridge was an excellent contralto, never at fault, and Mr Shakespeare distinguished himself as usual by an admirable combination of the qualities that make up a musician and a vocalist. It is impossible to say as much of Herr Elmblad, who seemed to be managed by his voice than his voice by him. Herr Richter, it is scarcely requisite to add, conducted in splendid style, and was loudly applauded.

Philharmonic Society.—The Philharmonic Society concluded a successful season—the 70th since its foundation—at St. James's Hall last week with the first performance in this country of *Paradise Lost*, an oratorio or sacred drama by Rubinstein. The fame of Rubinstein as a pianist is so great and so well-founded, and some of his songs and pianoforte pieces are so charming, that an important work from his pen always deserves respectful attention. It would, however, be difficult to assume a more admiring attitude of mind towards what, in plain language, must be called a very weak and tedious production. To begin with the *libretto*, it is such that one must wonder how a composer of Rubinstein's intelligence could have selected it. Its sacred and mystic subject is treated "free after Milton," according to a statement on the title-page of the score in the worst German doggerel, which it must have given Mr Hersee much trouble to turn into intelligible English. The first part is concerned with the rebellion of Lucifer and his followers, and their defeat by the angels. The battle itself is depicted in a double chorus of grand dimensions, the most elaborate number of the score worked out with considerable skill and power. The solo parts in this portion are represented by "A Voice"—the symbol of the creative Deity—Satan, and an angel. There is little or no attempt at dramatic characterization, the utterance of the "Voice" being very commonplace and especially inappropriate under the circumstances. Satan vents his rage in a lengthy *scena*, and the only sympathetic personage is the angel, who sings an air which, although a distinct imitation of the Mendelssohn pattern, brings welcome relief among these dreary surroundings. It was sung with charming simplicity by Mdme Rose Hersee, whose sympathetic voice also told admirably in the music assigned to Eve in the third part of the oratorio. The ten numbers of the second part comprise the successive acts of creation, the utterances of "A Voice" being in each case responded to by a brief chorus of angels describing and applauding the wonders of the world. With the exception of the last number, which contains a scholarly fugue, there is little in these short choruses to interest the musician or to appeal to the human sympathy of an unsophisticated audience. The feature of the sacred story most apt to evoke much sympathy, curiously enough, has found no place in Herr Rubinstein's sacred drama, which may well be compared to the famous performance of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; for "The Temptation and the Fall," instead of being made the chief event of the story, is assigned to a short and uninteresting orchestral interlude, without the slightest reference to the incident it purports to illustrate. A more unsuccessful attempt at "programme music" it would be difficult to discover in the whole range of modern art. In the last act the wailings and rejoicings of angels and demons begin again with renewed vigour, another elaborate double chorus bringing the oratorio to a welcome close. The reasons for producing such a work as this it would not be easy to discover. It does not represent its composer's mature style, and its performance has not, as far as we can learn, been anywhere accompanied by success. Its rendering by chorus and orchestra had evidently been prepared by Mr Cusins with a care which might have been bestowed with more advantage upon a worthier task. Among the chief soloists Mdme Rose Hersee has already been mentioned. Mr Barton M'Guckin declaimed the lengthy speeches of "A Voice" with due emphasis, and Signor Foli's strongly pronounced manner was well suited to the part of "Satan." This artist has had many opportunities of realizing the various operatic embodiments of the evil principle, and should be as familiar with the musical language of fiends and demons as Blake and the Swedenborgians with their every-day speech.—*Times.*

Miss Saidie Singleton gave a concert on Friday evening June 9, at the residence of Dr and Mrs Julius Pollock, Harley Street, before a numerous and fashionable company. Besides taking part in duets by Gounod and O. G. Thomas, Miss Singleton gave agreeable renderings of "Voi che sapete" (Mozart) and "My Heart" (Moncrieff). Madame Clara Samuel, in "The old and young Marie" (Cowen); Mr Hutchinson, in "The Secret" (Goetz); Mr Ben Davies, in "My Queen" (Blumenthal); Mr Maybrick, in "Maid of Athens" (Gounod); and Madame Enriquez, in a charming new song, "When the house is still" (Blumenthal), all ministered to the gratification of the audience, to which Messrs Robertson and Thorndike equally contributed. Though the vocal music exceeded in quantity the instrumental, the latter were in quality not less worthy and acceptable. Herr Louis Ries played solos by Hofmann and Rameau

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in the capital style usual with this well-known violinist. Miss Randegger was held in special favour. The young pianist, now rising into fame, gave a highly artistic rendering of Chopin's *Scherzo* in B minor. More than equal to every demand made upon mere executive skill, she proved herself a congenial exponent of the composer's thoughts. The governing melody was each time "sung" with true accent and expression, indicating that Miss Randegger is on the way to become an accomplished mistress of her art. In Liszt's "Tarentella" her brightness and vivacity found ample scope. The conductors were Messrs Sidney Naylor, Cliffe, and Randegger.—*P. G.*

Mr Kuhe's Concert.—This annual concert is announced to take place in St James's Hall on Monday next, and promises excellent entertainment. The programme contains, as usual, a large number of selections adapted to please all tastes, while the artists engaged comprise Mesdames Albani, Sembrich, Marie Roze, Trebelli, Pauline Lucca, Mary Davies, and Sterling; the Misses Robertson; Messrs De Reszké, Massart, Foote, Santley, Musin (violin), Hollman (violoncello), and Kuhe (pianoforte). These names, needing "no bush," will secure for the *bénéficiaire* a crowded house.

Franz Rummel gave a "Pianoforte Recital" on Friday afternoon, June 9, at St James's Hall. The performance of Mr Rummel a few seasons ago, at the Crystal Palace, and notices of his artistic *tour* in the United States, have been recorded at various times in *The Musical World*. Since his return from America, Mr Rummel has resided at Berlin, where he is highly esteemed. At the "recital" on Friday afternoon, June 9, he exhibited his command over the instrument of his predilection in playing by memory, and with remarkable ability, the following compositions, of widely different characters:—

1.—Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge (Bach); Sonata, F minor, Op. 57 (Beethoven). 2.—Andantino and Variations (Schubert—Tausig); Sonata, G minor, Op. 22 (Schumann); Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn). 3.—Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, Polonaise, Op. 53, and Berceuse, Op. 58 (Chopin); Concert Etude (Brassin); Etude, Op. 2, No. 6 (Henselt); Scherzo, "Aus der Serenade," Op. 35 (Jadassohn); Barcarolle, and Valse—le Bal—(Rubinstein); Serenata, Op. 15, No. 2 (Moszkowski); Waldesrauschen—Etude—and Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 (Liszt).

The audience were attentive and appreciative throughout.

Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society.—Another of the concerts of this society was given at the New Town Hall on the 8th inst. The attendance, as upon former occasions, was large and fashionable, and Mr William Buels, to whom the Kensingtonians are indebted for these agreeable meetings, again won compliment and credit for the excellence of his programme. A performance of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" occupied the first section of the proceedings, the solos and choruses of which were efficiently sung by Miss Agnes Wood, Miss B. K. Martin, Mr Walter Joy, and Mr F. B. Davis and choir, while the duties devolving upon Mr Buels' amateur orchestra were just as carefully and skilfully discharged. Altogether, this charming pastoral has seldom, under similar local circumstances, been represented so completely and with so much pleasant intelligence. The second part of the concert was devoted to a varied miscellany of vocal pieces and instrumental solos. Among the former Mr E. F. Buels shone conspicuously by his delivery of Handel's "Ruddier than the cherry," in which he disclosed, as we have before had occasion to report, a flexibility of execution not ordinarily the characteristic of barytone voices. Miss Marion Burke, in Watson's pathetic ditty, "A winter story," and Mr J. A. Rooney, in Piatti's daintily conceived song, "Awake, awake!" were also listened to with pleasure, the latter deriving no little of its interest from the violoncello *obbligato* of Mr William Buels, whose suavity of tone and purity of expression almost recalled the playing of Piatti himself. Miss Marion Buels, another member of this highly accomplished family, challenged something more than honourable mention by her brilliant rendering of Liszt's *Rigoletto* solo, in which every exhibitory test is afforded for those facilities of hand which the fashion of the day has made indispensable. There was likewise a violin performance which did honour to the player, M. Szczepanowski. The concert took place under illustrious patronage, and Mr Buels is fairly entitled to congratulate himself, and be congratulated, upon its success.—H.

Mr W. G. Cusins, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, gave an interesting and well-attended concert at St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. The most important item of the programme was a trio in C minor, for pianoforte and strings, composed by Mr. Cusins himself, and admirably rendered by him in conjunction with Messrs Straus and E. Howell. It is a work of serious purpose, written regardless of immediate success, and revealing throughout the hand of an experienced and accomplished musician. Among the four movements, the first, *allegro* and *larghetto*, are, perhaps, the most successful. Besides Beethoven's sonata, in D (Op. 102, No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and a brilliant *valse* by Mr Cusins, the programme comprised an interesting selection of vocal music, including settings of Tennyson's poems by various composers, and a duet by Steffani, the famous Italian composer of the 17th century. Mdmes Rose Hersee, Carlotta Elliot, and Patey, Messrs Maas, Santley, and F. King were the vocalists.

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PROVINCIAL.

Leeds.—Special interest attached to Saturday evening's Town Hall Organ Recital from the fact that the programme had been arranged so as to form a tribute to the memory of the late General Garibaldi. One of the most successful pieces, and certainly the most appropriate, was a composition set by Dr. Spark to Garibaldi's National Song, which the deceased General sang at the head of his followers on the 18th August, 1860, on board the English transport steamer Amazon, which was conveying them from Palermo to Messina. Dr. Spark's composition was first introduced at the Leeds Town Hall on the 27th October in the same year, and became very popular at the time. The music is highly effective, and its rendering on Saturday evening gained for the composer and performer an enthusiastic round of applause, an encore being demanded. Dr. Spark never gave the recitative and air from *Elijah*, "O rest in the Lord," with better effect. As the Dead March in *Saul* was being played the audience rose to their feet and listened with the deepest attention. The final piece was described as "National and patriotic anthems," comprising "Rule Britannia," "Italian National Air," "The Marseillaise," and "God Save the Queen," in which last the audience joined heartily. It was decided to repeat the performance on the Tuesday and Saturday following.

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BETRAYING OR REVEALING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Does a work of merit "betray," or "reveal" an experienced hand? Yours obediently, Simon Half.

[Half and half, my simple Simon.—Dr Blitge.]

Annette Essipoff-Leschetizky—that veritable pearl among pianists—has returned to Vienna, where she means to take a holiday this summer. May it be a pleasant one.

Despite his own asseverations, in order to avoid further importunate enquiries, it is said that Verdi has nearly completed his *Otello*. (For *Otello* read *Iago*—and then take the statement as simply a figurative myth.—Dr Blitge.)

The Pianoforte Recitals of Mr Charles Hallé have materially enhanced the attractions of the Grosvenor Gallery, Music and Painting being now "sister-arts" in the fullest acceptation of the phrase.

A preface explanatory of the story and plan of Wagner's "music-drama," *Tristan und Isolde*, to be produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday night, under the direction of Herr Richter, has been written by Mr C. A. Barry, and printed for private circulation. Those who intend witnessing the performance will do well to obtain a copy.

Tristan und Isolde, regarded by uncompromising Wagnerians (*cumini sectores*) as Wagner's absolute masterpiece, is to be produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under Herr Richter, who has unsaddled Seidl, just as our own Tristram (or Tramtrist) unsaddled Sagramore and Dodinas, for scoffing at the knights-errant of Cornwall. If the Prime Minister as well as the Prince of Wales does not attend the performance, it will be a grievous misadventure.

French Musical Festival.—We may draw attention to this novel festival, which begins, in the Royal Albert Hall, next Tuesday, with a "grand inaugural ceremony," over which the Lord Mayor will preside. On this occasion the National Anthems of England and France will be sung by 2,000 members of the French Orphéon societies. Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon are devoted to concerts, supported by some of the leading artists of the Paris Opéra and Conservatoire, and the prizes won in the competition will be distributed on the evening of the second day. London amateurs are expected largely to embrace the opportunity to learn how music stands amongst their French neighbours.

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EURYANTHE AT DRURY LANE.

Weber's *Euryanthe* was produced on Tuesday night before an audience, not crowded, but interested and applausive. Fifty-nine years, less a few months, have passed since the opera was first performed, under its composer's own direction, he taking with him to Vienna, where the event happened, a favourite pupil who, as Sir Julius Benedict, witnessed the representation of which we have now to speak. Sir Julius can, doubtless, recall that memorable incident of his youth, and also the sympathy which must have possessed him with what Weber, writing to his wife, styled the "glorious success of *Euryanthe*." He may remember, too, an ominous apparition in the shape of "an old woman, with bangled hat and draggling shawl, who insisted upon pushing forward from bench to bench, shrieking out, amid the Homeric laughter of the whole house, 'Make room, make room for me, I say. I tell you I am the poetess, the poetess.'" That old woman was the evil genius of Weber's new venture, just as she was of Schubert in connection with *Rosamunde*. Vain and eccentric, with just enough literary ability to secure a position where she could make herself ridiculous, Helmina von Chezy lost no chance of connecting her name with those of great men. Hence, when Weber, who had read some of the Chezy fictions, applied to her for a libretto she eagerly caught at the chance of an artistic alliance with the famous author of *Der Freyschütz*, and put before him, amongst other things, a sketch from a French romance, "Histoire de Gérard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe, sa mie." A subject less fitted for operatic treatment could hardly have been discovered; but composers rarely know what is good for them in such matters, and Weber adopted it straightway. The "confounded old Chezy," as he called her, soon gave him cause to recognize and repent an error. Her first *scenario* was absolutely impossible, and might, with its apparatus of bloody daggers, roaring lions—in France of all places—moonlit castles, and gloomy vaults have come from the brain of a demented Mrs Radcliffe. Then Weber tried his hand; he and the "old lady" having many a sharp encounter over the changes proposed. That the master improved upon Helmina may be imagined; but to him is traceable the absurd spectral figure which, though invisible to the audience, comes into the story, apparently to give occasion for supernatural music. Composer as well as poetess is, therefore, answerable for a libretto more weak and absurd, perhaps, than any that opera can show. *Euryanthe* was doomed from the first, not to death, since it is living still, but to an existence which the power and beauty of its music have never redeemed from ridicule.

The action of the play opens in a Royal castle, where king, knights, and ladies are celebrating victory and the peace it has conquered. Among the knights is one Adolar, who grieves for the absence of his beloved Euryanthe. This the King learns, and graciously observes, "I will send for her; she shall be queen of the revels. Meanwhile give us a song in her praise." Adolar at once "obliges," and when he has finished, another knight, Lysiart, cruelly remarks that he likes the song, but finds the sentiment ridiculous, because no woman's word was ever worth a thought. Adolar at once offers to defend his faith with his sword, but Lysiart tenders a bet on the result of another sort of trial. His proposal is accepted, the two knights wagering their estates—one that Lysiart can, the other that he cannot, seduce the affections of Euryanthe from Adolar to himself. The resemblance here to the main incident upon which Shakspere's "Cymbeline" turns must be obvious. We are next shown the entrance of "Emma's vault" in the castle of Nevers, and witness a scene between Euryanthe and a certain Eglantine, who, as soon appears, uses the cloak of love for her friend to disguise a sinister purpose. Euryanthe spends much time in "Emma's vault," and Eglantine—naturally, we must confess—desires to know why. The maiden, in a burst of confidence, answers. Poor Emma was a sister of Adolar, and loved one Eldo, who, falling in battle, left the maiden so disconsolate that she sucked an "envenomed ring," and departed this life, hoping to join her lord elsewhere. But the suicide could not enter heaven, and now "a secret sorrow bears she in the vault below." If it be asked how Euryanthe knew all this, the reply is that Emma's ghost appeared, disclosed the particulars above given, and added that heaven would open to her when the ring had been "bath'd in tears of injured innocence." We do not exactly know why, but Eglantine on learning this exclaims "The welcome secret!" and Euryanthe reproaches herself with having broken her plighted word to Adolar. When left alone Eglantine allows her drift to be seen. She loves Adolar, hates Euryanthe, and hopes to win the knight's affection by means of the "secret" in "Emma's vault." Then messengers, headed by Lysiart, arrive with the King's invitation to Euryanthe, who is delighted to join Adolar, and the act ends—for her, happily; for us, confusedly. The second act opens upon the same scene. Lysiart is despairing of success, and, in a long monologue, expresses his feelings with emphasis. While he is thus engaged Englantine emerges from "Emma's vault" with the "ring of awful fate," which she has stolen in order to prove Euryanthe faithless to her plight. Her words of rejoicing are overheard by Lysiart, and, as the pair are rowing in the same boat, it suddenly occurs to them that they cannot do better than marry, and make a joint-stock concern of that vengeance which they vow by "gloomy night" to enjoy. We return now to the Royal castle, there witnessing the happy meeting of Adolar and Euryanthe. All goes well till Lysiart appears and coolly claims that he has won the bet, tendering in proof Emma's fatal ring, of the existence of which none but Adolar and Euryanthe knew. The maiden denies the gift, but in vain. Lysiart is at once endowed with the title and lands of Adolar, who, full of rage and stern of purpose, orders Euryanthe to accompany him to her doom. Where the now miserable pair go appears when the curtain next rises upon a gloomy forest, and shows us the knight prepared to kill the woman whom he believes faithless. Happily a monstrous serpent is seen advancing, and Euryanthe implores Adolar to let her be its victim, so that he may escape. The knight rushes off, is supposed to despatch the scaly assailant, and comes back, touched by Euryanthe's devotion. He will not kill her. He will simply go away and leave her. When he does so she lies down and sings herself to sleep. Now enter the King and a party of hunters, who recognize the waking maiden and try to cheer her up by such common-places as "Hope on; live on." Euryanthe, however, swoons in her misery, and is carried off by the hunters. Here the Drury Lane version closes the third act, opening a fourth at Nevers Castle, just as the nuptials of its new lord and Eglantine are about to be celebrated. Adolar is outside the gates, and mingles with the discontented retainers and peasantry as the wedding procession comes forth. Justice is also there, in the form of Emma's ghost, which Eglantine sees pointing at her with threatening finger. Confusion follows. Adolar rejoices in the intervention of heaven, and Lysiart bids his people seize the "base serpent of the dust." As no one obeys, the two knights are about fighting when the King appears to judge the case. Eglantine now confesses all, and is stabbed by the enraged Lysiart, whom the King at once sentences to death. Meanwhile Euryanthe has revived, and there being no reason why all should not end happily, that desirable consummation is promptly brought about. Comment upon so ridiculous a story would be superfluous, but it may be well to mention that the chorus occupies throughout not only a prominent, but a peculiar position. It does not display the moralizing spirit of the Greek chorus; but it always penetrates the true motives and purposes of the various characters. Whoever may be deceived, the chorus sees clearly, and preserves the audience in the right way, even when wickedness seems to flourish like a green bay tree. This, of course, serves to intensify the excessive stupidity or silliness of the principal personages, as they allow themselves to be entangled in a plot of more than childish absurdity.

Coming to the music, we have not to treat the greater part as though it were a new or unknown thing. The beautiful overture ranks among the most familiar of orchestral selections, while the romance, "Unter blüh'n-den Mandelbäumen," the cavatina, "Glöcklein im Thale," the duet for Euryanthe and Eglantine, the aria, "Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh," and the hunting chorus have long been favourites in our concert-rooms, to say nothing of the fact that sometimes entire scenes are given from the platform. As is the music known to the English public, so—Tuesday's performance proved it—is that with which they are not yet intimate. Intense dramatic feeling and refined lyric sentiment run through the opera. We may wonder at the presence of these qualities in connection with such a story, and we may marvel that Weber first accepted, and then had the patience to work upon such a tissue of follies. But this does not alter the fact that his genius shines from every page, almost blinding us to the imbecility of the "poetess." Much might be said with reference to the musical structure of the opera, especially as it appears in the happy blending of lyrical pieces with dramatic scenes. Weber, reformer though he was, did not see his way to abolish the aria, duet, and chorus. He held, with other great masters, that these have a legitimate place in lyric drama, but, while acting on this belief, he expanded the dramatic episodes till they rivalled the lyrics in point of importance and interest. *Euryanthe* affords an example of the procedure, as it does of that use of representative themes and freedom of orchestral treatment which have since been so dangerously exaggerated. Yet Weber's orchestration strikes us now as "thin," and his dramatic music as simple almost to weakness. This, however, is only a result of unconscious contrast with the more modern method of noise and bombast. If we look at Weber's music with a single eye for art, we shall see its purity and truth. It expresses all there is to express, and does so while using no more means than the subject requires. By this sign

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may genuine art always be known. It is the sham which lets loose a flood in order to float a leaf. We therefore commend *Euryanthe* to English amateurs, as an example of what operatic music ought to be, and of what it may be, without exaggerating or neglecting any essential principle.

The performance was not, generally speaking, one of the best of the season. It lacked the finish with which the Wagnerian operas were produced, and even presented several cases of downright negligence, both on the stage and in the orchestra. On the other hand, it had excellent features, notably the Euryanthe of Frau Sucher, who again charmed by her grace of bearing, sympathetic manner, and able singing. In the more passionate scenes Frau Sucher was tempted to force her voice unduly. This, however, was the only blemish upon an effort of high distinction and well-nigh complete success. Frau Sucher, could not, of course, do much, from a dramatic point of view, with the silly character she played; but those who could not regard Euryanthe with patience, watched the artist admiringly. Frau Peschka-Leutner (Eglantine), who was hardly in good voice, gave intense expression to her part, the great dramatic talent she admittedly possesses being displayed with striking power in the various crises of the story. Herr Nachbaur proved to be, both as vocalist and actor, a somewhat weak Adolar; but Herr Gura's skill received one more demonstration in the part of Lysiart. His performance throughout the final scene was very masterly. Of the minor characters, sustained by Herr Landau and Fräulein Wiedermann, it is needless to speak, while it may be superfluous to praise the singing of the chorus. The opera had a sympathetic reception, loud applause and much curtain-raising following each act.—*D. T.*

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SCHUMANN'S *FAUST.*

The directors of the Symphony Concerts did a good deed by performing the whole of Schumann's *Scenes from Faust.* Some of these had been heard previously, and the epilogue to the Second Part of Goethe's drama is familiar in its musical dress. But from a presentation of the entire work concert-givers have, till now, shrunk; influenced, perhaps, by the exceeding difficulty of many parts, and by fear lest a public insufficiently acquainted with the poem should miss the point of illustrations not, in themselves, easy hearing. The force of these deterrents is undoubtedly great. Schumann refused to study the convenience of executive artists. If they could not interpret his ideas, so much the worse for them and for him also; but in any case the claims of the work were paramount, and the rest took their chance. We see the fact well illustrated in the *Faust* music, which demands, alike from voices and instruments, more strenuous labour than the average singer or player cares to bestow. A scarcely less important consideration for concert-givers arises from the disjointed character of the libretto, and its large dealing with a section of the original read by few and understood by fewer. The scenes illustrated, though their order is that of Goethe's poem, are often so wide apart as to demand for their connection a comprehensive knowledge of the story. This drawback, however, may not have been in Schumann's purpose, since it does not appear that he at first intended to publish the work in its present form. As a matter of fact, he never published it at all; the various scenes being collected and given to the world after his death. He probably wrote the music more for his own gratification than with any ulterior and practical object, picking up the task at intervals extending over years, and dipping into Goethe so far at random that the order of the various episodes is by no means that of their composition. According to the master's biographer, Wasielewski, he produced first that which is now the third part of the entire work—in 1844—just before leaving Leipsic for Dresden. This year was not one of Schumann's happiest. Although in poor health, he laboured so hard at the *Faust* epilogue as to bring on alarming symptoms, premonitory of the disease which, twelve years later, took away his life. He may have connected the work with the suffering in a superstitious sense; but, at any rate, the epilogue was not resumed till 1847, when the final chorus rounded it off. In 1849—a period of remarkable fertility with Schumann—the master turned his attention to the first part of *Faust*, writing, between July 13 and 26, the cathedral and garden scenes, and that for Ariel and the Doctor. In the April following he added the episode of the Grey Women and Faust's death, subsequently writing an orchestral introduction, and so completing the work as it stands. When a thing grows by fits and starts like this we have no right to expect much coherence, at the same time the want of coherence is a disadvantage made all the greater by the nature of the incidents and the character of the text. Taking the whole into consideration, Mr Charles Hallé, and the directors of the Symphony Concerts, deserve the credit due to boldness of action. They essayed a hard task, and one which, however successfully accomplished, ran some risk of failure.

Schumann's music to the scenes of the first part of *Faust* cannot be heard without comparison with that of other composers. It is, however, contrast rather than comparison to which we are invited, because Schumann naturally looked at the subject from another standpoint than the one occupied by Gounod, Berlioz, and Boïto. They were chiefly concerned with objective ends, whereas it was in Schumann's disposition to be always subjective. Hence his music, in this case, is not adapted to rival theirs in popularity. It does not bring before the mind's eye events and personages coloured by its art, so much as ideas and moods. In short, these scenes are more reflections and feelings than pictures, and it is unfair to reproach them with dramatic sketchiness, since drama was not in the composer's thoughts. Looking at the music rightly, its power becomes evident and its charm is felt. What seemed at first weakness—the absence of vivid characterization and descriptiveness—appears as strength. We recognize a profounder application of art than mere picturing, the musician helping us not to look at but into the beings whom the poet has created. Illustrations of this fact are easily adduced. There is one in Gretchen's prayer to the Mater Dolorosa, and another in the Cathedral scene, throughout which the "Dies iræ" of the congregation, with its terrible notes of death and judgment, is more conspicuous than are the exclamations of Gretchen or the taunts of Mephistopheles. In the second part Schumann finds himself among supernatural creatures, and here, for lack of mental phenomena within the range of his comprehension and feeling, he becomes picturesque. Another note is struck in the spirit choruses, with their vivid description of twilight, night, and daybreak. But when Faust speaks the music returns to its profoundly contemplative vein, passing therefrom into a weird fantastic mood as it enters upon the strange episode of the Grey Women—an episode treated with remarkable power of imagination. All this is interesting, especially to connoisseurs who look with an eye for that which is deeper than mere technicality. Still, the third part, so full of lyric charm, and of concerted music as beautiful in some places as, in others, its hardihood is uncompromising, will always command a far greater measure of admiration. Its frequent severance from the rest of the work can be understood at a glance, and there is danger lest it tempt us to overlook the actual merit of the parts preceding. This danger can best be averted by giving the scenes in their entirety, as on Thursday evening, when it appeared that though the order of beauty differed, beauty itself was never wanting. Of the performance we can speak, generally, in terms of praise. The orchestra, being Mr Hallé's, was expected to know its duty thoroughly and to discharge it well, nor did the result disappoint anyone; while the chorus may have surprised many by the efficiency displayed in connection with a work so trying. Mr Otto Peiniger and his amateurs should be congratulated upon a most creditable success. Mrs Hutchinson sang the music of Gretchen with equal taste and feeling. These, indeed, were the distinguishing qualities of her performance, and how far they go to atone for technical defects no connoisseur needs telling. The defects in Mrs Hutchinson's case were slight and completely overshadowed by her merits. Mr Shakespeare, as Ariel, and in the third part, as Pater Ecstaticus, brought his invariable refinement and expression to the work; good service being also done by Mr Sauvage (Pater Seraphicus) and Miss Larkcom (Care). Though not in his best voice, Mr Santley sang the music of Faust—who is here a baritone—splendidly. A finer rendering of the great *scena* in Part II. could not have been desired. It is impossible to say as much concerning the delivery, by Herr Emblad, of the music of Mephistopheles. Herr Elmblad has a huge bass voice of the roughest description, which he either does not know how to manage or cannot control. This gentleman is fortunate in being a German, since an English applicant with no better qualifications for the post would assuredly have been sent back to his studies. Mr Hallé conducted with rare tact and skill, and deserved all the applause he received. Previous to *Faust* Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille*, and Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto were performed, the soloists in the last-named being the conductor of the evening, who resigned his *bâton* into the capable hands of Mr E. Hecht.—*D. T.*

STUTTGART. — Mdme Schröder-Hanfstangl having obtained an audience from the King of Wurtemberg, prevailed on his Majesty to re-consider his decision, and, despite his flattering assertion that "such talent as hers cannot be spared," to let her go to Frankfort, where she will receive 25,000 marks annually, instead of 18,000, as at Stuttgart. Either Mdme Basta from Munich, or Mdme L'Allemand from Frankfort, will succeed her at the Theatre Royal in this city.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Gounod's *Faust* on Saturday night, with Mdme Pauline Lucca as Margherita, drew a very large audience, many of whom knew only by report what a powerful rendering of the character she could give, a decade having passed away since she illustrated on the London stage the woes of the hapless maiden. Fortunately, time has not dimmed the brightness of her genius, for, as an actress, she now, as before, holds high rank. It is not uncommon for one to close the eyelids, when some vocalists are exercising their gifts, in order to enjoy the melody undisturbed; but Mdme Lucca commands attentive watching. The gaiety of the "Jewel Song" would be dulled were one to depend upon the mere vocal display. In the exquisite music of the garden scene, from the first awakening of affection until reaching perilous delirium, each phrase was delivered with finished, yet, apparently, spontaneous art. With unerring skill each look and gesture found corresponding expression in the voice. Later on, however, when Margherita from the casement of her dwelling pours forth in rapturous accents the full burthen of her love, the voice scarcely proved a trustworthy ally of the dramatic conception. In the church scene, however, Mdme Lucca was in every respect admirable. Her voice has that peculiar *timbre* which imparts intensity to the expression of sorrow and terror, tones and feelings becoming related in the most direct manner. From this point her success was triumphant. The other leading parts—Siebel, Mephistopheles, Valentine, and Faust—were represented by Mdlle Stahl, M. Gailhard, M. Devries, and Signor Frapolli.

However difficult may be the task of unravelling the plot, it is generally conceded that the music with which Meyerbeer has enriched his *Dinorah* might have saved weaker plots from insignificance. The very character of the libretto robs much of the music of its proper effect, but none can gainsay that a wonderful wealth of imagination is pictured forth in the score, and something approaching to a surfeit of melody. The difficulty, of course, is to find an adequate exponent of the heroine—a part with which few *prime donne*, even of the most accomplished, can cope successfully. This disappears when Mdme Patti is at hand, for then the creation of the poet as well as of the musician is beheld in its ideal form. A crowded house assembled to witness her once more in the familiar garb of Dinorah, and to listen to the music as she alone of living artists can render it. It is true that Mdme Patti's voice has not altogether stood proof against the strain of a lengthy and exacting career; but the difference is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, the quality remaining unchanged, and her facility of execution being as much a marvel as ever. Old successes were repeated, the distinguished artist creating a marked impression in the opening scene, with the beautiful "lullaby," and arousing the house to enthusiasm in the "Shadow Song"—encored, as a matter of course. A more genuine triumph has not been witnessed. Why Mr Gye, having a really good Corentino in Signor Frapolli already in his company, should have selected Signor Marini to fill the part is hardly intelligible to the outside world; and why M. Dufriche should have been substituted for Signor Cotogni as Hoel without explanation is equally a mystery. Under the circumstances, M. Dufriche, who is to play the Count in the *Nozze di Figaro* on Saturday, is exempt from criticism. Mdlle Tremelli made a very successful appearance as the Caprajo, and was loudly applauded after her song, "Fanciulle che il core." Other parts were in sufficiently competent hands.

The first performance this season of *Don Giovanni* was so similar to that of past occasions that slight reference to it may suffice. As before, the character of Zerlina was raised into primary importance by the exquisite vocalization and charming acting of Mdme Adelina Patti, which were as admirable as ever. The "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," produced the usual marked effect and enthusiastic encores, as did the duet "La ci darem" for Don Giovanni and Zerlina. The cast was generally excellent, comprising, as last year, Mdme Fursch-Madi (Donna Anna), Mdme Valleria (Elvira), Signor Cotogni (Don Giovanni), Signor Marini (Don Ottavio), M. Gailhard (Leporello), and Signor Scolara (Masetto).

On Thursday we had *I Puritani*, with Bellini's flowing melodies, and Mdme Albani as an Elvira peerless since Giulia Grisi. The opera announced for last night was *Semiramide*, with Mdme Patti as Semiramide, Mdlle Tremelli as Arsace, and M. Gailhard as Assur. Here again is melody in abundance. For to-night we are promised *Le Nozze di Figaro*, more melody, the really "infinite *melos*," which goes on for ever

"*In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.*"

Oh! for melodists; we want them sadly, all at present being "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Even Mr Shaver Silver cannot leave a new opera humming a tune with refreshened lungs! Sad, indeed, such a state of things. The *Prophète* is announced for Tuesday, with Mdlle Stahl as Fides, and M. Sylva (who must transpose considerably) as John of Leyden; *Fra Diavolo* (melody for ever!), after two or three postponements, is to be given on Thursday, with Pauline Lucca as Zerlina; and *Velleda*, an opera by M. Lenepveu, Mdme Patti's especial choice, "very shortly." Boito's *Mefistofele* will, after all, be presented, with Marguerite Helen Emma Albani in lieu of Marguerite Helen Christine Nilsson, about whose controversy with Mr Gye there is nothing to say that would not be "impertinently curious."

WAIFS.

Mdme Minnie Hauk, Carmen of Carmens, Carmencita of Carmencitas, Rommi of Rommis, has returned from America, and is staying for a time in Paris. She crossed the Atlantic in the good ship L'Amerique, organizing a concert during the voyage in aid of the "Sailors' Orphans," Signor Campanini, who came in the same ship, lending his valuable co-operation. With the sale of tickets and programmes, accompanied by the autographs of the leading artists, at a hundred francs each, the proceeds amounted to upwards of 2,000 francs (£80). Thus was a good action done "on the sad sea waves," which rolled boisterously all the time.

Mdlle de Reszké has gone to Warsaw.

Lohengrin has been produced in Barcelona.

Sig. Platania, the composer, was lately in Milan.

Miss Annie Louise Cary is much improved in health.

Ricordi, of Milan, has been making a short stay in Paris.

Emma Nevada has been singing very successfully in Cremona.

Camille Saint-Saëns has been created Knight of the Order of Leopold.

Emma Thursby will most probably return to Brooklyn, U.S., in the autumn.

A bust of Peri, the composer, will shortly be inaugurated at Reggio d'Emilia.

Sig. Marchio, of Scandiano (Emilia), has completed a new opera entitled *Catilina*.

Angelo Ferni has been appointed professor of the violin at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

Kriebel is now officiating—on trial—as second conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

The Theatres Royal, Berlin, closed on the 7th inst. and will re-open on the 6th August.

Eugenio Nacciarone is appointed professor of singing at the Conservatory of Music, Cologne.

The monument to Roger, the French tenor, at Père-Lachaise, will be inaugurated on the 28th inst.

The King of Spain has conferred the Order of Isabella on the Norwegian composer, Ole Olsen.

Suppé's *Fatinitza*, with an Italian libretto, has been performed at the Teatro Giacinta Pezzana, Milan.

Meinardus's oratorio, *Simon Petrus*, was lately performed, under the direction of Dietrich, at Oldenburg.

Leone Fortis, director of the *Pungolo*, has been created grand officer of the Order of the Italian Crown.

After being thoroughly repaired and redecorated, the Teatro del Puerto Real has been re-opened at Cadiz.

Auber's *Fra Diavalo* has been performed with great success at Turin. (Bravo for melody!—Dr Bling.)

Wagner's *Nibelungen* will be performed at Prague by Neumann's company from the 15th to the 19th October, inclusive.

Haydn's *Seasons* and Schumann's *Zigeunerleben* were recently performed, under the direction of Emile Mathieu, in Louvain.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, was to begin on the 11th inst. a four weeks' engagement at Koster and Bial's, New York.

There is some probability of Marie Van Zandt's visiting America in the autumn. Several managers are anxious to engage her.

Reichmann, Royal Bavarian Chamber Singer, will shortly become member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Herr Hermann Zumpe, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has been engaged by Pollini as conductor at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

The Theatre Royal, Hanover, closed on the 23rd ult., an earlier date than usual, for certain structural alterations in the interior.

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Mefistofele, with the sisters Mariani in the two leading female characters, will be performed next season at the San Carlo, Naples.

A new operetta, *Captain Kydd*, music by Rudolph Aronson, is to be produced in October at the New York Casino, now approaching completion.

Teresa Tua, the "girl violinist," will shortly go to America for a hundred concerts at 250 dollars a concert. (*Quod est, &c.*—Dr Blidge.)

The San Carlo and Fondo Theatres, Naples, have become the property of the Municipality, who propose leasing them to one and the same manager.

Wagner is said to be now engaged on the composition of a new "musical drama," *Die Sieger*, the subject of which is taken from a Brahminical legend.

Hermann Riedel, formerly "solo correpetitor" at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is Franz Abt's successor as conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.

The Moscow press is unanimous in approving the recent imperial ukase abolishing all restrictions on theatrical enterprise in Moscow and St Petersburgh.

The regular season of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, was brought to a termination with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The company from the Wallnertheater, Berlin, are in temporary possession.

Rapid progress is being made at Nice with the Municipal Casino which contains, among other things, a theatre, where an Italian operatic company will give performances next season.

A commemorative stone tablet has been affixed to the front of the house at Bari, where Niccolo Piccinni, rival of Gluck in Paris, and at one time the most popular of Italian composers, was born (1728).

Gialdina Gialdino Gialdini succeeds Pedrotti as conductor at the Teatro Regio, Turin.—(This will break Pedrotti's heart, seeing that G. G. G. is an adequate conductor. Why does not Mr Gye give us some Ponchielli?—Dr Blidge.)

The Teatro de la Vittoria, Montevideo, has, according to one American journal, been converted into a mad house, according to another, into a war-horse, according to another, into a warehouse; although Naudin has been singing at the Teatro Minerva, Udine. (There must be some misapprehension here.—Dr Blidge.)

The announcement in several papers that the barytone, Santa Athos, is secured for next season at the San Carlo, Naples, would seem to be a premature hoax.—Santa Athos was, not long since, a star of the eleventh magnitude at Covent Garden.—Moreover, Adina, Aramburo, and Gasperini are engaged for Italian opera in Prague.—Dr Blidge.

Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen, the esteemed young Swedish vocalist, has announced a *matinée musicale*, under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales, for Monday next, at 27, Harley Street. Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen, who has just recovered from a long and serious illness, will be assisted by her sister, Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, and many other talented artists, but, we regret to learn, she is not well enough to undertake an active part in the entertainment of her friends.

Royal College of Music.—At a meeting of the Common Council, Mr W. J. Scott, chairman of the Music Committee, said there were now 1,300 students at the Guildhall School of Music, which was the largest institution of its kind in the world. Each student on an average paid £10, and the whole of the fees were rateably divided among the eighty professors and teachers. The expenses, borne by the Corporation, were about £3,000 a year; and the premises were held at a nominal rent. The Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee brought up a report to consider how the court could appropriately aid in the movement set on foot by the Prince of Wales for establishing a Royal College of Music, giving systematic musical instruction to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. A contribution of £5,000 in aid of the Royal College of Music, to be paid in five annual instalments of £1,000, was suggested and unanimously approved.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 24, will be performed "AÏDA" (to commence at 8.15). Aïda, Mdme Fürsch-Madi; Amneris, Mdlle Stahl; Amonasro, Signor Pandolfini; Ramfis, Signor De Reszké (his first appearance in that character); and Radames, Signor Mierzwinsky (his first appearance in that character). Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

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Mdme Albani, Mdme Valleria, and Mdme Pauline Lucca.

TUESDAY next, June 27, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Mdme Albani, Mdme Valleria, Mdme Pauline Lucca; M. Dufriche and Signor Cotogni.

Mdme Fürsch-Madi.

THURSDAY next, June 29, "IL TROVATORE." Mdme Fürsch-Madi, Mdlle Stahl; M. Devries and Signor Marini.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

MDME LIEBHART'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place at 53, PORTLAND PLACE, W. (by kind permission of Mrs White), on FRIDAY next, June 30, at Three o'clock, on which occasion she will beassisted by Mdme PAULINE LUCCA (by permission of E. Gye, Esq.), and the celebrated Pianist, Mons. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, and by other eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained of Mdme LIEBHART, 67, Warwick Road, Maida Vale, W.

SIGNOR RIA has the honour to announce that his MATINÉE will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), at Three o'clock, at MARLBOROUGH ROOMS. Signor Ria will be assisted by several eminent and popular Artists. Family Tickets to admit Three, 21s., to be obtained at Ricordi's, Regent Street, and at the Marlborough Rooms.

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TRISTAN UND ISOLDE AT DRURY LANE.

June 21.

Reserving criticism upon an extraordinary example of misapplied genius, if not of cynical indifference to all that the world holds worthy in the art of music, we may now state that Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*—ripest fruit from a "tree of good and evil," especially evil—was produced last night for the first time in England. A large audience, among whom Germans were a majority, witnessed the representation, which was marked by the care and completeness shown in every Wagnerian performance, though denied to that of Weber's *Euryanthe*. Herr Hans Richter, thinking no pains too great, had brought his orchestra very near perfection, so that nothing was lost by incompleteness in the one agent upon which Wagner relies for musical effect. It is true that the instruments might often have played what was *not* set down for them without much harm to the general result, and few would have known it. Still, if this sort of thing is to be treated seriously, we do right to feel grateful for such pains as were taken by the admirable Drury Lane conductor and his right worthy followers. Concerning the chorus there is not much to say, as they had very little to sing. A few bars here and there in the first act are all Wagner allows, and the chief significance of these lies in the fact that they exemplify the composer's idea of a nautical strain. The two principal characters were represented, for the first time, it is said, by Frau Sucher (Isolde) and Herr Winkelmann (Tristan), both of whom added another and a striking success to their English list. The task was terribly hard, almost superhuman, and it is no wonder that at times even their trained power of physical endurance seemed to fail. But they somehow lasted to the end; sustaining throughout a clear and vigorous conception of character, and investing their respective parts with all the interest possible to high intelligence. Fräulein Marianne Brandt, who made her first appearance for the season, achieved an equal success as Brangäne. Her voice may not be now so fresh as it was, but her skill and intelligence as an actress has increased with time, and down to the smallest dramatic detail her embodiment of Isolde's attendant was a study. Herr Gura (King Mark), Dr Kraus (Kurwenal), and Herr Wolff (Melot), completed a cast in all respects adequate to the work. The usual demonstrations attended each fall of the curtain, even *Tristan und Isolde* finding admirers—a fact which goes to prove that nothing need be friendless in this world.

* * * * * *

Schluss.

Those who witnessed the performance of *Tristan und Isolde* at Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday evening then learned what Richard Wagner is at his best, and, we should hope, at his worst—at his best in the sense that this music-drama exemplifies the master's theory pushed to utmost limits; at his worst, in that, consequently, it stands farthest removed from everything recognized by the world as artistically beautiful and true. Seventh in order of Wagner's operas, and coming after much of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Tristan und Isolde* is accepted among its composer's disciples as the most complete embodiment of the gospel in which they believe. To preach *Tristan und Isolde* is to advocate the purest Wagnerism that has ever flowed from a source addicted to sending forth an article constantly varying and frequently mixed. We are asked to take it in without question, for Wagnerism is, it seems, a religion. At any rate, the author of a recently published expository and admonitory pamphlet enjoins us to approach *Tristan und Isolde*, not with a *critical*, but a *real* intelligence, prepared to accept it "with some degree of faith." For ourselves, we shall do nothing of the kind, choosing to imitate a certain people of old who, when a new religion was offered them, searched the sacred books of their ancient creed to see "if these things were so."

In *Tristan* Wagner draws upon a Celtic myth, taking one episode in the life of a famous knight whose career was as full of adventure as of violence and wrong. Sir Walter Scott speaks of "the extreme ingratitude and profligacy" of the hero whose doings are celebrated in *Sir Tristrem;* but with the mythical champion's general history and the conflicting versions of it we need concern ourselves at present no more than with the question whether the particular incidents adopted by Wagner had or had not their origin in natural phenomena. Let us take the story as it stands, rejoicing to find that it concerns men and women, not gods, giants, and dwarfs, that it contains no zoological curiosities, and that its representation lasts only one night. The plot can be the better understood for some acquaintance with incidents occurring prior to the opening of its action. There was once a King of Cornwall named Mark, who paid tribute to King Anguish of Ireland—or, rather, should have paid, but did not. To Mark, therefore, came messengers from Anguish demanding the money. The Cornishman refused to settle, but offered to commit the whole matter to the ordeal of a single combat. At this King Anguish was "wondrous wroth." However, he sent his brother-in-law, Sir Marhaus (the Morold of Wagner) to do battle. Now Marhaus was a great warrior, and abode in his ship off Tintagil many days, while the Cornish king was vainly seeking a champion. At last the state of affairs reached the ears of King Mark's young nephew Tristram, son of King Meliodas of Liones. Hastening to Cornwall Tristram offered himself, was knighted, and encountered Sir Marhaus on an island. They "hurtled together like rams" for more than half a day. "By then," says Sir Thomas Malory in his *Mort d'Arthur* "Sir Tristram waxed more fresher than Sir Marhaus, and better winded and bigger, and with a mighty stroke he smote Sir Marhaus upon the helm such a buffet that it went through his helm, and through the coif of steel, and through the brain-pan, and the sword stuck so fast in the helm and in the brain-pan that Sir Tristram pulled thrice at his sword or ever he might pull it from his head; and there Marhaus fell down on his knees, the edge of Sir Tristram's sword left in his brain-pan." After this, Sir Marhaus ran away to his ship, sailed home, and died. Tristram, on his part, suffered much from a poisoned wound received in the fight, and at last went to Ireland, under the name of Tramtris, to be cured in the country whence the venom came. There he was put in the care of La Beale Isoud (Isolde), the king's daughter, who not only healed him but learned to love him. Unhappily it fell out one day that the queen, with a woman's curiosity, examined Tristram's sword, and saw that a piece of the edge had been broken off. A terrible discovery followed. The fragment taken from Sir Marhaus's head completed the weapon, whose owner must have slain the Irish champion. The Queen, thereupon would have killed Tristram as he lay in his bath, but was held off, and the knight went back to Cornwall safe and sound. At home he so vaunted the beauty and worth of La Beale Isoud as to make his widower uncle, King Mark, desire her for wife, and no long time elapsed before Tristram was again at the Irish Court, demanding the maiden's hand for his Royal relative. "Wed her yourself," said King Anguish. "Then I should be ashamed for ever as false to my promise," replied the knight, "give her to me for King Mark, mine uncle." The Irish monarch's answer was singularly accommodating. "As for that, ye shall have her with you, to do with her what it please you: that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself that is to me levest; and if ye will give her unto King Mark, your uncle, that is in your choice." So Sir Tristram, or Tristan as we must henceforth call him, took the sea with La Beale Isoud, or Isolde, and as their ship nears the coast of Cornwall Wagner's drama opens. Most of the incidents above narrated are referred to in the dialogue of *Tristan und Isolde*, but with some changes. It is the maiden, for example, who discovers in the *soi-disant* Tramtris the slayer of her uncle Morold, and it is she who lifts the sword in revenge, but lets it falls harmless as the knight looks into her eyes from his sick couch.

The first act opens on the deck of the ship as a sailor at the mast-head sings of his distant Irish love. The song grates on Isolde's ears. Tristan, as in honour and by custom bound, holds aloof from her, while she tries to lure him to her side. In a passion, she wishes the ship and all on board may go to the bottom, and hints at some dark and desperate deed. Talking to her attendant, Brangäne, the maiden, woman-like, works herself more and more to a pitch of fury. "Go and *command* him to attend me." Brangäne goes, but the knight is wary and proffers various excuses, backed up by his faithful henchman, Kurwenel, who, moreover, vaunts Tristan's victory over Morold, the sailors joining in chorus. Imagine Isolde's rage when overhearing all this. To Brangäne she tells the story of Morold and the discovery of his slayer; dwelling upon that which intensifies her passion, and at last exclaiming, in unlady-like language, "Curse him, the villain! Vengeance! Death! Death for me, too." Her purpose is here revealed, and she knows how to carry it out. Her mother had added to the marriage *trousseau* a casket of "subtle magic potions," including a death-drink for emergencies, and a love-drink to be "exhibited" to King Mark on the wedding day. She will share the death-drink with Tristan. Brangäne prays her to relent, but the fatal impulse is strengthened by news that the Cornish coast lies ahead. "Prepare the 'true cup of peace,' and say to Tristan that I will not land till he has asked me to forgive and forget." To this message the knight responds, but Brangäne slily pours the love-potion, not the poison, into the cup. After a long dialogue, reproachful on the part of the lady, deprecatory on the part of the gentleman, who more than suspects what is intended, but seems careless of life, Tristan drinks, and Isolde takes what is left. Both expect to die, but instead thereof they stand looking at each other with eyes in which, according to Wagner's directions, "the expression of defiance to death fades and melts into the glow of passion." The drink works on, and soon the pair are in each other's arms, screaming at the top of their voices, according to the Wagnerian law in such a case made

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and provided. At this moment the land is reached; the crew prepare to receive King Mark; Isolde's attendants clothe her in the Royal mantle, and the curtain falls. The dramatic art of this act cannot be denied, and need not be pointed out; but the scenes, regarded as scenes for music, are terribly prolonged, and exhausting alike to the means of the performers and the attention of the audience. Wagner, however, has erased the word "expediency" from the vocabulary of the lyric stage. He is above even the laws of nature. Let his laws prevail, though the heavens fall. The incident of the love-drink chiefly offers itself for discussion here, and has been characteristically defended by Wagner's champions, who are always prepared with some transcendental plea for the acts of their master. Admitting the story as a fit subject for opera, no defence is, in this case, required. The love-potion could not be taken out of the plot; at the same time we decline to approve it because in mediæval times it "to some extent resembled, if, indeed, it was not the natural outcome, of the irresistible fate which pervaded the ancient Greek drama;" or because the cup does not actually bring about Tristan and Isolde's love, only doing so metaphorically, "by leading to the discovery that they have been foiled in their determination to end their woes by poison." Reasons like these are not less beside the mark than superfluous. The objection is not to a love potion, which frequently plays a part in opera, but to the undisguised sensualism that follows it. To call the passion which animates Tristan and Isolde "love" is to drag a beautiful name through the dirt. Real love expresses itself neither in the language nor the demeanour of this couple, whose feeling is simply excited animalism. In the interest of all that is pure and good let us call such things by their right name.

At the time of King Mark, men hunted in Cornwall by night, and when the second act opens they are trying the monarch's home coverts, with noise of horns enough to scare every bird and beast for miles round. Isolde, now a wife and a queen, stands watching the hunters and thinking of Tristan, who, it seems, is in the habit of visiting her on signal made by extinguishing a torch that burns at the door. The chase having gone afar she would put out the torch at once, but Brangäne, with a feeling of coming woe, remonstrates and delays the act. Not for long, however. Though Brangäne bids her ware a certain Sir Melot, Tristan's enemy, who suspects and watches, the queen goes heedlessly on, avowing: "The signal! And were it my spirit's spark, smiling I'd destroy it, and hail the dark." The torch extinguished, Tristan comes, as Romeo to Juliet, but with no such right, and once more the school of artistic carnality rejoices in a masterpiece after its own highest wish. Although in an open garden, the pair exclaim their loudest in such interjectional observations as "Endless pleasure! Boundless treasure! Unconceivéd! Unbelieved!" Then they call the day dishonest, because it keeps a nephew from his uncle's wife, and laud the night which brings them near. This preliminary over, "Tristan draws Isolde gently aside, to a flowery bank, sinks on his knee before her, and rests his head on her arm." So they talk again about the night, and glorify darkness, afterwards "sinking into oblivious ecstacy, reposing on the flowery bank close together." Brangäne, still fearful, tries to rouse them, but they resemble Solomon's sluggard in unwillingness to get up, and are still embracing and invoking night when King Mark, Melot and the hunters discover them. Melot is triumphant; Tristan petrified; Isolde, to her credit be it said ashamed; and Mark pathetically avuncular. Forgetting that he is a dishonoured husband, he sees only a peccant nephew to be tearfully reproached. Tristan waits till Mark has had his say, and then invites Isolde to follow him into a land where the night they love so well always reigns. She will go with him anywhere, and the declaration is received with a kiss. Melot at once starts forward, sword in hand. Tristan, too, draws; but, dropping his guard, receives the point of his opponent's weapon, and falls into the arms of Kurwenal. The curtain falls likewise. The one thing in this act is the so-called love scene. We admit the beauty of Wagner's language, but, even apart from the considerations regarded so philosophically by King Mark, is it well to have the more sensual side of a powerful human relationship fully and deliberately exposed on the stage? We think not. Gounod goes far enough when Faust and Marguerite are under the influence of the enchanted flowers, but this is a quick passion over which, save for devilish intervention, virtuous instincts would have triumphed. Wagner, on the other hand, offers what may be called a "demonstration," according to the scientific use of the word. We cannot enlarge upon the subject for obvious reasons, but we may and must protest against a stage exhibition which can have only one meaning and lead to only one train of thought; the meaning and the thought being alike condemnable. The matter would not be so important but for the fact that this sort of thing is almost an essential of the "new art." What sort of "new art" can that be the supporting pillars of which are crime and lust?

When the curtain rises for the third time, we see the exterior of Tristan's castle in Brittany, and its wounded master lying unconscious upon a couch, attended by the ever-faithful Kurwenal, who expects the coming of Isolde to heal the knight, as once before she did. A shepherd keeps watch for her vessel from the cliff, and as he pipes, Tristan awakes, to learn how he had been conveyed to his own place, and to call upon Isolde, of whose coming he hears with transport. The time of suspense is prolonged, but at last a joyous strain from the shepherd signals the approach of the ship, while Kurwenal from a watch tower feeds the growing excitement of the knight by describing her movements and appearance. Isolde lands, and on hearing this Tristan can contain himself no longer. Exclaiming, "All wounded and bleeding Sir Morold I defeated; all bleeding and wounded Isolde now shall be greeted," he tears the bandage from his hurt, showing the blood-stains on his body, and staggers forward as the expected one enters. Falling at her feet, and murmuring her name, he dies, while Isolde, after a pathetic monologue, falls senseless beside him. Another ship is now signalled, and Kurwenal bars the castle gate. Soon, however, King Mark and his people force an entrance; Kurwenal opposes them, and falls dead beside his master. Then Mark tearfully maunders over the body of his nephew, and Isolde, recovering from her swoon, sings the death-song of her lover and herself. As she expires, King Mark consistently bestows his blessing on the corpses, and the drama ends. Against this third act it is difficult to raise more objection than that the tearing away of the bandage, so exposing the bloody wound, is a piece of realism as offensive as unnecessary, and that the appearance of dead bodies lying about the stage for a length of time is more sensational than agreeable. Setting such matters aside, the act strikes us as extremely powerful. One forgets the relationship of Tristan and Isolde in the absorbing interest created by the situation, while the closing scene is remarkable for the dignity and pathos of its central figure. As a whole, the drama compares very favourably with the *Ring*. We may object to its sensuousness, but cannot remain unconscious of its strong human interest, or the frequent beauty of the poetic ideas.

The music of *Tristan und Isolde* illustrates, as already pointed out, the ultimate development of Wagner's theory. If not, we are unable to conceive how even that daring genius could wander further from what is lawful and right. In its desperate defiance of all rule and order, save the composer's own, it either creates anger or amusement, according as the hearer is in a grave or lightsome mood. Indeed, one has to struggle against the unworthy idea that Wagner, when writing his music, tried to fathom the faith and devotion of his followers by seriously offering them an absurdity. An absurdity—we hold by the term, despite occasional pages full of charm, and in view of melodies which here and there light up the work with beauty, inspired by the good angel who never altogether deserts this gifted man; in view, likewise, of orchestration frequently marvellous for depth and variety of colour. These things are like a few stars shining through rifts in a cloudy sky. They but emphasize the prevailing gloom. The question, after all, is one of artistic principles, on which ground alone can it be properly argued. It but slightly affects the main issue, therefore, to admit or deny Wagner's genius in carrying out his theory, and the true significance of *Tristan und Isolde* consists in the light thrown upon that theory by the the work. The light, we gladly own, is so clear that no mistake can be charged to the account of obscurity. He who runs may read. And what does he read? First, that vocal melody has hardly a a place on the lyric stage. Save for a few passages wherein the voice is permitted to drift, as by accident, into the "infinite melos" of the orchestra, *Tristan und Isolde* is one long bout of declamation. Small musical interest is allowed on the stage; and nature's own beautiful instrument remains, for musical purposes well nigh silent. No argument, however far fetched from the depths of philosophy or the heights of transcendentalism can defend this wilful neglect of heaven-sent means. As well might one seek to justify a man who shuts out the sun and lives by candle light. What next does our running reader read? That dramatic music is a form of art destitute of any claim of its own needing to be considered. Wagner talks poetically in *Oper und Drama* of a marriage between music and poetry. If marriage be illustrated at all in *Tristan und Isolde*, it is marriage in which the woman, Music, has no rights, but becomes a slave to the man, Poetry. The lordly Word stalks hither and thither, and the subservient Tone follows, not daring to call its soul its own. This is not union, but domination on the one side and humiliation on the other. Music so treated loses its dignity, and, which is of greater practical consequence, stands forth deprived of its essential charm. Without order there can be no art, and every art, to remain such, must have its own order, not that of another. But the order of music in this case is not its own. Viewed from the standpoint of its natural laws the

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chaotic thing resembles in character, if not in significance, the improvisation of a player who, letting his fancy drift, devotes himself to the evasion of a "full close." This "new art" is like the sun, which, says the nursery poet, "never tires nor stops to rest." It streams on with no point of repose for ear or mind, constantly exciting hopes of the completion of a sentence, or, at any rate, the end of a paragraph; but, like Flora in "Little Dorrit," always starting afresh in supreme defiance alike of punctuation and sense. Without insisting upon formal melody, we are entitled to ask how the musical "period" has offended that it should be put under ban in favour of a mixed mob of interrupted cadences. What next does our running reader read? That dramatic music may be more often ugly than beautiful. Beauty, we admit, is not an absolute term, and the conditions under which some people proclaim its existence are frequently astonishing to others. Still, it is divided from ugliness by a wide space, and across that space a good deal of the *Tristan und Isolde* music may be found. Wagner's score is a very wilderness of diminished chords—a mighty gathering of forlorn members of the "tone families" looking out for relations, and finding none. How they crowd on each other, those diminished chords, tripping each other up, and pressing forward in unending but disorderly and excruciating procession! As for the members of the "tone families," never was lot as hard as theirs. Parents and children, brothers and sisters proclaim a natural affinity which every sensitive ear recognizes; but Wagner's stern will handcuffs them to total strangers and whips them along regardless. Is the result music? It may be, and, if so, music is a very disagreeable thing, provocative of pain and wrath. Let us thereupon amend Shakspere at once, making him say that he who hath not music in his soul is just the man to trust. It will be urged that there are many immensely stimulating passages in *Tristan und Isolde*—passages which seem to take hold of the listener and carry him with them. That is true, but when looked into their secret is not of an exalted order, because based upon the physical sensations produced by noise. The sharpening of a saw, a crash of thunder, the murmur of a multitude, all appeal in some form or other to human nerves. So do the uproarious sounds of our modern orchestras, thus deluding many worthy people into the belief that they are enjoying music when, in reality, that art is not present. The true hearing of music is by the organs of the soul, which refuse cognizance to mere noises, however skilfully organized and physically exciting. In conclusion, while recognizing in *Tristan und Isolde* the wonderful genius common to all Wagner's later works, we absolutely reject its principles as false to art and nature. But the work will do little harm. When the bird is looking on it is useless to spread the net, and the net is very visible indeed which here would lure public taste to destruction.—*D. T.*

ZÜRICH MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Thanks to the kindness of Professor C. Riedel, of Leipzig, I have been furnished with more detailed particulars than as yet have been made public of the music to be performed at the forthcoming gathering of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-verein* at Zürich.

It should be premised that the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-verein* (General German Musical Association), which owes its existence mainly to the efforts of Canon Liszt, was founded at Weimar in 1861, and has for its aim the cultivation and advancement of musical art, principally, by the institution of periodical meetings of its members, the performance of new works by living composers, and the revival of neglected masterpieces. Since its establishment, festivals have been held almost annually in several of the most important cities of Germany. This will be the first occasion of the Association extending its operations beyond the borders of Fatherland. It has been suggested, therefore, that in future the word "German" should be dropped from its "style."

The projected festival lasts from the 8th to the 12th of July. The band, under the direction of Herr Fritz Hegar of Zürich, will consist of the Zürich Tonhalle Orchestra, augmented by the Court and Town Orchestras of Stuttgardt, with a chorus of 360 voices. The scheme includes three orchestral and vocal concerts—two for chamber-music, and one, in the cathedral, for organ and sacred music. Among the most important works to be performed are Liszt's oratorio, *St Elizabeth;* Albert Becker's Mass in B flat minor; Brahms's *Nänie;* Saint-Säens's cantata, *La Lyre et la Harpe;* Hans Huber's *Tell* Symphony; Ed. Munzinger's *Nero* Symphony; a *Scherzo* by Nicodé; a Pianoforte Suite by MacDowell; a String Quartet by Rimsky-Korsakoff; a Pianoforte Trio by Gustav Weber; and a String Quartet, "Engelgesang," by Liszt.

Tourists in Switzerland, who have not been satiated with the novelties of the London musical season, will here find, probably, more than enough in the way of novelty to content them. The pleasantest route to Zürich, it should be noted, is unquestionably by the Rhine and the Black Forest Railway, which, besides being a marvel of engineering, passes through magnificent scenery, and close by the Falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, the view of which, for railway passengers at least, has by no means been spoilt by a railway bridge having been thrown across the river, just above the Falls—but that it improves the view from below can by no means be said. C. A. B.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Musical amateurs are indebted to *The Times* for calling attention to an old-standing grievance upon this question; but may I suggest that the remedy is not merely to print upon music "Right of performance reserved," but to take the right of performance out of the copyright of purely musical compositions altogether? There are a multitude of choral societies in England which give concerts and entertainments charging a small sum for admission, not with the idea of obtaining profit, but simply to defray expenses. The glees performed by these societies are almost all of them copyright, and if the publishers were to insist upon their legal rights they could claim a royalty in every case. To do so, however, would be to place a ban upon the sale of the glees, and the law is consequently allowed to remain in abeyance; but it is not a pleasant thing for those who have charge of such concerts to know that their immunity from legal proceedings rests upon the publishers' forbearance. The price of copyright songs is considerably more than the price of those which are not copyright, and the enhanced price is quite wide enough to pay for the copyright. By the performance of a song or glee an advertisement is given to it which increases the demand for copies of the work; indeed, professional singers are often offered large sums to induce them to sing new songs.

Songs are not analogous to plays in this respect, as the print of a new play is comparatively rarely purchased by the public. Immediately, however, a song is well received the demand for copies is enormous. The price paid for a song or glee ought in justice to include the privilege of singing it under any circumstances.—Yours faithfully, S. W. M.

Hull, June 12.

HAMBURGH.—The Singers' Festival for next August is assuming larger proportions than was expected. Preparations deemed ample for the reception of 6,000 singers had been made, but 8,000 already announce their intention of assisting, and "the cry is still: they come." Hopes, however, are entertained that this additional demand on the resources of the old Hanse town may be successfully met.

NEW YORK.—Chickering Hall was completely filled on the occasion of the testimonial concert to Mdme Anna Bishop. It was not only a pecuniary but an artistic success, and the heartfelt applause was additional evidence of the respect in which Mdme Bishop is held. The concert was one of those entertainments that give pleasure to every performer and auditor. It commanded the services of distinguished artists and the attendance of the most cultivated musical people of New York. It is not necessary to state that Mdme Bishop has won laurels in every part of the globe. After a half-century devoted to the practice of her art, she can give an example by which the latest generation may profit. Last night she sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" in a style befitting the composition, and substituted, by way of encore, "Home, Sweet Home," with the perfect enunciation that invariably marks her performances. In "Let the bright seraphim" Mdme Bishop gave an example of that legitimate method which has enabled her to preserve her vocal powers to so late a day. It was beautifully sung, and deserved the enthusiastic applause it received. Mdme Lablache gave "Fac ut portem," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and "Ah, mon fils," from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, in her finest style. Miss Beebe, who made her first appearance since her return from England, sang as charmingly as ever, and was heartily welcomed; and Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer again proved herself an accomplished harpist. Mrs Knox also sang, and Mr Sebastian Bach Mills, the highly esteemed pianist, who played with his accustomed skill, had to comply with an encore. There were other attractions in the programme.—*New York Times, May* 28.

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JOSEPH HAYDN.*

(Concluded from page 366.)

Besides the Genzingers, it was principally the von Greiner, Martinez, Weigl, and Frieberth families, together with the musical household of Hofrath von Ries, towards whom Haydn felt attracted. He had likewise always business matters to transact in Vienna with Artaria and took as much advantage as he could of operas and concerts. The musicians who gave the tone in the Austrian capital looked on him rather as a stranger in consequence of his appointment in Hungary, and were far from considering him their equal, much less their superior. He complains of a host of "envious persons and enemies." He first experienced their influence in connection with an opera he wrote by the Emperor's order for the National Theatre and the performance of which was prevented. Between 1780 and 1790, Haydn had especial enemies on the Emperor's musical establishment, the musical director, Kreibich, and the lackey, Strack, doing all they could to hinder his quartets from being heard, a task they did not find difficult, for never under any circumstances was the Emperor Joseph very partial to Haydn's "jokes."

"My misfortune is only my residence in the country," Haydn once wrote to Artaria. But his very appointment at Esterhazy was attended, on the other hand, with endless advantages for developing his powers, and the Abbé Vogler justly asserted there was nothing for which Haydn was to be so much envied as this post, in which, with his talent, he must have become a great man. Of what incalculable value to him was his constant intercourse with the orchestra! Pohl puts this very happily in the following words: "For him the orchestra was a living score in which he could erase or add as he chose." Haydn's industry at Esterhazy was something marvellous. He wrote there a dozen Italian operas; 63 symphonies; 44 string quartets; five masses; the oratorio, *Il Ritorno di Tobia;* and *Die Sieben Worte am Kreuz;* besides a great many overtures, concertos, pieces of chamber-music, and songs. Departing from the version now become mythical, Pohl thus tells the touching story of the "Abschied's Symphonie": In consequence of want of room, the Prince ordered the musicians to move their wives and children from Esterhazy to the neighbouring village of Eisenstadt. In vain did the poor husbands apply to Papa Haydn. On this occasion he did not undertake to act as their mediator with the Prince but merely had a roguish smile for them. It was not till the next orchestral rehearsal that his humorous plan of campaign became clear to them. We know that in the finale of this Symphony each musician rises, one after the other, and blows out his light, till only two violins are left. As Haydn was preparing to follow the last one, the Prince, touched by what he saw, went up to Haydn and said: "I have understood perfectly what you mean; the musicians yearn for their homes; very well, to-morrow we will pack up." The story is highly characteristic of Haydn's love of fun and kindly disposition.

In information of a purely musical nature concerning Haydn's mode of conducting, composing, &c., &c., Pohl's Second Volume is exceedingly rich. Yet, with all his love and veneration for the Master, he is free from exaggerated and blind admiration, as he shows more especially in his criticism of the oratorio: *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, of the very over-rated *Sieben Worte*, and, lastly, of the operas and songs. Among the last there is only one, "Der schlaue Pudel" (commonly called the "Pudel-Romanze"), which was always remarkable. As Pohl tells us, Haydn wrote it in compliance with the request of an officer's daughter at Coburg. The text forwarded (twenty stanzas!) described the sagacity of a Poodle, who succeeded in finding a thaler which had been hidden away. The Lady, who was in love with a Captain, the owner of the Poodle, thought she might enchain him more securely by a surprise, and, as he was an admirer of Haydn's, she begged the latter to set the little adventure to music, adding, however, at the same time that she was poor and hoped, therefore, he would be satisfied with the ducat she sent in her letter. Haydn wrote the song and forwarded it with the ducat to his fair correspondent, but jokingly begged a pair of garters from her as a punishment for her having believed he could be selfish and ungallant. The garters, made of red and white silk with a garland and forget-me-nots painted on them, arrived in due course, and Haydn kept them carefully with his jewels.

A thoroughly new discovery, for which we are indebted to Pohl, is that Haydn was——a *Freemason*. For a man of Haydn's correct religious sentiments, this sounds somewhat strange. Haydn certainly did not enter heart and soul into the business like Mozart; his freemasonry forms only a transient episode, scarcely known, in his life. According to Pohl's conjecture, it may have been his friend and patron, von Greiner, who encouraged him to enter the "Eintracht" Lodge, where he was solemnly initiated on the 4th February, 1785. The "Herr von Weber" who acted at the ceremony as his proposer was in all probability Franz Anton von Weber, father of Karl Maria.

Some of the most delightful portions of the book are those concerning the personal relations existing between Mozart and Haydn. We feel moved, and our minds are truly raised when we read with what an absence of aught like envy the two Masters mutually esteemed and honoured each other. For two men to stand on such a footing to one another is something very uncommon at all times, and more especially so, perhaps, in our own day. When L. Kozeluch, in Mozart's presence, ventured to find fault with Haydn's Quartets, Mozart called to him angrily: "Sir, if we were both melted down together, we should be far from making one Haydn!" And Haydn, after a performance of *Don* Juan, happening to be among a number of persons who found a great deal to blame in that opera, and being asked what he thought, replied: "I cannot settle the dispute, but this I know—Mozart is the greatest composer the world possesses."—The Second Volume ends with the breaking up of the Prince's musical establishment at Esterhazy, and Haydn's departure for London on the 15th December, 1790. In order to pourtray all Haydn's surroundings, Pohl has interpolated in the Biography properly so called a "Vienna Chronicle," containing the most important information regarding musical matters at Court, among the aristocracy, and in private houses; about theatres and concerts, the state of sacred music, of the music trade, and of the manufacture of musical instruments in Haydn's time. Of great value to the musician is the "Chronological and Thematic Catalogue of Haydn's Compositions," given in the form of an appendix, a conscientious and careful piece of work, superior to aught of its kind yet published. On the title-page there is a very fine half-length engraving of Haydn, after a water-colour portrait on ivory executed between 1780 and 1790. We will conclude our notice of this rich Second Volume by expressing a wish that the author will follow it up very soon with the third. The best preparatory work for the latter is already written, and was published by him in 1867: I mean the excellent monography, *Haydn and Mozart in London.*

EDUARD HANSLICK.

* From the *Neue Freie Presse.*

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Last year some of your readers were generously led to help us in providing a day's excursion into the country for 500 poor girls and boys who attend the Hackney Juvenile Mission. The manager hopes to be able to take at least as many children this summer, and I should be glad if your readers will assist him practically by sending donations towards this tenth annual excursion either to the Hon. Manager, Mr J. Newmann, 117, Cheapside, E.C., Mr C. B. Lowe, Mr H. M. Heath, 4, St Thomas Road, or to yours faithfully,

ATHRO. A. KNIGHT.

Earlswood House, King Edward's Road, Hackney, E.

TOULOUSE.—A committee, with Mériel, director of the Conservatory, as chairman, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to Delayrac, in Muret, his native town.

WEIMAR.—A rather ancient "novelty," *Hamlet*, an opera by A. Stadtfeld, has been produced at the Grand Ducal Theatre. The composer, by birth a German, but, thanks to the liberality of Leopold I., a pupil of the Brussels Conservatory, died as far back as 1853, aged only 27. "His opera of *Hamlet*, which," says the Leipsic *Signale*, "was accepted at the Grand Opera, Paris, but owing to his death never performed there, is characterized by musical talent; some parts are highly effective, but others are decidedly too long. The text differs materially from Shakspere's tragedy. The central figure is Hamlet's mother. Hamlet, whom the ghost of his murdered father urges to revenge, kills the King, his uncle, and ascends the throne, after his mother, thoroughly penitent, has committed suicide. The opera was well performed."

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CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

June 9.

The second day of the Festival has been crowned by a measure of success not less gratifying than that of yesterday. The weather was more favourable, the neighbourhood of the Cathedral was again unwontedly active, and the audience appeared as large as at *Elijah*. The works performed in the Cathedral were Dr Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Beethoven's C Minor Symphony, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Between the Symphony and Spohr's oratorio there was an interval of about an hour and a half, during which the visitors left the Cathedral; so that there were, strictly speaking, two day performances. The financial success of the Festival is already assured, and the Restoration Fund will receive a substantial contribution. There was again a short service before the performance, and Dr. Pole's motet was repeated. In concert halls we are sometimes entreated to withhold our cheers at performances of oratorio, but there the appeal is often in vain; in the church the influence of the place is so strong that the solo singers have to content themselves with the divine homage of silence; and though one unhappy being—I am sorry to have to say he was a clergyman—almost deprived the excellent conductor of his presence of mind by so far forgetting himself as to clap his hands, the consternation of those who heard him was in itself an example of the general sentiment of the audience.

The Prodigal Son was first performed at the Worcester Festival of 1869, and there were competent critics who believed, after hearing it, that the genius of its gifted composer had found its most congenial outcome in sacred oratorio. The work is not of gigantic proportions, nor can it be classed with the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn. Mr Sullivan, however, had not only produced an interesting musical version of this pathetic parable, but displayed such scholarship, such insight into the secrets of the old masters, and such dramatic power, that his admirers were not over extravagant when they confidently insisted that he would prove a legitimate successor to the composer of *Elijah*. Their hopes were encouraged when, a year or two afterwards, his more important oratorio, *The Light of the World*, was brought out at a Birmingham Festival. This, however, was the last work of the kind the public has had from Mr Sullivan, and the question is often asked why a composer of such exceptional gifts and ripe experience should have abandoned this lofty region of art.* It might be answered that a composer is himself best qualified to judge of the true bent of his own genius; it is also unhappily true that only a few musicians can afford to soar into altitudes where there is no public to encourage them, and that a labourer even in art has some right to look for reward. In these days we are not in the habit of subscribing large sums for copies of new oratorios, and I remember hearing of a distinguished musician who, after devoting months of study and work to the writing and producing of an oratorio which attracted a crowded and brilliant audience on its first performance at a great festival, received as the only recompense for twelve months' anxiety and toil the record of a vote of a committee cordially thanking him and congratulating him "on the marked success of his work." This was of course very gratifying, but so long as new oratorios don't bring in sixpences, and the *Pirates* easily levy gold enough to pay a king's ransom, it cannot be surprising that we do not hear of the probability of another oratorio by the composer of *The Light of the World*. These reflections will be readily understood by all who had the good fortune to be at the performance of *The Prodigal Son* this morning.

When the work was first heard at Worcester Mr Sullivan had the assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, and those who were present still talk with enthusiasm of the wonderfully fervid singing of the great English tenor, who moved even the most callous by his superb delivery; while Mr Sims Reeves himself admitted that he owed much to the help of his distinguished colleague, whose achievements on that day are also well remembered. But it is possible to recall such memories without being unmindful of the merits of the admirable quartet of soloists who sang this morning. Mdme Patey was, if we mistake not, one of the original interpreters of the oratorio; but she never sang the plaintive air, "Love not the world," more feelingly; and Miss Marriott has not displayed greater taste and judgment than in her rendering of "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandment"—a beautiful and expressive air if there ever was one. Mr Maas sang the music of the Prodigal for the first time, and gave "I will arise" like a true artist. Mr King again won well-deserved praise, and confirmed the favourable impression created yesterday. In the exquisite and only too short duet, "Father, I have sinned," both were heard at their best, and the effect at its conclusion was apparent in a manifestation more eloquent than applause. There were signs of fatigue on the part of the choralists this morning, long rehearsals and performances day and night telling their inevitable tale. But one or two numbers were given with commendable vigour and accuracy, and "Lord God of Heaven" was a fine display of intelligent and effective singing. During this the whole audience stood, though the Sanctus in *Elijah* yesterday was heard without the same mark of reverence. Dr Bridge had again good cause to be proud of his orchestra. The prelude and accompaniments to the oratorio, exceedingly picturesque, were all played admirably. It had been hoped that Dr Sullivan would conduct the *Prodigal Son*, but a recent domestic affliction unhappily prevented his carrying out his intention.

Good music is said to be worthy of being heard anywhere, and therefore the doubt about the appropriateness of a cathedral as a place for the performance of a great symphony is probably the result of prejudice; but we are all dependent creatures, and association is a powerful factor. I have heard imaginative amateurs say that on hearing such music as Mozart's *Requiem* they were transported into a Gothic church; and probably not a few of those who heard Beethoven's C minor Symphony this morning almost fancied themselves in a concert room. One might have expected to hear loud applause at the end of the successive movements. Though the performance was remarkably good in some of the more delicate passages, the effect would have been clearer in a less lofty building.

Spohr's *Last Judgment* is never heard to such advantage as in a cathedral; its sombre character, the religious tone of the music, and the solemnity of the subject rendering it specially adapted for festival use. Accordingly this oratorio often impresses a general audience even more powerfully than works of higher intrinsic value. The overture and the symphony introductory to the second part were played with fine effect, and in no music have the members of the choir displayed more thorough appreciation than in the choruses of *The Last Judgment*. The solos were apportioned to Miss Mary Davies, Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke, Messrs Guy and Hilton, all of whom sang not only with accuracy but with proper observance of the character of the text.

* * * * * * * * *

There was a very large audience in the Music Hall to-night at the second concert, for which an interesting programme had been arranged. Dr J. F. Bridge's dramatic cantata, *Boadicea*, was the principal work, but the committee further showed their appreciation of music by English composers in giving a selection from Mr Villiers Stanford's *The Veiled Prophet*, and a spirited march from Mr E. Prout's *Alfred*. Nearly all the leading singers engaged at the festival appeared, and that popular favourite, Mdme Marie Roze, made her *début* in this city.

Boadicea has been so frequently heard in various parts of the kingdom that it can no longer be called a novelty; and the favourable verdicts of other towns, including Manchester, have not been contradicted by the reception at Chester. Dr Bridge conducted the performance of his cantata, and I have his authority for saying that it was the finest he had heard. Doubtless the rehearsals have been a labour of love to the composer's brother, the choruses being full of interest, the subject a good one, and the libretto from a skilful hand. In the first place Dr Bridge is a musician, learned without being dry, and his melodies are fresh and attractive, never commonplace. No one could hear *Boadicea* under such exceptionally advantageous circumstances without recognizing in the Westminster Abbey organist a diligent student of orchestral effect. It was his good fortune to secure the assistance of Miss Marriott and Mr Maas, for whom the soprano and tenor solos were originally written, and these able artists were efficiently supported by Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke and Mr King. At the end of the performance Dr Bridge was enthusiastically cheered.

* How about the *Martyr of Antioch*—composed for and produced at the Leeds Festival of 1880?—Dr Bridge.

COBURG.—It has been determined to have a special operatic company again at the Ducal Theatre at least from October to March annually, provided the Municipality continues the grant of 5,000 marks made last year to the company from Nuremberg. This is agreed to without dissent.

VIENNA.—Herr Geissler, formerly Chief-Inspector and Keeper of the Archives at the Imperial Opera, who was compelled to give up his post, has won an action brought for wrongful dismissal, the Court awarding him a year and a half's salary, with the right to a pension.—Having been required by the authorities to make further alterations in their premises, the Society of the Friends of Music reply that to do so would be tantamount to self-destruction. "The dissolution," they observe, "of a Society which has existed for seventy years, and always laboured for philanthropic and artistic ends, is synonymous with that of the first school of music in the Empire—the Vienna Conservatory." They further state that every possible precaution against fire has already been adopted. On this point the Corporation have asked for a special report.

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To Dr Punch.

Queries to be answered,
Problems to be solved.
—*Old Poem.*

Dear Punch,—About a twelvemonth since I put certain questions which required certain answers. I intended them chiefly, after the manner, as it were, of Dr Macfarren, in his "Pills for Candidates." Among others I asked for a fugal development of the theme subjoined:—

After waiting in vain for a lengthened period, I received, from the master to whom my requisition was addressed—the Commendatore Francesco Schira—not only the Fugue of which I was in search, but also a canon on the octave, with free bass. The fugue, to which no master would be ashamed to attach his signature (had he written it) is too long to find space in these columns (which I sincerely regret): but here, *in extenso*, is the "canon on the octave, with free bass":—

CANONE.

Now, dear Punch, I require you, of your courtesy, to tell me whence the theme is derived.

King and Beard, June 20.

Otto Beard.

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MARRIAGES.

On Saturday, June 17th, at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, W., Mr CHARLES JAMES BISHENDEN, singer and author, to Miss ISABEL MARY BEACHEY, only daughter of the late J. Beachey, Esq., solicitor, of Newton Abbott, Devonshire.

On June 12th, at St Peter's, Brighton, EDWARD, son of the late Henry Compton, comedian, to VIRGINIA FRANCES, daughter of the late H. L. Bateman.

DEATH.

On June 14th, at Shaftesbury Terrace, Glasgow, THOMAS BINGLEY BAYNHAM, aged 87.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GUY OF THE GLACIERS.—Let our correspondent scripturally formulate his opinion about *Tristan und Isolde*, and mark how fondly and froudely Wagner has whitewashed that execrable murderer and poltroon, the King of Cornwall.

COLVILLE.—The ROMAN DU ST GRAAL and the *Queste du St Graal* were written by different authors. The Celtic Tristan had nothing to do with King Arthur and the Round Table, until the authors of the French prose romances brought them together. It is a pity our Laureate did not include the story of Balin and Balan in his *Idylls of the King*.

At the German Opera.

ITALIAN COMPOSER.—What is that for music? *Sempre! Sempre! Sempre!* Four hours "Rosolia." It give me indigestion. What key? *Per Bacco!* I go home.

GERMAN CONDUCTOR.—*Ostwärts streichet das Schiff.*

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

PARSIFALIANA.

III.

Commenting upon my rendering of the words "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel" by "A Sacred Festival Stage Play" or "A Sacred Musical Drama," which under "Parsifaliana II." appeared in the *Musical World* of June 2nd, my friend Fr. Niecks writes to me as follows. Quoting Bret Harte's "Plain language from truthful James," he says:

"Like 'the heathen Chinee,' Wagner is occasionally *peculiar* 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain'; I, therefore, shall beware of asserting that your interpretation of the compound 'Bühnenweihfestspiel' is erroneous. Nevertheless, I may venture to tell you that the more obvious meaning of the word is 'Stage Dedication Festival Play,' namely, a 'Stage Festival Play,' intended for the inauguration or for the anniversary of the inauguration of a theatre. Compare 'Bühnenweihe' with 'Kirchweihe.' The latter word has two significations: (1) Dedication of a church, and (2) Anniversary of dedication. No doubt you have been present at a German 'Kirchweihe' (also called 'Kirchmesse,' 'Kirmes,' or 'Kirmse,' on account of the Mass said in celebration of the anniversary), and

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enjoyed its ecclesiastical solemnities and secular gaieties, such as feasting and dancing. Where the English version of the Bible has 'feast of dedication' (John x. 22,) Luther has 'Kirchweihe.' Of course you remember the word 'Weihe' (consecration, dedication, inauguration) in the title of Beethoven's overture (Op. 124), *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, which the master wrote for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna. The above interpretation is the one which analogy and the *νοῦς* of the language dictate; but a 'Bühnenfestspiel' may of course mean a 'Festspiel' for the ennobling, elevation, and sanctifying of the stage."

My friend, F. Corder, whose word as a German scholar, and as the translator of *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, &c., should bear weight, writes:

"Applied to *Parsifal*, the word 'Weih' does not necessarily imply anything sacred, but simply 'inaugural.' Wagner would have been right in calling the *Ring* an 'inaugural festival play,' but the term has no meaning whatever applied to *Parsifal*. 'Sacred Musical Drama,' or 'Sacred Festival Drama,' is, indeed, the right title for the work, but that is just what 'Bühnenweihfestspiel' does *not* mean."

However, reference to Hilpert's German Dictionary seems to show that it *may* be used in this sense. Therein "Weihen" (in Old German, "Wihan") is explained to have originally been synonymous with the Greek and Latin, *ἔρδειν* and *facere*, both of which are used for "to sacrifice," *i.e.*, "to perform sacred rites." Further, "ein geweihter Ort" = a sacred spot; Weih-altar = a holy or consecrated altar. But whether Wagner, who can be plain and outspoken enough at times, but more generally delights in oracular utterances, actually intends the word to bear the meaning of "Sacred," "Religious," "Consecrative," "Inaugural," or "Commemorative of inauguration," must remain a mystery till he himself condescends to enlighten us. C. A. B.

Sydenham, June 20, 1882.

[We appeal forthwith to John Vipond Bridgeman, who alone can settle a controversy in which three learned Doctors of Philosophy are at odds, if not at loggers.—Otto Beard.]

—o—

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 369.)

To branch off in this direction, I must first once more touch especially upon my own personal interest. I just said incidentally that the persecution got up against me by the Jews had not yet been able to estrange from me the public, who everywhere received me warmly. This is correct. But I must now add that this persecution is certainly calculated, if not to close up for me the *paths* to the public, at least to render them so difficult that, in this respect as well as in others, the success of the hostile efforts appears likely to become at length complete. You already find that, after my earlier operas made their way at nearly all the theatres of Germany, where they were given with invariable success, every one of my later works has to contend with a slothful, nay, even an inimically repelling, demeanour in the same theatres; the fact is, my earlier works had forced their way upon the stage before the Jewish agitation commenced, and their success could not be greatly impaired. But now it was said that my new works were written according to the "stupid" theories I had subsequently published; that I had fallen with them from my earlier innocence: and that no living being could listen to my music any more. Now, just as Judaism generally, merely by taking advantage of what is weak and faulty in our system, could strike root among us, the agitation, in this instance, also, quickly found a soil, in which—sufficiently to our discredit—everything is prepared for its final success. In whose hands are our theatres, and what is the tendency pursued in them? On this head I have expressed my opinions both frequently and sufficiently, having, last of all, explained at length, in my long treatise upon *German Art and German Politics*, the widely ramified reasons for the decay of our theatrical art. Do you think that, by so doing, I rendered myself popular in those quarters which were affected by what I said? It is only with the strongest disinclination, as they have shown, that the managements of theatres determine on producing one of my more recent works;* they might, however, be compelled to do so by the universally favourable bearing of the public towards my operas; how welcome to them must, therefore, be the excuse that my more recent works are so generally opposed in the press, and, moreover, in its most influential organs? Do you not already hear the question thrown out from Paris why any one should consider himself bound to urge the transfer of my operas thither, a most difficult venture even of itself, when my artistic significance is not even recognized in my own country?—This state of things is rendered still more serious by the fact of my really not offering my recent productions to any theatre, but being compelled, on the contrary, to reserve the right of tacking on to my permission, if it happens to be desired, for the representation of a new work, conditions I never before considered necessary—namely, the fulfilment of demands which shall guarantee me a really correct representation of my work.† And with this I now touch upon the serious side of the injury resulting from the admixture of the Jewish element in our matters of art.

In my earlier article preceding this, I showed finally that it was the weakness and impotency of the post-Beethovenian period of our German musical productivity which permitted the admixture of the Jews in it; all those musicians of ours who found in the obliteration of the grand plastic style of Beethoven the ingredients for the preparation of the modern, formless, shallow manner, washed over with a slight, dull coating of apparent solidity, and who went on composing in it with heedless complacency, and without life or aspirations, I mentioned as most certainly included in the musical Judaism described by me, no matter the nationality to which they might belong. It is this peculiar set which comprises pretty nearly all who compose, and—unfortunately—direct music. I believe that many of them were rendered honestly confused and frightened by my writings on art; it was their honest confusion and perplexity on which the Jews, exasperated at my previous article, seized, for the purpose of immediately cutting short anything like a becoming discussion of my other theoretical theses, as at first there was a remarkable tendency on the part of many honourable German musicians to render such a discussion possible. With the two or three cries already named, this fructifying, explanatory, purifying, and improving investigation and mutual understanding was kept under.—The same weakly spirit lived, however, in consequence of the ravages occasioned by Hegel's philosophy in German heads, so partial to abstract meditation, in this sphere, as well as in the sphere, belonging to it, of æsthetics, after Kant's great idea, so cleverly employed by Schiller for establishing æsthetic views of the Beautiful, had been compelled to make way for a wild confused mass of dialectic futilities expressing nothing. But even here I met at first with an inclination, an honest wish, to go into the views laid down in my works on art. The libel on *The Musically Beautiful*, already mentioned, by Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, having been written for an express purpose, was, with the greatest haste, speedily rendered so famous, that a goodnatured and thoroughly blond German æsthetician, Herr Vischer, who, in carrying out a great system had to bother himself with the artiele, "Music," cannot well be blamed, because, for his convenience and satisfaction, he associated himself with the so highly lauded musical æsthetician of Vienna; for his great work, Herr Vischer confided to the æsthetician this article, of which he confessed he understood nothing.‡ Thus, then, Jewish musical beauty was installed in the very heart of a thoroughly German system of æsthetics; this tended to increase the celebrity of its author still more; it was now extravagantly praised in the press, while, on account of its great prolixity, no one ever read it. Under the additional protection, arising from this fresh celebrity, which was, moreover, completely Christian and German, Jewish musical beauty was raised to a perfect dogma. The most peculiar and the most difficult questions in the æsthetics of music, questions on which

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869

* It would not be uninstructive, but, at any rate, characteristic of the state of art-matters among us, were I to expatiate at any length on the system adopted, to my great astonishment, by our two largest theatres, at Berlin and Vienna, towards me, with reference to my *Meistersinger*. In my negotiations with the directors of these two Court theatres, it required some time before I perceived from the tricks employed by them that not only was it their object *not* to produce my work themselves but to prevent its being given at other theatres. You will not fail to perceive plainly from this that there is an actual tendency active here, and that there was evidently real alarm felt at the appearance of anything new by me. Perhaps it may one day amuse you to learn something more about this out of my experiences.

† It was only by my giving up these stipulations, from a feeling of absolute necessary consideration for my publisher, that I was recently able to induce the Theatre Royal, Dresden, to resolve on bringing out my *Meistersinger*.

‡ This Herr Vischer himself once told me at Zurich: In what degree the co-operation of Herr Hanslick was personal and immediately participating, is something of which I am ignorant.

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the greatest philosophers, immediately they wanted to say anything really important had always expressed themselves with conjectural uncertainty, were now taken up by Jews and bamboozled Christians with such assurance that anyone who really wished to think seriously on the subject, and more especially desired to explain the overpowering impression produced upon his mind by Beethoven's music, could not help feeling pretty much as though he were listening to the sale of the Saviour's garments to Jew old-clothes-men at the foot of the cross—a subject on which the celebrated Biblical investigator, David, would probably discourse as cleverly and lucidly as on the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

All this was necessarily attended by the further result that when, in opposition to this system, as constantly active as it was unproductive, any attempt was to be made to strengthen the spirit of art, which was languishing more and more, we came not only upon the natural obstacles, which always exist in the way of attempts of this kind, but upon a completely organized opposition, as which alone the elements comprised in it were capable of manifesting themselves. If we appeared dumb and resigned, there was nothing done in the opposite camp that could be considered as will, effort, or productivity; on the contrary, it was precisely the believers in purely Jewish musical beauty who were permitted to do anything, and every new calamity *à la* Offenbach was allowed to burst over that system of German art, without a soul's stirring; this you will doubtless think "a matter of course." If, however, any one, myself for instance, felt urged, by any encouraging and favourable circumstances, to take in hand artistic resources that offered themselves to me, for the purpose of conducting them to energetic activity, you heard, my dear Madam, the cries this called forth on all sides. On such occasions fire and strength were infused into the community of modern Israel! What struck one more than anything else on such occasions was the contempt, the utterly disrespectful tone inspired, I believe, not only by blind passion, but by the very clear-sighted calculation of its inevitable effect upon the protectors of my enterprises; for who does not at last feel struck by the contemptuous tone universally employed when speaking about the man for whom one shows, before the whole world, genuine reverence and profound confidence? Universally and in every relation which is to be applied to complicated undertakings, there exist the very natural elements of the ill-will felt by the persons not interested (or, also, too deeply interested) in it; how easy a task does it become, thanks to this contemptuous demeanour on the part of the press, for all these persons to make the undertaking appear suspicious even in the eyes of its patrons? Can anything of the sort ever happen in France to a Frenchmen who is a favourite of the public, or in Italy to a popular Italian composer? What could happen only to a German in Germany was so new, that we had to begin by searching for the reasons of it. You, my dear Madam, were surprised at it; the persons who are concerned in this dispute, ostensibly about the interests of art, but who have other grounds for opposing undertakings which emanate from me, are not astonished, however, but find everything perfectly natural.*

The result is, therefore, opposition, more and more resolutely carried out, to every enterprise which could obtain for my works and my labours an influence in matters of theatrical or musical art among us.

Does this mean anything?—I believe it means a great deal: and think that without presumption I may be heard on the subject. That I am entitled to attribute essential significance to my efforts I plainly perceive from the serious pains taken to avoid going into anything I have, at times, felt impelled to publish concerning these topics. *(To be continued.)*

Modjeska is to sail from Liverpool for America on the 22nd August.

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* You may form a very sufficient notion of this, as well as of the manner in which the persons last mentioned employ the tone generally used in speaking of me for the purpose of stopping any interest shown for the promotion of my undertakings, if you will take the trouble to read through this New Year's number of the *Süddeutsche Presse*, which has just been sent me from Munich. Herr Julius Fröbel there denounces me boldly to the Bavarian Government as the founder of a sect which strives to sweep away the state and religion, all which it proposes to supply by an operahouse, from which to govern the country, besides holding forth a prospect of the gratification of "filthy longings."—Hebbel, now dead, once, when talking to me, characterized the degrading vulgarity peculiar to the Vienna comic actor, Nestroy, by saying that, if that person were to smell a rose, the rose must necessarily stink afterwards. How the idea of love, as the founder of society, is conceived in the brain of a man like Julius Fröbel, you here learn with similar effect.—But do you understand how cunningly such things are calculated to excite loathing, when they even cause the person calumniated to turn away from the castigation of the calumniator?

CONCERTS.

Crystal Palace.—About the last Saturday Concert, with its superb performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the presentation of a testimonial to Mr Manns, the zealous and admirable conductor of so long standing, we shall have something to say in our next.

Signor Arditi gave his "annual concert" on Friday evening, June 16, in the music room (beautifully decorated, by the way, in the Italian style by Signor Maroldo) at the residence of Mr Binney Smith, Maida Vale. Signor Arditi was sparing with his own compositions, only giving his Tarantella ("Vispa son gentile"), made so popular by Mdme Adelina Patti, to whom it is dedicated; a *romanza*, "Ah! se degg 'io lasciarti," and "La preghiera dell' Orfanella." The preghiera was most charmingly given by Mdlle Giulietta Arditi and unanimously encored, the songs first named being effectively rendered by Mdlle Scharwenka and Signor Runcio, both of whom were deservedly "re-called." Among the many successful pieces were "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), sung in the original key, and just as the celebrated composer himself would have wished to hear it, by Mdme Rose Hersée; Pinsuti's "Bedouin's Love Song," entrusted to Signor Foli; Blumenthal's ever popular "Message," given by Mr Maas with all the requisite spirit and expression; Signor Tosti's "Good bye," sung with great and merited applause by Mdlle Giulietta Arditi; and Molloy's "Punchinello," by the always welcome Miss José Sherrington. The instrumentalists were M. Hollman (violoncello), who had to repeat his performance of a mazurka by Popper; M. Engel (harmonium), and Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte). The accompanists were Signors Mattei, Fiori, Mazzoni, Celli, and Pinsuti (a "goodly company"). Signor Arditi occupied the simple post of "director of the music," how well and with what urbanity those acquainted with him need not be told. The rooms were crowded with rank and fashion, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed from beginning to end.

M. Jules Lasserre.—The *matinée musicale*, given by this gentleman on Tuesday at the Marlborough Rooms, opened with a pianoforte quintet by Signor Sgambati, of whose concerto, performed at the fifth Philharmonic Concert, and symphony, introduced more recently at the Crystal Palace, a great deal was said in well-merited praise. The quintet, one of its composer's earlier works, is grandly and elaborately planned—too important in its aim and development, in fact, to be altogether understood and summarily judged of at one hearing. That Signor Sgambati is a pianist of high qualification, and a composer of undoubted originality, marked evidence was offered and accepted at the Philharmonic Concerts in question, and the good opinion suggested in each instance will doubtless be strengthened by further acquaintance with the quintet. Under the quieter circumstances of M. Lasserre's *matinée*, the finer qualities of Signor Sgambati's playing enjoyed a better chance of revelation than in the larger domain of St. James's Hall; and, as he deserved, so he won, hearty appreciative consideration, not only for his vigorous delivery of the pianoforte part in the quintet, but for his subsequent rendering of selections from Mozart, Liszt, and Chopin, which offered him a wide field wherein to test his varied and discursive artistic sympathies. In Signor Sgambati's work, as also in Beethoven's stringed quartet in E flat (Op. 74), a welcome incident in the programme, the services of M. Lasserre were found as valuable as when this experienced professor was in prominent commission at the concerts of the late Musical Union. M. Marsick, violinist for the occasion, besides serving both in the quintet and quartet, contributed a triad of solo movements, in which he exhibited rare skill, both legitimate and illegitimate, and which earned for him the undivided approval of his audience. Mdme Lasserre, who joined Signor Sgambati in a well known duet by Mozart for two pianofortes, deserves a golden word for the finished neatness of her playing, so thoroughly was it in consonance with the true Mozartean vein, with its luxuriant symmetry and form of expression.—H.

Mdme Sophie Menter.—Few can leave St James's Hall after one of Mdme Sophie Menter's "Recitals" without being impressed by the rare executive powers of this justly-famous pianist. On the other hand, few connoisseurs could have been satisfied with her recent public display, when, after giving excerpts from Bach, Mendelssohn, and Scarlatti so admirably, she may almost literally be said to have tossed Schubert in a blanket, through the medium of Liszt's "transcriptions" of four beautiful songs which we owe to the most richly-endowed and inexhaustible of song composers, (happily signed "Schubert-Liszt," so that no one can mistake them for Schubert pure). Our revered Canon has a right to commit to paper, on his own account, as many extravagances as may suit the whim of the moment—his illustration of the *Legend of St Francis*, also included in Mdme Menter's programme, for example; but he has *not* the right to travesty the spontaneous ideas of men so infinitely his superiors as Weber, Schubert, and Auber—whose

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Tarantella and March from *Masaniello*, by the way, are as mercilessly caricatured as the *Lieder* of Schubert. The late Herr Tausig in this matter was a worthy disciple of Canon Liszt, which emphatically appears in *his* "transcription" of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, tormented and defaced by the so-called "Arabesques," &c., of that noble "virtuoso," who has even meddled with the "Walkürenritt" of Wagner, so as to make it doubly unintelligible. "Wagner-Tausig," however, looks less uncongenial than "Schubert-Liszt," or anything else "Liszt" (even "*St François marchant sur les flots*-Liszt"). It should be added that in these transfigured pieces, Mdme Menter's exceptional talent, during the period absorbed by their delivery, seems transfigured in proportion. Her execution, on the contrary, of some of Chopin's pieces (including the *Andante* and *Rondo Spianato*) was perfect (excepting only the *Tarantella*, played at such speed as to rob it of all distinctness); and as much can be said of the two studies of Henselt, her rendering of which was almost irreproachable. With regard to *power*, when she chooses to exert it, Mdme Menter, on one instrument, would almost out-thunder Rubinstein and Von Bülow on two—the moral derived from all which is that our expertest modern *virtuosi* are fast ruining the legitimate art of pianoforte-playing. Such exceptions as Essipoff, Montigny-Rémaury, Sgambati, and Pachmann (the first and last more or less immediately Rubinstein's compatriots), are, therefore, welcome, and cannot be heard too often.—*Graphic*.

Miss Madalena Cronin.—A pianoforte recital was given by this lady on the 15th inst at the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music. The ability of Miss Cronin as an executant is too well known to require more than a passing word of recognition. Upon the present occasion she illustrated the catholicity of her skill by solo excerpts from Scarlatti, Handel, Chopin, and Liszt, and, in conjunction with Frederica Feddern (a pupil probably), Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillante* in A (Op. 92) for two pianofortes, and with Signor Pezze, the violoncellist, Beethoven's Sonata in G minor (Op. 5) and Rubinstein's "Trois Morceaux" (Op. 11). Here was variety enough to conciliate all tastes, and it is no more than due to Miss Cronin to say that in every instance she showed a command of the instrument and a knowledge of the subject which did the highest credit to her attainments, in spite of the foreign competition with which it is the unlucky fortune of the native artist in these free trade times to be so unceasingly assailed. The singing was undertaken by Miss José Sherrington and Miss Helen Meason, the latter pleasing and unaffected vocalist gaining well-merited laurels by her delivery of songs by Pinsuti and others, which were, one and all, listened to with unfeigned pleasure and approbation.—H.

Mdme Christine Nilsson's concert on behalf of the English Church in Paris, announced for yesterday, promised to be a genuine success. The gifted, genial, and accomplished Swedish lady, as has been proved many times before, is as much a philanthropist as she is an artist.

Gaiety Theatre.—The brilliant series of performances, terminating gloriously with *Le Sphinx*, in which Madame Bernhardt-Damala has been the bright particular star, seems to have exhausted for the moment, in great measure, the interest of the London public in French plays. M. Coquelin, M. Febvre, and their associates of the Comédie Française made their first appearance here on Monday, before an audience certainly more scanty than might have been expected, considering the high reputation of the company. There was, moreover, the attraction of M. Augier's *L' Aventurière*, one of the most prominent pieces of the repertory, in which M. Coquelin repeats the character of Don Annibal, perhaps the most famous of all this admirable actor's impersonations.

German Opera, Drury Lane.—That *Euryanthe*, though containing some of the finest music composed by Weber, failed to impress the public may be easily explained. In the first place, on account of the absurdity of the plot it has never been popular even in Germany, and in the next, the execution, owing to inefficient preparation, was by no means up to the mark to which we have been accustomed by Herr Richter. On the other hand, *Tristan und Isolde*, the *ne plus ultra* of Wagnerian theory, brought into practice, was magnificently given from end to end—the finest performance in fact of the season.—*Graphic*.

Die Meistersinger was repeated on Thursday night and again on Friday, Winkelmann and Sucher playing Stolzing and Eva on the first, Franz Nachbauer and Wiedermann on the second occasion. *Tristan und Isolde* is announced for the second and last time to-night.

MR GANZ'S CONCERTS.

The programme of the last of these concerts for the present season contained no orchestral selection belonging to the "advanced" school, and experience of it was all the more agreeable in consequence. Latterly we have been so engrossed with new works remarkable rather for noise than music, or characterized by pretentiousness and little else, that a meeting with the great masters has somewhat the effect of running into a quiet haven out of a storm. Mr Ganz owed some reparation to his public. After harassing their nerves and offending their taste by a plentiful display of Liszian horrors, a corrective was clearly due. It came on Saturday with Schubert and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Weber, and resembled that first day of spring, which, as one of our own poets hath said, "*wipes from the heavens all unseemly stains.*" The concert opened with Schubert's beautiful and melodious overture known as *Rosamunde*, though not originally intended to prelude Helmina von Chezy's drama. The performance of this work was hardly adequate to its merits. If not coarse it nearly approached the commonplace, and so lacked refinement and finesse as to suggest an incomplete rehearsal. There is a tendency among conductors to let familiar things take their chance, and to concentrate every energy upon selections which happen to be new or of special importance. Having regard to the short and hurried preparation imposed by the exigencies of a busy London season this is both intelligible and natural. Still the fact remains that an orchestra and its chief are judged more by their handling of a theme the public know than by what they do with a novelty. It would pay, therefore, to look after such things as the overture to *Rosamunde*. Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto followed Schubert's work, the solo part being in the hands of M. de Pachmann, the Russian artist, whom Mr Ganz introduced to London amateurs a short while ago. M. de Pachmann did well by appearing on this occasion as an interpreter of a great classical composition, since only through such means can the merits of a performer be fully asserted. We now know not only the extent of his claims, but the measure of ability upon which they are based. In the first place, it does not strike us that M. de Pachmann has special qualifications for dealing with Beethoven. His performance on Saturday was lacking in breadth of style and in that largeness of conception which the greatest of imaginative musicians exacts from all who would worthily interpret him. If we were asked to describe the Russian artist's playing in one brief sentence, we should describe it as extremely neat and precise, almost dainty in its peculiar form of elegance, but more resembling the tapping of a delicate hammer than the Cyclopean thunder appropriate to Beethoven in a grand mood. M. de Pachmann, of course, appeared at his best in the *finale*, where light and sparkling passages abound. Here, indeed, he gave much satisfaction, and derived all the advantage possible from mutual fitness of style and theme. Regarded apart from the nature of the work in hand, the playing of the Russian pianist deserved admiration for excellent qualities. In the neatness and elegance already mentioned, in carefulness of phrasing, and in a certain frankness which never seeks to obscure risky passages by noise, it called up memories of the school wherein students were enjoined to treat the pianoforte as what it is rather than as a small orchestra. Bearing this in mind, amateurs will anticipate M. de Pachmann's promised recital with interest proportionate to the measure in which its programme is made up of works by composers who, like Chopin, wrote true pianoforte music. As the concerto was played without book, it was not surprising that the performer once missed his entry. Mendelssohn's advice to young players, "Get your piece by heart, but always have it on the desk," is obviously as sensible in these days of mnemonic prodigies as when first uttered. With Beethoven's work were associated Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," the variations for two pianofortes on the march from *Preciosa* (by the same composer and his friend Moscheles), played by M. de Pachmann and Mr Ganz, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The vocalist was Mdme Rose Hersee, who sang with taste and feeling the air, "Once more has Heaven," from Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*. Mr Ganz conducted as usual, and, at the close of his season, may be congratulated upon much spirit and enterprise.—*D. T.*

The combination-scheme between Herr Franke and Mr Carl Rosa, with Herr Richter as chief conductor, is virtually settled, and the details will shortly be made public.

Marianne Brandt.—One of the finest performances during the season of German Opera, Drury Lane, was that of *Fidelio*, on Wednesday night, in which Fräulein Brandt covered herself with laurels. A more interesting and enthusiastic Leonora could not well be imagined, or one more thoroughly appreciated by a highly intelligent audience.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 364.)

The French vaudeville is a spoken drama with incidental music, frequently having little connection with the action of the drama. Sometimes popular tunes are adapted, instead of original compositions. Its origin, like that of the opéra comique, was in the infringement of the grand opera patent and in the device of making the audience sing while the actors played.

In Germany, though operas have been written in both the Italian style and the French grand opera style, the true German opera, called singspiel, has been written on the same plan as the French opéra comique, namely, as a musical drama in which the less lyric or more conversational parts are spoken. Schütz, in 1627, produced *Dafne*, an opera in German on the model of the Florentine school; but this was a solitary example of the kind, and about fifty years later the real German school began at Hamburg. The writers of these early operas were Theile (1678), Keiser (1694), and Handel, who produced his first opera, *Almira*, there in 1705. Of the same kind are the operas which Mozart wrote in German, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782), *Die Zauberflöte*, and others; Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Spohr's *Faust* and *Azor und Zemira*, Weber's *Der Freyschütz*, &c. Mozart's operas on the Italian model were written in the Italian language, and must not be considered examples of German opera. Spohr's *Jessonda* and *Der Berggeist*, and Weber's *Euryanthe*, written in German, were on the model of the French grand opera, (without the necessity of the ballet) and of the later Italian opera; namely, with accompanied recitative in place of spoken dialogue.

In England the first opera with continuous music was the *Siege of Rhodes*, the composition of five men, three of whom composed the vocal and two the instrumental music, with Sir William Davenant as manager or producer. This was in 1656, in the days of the Commonwealth, and preceded Cambert in France (1659), and Theile in Germany (1678). After the Restoration there were spoken plays, with incidental or episodical music, of which Purcell wrote *King Arthur*, *The Tempest*, and many others. Previously to writing these, Purcell had written *Dido and Æneas*, an opera in the Italian style, with music throughout, speaking recitative, accompanied recitative, airs, concerted and choral music. Subsequently Locke wrote *Psyche*, an opera in the same style. Then Addison wrote his *Rosamond*, and Clayton set it to music in the Italian style, and because of its ill-success Addison must needs find fault with opera, and with the English language as unmusical. Arne set the same *Rosamond* to music and also wrote *Artaxerxes*, and afterwards *Olympia*, with Italian words, all in the Italian style—the latter for the Italian opera-house then in London. Then came the ballad-operas, which, like the French vaudevilles, were spoken dramas with popular songs interspersed. After a while some ballad-operas were produced with music written specially for them. After these later ballad-operas, Bishop wrote many operas which were an improvement on them, with concerted music after the fashion of the earliest glees of Playford in Commonwealth times, which was incorporated in the action of the drama, and had more of the character of dialogue than had the music of the ballad-operas. By degrees the music of the dramas assumed more and more importance, though still it had very much of the character of episode. Weber wrote his *Oberon* for the English stage in this way; and in it, the music is so entirely episodical that the story is quite complete if all the parts set to music are taken out, and some of the characters do not sing at all.

In 1834, John Barnett produced his *Mountain Sylph*. This, like the French opéra comique and the German singspiel, has a partly spoken dialogue, but much of the action and the chief of the interest is set to music—recitative, airs, concerted pieces, and choruses. In similar form were Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* (1835), Macfarren's *Devil's Opera* (1838), and Wallace's *Maritana* (1845). The first English opera in the style of the grand opera, *i.e.*, with continuous accompanied recitative, airs, concerted music, and choruses, was Barnett's *Fair Rosamond*, produced in 1837. Then followed Balfe's *Daughter of St Mark* (1844), and Macfarren's *Helvellyn* (1864.) Other operas of both kinds, both with and without spoken dialogue, have been written by the above composers, but it is sufficient to name the initial works of each.

It must be noticed that when English, French, and German operas are performed at the Italian houses in London, the spoken dialogue is set to recitative either by the composer or some other musician.

Music for comedy, or more strictly speaking, burlesque, has not been wanting in England. *The Dragon of Wantley*, a burlesque opera, was produced towards the end of the last century, and was a composition with continuous music. *Midas*, produced about the same time, had recitative throughout written by Dr Arne, with some popular songs interspersed, and at least one song composed for it. This was burlesque of the broadest description. One or two singers were among the actors, and the rest, not being singers, sang what they imagined to be recitative, and the accompaniment came in where it best could. Jove was called Lord Mayor of the Sky. Midas was dressed in costume of the period at which the piece was brought out, his wife was called Mrs Midas, and addressed with "Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue"—the song written for it by Dr Burney. *Midas* was popular even as late as about 1820 or 1830.

Of late years burlesque operas have been written, for English as well as for continental stages, more in the style of the opera comique, that is to say, with spoken dialogue; but the music has generally been of the slightest description possible.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

Pips from Punch.

PIP I.

But the undoubted success of the German Opera Season is *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, by Richard Wagner. Here Richard is himself again, which he is not in the *Nibelung's Ring*, where he loses himself in the dusk of the Gods, goes to the depths of Paganism for an objectionable plot, and shows a group of characters actuated, dramatically, by the lowest motives, and, musically, by all sorts of mixed motives, of which some are good, some bad, and many indifferent. But *Die Meistersinger*, or—as the second title might be—*A Cobbler there was*, &c.—(the stalls were all filled in compliment to the Cobbler)—is charming throughout. A simple and sufficiently interesting story illustrated by thoughtful, mirthful, and delightful melody, which is never wearisome from first to last—and it is a long Opera. There are in it several complete choruses, a choral, two or three distinct songs with real live tunes to them, and a finished quintet which would have been vociferously encored had Herr Richter permitted it. The acting is excellent, especially the part of chief mastersinger, Hans Sachs, by Herr Gura. The genuine comic acting of Herr Ehrke was admirable, and Fraülein Malten looked and sang charmingly. No one fond of melodious Opera, and no unbeliever in Wagner, should miss seeing his *Meistersinger*.

PIP II.

At the Mansion House Banquet last Saturday, given in the interests of the Royal College of Music—which evidently can't get on without a lot of feeding—the Lord Mayor must have had cruel hard work to cram himself, before dinner, with his quotations from Shakspere, Ben Jonson, and Wordsworth. The first of these was fairly appropriate in a lumbering, commonplace way; the second was slightly satirical; and the third, applied to the Princess of Wales, suggested that Her Royal Highness was "Bright With something of the Angel Light," which may or may not be complimentary, according to the appreciable difference between an Angel of Light and a Light Angel. But the intention was good. Brayvo, Sir Witty-dog Ellis, Bart.! Whittington would have been proud of you.

—o—

WAGNER'S *TRISTAN*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Schumann would have gone wood about *Tristan und Isolde*. —Yours obediently, T. BOARD POOLEY.

[Possibly. The critic who could go wood about the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz might go wood about anything—and, as "Mr George" expresses it, ought to feel ashamed.—Dr Blinge.]

STRASSBURGH.—Theodore Müller, a resident composer here, has set *Die Schöne Melusine* as an opera. Portions of the work have been favourably received in public.

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FÜNFZEHNTER DEUTSCHER JOURNALISTENTAG.

SONNTAG DEN 5. JUNI 1881.

FESTMAHL UM 3 UHR

im Gasthaus zum Russischen Hof früher Palazzo Allesina Schweitzer, (siehe Goethe's Briefe und Kugler's Kunstgeschichte).

Leitartikel-Consommé; Krebssuppe mit Abhandlung über Decapoda; Fleischtopf von Wild mit artistisch-literarischem Beigeschmack; Rheinsalm, deutsche Rundschau-Sauce; Neue Kartoffeln in Stadt-Ausgabe; Ochsenlenden auf Sockel, mit Local-Bericht-Garnirung; Gurken-Epigramm und Englische Bissigkeiten; Geflügelpastete mit pikantem Correspondenz-Füllsel; Extrabeilage zu XV 1881: Feuilletonisten-Punsch (*altrömisch*); Stangenspargel mit Reporter- und Reclame-Saucen; Enten—ohne Commentar und Zeugnisszwang; Salat und Eier Essay; Historische Politische Rückschau-Dunstobst; Sensations-Gefrorenes; Trockener Gelehrten-Naschback; Patent- und Muster-Käse; Othello und Desdemona.

(*Nachruf*).

Früchte; Mandelgutes; Knalleffecte.

SCHLUSSKURSE:

Damen-Kaffee lebhaft gefragt.

Verlag und verantwortliche Redaction der Kaiserlich-Königlichen Hofofficin von Gebrüder Drexel, beide Zeil 48 und 50 (Warnung: nicht zu verwechseln mit Zeil Nr. 1, Herberge zu Pferd und zu Fuss). Für das Folgende übernimmt die Redaction keinerlei Verantwortung. Wegen Betriebsstörung erscheint "Die Kleine Chronik, Frankfurter Wochengericht" heute verspätet; der Gang wird nachservirt.

Die Guttenberger bei Dr. Ludwig Holthof.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Though no absolute novelty, up to this moment, has been presented, Mr Gye, thanks to his strong company of *prima donnas*, is able to vary his programmes in a manner that cannot fail to satisfy subscribers in particular and the operatic public generally. Following almost directly upon the *Sonnambula*, with Mdme Sembrich as Amina, came Gounod's *Faust e Margherita*, Mdme Pauline Lucca playing the heroine—in a dramatic sense more especially a very remarkable impersonation, and the more welcome after an interval of ten years. Retaining its primitive grace and charm, Mdme Lucca's Margherita has, if possible, gained in force and intensity, of which the last and most tragic scenes may be cited as examples. A line may suffice to record that *Dinorah* and *Don Giovanni*, with Mdme Patti as "the one serene and unapproached star" in both masterpieces—for masterpieces they are, each in its different sphere, *longo intervallo* as it may be—were listened to with all the old, and as years roll on, still undiminished satisfaction. In Mozart's opera the important character of Donna Anna was sustained with signal ability by Mdme Fürsch-Madi, and that of Elvira by Mdme Valleria, one of the best representatives of the part that could now be named. Signor Cotogni was the Don Giovanni whom of late years we have been accustomed to recognize, and M. Gailhard, a Leporello with whom inevitable custom has made us familiar. To the foregoing must be added, with a bare record of their occurrence, *I Puritani*, as the heroine of which once so popular work Mdme Albani is acknowledged legitimate successor to Angiolina Bosio, and Rossini's gorgeous *Semiramide*, with the newest, and in many respects the worthiest representative of the proud and guilty Babylonian Queen, in Mdme Adelina Patti, all doubts as to whose fitness to give sufficient dignity to the part (about her capacity to do justice to the music there could never have been a question) were dispelled when, some two years since, she first essayed it. In Mdlle Tremelli Mdme Patti found a congenial Arsace, with a genuine contralto voice, such as Rossini must have contemplated when writing the music, and in M. Gailhard about as competent a French Assur as could be looked for. That *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Mdme Albani as Countess Almaviva, Mdme Lucca as Cherubino, and Mdme Valleria as Susanna, should have brought a crowded audience, the most crowded, perhaps, of the season, is by no means surprising. Mozart's inimitable comic opera, in which humour and sentiment are so naturally combined, with three such *lucida sidera* to represent the principal female characters, could not fail to attract; and so with the well-known Figaro of Signor Cotogni, and a sufficiently acceptable Count in M. Dufriche, the performance was enjoyable from beginning to end. Among the conspicuous vocal effects of the evening were the *aria*, "Dove sono," of Mdme Albani, and the "Voi che sapete," of Mdme Lucca—the most sprightly and vivacious of imaginable pages. The last was encored and repeated, as was the duet, "Sull' aria," between the Countess and Susanna, in which the voices of Mdmes Albani and Valleria blended exquisitely. The performance was generally excellent. It may suffice to add that Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was given for the first time on Tuesday, with Mdme Stahl as Fides, Mdme Valleria as Bertha, and M. Sylva as John of Leyden—a part, to speak truly, hardly within his means, either vocally or dramatically. *Fra Diavolo* was given on Thursday, with Mdme Lucca in her favourite character of Zerlina, and the new tenor, M. Lestellier, as the Brigand Chief. About this performance we must speak in our next. Meanwhile, the season rapidly draws to a close.—*Graphic.*

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WAIFS.

Sir Michael Costa was present at the last "Pianoforte Recital" of Mad. Sophie Menter, looking all the better for the sea air at Brighthelmstone. We are glad to learn that the renowned *chef d'orchestre* will occupy his accustomed post at the Birmingham Festival.

There is talk of erecting a spacious Politeama in Turin.

Canepa composed a funeral march for Garibaldi's funeral.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, has returned to his native Madrid.

It is proposed to establish in Berne a School of Chorus-Singing.

Il Maldicente, buffo-opera by Grosseto Pascucci, is in preparation.

The ex-tenor, Manuel Sanz, has settled as singing master in Madrid.

After singing with success at Venice, Emma Nevada went to Padua.

Schröder-Hanfstangl has been fulfilling an engagement at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

The ballet, *Excelsior*, will be performed during the Carnival season in Verona.

Leopold Damrosch is organizing a grand musical festival for next May in New York.

De Cepada, the dramatic soprano, is resting at her country seat (Vilaboa) in Galicia.

A new opera, *Il Sortilegio*, by Scontrino, is announced at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

It is said that the tenor, Bettini, has sung in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* upwards of 1,800 times.

The Municipality of Marseilles have purchased the Grand-Théâtre there for 1,200,000 francs.

A new opera, *Fayel*, by Pellegrino Caronna, has been produced at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Borelli and Scalchi chose Rossini's *Semiramide* for their first appearance at Buenos Ayres.

Battaglia, husband of the *prima donna*, Senespleda, has become manager of the Politeama, Trieste.

Raffaele Kuon, the conductor, was stopping a short time since in Milan. (This can hardly be possible.)

The Vogls, man and wife, chose *Fidelio* for their first appearance in Munich after their return from London.

Mancinelli is composing a Hymn for thirty bands at the inauguration of the monument to Guido d'Arezzo.

The King of Spain has conferred the Order of Charles III. on Pasdeloup of the Popular Concerts, Paris.

A German Vocal Festival, attended by a number of German Vocal Unions in Bohemia, was lately held at Pilsen.

J. Leybach, composer and pianist, has been decorated with the Portuguese Order of the Immaculate Conception.

The opera company, including Pozzoni and Mantilla, Gayarre and Kaschmann, went from Valladolid to Pampeluna.

Mrs Ole Bull, at her house in Cambridge, near Boston, U.S., is preparing for the press her late husband's memoirs.

Naudin has been singing at the Teatro Ristori, Verona. Naudin was the original Vasco di Gama in Paris and in London.

A very successful concert was recently given in London, Ontario, by Mrs C. G. Moore, daughter of our popular composer, J. L. Hatton.

The Italian opera-company now at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, are engaged for the coming season at the Coliseo, Lisbon.

Anton Rubinstein's *Bal costumé* has been played at Naples by Narici and Cesi, well-known Neapolitan pianists.—(HAPPY NAPLES!—Dr Blitge.)

It is reported that Max Bruch will probably quit Liverpool and accept the directorship of the Liedertafel, New York, with an annual salary of £500.

The Politeama, Rome, has been closed by the Prefect, the proprietor having failed to carry out the alterations requisite for the safety of the public.

Förster's management of the Stadttheater, Leipsic, terminates on the 30th inst. The theatre will close during July, and re-open on the 1st August under the management of Stägemann.

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Lucca (of Milan) has presented the St Cecilia Academy, Rome, with a large number of compositions recently published by her firm.

The idea of giving Bizet's *Carmen* at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples, has been abandoned for the present. (Everyone knows why.—Dr Blinge.)

Maurice Dengremont, in conjunction with Leitert, a pianist, will give concerts in July and August at some of the leading baths of Germany and Austria.

Gallmeyer is engaged at the Thalia Theater, New York, from the 1st October to the end of next April. She has taken her passage by the Elbe from Bremen.

Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has recently been given at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, but owing to the inefficiency of the cast made but little impression.

Mdme Pauline Lucca has kindly promised to sing at Mdme Liebhart's *matinée*, to be given on Friday next at the private residence of Mrs White, Portland Place.

George A. Conly, bass, and Herman Rietzel, pianist, members of the Clara Louise Kellogg Concert Company, were drowned on the 26th ult., at Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.

Walter, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been singing in Frankfort-on-the-Maine as Lohengrin to his daughter's Elsa, a combination condemned by most of the local papers as unbecoming.

Marie Wilt will sing in April, May, and June, next year, at the Imperial Opera, Vienna. Ponchielli's *Giaconda* is to be given next season, at the same house, with Pauline Lucca in the leading character.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 18, at Liverpool, an alarm was raised that the Royal Court Theatre was on fire. Several engines and a staff of firemen were soon on the spot, and, through their aid, with great exertion, the flames were confined to the stage, which, with the machinery, was almost entirely consumed. The Royal Court, a new theatre, was re-built near the end of last year.

A century ago Paris possessed only six theatres, the number in 1782 being limited to the Opera, the Comédie Française, the Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi, the Comédie Italienne, the Ambigu, and the Variétés. Now there are nearly thirty important theatres in the French capital, without counting the minor houses in the out-of-the-way suburbs or the 140 café-concerts. A new kind of scenery is being tried in the Prussian theatres with a view to decrease the danger of fire. Instead of canvas, sheet-tin is used for the scenery, and the latter material is not only fireproof, but cheaper and more durable.

THREE STARS.*

There are three stars that ever shine
So brightly and so clear,
They shed o'er all a light divine,
Life's rugged path to cheer.

The first is Faith, a glorious star
That, with its radiance bright,
Fills old and young, both near and far,
With an undying light.

The next is Hope, whose brightest rays
Are seen 'midst grief and pain,
Assuring us that happier days
Will soon return again.

With Faith and Hope, the Star of Love,
To *all* on earth is giv'n,
By Him who rules us from above,
To draw us near to Heav'n.

* *Copyright.*

EMILY JOSEPHS.

DRESDEN.—Mad. Basta, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, having given a series of performances at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, was at once offered an engagement, which, however, she declined, for a more seductive one at the Dresden Theatre Royal, as first *bravura* singer, from the 1st August, 1883.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The following are the artists already engaged for the next Italian operatic season:—*Sopranos*—Marcella Sembrich (3 months), Marie Durand (season), Virginia Fermi-Germano (2 months), Elvira Repetto (season), Franck Duvernoy, Elvira Colonnese (season), and Linda Brambilla-Sorelli; *Mezzo-sopranos*—Amelia Stahl (season), Giulia Prandi (season); *Comprimaria*—Corsi; *Tenors*—Sylva (season), Marconi (3 months), Engel (2 months), J. Corsi (season); *Comprimario*—L. Manfredi; *Barytones*—A. Cotogni (season), Vaselli (season), Devoyod (season), Ughetti (season); *Basses*—Uetam (season), Sillich (season), Povoleri (season), Scolara (season); *Comic basses*—Baldelli (season), Ciampi (season); *Conductors*—Bevignani and Drigo. The repertory will comprise *Carmen* (Bizet), *Gioconda* (Ponchielli), *Il Re di Lahore* (Massenet), *Mefistofele* (Boito), *Philémon et Baucis*, *Roméo et Juliette*, and *Faust* (Gounod), *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *L'Africaine*, and *Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), *La Juive* (Halévy), *Carlo il Temerario* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini), *Aïda*, *Gerusalemme*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata* (Verdi), *Mignon* (Thomas), *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart), *La Favorita* and *Linda* (Donizetti), *Norma* (Bellini), *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa), &c.

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3.	The Girl I've left behind me. S.A.T.B.	,,	1d.
4.	British Grenadiers. S.A.T.B.	,,	2d.
5.	Long live England's Future Queen. S.A.T.B.	Dr. Rimbault	2d.
6.	My task is ended (Song and Chorus). A.T.B.B.	Balfe	4d.
7.	Thus spake one Summer's Day. S.A.T.B.	Abt	2d.
8.	Soldiers' Chorus. T.T.B.B.	Gounod	4d.
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17.	England Yet (Solo and Chorus). S.A.T.B.	Jules Benedict	2d.
18.	The Shepherd's Sabbath Day. S.A.T.B.	J. L. Hatton	2d.
19.	Thoughts of Childhood. S.A.T.B.	Henry Smart	2d.
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LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, June* 24, 1882.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 60.—No. 26. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 1, will be performed "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Donna Anna, Mdme Fürsch-Madi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle Valleria; Don Ottavio, Signor Marini; Leporello, M. Gailhard; and Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni.

Benefit and Last Appearance this Season of Mdme Pauline Lucca.

MONDAY next, July 3, "CARMEN" (to commence at 8.15). Carmen, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Micaela, Mdlle Valleria; Escamillo, Signor Soulacroix; Zuniga, M. Devries; and Don José, Signor Lestellier. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

Production of "Velleda."—Mdme Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY next, July 4, will be produced (for the first time on any stage), LENEPVEU'S Opera, "VELLEDA." Velleda, Mdme Adelina Patti; Ina, Mdme Valleria; Even, Mdlle Stahl; Teuter, Signor Cotogni; Sénon, Signor De Reszké, and Ceilo, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—M. DUPONT. The Incidental Divertissement will be danced by the Corps de Ballet, under the direction of M. Hansen. The scenery by Messrs Dayes & Caney. The costumes by M. Faignaert, Mdme Dubreuil, M. Deligne, and assistants. The appointments by Mr Labhart. The machinery by Mr White. The *mise-en-scène* by M. Lapissida.

Mdme Fürsch-Madi.

THURSDAY next, July 6, "AÏDA" (to commence at 8.15). Mdme Fürsch-Madi, Mdlle Stahl; Signor Pandolfini, Signor De Reszké, and Signor Mierzwinsky.

FRIDAY next, July 7, Mdme ADELINA PATTI. Second representation of LENEPVEU'S Opera, "VELLEDA."

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MDME LIEBHART'S MATINÉE MUSICALE at 53, PORTLAND PLACE, W. (by kind permission of Mrs White), FRIDAY, June 30, at Three o'clock.—Mdme PAULINE LUCCA (by permission of E. Gye, Esq.), Mdme Enriquez, Mdlle de Morini, Mrs Grant (amateur), Miss Lewis, Miss Batt, and Mdme Liebhart; Mr Maas and Mr F. Barrington Foote. Solo Pianoforte—M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Violin—Pan Fr. Ondricek. Harp—Mr C. Oberthür. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict and Signor Randegger; Signor Li Calsi, Herr Ryal, and Signor Romili; Mr Kuhe and Mr Ganz. Tickets One Guinea each.

THIS DAY.

MR JOHN THOMAS'S (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) GRAND HARP CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, THIS (SATURDAY) Afternoon, July 1st, at Three o'clock. Programme:—Band of Harps, "Marche Solennelle" (Gounod, arranged by John Thomas), first time; Trio, "O Memory" (Henry Leslie)—Mdme Edith Wynne, Miss Hope Glenn, and Mr Percy Blandford: Trio, "Miserere," *Trovatore*, two harps and pianoforte (John Thomas), first time—Mr John Thomas, Mr T. H. Wright, and Mr Ganz; Song, "Harp of Wales" (Brinley Richards)—Mr Lewis Thomas: Song, "Heaven and Earth" (Pinsuti)—Mdme Enriquez, accompanied by the Composer; Solo, Harp, "Echoes of a Waterfall" (John Thomas), first time—performed by the Composer; Song, "The Last Watch" (Pinsuti)—Mr Percy Blandford, accompanied by the Composer; Song, "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan)—Mdme Edith Wynne, harp and pianoforte accompaniment; Band of Harps, "Ave Maria" (Schubert, arranged by John Thomas), first time; Recit. ed Aria, "Ah! Se tu dormi" (Vacca)—Miss Hope Glenn, harp and pianoforte accompaniment; Song, "Dewdrop and Fairy" (John Thomas), first time—Mdme Rose Hersee; Duet, pianoforte and harp, on *Carmen* (John Thomas), first time—Lady Benedict and Mr John Thomas; Song, "Maid of Athens" (Gounod)—Mr Santley, harp accompaniment; Song, "Canzone di Mignon" (P. M. Costa)—Miss Santley, accompanied by the Composer; Band of Harps, "Gigue" (Handel, arranged by John Thomas), first time; Song, Variations on the "Carnival de Venise" (Sir Julius Benedict)—Miss Beata Francis, accompanied by the Composer; Romance, "Una Furtiva Lagrima," *Elisire d'Amore* (Donizetti)—Mr Shakspeare, harp accompaniment; Solo, harp, "Réverie" (John Thomas), first time—performed by the Composer; Band of Harps, "March of the Men of Harlech" (John Thomas). Band of Harps—Misses Adelaide Arnold, Edith Brand, Florence Chaplin, Margaret Hingston, Lucy Leach, Viola Trust, and Ida Audain, Mrs Grey, Messrs Thomas Barker and T. H. Wright. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Signor PINSUTI, Mr GANZ, and Mr JOHN THOMAS. Tickets—Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Balcony, Five Shillings; Area, Half-a-Crown; Gallery, One Shilling. Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; usual Agents; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

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HAS THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS ANNUAL

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at

ST JAMES'S HALL,

ON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1882,

TO COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK.

VOCALISTS:

Mdme ALBANI and Mdme SEMBRICH.
Mdme TREBELLI.
Mdme MARIE ROZE, Mdlle ALICE BARBI, and Mdme ROSE HERSEE.
Mdlle ROSINA ISIDOR, Miss DE FONBLANQUE, Miss ROBERTSON, and Miss FANNY ROBERTSON.
Signor FRAPOLLI, Signor PARISOTTI, and Mr JOSEPH MAAS.
Mons. GAILHARD, Signor BONETTI, and Herr ELMBLAD.
Mr FRED. KING and Mr BARRINGTON FOOTE.
Mr EDWARD PLATER'S GLEE UNION (Messrs J. A. BROWN, E. PLATER, H. TAYLOR, and HORSCROFT).

INSTRUMENTALISTS:

Pianoforte.—Lady BENEDICT and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; CESARINO GALEOTTI (Aged 9½ years).
Violin.—Mdlle MARIANNE EISSLER.
Violoncello.—M. HOLLMAN. *Harp.*—Mr JOHN THOMAS.
Harmonium.—Mr LOUIS ENGEL.

In the course of the Concert, Mr HENRY IRVING has kindly consented to Recite (for the First Time) *Belshazzar's Feast*, by EDWIN ARNOLD.
Conductors.—Signor BEVIGNANI, Signor BISACCIA and Mr A. VISETTI, Mr W. GANZ and Mr ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

Arrangements are pending with some other Eminent Artists.

Stalls, £1 1s. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Balcony, 21s. and 10s. 6d. Back Balcony (unreserved), 5s. Upper Balcony and Area, 3s.

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HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, 1882.—St James's Hall.—RE-ORGANIZATION. President—Mr Henry Leslie. FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday Evening next, July 4, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Orridge and Mr Joseph Maas. Madrigals and Part Songs; Motet for Double Choir, "In exitu Israel" (Samuel Wesley); Part Song, "Who is the angel that cometh?" (Henry Leslie), first time of performance, conducted by the Composer. Pianoforte—Mr J. G. Callcott. Organ—Mr John C. Ward. Conductor—Mr Alberto Randegger. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, and usual Agents.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S BENEFIT.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir Julius Benedict. Founder and Director—Herr Schuberth. Sixteenth Season, 1882. The 71st CONCERT will take place on Thursday Evening, July 6, for the Benefit of Herr Schuberth. Early application for tickets to be made to H. G. Hopper, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S BENEFIT.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. President—The Marquis of Londonderry. Vice President—Herr Schuberth. The next CONCERT will take place on Thursday Evening, July 6, for the Benefit of Herr Schuberth. Early application for tickets to be made to H. G. Hopper, 244, Regent Street, W.

BIRKBECK INSTITUTION.—Mr FREDERIC PENNA'S Illustrated LECTURE on "MENDELSSOHN'S PORTRAIT OF *ELIJAH*," July 5. Accompanist—Herr Hensler.

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER WANTED for Monkstown Parish Church, Diocese of Dublin.—The Select Vestry invite Candidates for the above post, which is now vacant. The duties consist of Sunday and one Weekly Service, also Special Lent and Advent Services, and Weekly Choir Practice. Salary £60 per annum. Monkstown is one of the leading suburbs in the vicinity of Dublin, from which it is distant only five miles by railway, and there is an excellent opening for private tuition. Address, with copies of testimonials, before 5th July, to Rev. Canon Peacocke, 3, Vestry Place, Kingstown, Dublin.

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BENEDICT'S "CARNEVAL DE VENISE."

MISS BEATA FRANCIS will sing Sir Julius Benedict's Variations on the "CARNEVAL DE VENISE" (accompanied by the Composer), at St James's Hall, This Day (Saturday), July 1.

"KILLARNEY."

MDME ALICE BARTH will sing Balfe's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday next, July 5; and at Tynemouth, July 8.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR FREDERIC ROBERTS (of the London Conservatoire of Music) will sing (by desire) Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at their Musical Soirée, 30th July next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR ALFRED HEMMING will sing Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Grosvenor Hotel, July 6.

SUNG BY MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.

"AT MORN I BESEECH THEE." Sacred Song, rapturously encored at Mdme Liebhart's Concert, Words by Gabriel (12th Century), Music by Michael Bergson, is published, price 4s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

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TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

Audi alteram partem.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, heard for the first time in England at Drury Lane on Tuesday night, brings to a close the performances of that master's entire works, from *Rienzi* to the *Götterdämmerung*, which have been given in London in the course of one season—a feat, by the way, which, we believe, is unprecedented even in Germany. That this opera should have been the last in order of production is appropriate in more than one respect. For not only does it show Wagner's style of music in its maturest stage, but it is by many competent persons believed to be his *opus magnum*, the standard, indeed, by which the artistic value of his work will finally be judged. Leaving the question of absolute and of relative merit for the present undecided, we may safely say that no other work of Wagner is so thoroughly his own and so entirely unlike what any other composer has ever done or is likely to do. The unity of feeling and expression, the continuity of unremitting passion here displayed, are probably unprecedented in the history of music. It has been said that the musical structure of *Lohengrin* is virtually founded upon the alternation of the A major and F sharp minor chords. Infinitely more true is it that *Tristan und Isolde* is consistently evolved from that wonderful love-motive which appears in the overture, and, with its congeners and various developments, never leaves hold of the hearer from the first bar to the last. There is, indeed, nothing to divert the attention from the central idea of the action thus translated into music. The incidents of the story are of the simplest kind; there are no scenic effects to speak of; of the three scenes presented the first takes place on the deck of a ship, the second in an arbour, the third in the courtyard of a castle; a male chorus is employed in the first act only. Everything, in short, depends upon the brief joys and acute sufferings of the ill-fated couple, which are set forth in a series of pictures full of subtle psychological design and sombre colour. Perhaps nowhere else has Wagner shown greater boldness than in the continued strain of passion which he sustains throughout this opera. Nowhere, also, are his demands on the physical and mental faculties of his interpreters more exacting. The representatives of Tristan and Isolde—for the other characters are comparatively subordinate—must be not only singers of exceptional voice-power, but also actors of the highest order. They scarcely ever leave the stage, and while there they are not for a moment unemployed. They are always the centre of the action, and even when they keep silence their by-play and attitudes should be full of significance.

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With the main incidents of Wagner's drama most of our readers are acquainted. The story of Tristan and Isolde has been a favourite one with English poets, ancient and modern. Sir Walter Scott has edited from a manuscript in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh the lay of "Sir Tristrem," which he erroneously attributes to Thomas of Ercildoune. Mr Tennyson and Mr Swinburne (in his forthcoming volume) have, each in his own individual fashion, treated the story of the lovers. In mediæval times that story ranked in popularity with the parallel incident from the Arthurian circle—the love of Lancelot and Guinivere. Derived originally from Celtic sources, it belonged to that great wave of mythical lore which continually kept crossing and re-crossing the Channel from the Welshman to the Franco-Norman, and back again to the Saxon and Anglo-Norman, leaving its flotsam in the literatures of most European nations. The names of some of the greatest poets of mediæval France, Christien de Troyes and Marie de France among the number, are intimately connected with the development of the story. Trouvères and troubadours continually allude to it, and we could quote Provençal and French versions of the identical "Lai don chievrefriel" which Tristan was supposed to have addressed to the beautiful wife of his uncle. Dante also is familiar with "Tristano di Cornovaglia," who with Francesca and Paolo, Semiramide, Paris, and other famous lovers appears in the fifth canto of the "Inferno." But by far the most beautiful and most comprehensive mediæval treatment the story received at the hands of a German poet, Master Gottfried von Strassburg, on whose work Wagner's drama is more immediately based. That Gottfried's poem is drawn from English and French sources there is external and internal evidence. He himself mentions a "Thomas von Britanje" as one of the authors he had studied, and is fond of quoting a lovely French couplet,—

> "*Isot ma drue, Isot ma mie,*
> *En vus ma mort, en vus ma vie,*"

which one is almost sorry that Wagner has allowed to escape him. But, in spite of this, there are in Gottfried's poems features, such as the beautiful description of the lovers' life in the forest, which none but himself could have written. A parallel between the treatment of the same story by the mediæval and the modern German poet would lead to interesting results. The differences are, in the first instance, accounted for by the exigencies of epic and dramatic poetry. The episode of Riwalin and Blancheflour and the early youth of Tristan Wagner justly ignores, and a second "Isolde aux blanches mains," who plays a conspicuous part in the epic, likewise remains unmentioned. But apart from these necessary excisions, the spirit in which he approaches the subject is very different from that of his predecessor. Gottfried von Strassburg looks upon his subject with the delight of a *conteur*. The love of the pair strikes him merely from its picturesque side; to their guilt he is all but blind. His poem being left unfinished, we cannot, of course, tell whether, after having adorned the tale, he intended to point a moral. But so far as it goes, that tale, if not exactly immoral, is at least totally un-moral. With the deeper consciousness of the modern poet this conception did not tally. As in all Wagner's dramas, the guilt of Tristan and Isolde is immediately followed by punishment and repentance bitterer than all outward punishment could be. A sadder pair of lovers has, indeed, never been presented on the stage. Their passion is not happiness; it comes to them like a decree of fate, against which they vainly struggle, and which leads them to death. This idea of fate is represented by the love-potion which the pair drink in accordance with the old story. Of the mythical element thus introduced one might say what Carlyle says of the supernatural agencies in Goethe's *Faust*: "The poet retains the supernatural vesture of the story, but retains it with the consciousness on his and our part that it is a chimera; nowise a real Object, but a real Shadow of an Object which is also real, yet lies beyond our horizon, and, except in its shadow, cannot itself be seen." In other words, the love-potion is merely the symbol of that passion which, as the Psalmist says, is "strong as death" and knows of no fetter.

With Wagner musical and poetical inspiration always spring from the same source, and we find, therefore, that the idea of the love-potion is identified with that leading melody, from which, as we said before, the entire structure of the score is organically evolved. To give an idea of the structure in ordinary critical prose would be next to impossible. The absolute unity of the design will not allow us even to point to detached features of beauty or interest. Everything, from the sailor's song, heard from the masthead as the curtain rises, to the death-scene of Isolde, frequently sung at concerts, and appreciated, although not fully realized, even there—is closely knitted together. There are no arias or *ensembles* or finales in the ordinary sense. The wonderful love-scene, which fills almost the entire second act, cannot, for example, be called a duet in the technical sense. The music here follows the converse of the lovers in its subtlest changes, rising and falling with the undulations of their feeling. There is here nothing but melody, but there are no tunes. The meaning of this difference will be apparent if the reader will compare the motive intoned to the words "Oh sink' hernieder Nacht" with Wagner's song, "Dreams," published separately as a "study to Tristan." By that means insight will be gained into Wagner's method of wedding his melodic materials into an organic whole. Towards the end of the duet Brangane's voice warning the lovers is heard from the tower where she is keeping guard. Wagner here has used the idea of the "Watcher's song" found in the Provençal *alba* and in the German *Wächterlieder*. But again this idea is in absolute accordance with the dramatic situation. The truly dramatic account to which the *Leitmotive*, or representative themes (fortunately not as yet labelled with fictitious names by a German pedant) are turned may be illustrated by at least one instance. When King Mark asks Tristan for the hidden cause which could have induced the faithful knight to betray his trust, no answer is forthcoming from the hero. But that answer is supplied by the orchestra intoning the theme identified with the love-potion. Faith has yielded to resistless passion. Such are a few features of a score in which musicians recognize one of the most concentrated and sustained efforts of their art. To give an idea of the dramatic structure of Wagner's work it will suffice to say that the first act takes place on board the vessel which carries the unwilling Irish bride to King Mark. Despair and love's disappointment drive Isolde to the resolution of destroying her own life together with that of Tristan, who has killed her kinsman Moralt, but whom she loves in her own despite. Tristan is asked to drain with her the cup of atonement, but without Isolde's knowledge the prepared poisonous draught is exchanged by the faithful Brangane for the love-potion. The second act shows the secret meeting of the lovers and their betrayal by Melot, Tristan's faithless friend. Tristan, crushed by the gentle reproach of his benefactor, makes a feigned attack on Melot, and is pierced by his sword. Taken to his castle in Brittany by his retainer Kurvenal, the hero in the third

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act dies at the moment when Isolde arrives with a message of forgiveness and hope. Isolde expires on the body of her lover. Whether a drama treating of unrelieved tragic passion in a style of commensurate severity will ever gain the popularity of such works as *Lohengrin* or *Die Meistersinger* must appear doubtful; but the value of a work of art cannot be measured by the degree of popular favour it is likely to find.—*Times.*

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Chester, June 10.

There was again a very large attendance at the cathedral this morning, and a more attractive programme could hardly have been offered. The success of the festival will doubtless encourage all who are interested in the cultivation of music. Those who have no experience of such enterprises can have little idea of the labour involved in bringing them to a prosperous issue. At Chester there is no permanent body of organisers, with tradition to guide them, such as the managing committee of the Three Choirs Festivals possess, and a scheme of the kind could not be attempted without serious risk. But the Dean, enlightened and sympathetic, evidently believes that religion can only gain by calling in music to its aid; the Precentor, too, the Rev. C. H. Hylton Stewart, hon. secretary of the committee, has been unsparing of his energy; while in Mr Joseph C. Bridge, cathedral organist, he has found a devoted colleague, and the success of their united efforts gives reason to hope that the Chester Festival may become triennial.

The oratorios in the Cathedral to-day were Haydn's *Creation*, and Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*. *The Messiah* seems to be no longer indispensable at an English festival, and if Yorkshire has dared three times to abandon the most popular of oratorios, Chester may be forgiven for following the example, especially as Haydn's favourite work was given instead. "I intend this to live," said the composer, when asked why he devoted so much time and care to its composition; and one is conscious of unabated freshness and beauty in listening to it for the hundredth time. I cannot say I never heard a finer performance of *The Creation*, but a more interesting one could not have been desired; the choralists were familiar with the music, and the experience of the two previous days had been useful to them and all concerned. Manchester amateurs were now and then inevitably reminded that all the members of the band did not belong to Mr Hallé's orchestra; but very few shortcomings were noted in the picturesque accompaniments. The solemnity of the Representation of Chaos, indeed, was intensified by the surroundings, and the leading instrumentalists were all equal to their tasks. I might mention examples of really fine choral singing in this performance of *The Creation*—and in nothing else have the choralists more creditably distinguished themselves than in "The heavens are telling," "Achieved is the glorious work," and "The Lord is great." The solo parts were taken by Mdme Marie Roze, Messrs Maas and Hilton. Mdme Marie Roze cannot be expected to rival the achievements of Jenny Lind, Clara Novello, or Therèse Tietjens; but in "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," the beauty of her voice, and her brilliant execution, were heard to great advantage. How Mr Maas sings the tenor music your readers do not require to be told; his superb voice told with admirable effect, and his reading of "In native worth" was a model of refinement. Mr Hilton, too, who had carefully studied the music, did excellent service. This gentleman's voice is a genuine bass, and his sonorous low notes were not superfluous. In consequence of the length of the programme, the duets, "Of stars the fairest," and "Graceful consort," were omitted.

In some respects, *The Woman of Samaria* was the most interesting performance of the week, and its introduction was all the more welcome as the opportunities of hearing it are so rare. Why this is so it is not easy to say; that it should not be, all who appreciate what is great in English art will admit. For in this oratorio we have the product of the maturity of England's most eminent composer, one who has achieved much; whose symphonies, cantatas, concertos, and songs rank with the works of the genuine masters, and who never once sacrificed the dignity of his art by writing a commonplace bar. The subject of *The Woman of Samaria* may not have been fortunate, inasmuch as it affords little opportunity for dramatic treatment; but in no work of the kind are learning and scholarship more admirably directed to the illustration of religious aspiration, tender pathos, and devotion. The choruses, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water," "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," and "Therefore shall they come," could only have been written by a great musician; the solos are models of dignified sacred song, and the quartet, "God is a Spirit," is too well known to need more than mention. The orchestration, too, is worthy of the composer of the *Wood Nymphs* overture. Sterndale Bennett, indeed, was not only a master of orchestral resource, but a most artistic musical colourist; he never exaggerates, moreover, and the art of this beautiful work is really perfect. There might have been an earnest disposition to do justice to the final performance of the Chester Festival, and assuredly the result was most gratifying, high praise being due to Mr Bridge, the conductor. The band and chorus were again at their best, and with such singers as Miss Mary Davies, Mdme Patey, Mr Guy, and Mr King, the songs were of course efficiently rendered. Miss Mary Davies once more proved her ability to do justice to exacting demands. Her fine voice was, as usual, under perfect control, and she was equally effective in the trying air, "Art thou greater," as in the not less important recitatives. Those who had the good fortune to hear Mdme Patey give the pathetic air, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," will not soon forget this superb display of vocal art. Mr Guy sang the tenor music with real taste, the fine quality of his voice being not less apparent in the concerted than in the solo music; while Mr F. King, whose singing has been so justly admired, fully sustained the favourable opinion already elicited. The singing of an unaccompanied quartet is often a painful ordeal at a great festival, even when the duty is entrusted to eminent vocalists, but the most fastidious could ask for nothing more exquisite than the rendering of "God is a Spirit" by Miss Davies, Mdme Patey, Mr Guy, and Mr King. Nothing, perhaps, during the festival created a deeper impression; the rapt attention of the great audience was remarkable, and at the end there was a murmur of sympathetic appreciation which could not fail to gratify the executants. It is to be hoped that the "marked success" of the performance of this beautiful work may encourage other committees to follow the example of the managers at Chester.

A ballad concert was given to-night at the Music Hall; but to make it worthy the occasion, "string quartets" by Schubert and Beethoven were introduced; and with such interpreters as MM. Straus, Jacoby, Otto Bernhardt, and Vieuxtemps, the Chester amateurs had reason to deem themselves fortunate. Nearly all the leading singers took part in the concert. E. J. B.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The professional students of the London Academy of Music gave their annual summer concert at St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, June 24, when a large number of talented, promising young vocalists and instrumentalists took part. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's Chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," solos by Mdlles Masset, Letherbarrow, and Elstob. This was followed by a "Rondo Brillante" (Mendelssohn), well played by Miss Elsie Evans; an aria, artistically rendered by Mr Noyes; and Beethoven's *adagio* and *rondo*, from his Concerto in G, performed by Miss Kate Griffiths with remarkable skill and ability. Miss Carreras sang with purity of tone and pleasing effect Mendelssohn's "Infelice;" Miss O. Josephs rendered Bellini's "Ah, non credea" in good Italian style, and Miss F. Smith won deserved plaudits in Mercadante's aria, "Se m'abbandoni." Miss Rose Moss in "Batti, batti," Miss Luke and Miss White in a trio by Rossini, Miss Martin in a cavatina of Meyerbeer's, Mr Reakes in an excellent rendering of an air from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Miss Browne in the contralto solos of Rubinstein's *Die Nixe*, also proved their skill and ability as pleasing and well-cultured vocalists. Two of the marked features of the concert were—the violin solo of Miss Kate Chaplin, who gave an admirable rendering of the Finale in one of De Beriot's concertos, and the violin playing of Mr Skuze, a performer who, in regard to age, might with propriety have been announced as "Master Skuze." This young executant played the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in a style and with an amount of skill so marked, as to excite the liveliest hopes of future fame under the tuition of his esteemed master, Herr Pollitzer. Mr Newman also rendered a solo of De Beriot's with skill and effect. Miss Nellie Chaplin gave a really brilliant performance of Liszt's "Fantaisie Hongroise," and Miss Louis, Miss Titmas, and Miss Anstie gave pianoforte selections from Chopin with brilliancy, skill, fine touch, and taste. The stars of the occasion, besides Miss Nellie Chaplin, were Miss Florence Waud, who played the first movement of Schumann's A minor Concerto, and Miss Maggie Okey, who rendered the *andante* and *rondo* of Chopin's E minor. Both these clever pianists played with their accustomed skill and excellence, and both, it may be remembered, have already won high honours in public. The concert was conducted by the Principal of the institution, Professor Wylde, Mus.D.—*The Echo.*

The Order of the Italian Crown has been conferred on Massenet and Landozzi, while Felice Lebano has received from Madrid the Cross of Isabella the Catholic and, from Lisbon, that of St Jago.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A concert was given by the students of this institution in St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, with marked success, the room being crowded, and the various performances deserving all the applause bestowed upon them. Brilliant talent is, unfortunately, rare among native aspirants to musical honours, nor can anything be conceived more depressing than the experience, year after year, of mediocrity hopeless of ever rising beyond itself. The proceedings were encouraging. There seemed just a possibility that a few of those who took part in them would come out of the "ruck," and obtain from their art something more than the living which, under the strain of modern life, is often the be-all and end-all of ambition. The "program"—as the dictionary of the establishment, with a leaning towards a reformed orthography, spells programme—contained several works of an important character, written by students. Among these were a "Pastoral" overture in A, composed by Mr John Cullen; an overture in E major, from the pen of Mr G. E. West; and a "Credo," in which Mr G. J. Bennett essayed one of the most formidable tasks imposed by ritual upon a Church musician. Mr Bennett—we resist the temptation of his youth to call him Master—had on several previous occasions made a very favourable impression with works of an ambitious nature. The fact may not, however, have excited more than passing remark. We are accustomed to the dramatic surprises of musical juvenility, and equally familiar with the evanescence of the hopes it calls forth. Mr Bennett promises an exception to the usual rule. He holds on; more, he takes a firmer grip with each succeeding year, and encourages us to anticipate a time when he will fill some such place as that once occupied by his distinguished namesake, part of whose beautiful concerto in F minor was in Wednesday's programme. The new "Credo" is a work of very high promise, showing not only rare command of technical resources, but a strength of imagination and a power of expression not usually associated with pupils in their "teens." We do not, of course, enter into detailed criticism. That will be the right of Mr Bennett's works by-and-bye. Meanwhile let him persevere, remaining unspoilt by praise, undeterred by discouragement, a brave and modest candidate for the prize between which and him lies, at present, a long and weary way, Another important novelty was a pianoforte concerto in E, by Mr F. B. Jewson, one of the earliest students of the Academy, and now one of its most respected professors. Mr Jewson received his training at a time when the art of pianoforte playing flourished in its purity, untroubled by "higher development." It may be assumed, therefore, that his concerto contains genuine pianoforte music, and this is the case. Modelled on the good old lines, yet not without something of the grace and freedom of modern ideas, it is eminently what it pretends to be, and very grateful to the performer withal. The opening movement contains some admirable passages, but the interest is cumulative, and rises through the *andante con moto* to a climax in the really piquant and attractive finale. We congratulate Mr Jewson upon this thoughtful utterance at a time when hysteria and convulsions seem to be fashionable. The solo was played by Miss Dinah Shapley, to whom the work is dedicated, and so played as to command general approval of the performer's talent. Among other features of the concert were an excellent rendering of the romance and *allegro assai* from Mozart's concerto in D minor, by Miss Beatrice Davenport, the singing, by Miss Thudichum—who has a capital voice and method, but wants animation—of "Come per me sereno," Mr L. Williams's spirited and artistic delivery of "Nasce al bosco," and a really able performance, by Mr Frank Arnold, of an *andante* and *scherzo* by Ferdinand David. The orchestra, as usual, was conducted by Mr Shakespeare.—*D. T.*

COBURG.—The report that the Duke was prepared to have a regular operatic company again at the Ducal Theatre, at least from October to March, provided the Municipality continued the grant of 5,000 marks of last year to the company from Nuremberg, and that the Municipality had consented, was erroneous, the Municipality declining the proposal.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Montague-Turner Company continues its performance of opera in English at the Bijou Theatre. Miss Annie Montague and Mr Charles Turner have been applauded in every part they have essayed. The theatre is almost always crowded, and, frequently, numbers are refused admission. The operas already produced are *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Faust*. *The Rose of Castile* is announced for this evening, *Martha*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Mignon* being in preparation, the company remaining for five weeks more, making eleven in all. The other leading artists are Misses Williams, J. Deakin, Maud Walton, and Vanosta, Messrs C. Templeton, B. Levison, Percy Shannon, J. Gordon, and Gainor, the last named, a baritone, making a successful *début* as Valentine in *Faust*. M. Léon Caron conducts the orchestra, and Signor de Vivo is business director.

Mr Martin Simonsen has formed a new opera company for the chief cities of Australasia, the members being Mdme Simonsen, Misses Martina, Leonora and Fanny Simonsen, Signor Paladini, Messrs Albert Brennir, and E. St Clair. They open shortly in Sydney.

Maritana has been given by the Hawthorn and Kew Harmonic Society in the Town Hall, Hawthorn, near Melbourne. The solo singers were Mrs Emery Gould (soprano), Miss Blanche Fuller (contralto), Messrs G. Smith, W. Sincock, and C. Kirkland—Mr H. Curtis leading, and Mr W. Turner conducting the orchestra.

Antonio Giammona's "Mass," recently composed for SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Emerald Hill, near Melbourne, was reproduced on Sunday, the 7th inst. Mr M. O'Gorman presided at the organ for the last time. Mr O'Gorman, organist in the church of SS. Peter and Paul for twenty years, is about to remove to Sydney. M. Leon Caron conducted the performance of the "Mass."

Wilhelmj, the great violinist, gave a "testimonial concert," on the evening of the 6th, in the Melbourne Town Hall, his associates being Mdme Gabriella Boema, Miss Marie Conron, and the Metropolitan and Melbourne Liedertafels (under Julius Herz). The orchestra, alternately directed by MM. Steffani and Vogrich, was led by Mr George Weston.

The Education Department have commissioned Mr J. Summers, teacher of music in the State schools, to have Tennyson's "Hands all round" sung by 5,000 children in the Exhibition Building on the Queen's birthday.

On the 5th inst., a new organ, built by W. Stone, of West Beach, St. Kilda, near Melbourne, was opened in the Presbyterian Church, Clarendon Street, Emerald Hill. The instrument is described as follows:—

Compass of manuals, two, CC to A, 58 keys; pedals, CCC to F, 30 keys. Great organ contains: open diapason, stopped diapason, and dulciana, all of 8 ft.; principal and flute of 4 ft.; twelfth 3 ft.; and fifteenth 2 ft. Swell organ—violin diapason, *lieblich gedact*, and hautbois 8 ft; *gegen* principal 4 ft.; piccolo 2 ft.; *pedal* organ—open diapason 16 ft.; octave 8 ft.

Mr J. Summers, organist of All Saints' Church, St Kilda, performed at the opening selections from Beethoven and Mozart. A vocal concert was also given by the choir of the church, Mr Summers presiding at the organ and Mr Johnston conducting.

A concert in aid of the persecuted Jews in Southern Russia is to be given in the Melbourne Town Hall on the 13th inst. A large number of musicians well-known in Melbourne are to assist.

J. L. T. F.

Melbourne, April 12, 1882.

ST PETERSBURGH (*Correspondence*).—The plan for the re-organization of Russian opera comprises an increase in chorus and orchestra, with raising of salaries. The chorus will in future number 120, the orchestra at least 100 members. The salary-list for the present chorus of 88 members, 28,000 roubles a year, will be 88,000, so that a first class member of the chorus, hitherto in receipt of 30 roubles a month, will now draw 75. The chorus-singers, also, will be more liberally remunerated. For scenery, machinery, costumes, properties, &c., the estimated amount is one million roubles, 48,000 being set apart for weapons alone. Glinka's *Life for the Czaar*, with a new *mise-en-scène*, will inaugurate the next season, to be followed by *Robert le Diable*, *Il Barbiere*, *Le Domino Noir*, and F. David's *Lalla Roukh*. And this is Russian national opera!

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 389.)

In all the different schools of opera the treatment of the more lyrical portions of the drama follows the same main principle, the principle that we have traced through all the succession of smaller works. An opera is constructed of movements of greater or less length, in balanced alternation of restfulness and changefulness of ideas, both musical and poetical, with tonal or key-form to strengthen the design. Like the alternate condensation and rarefaction of the air in sound-vibrations is the alternate succession of passages with few, long drawn-out ideas, and passages with many short ideas. Together with the period of long-continued verbal ideas is that of long-continued musical ideas and keys; and together with the period of oft-changing verbal ideas is that of oft-changing musical ideas and keys.

In some recent operas certain characteristic expressions serve as helps to the comprehension of the whole, and by their repetition in pertinent situations they light the interest on from one point to another, as do the lamps in a street; but, like those lamps, they do not make the form.

In *Fidelio* we shall find the best example of all we want to show. We know well the story of the wife, Leonora, who, by her persistent devotion, saved her husband from the treachery of his enemy; and we will try to trace the steps by which Beethoven has, in the plan of that opera, illustrated and strengthened the ideas of the story by his music.

Gluck said that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see. Later composers have made it a kind of argument, synopsis, or concise statement of what is to follow. In the overture which is called *Leonora*, No. 3, Beethoven has made a prelude which fulfils all these conditions. Of the four overtures which he wrote for the opera, we feel this to be the one in which he followed his own free and careful judgment. It is a recomposition of the earliest written one (which is called No. 2); and the two which were written subsequently (No. 1 and the No. 4 called *Fidelio*), were written, apparently both of them, in obedience to a request from other people for something that should be brighter and simpler.

Written in the true sonata design, the overture is, at the same time, a perfect work of idea, of poetry; and by the use of subjects from the most important parts of the coming drama (the true *leit motiv*), as well as by the general feeling, the composer suggests the line of thought which he wishes to produce in that which follows. The introduction to the overture is a true fantasia, which goes as far towards formlessness as is good; the ideas and keys are suggested, and no sooner do we begin to realise what a thought is than it loses itself in the next. So the expression of sternness fades into melancholy, and melancholy gives place to bright angel thoughts; these in turn are ousted by stormy revenge, which alternates with gentle pleading. The slow introduction is joined to the *allegro* by the half-close in C, which requires for confirmation the first chord of the quicker movement. Of the *allegro* we may say that, through the medium of its perfect and complete design, it tells a story, in no very vague language, of earnest striving, of strong determination, of patient waiting and anxiety, of painful tension of feeling joined to the brightness of hope, rising to a climax of joyous love.

These feelings are made more certain and clear in our minds when we realize that certain musical ideas in the overture are taken from particular situations in the opera. All doubt is removed as to the composer's meaning in the second thought of the introduction

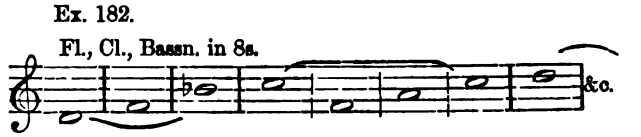
Ex. 180.

when we find it afterwards used in a complete form as Florestan's solo in the dungeon, and joined to words of lament that happiness is fled from him in the springtime of his life. So, again, in the most exciting place in the overture, when our feelings have been worked up to a climax, there is a sudden interruption and a trumpet call rings out from behind the orchestra.

Ex. 181.

followed after a moment's repose by a swelling melody.

Ex. 182.



The meaning of this we cannot doubt when we come to the prison scene late in the opera. Here, after Leonora's long watching and anxiety, after digging the grave, after her discovery that the starving prisoner is really her husband, after watching Pizarro approach him, after protecting her husband with her own body, and, finally, with the drawn pistol, from Pizarro's uplifted dagger, then the same trumpet call outside seems to cry "Hold," and to beat off the murderer like a baffled dog. Then, too, the band gives forth the same song (see Ex. 182) telling of the relief and of the hope and thankfulness which streams into the hearts of Leonora and Florestan, and which they cannot express but in sobbing phrases, "Saved! Great is God!"

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT AND SONTAG.

On one occasion we had the happiness of entertaining the famous Sontag at a large party at our own house. She was enchanting, as usual. Sir Walter Scott, who happened to be in London, was present. He was delighted at meeting Sontag, whose introduction to Sir Walter Scott on the eve of her appearing in the *Donna del Lago*, was singularly well-timed. In the presence of Sontag the great man was all ears, and eyes, too, I think. When she questioned him about her costume as the "Lady of the Lake," he described to her with the utmost minuteness every fold of the plaid, and was greatly pleased when I produced a genuine satin clan plaid, the present of Lady Sinclair while in Edinburgh, the loan of which I was delighted to promise to Sontag. He showed her the particular way the brooch should be fastened at the shoulder, and would not allow any alteration. Henrietta had two worshippers that evening, the second being Muzio Clementi, the pianist, who seemed as much fascinated as Scott. He got up from his chair, and said:—

"To-night I should like to play also." The proposition was received with acclamation. "He extemporized with all the freshness of youth," writes Moscheles, "and we listened with intense delight, for Clementi very rarely played before company." You should have seen the ecstasy of the two old men, Scott and Clementi; they shook each other by the hand, took it in turns to flirt with Sontag without seeming jealous of one another. It was a pretty duet of joint admiration: of course, the poet, musician, and songstress were the observed of all observers."

BRUSSELS.—*(Correspondence)*—The number of choristers at the Grand Musical Festival, on the 20th and 21st August, will be 400, the band comprising 110 performers. Among them will be most of the *chefs de pupitre* at the Conservatory Concerts. The programme includes *Alexander's Feast*, Handel (Victor Wilder's translation); *Requiem*, Johannes Brahms; "Le Retour," for choir, Ad. Samuel; "Hymne á la Beauté," (unpublished), P. Benoît, Flemish words by Hiel; Overture, Th. Radoux; overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide*, Gluck; and "Ave, verum," Mozart. The leading artists are Mad. Schroeder-Hanfstaengel; Bosquin, of the Paris Opera; Belhomme, of the Paris Opéra-Comique; and César Thompson, a Belgian violinist, pupil of Vieuxtemps.

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To Francis Hueffer.

L'alta Donna del Lago i membri e il cuore,
Di Lancilotto educa in proprio tetto;
Ed ei mostra tal senno, e tal valore,
Che veste l'armi ancora giovanetto,
Vede Ginevra, e non è tardo Amore
Ad infiammare a questo e a quella il petto;
Van per consiglio dalla Donna, e in via
Merlino li separa per malia.

This, my Francis, is the *Eichel* (thou knowest full well the *Eiche*), which, as it were, in Nymian speech, is "the humour of it." Hum, for example, this tune:—

—and then, after the manner of Antar the Absian, author of one of the seven poems of the *Moallakat*, suspended in the holy sanctuary encompassing the Kaaba, swear by the two eyes of Ibla, and set Rostam the wrestler at nought; it will hardly displease Chosroe.

Babrhamoot.

FROM QUIGG OF CHICAGO.

Chicago, May 27, 1882.

Fizz! Bang!! Boom!!! and the Chicago annex of the Thomas travelling festival combination is gone. The question is now in order, what benefit it has been to art, or, to come down to a lower plane, to Chicago? I can readily see where the benefit comes in to Theodore Thomas, his orchestra, and a few solo singers who, to use a suggestive piratical phrase, "collar the swag," and laugh at the flats who pay for such fragmentary and inartistic performances. I can also see some benefit to the officers, managers, and *employés* of the festival association, in the cheap glory or profit which their little brief authority brought, not forgetting the niggers who demanded fifty cents a piece for camp-stools. But if anybody can show me a sane reason for paying such extravagant sums of money for such results, I shall only be too happy to acknowledge my inability to form a correct judgment. To my mind this prodigal expenditure has yielded neither instruction nor profit. I think Mastodon festivals place themselves on the level of Mastodon minstrels by making quantity rather than quality an attraction. To advertise the biggest soprano, the biggest band, and the biggest chorus, is but following the example of Haverly, who claims to have more niggers in his Black Hundred than any other minstrel show, and asks the public to "count 'em." The only reasonable excuse for the existence of a music festival is to exhibit the musical resources of the community in which it is held, and in this respect the Damrosch festival of 1881 was a legitimate display of the resources of New York and its tributary cities.

But what position does Chicago occupy in the late Festival? All the principal features, including leader, orchestra, and solo-singers, were brought from other localities and advertised, *à la* Barnum, as curiosities. And such indeed some of them proved to be, notably the big German *frau*, with her big voice, and the big chested Candidus, and the brawny Campanini, who made themselves heard in the *forte* passages, at least, to the occupants of the seats in the lower half of the barnlike structure, giving a satisfactory exhibition of physical powers; but as for such little piping voices as Mrs Osgood or Mr Toedt, their numbers might as well have been given to an audience of deaf and dumb people. The choir then was the only Chicago portion of the festival, and though its work was comparatively creditable, it was not equal to so pretentious an occasion, and greatly inferior to the oratorio work of such choirs as the Boston Handel and Haydn, the Philadelphia Cecilian. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since it was scratched together to do duty as a festival chorus and serve as tail to the Th. Thomas kite. It was, perhaps, fortunate for the public that the Chicago contribution was confined to the choir, if the ladies who took the parts of the three *Rhine Daughters* in the fragment of Wagner's *Rheingold* on Friday afternoon were a sample of home talent. I am not familiar with the *libretto* of the *Rheingold*, but know that Wagner is nothing if not descriptive; so that, at first, I suppose the unearthly dissonances were provided by the great master to illustrate the outcries of three maidens entering a vocal protest against being drowned in Rhine-water, and shivered an involuntary tribute to his genius in reproducing such a discordant idea, but with the aid of a powerful glass, I discovered from the grimaces on the face of the divine Theodore that the idea was not of Wagnerian but of Chicagoan origin.

The Thomas Travelling Festival is an imitation of, but not an improvement upon, the Oratorio Festival of England, which flourishes like a bay tree, because a *raison d'être* exists in a genuine love of classic music, and a desire to excel in its performance. There, masses of thousands of singers may be obtained to give *The Messiah* and kindred works from memory with entire fidelity to the original score, being familiar with them from earliest childhood. The band, as well as the choir, is there of local origin, and the solo parts generally assumed by local favourites, though sometimes renowned singers are brought from abroad to give *éclat* to the occasion. But in these feasts there is nothing served up like the *matinée* programmes of the Chicago Festival, which were as Joseph's coat, of many colours and many shreds and patches. It may be said that Mr Thomas is not responsible for the patchwork character of these programmes, and the fact that the fragments of which they are composed are from works of acknowledged masters may be used as an argument in their favour. But Mr Thomas poses as an educator, and one to whom all the devices of the showman are abhorrent. What are these patchwork programmes made for except to pander to a morbid appetite for novelty, and catch the dollars of the uncultivated masses by the usual catch-penny display of puffs and portraits of singers, thus advertised into notoriety, which passes for merit with such people as lack musical intelligence. Materna certainly deserves all the notoriety she has achieved, and yet I will match Emma Abbott against her for drawing a house. It may flatter our vanity to be called a musical people, and Mr Thomas has not been above putting his name to a magazine article in which the assertion is made; but it certainly is not true as applied to the masses, and particularly that large class of business men upon whose patronage such travelling festival enterprise must depend for financial success.

It is the Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! and the Fizz! Bang!! Boom!!! which catches the swell mob, and the Thomas travelling festival will play itself out as soon as the limit is reached, beyond which the Fizz! Bang!! Boom!!! business loses its novelty. When the study of music shall be made compulsory in our public schools, as it should be, and our children learn to read music as they do their letters, classic music would be enjoyed even more than the prevalent rubbish of to-day. Then, and not until then, may we truthfully claim to be a musical people, and it is a great pity our law-makers cannot be made to realize that it would be a profitable investment to impart such a knowledge to the rising generation as would do more towards abolishing these low places of resort which degrade music into a temptation for intemperance, and a cloak for vice, than all the sumptuary laws the ingenuity of man can devise. The Thomas travelling festival has not yet made a raid into St Louis, and it is to be hoped for the sake of St Louis it may not, for it brought neither financial nor artistic success to Chicago. In saying this, I do not wish to detract from the just meed of praise due to the genius of Thomas as a leader, the exceptional skill of his orchestra as musicians, or the phenomenal merit of such artists as Materna, Cary, Candidus, and Campanini; but it was simply a physical impossibility to give a satisfactory performance in a building where more than one half the audience stood, or sat, in positions where the delicate playing of the instruments, the enunciations of the words, even the intonations of the voices, were inaudible, while the facial expression of the singers were invisible.

J. Travis Quigg.

Stuttgart.—The anniversary of the Conservatory, which ought properly to have been held on the 15th April, that being the day on which the institution was founded, passed off in a satisfactory manner. The King, who, since 1867, has been its patron, bestowed decorations on the director, Dr Faist, the business-manager, Dr. Scholl, and Herren Lebert, Stark, and Keller, who have belonged from the first to the professional staff.

Leipsic.—An interesting collection of autograph MSS. and letters of eminent composers was recently brought to the hammer by Liszt and Francke. The Mendelssohn MSS., mostly from the collection of the late Schleinitz (15 lots), realized 9,212 marks, out of which the score and pianoforte arrangement of *St Paul* counted for 6,590 (score 4,090, the arrangement 2,500); a volume of 25 leaves, 990 marks; his last composition (2 leaves), 646 marks; lots 25, 28, and 29 (4 leaves, 2 leaves, and 1 leaf), 196, 175, and 160 marks respectively. Four MSS. of Schubert's fetched 5,145 marks, 940 marks being given for the four pianoforte sonatas. A volume of old sacred compositions copied out by Mozart brought 700 marks; Beethoven's still unpublished "Tattoo" 630; and his Note Book, 1,300. The sale was attended by bidders from Paris, Dresden, Dessau, and America.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DILETTANTE.—Yes, the late and never-too-much-regretted Angiolina Bosio played Semiramide in Paris (Salle Ventadour), with Borghi-Mamo as Arsace; and she *was* the original Zerlina of *Fra Diavolo* at the Royal Italian Opera, introducing at the beginning of Act II., the florid *bravura* air from *Le Serment* (another opera by Auber), which was wont to rouse the audience to enthusiasm. With regard to these particulars "Dilettante" is right; in all others he is wrong. The "originals" in Rossini's *Conte Ory*, at Covent Garden, were Bosio, Gardoni, and Ronconi.

DEATH.

On June 28, at the Cloisters, Westminster, JAMES TURLE, organist and master of the choristers of Westminster Abbey, in his 81st year.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882.

CONCERTS.

THE concert-season proper may now be said to have reached its climax. The German performances, under Richter and Hallé, have terminated, the one with Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the other with the Mass in D. About these, however, and the Crystal Palace Concerts (also coming to an end with the Choral Symphony—which will soon be tabooed by the "advanced school," like the *Battle of Prague*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Sonnambula*, as worn out and effete), we have a summary in hand, wherein divers signs of the times are discussed.

—o—

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 387.)

I have stated that, at first, before the Jewish agitation, of which the motives were concealed in so remarkable a manner, was commenced against me, there were signs of a desire to enter into a discussion and investigation, conducted in an honourable German fashion, of the views advanced in my writings on art. Let us suppose this agitation had not been set on foot, or that, as would have been just, it had been frankly and honourably limited to its immediate cause, the question we should then have to answer would be: what turn would the matter have then taken, according to the analogy of similar passages in the undisturbed progress of German civilization? I am not of the optimist opinion that very much would have resulted from such a turn, but something, at any rate, might have been expected, and certainly something different from what actually occurred. If we understand the case correctly, the period had arrived for music as well as for poetical literature, to convert into the common property of the nation, and of the world, the treasures bequeathed by the incomparable masters who, in a compact series, represent the great regeneration itself of German art. The question was what direction this conversion would take. It assumed the most definite form with regard to music, for here, thanks to the latter periods of Beethoven's course of creation, this art had entered upon a completely new phase of development, far surpassing all the views and assumptions previously entertained of it. Under the guidance of Italian vocal music, music generally had become *an art that merely pleased;* thus its capability of obtaining the same importance as the art of Dante, and of Michael Angelo, was altogether denied it, and it was placed among arts that were avowedly inferior. *A completely new recognition of the nature of music was, therefore, to be gained from the great Beethoven; the root whence it had grown to such a height and to such significance, was to be intelligently traced back, through Bach, to Palestrina, in order thus to found for its æsthetical appreciation, a completely different system from what that system could possibly be which was based upon our taking cognizance of a development very foreign to these masters.*

The proper sentiment of this was quite instinctively alive in the German musicians of the period, and I here designate to you Robert Schumann, as the most significative and the most highly endowed among them. In the course of his development as a composer, we can most clearly prove the influence exerted upon our art by the Jewish element which I have described. Compare the Robert Schumann of his first, and the Robert Schumann of his second, creative period: in the former, we find plastic fashioning impulse; in the latter, subsidence into bombastic superficiality degenerating into would-be mysterious shallowness. Corresponding with this is the fact that, in the second period, Schumann looked unfavourably, sullenly, and apathetically upon those to whom, during his first period, he had, as editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, offered his hand with such warmth, and with such German amiability. In the bearing of this paper, in which Schumann (with an instinct which was also correct) exerted himself as an author, for the task imposed upon us, you can perceive equally well with what a mind I should have had to take counsel, had I had to come to an understanding with him alone as to the problems which were occupying my attention; we here, indeed, meet with a different language to the dialectic Jewish jargon at last introduced into our new æsthetics, and—I maintain my assertion—in this language, we should have come to an advantageous understanding. But what was it which gave the Jewish influence this power? Unfortunately, one of the German's leading virtues is also a source of his weaknesses. The calm, dispassionate self-confidence, peculiar to him, which keeps all soul-tormenting scruples at a distance, and sends forth so many a thoroughly truthful deed from his equable nature, when undisturbed, may, if there is only a slight deficiency of the necessary fire, easily turn into that wonderful slothfulness in which, owing to the continuous neglect of all the higher desires of the German spirit in powerful political spheres, we now behold nearly all those minds sunk which have remained quite faithful to German nature. Into this slothfulness sank, also, the genius of Robert Schumann, when he found it a trouble to make a stand against the busy and unquiet Jewish spirit; it was fatiguing for him to have always to gain a clear comprehension of what was going forward. Thus he unconsciously lost his noble freedom and thus his old friends, whom he at last actually disowned, lived to see him carried off in triumph by the Jews of Music as one of their party!—Well, my respected friend, this, I think, was a result which meant something, was it not? The mention of Schumann's case relieves us at any rate from the task of throwing a light on less important instances of subjugation, which were more easily effected in consequence of this most important one.

But these personal results are supplemented by those in the domain of associations and societies. Here, also, the German mind, in conformity with its natural disposition, showed itself disposed to prove by deeds what it felt. The idea, which I mentioned to you as the task of our post-Beethovenian period, really united, for the first time, a continually increasing number of German musicians and musical amateurs, for objects which obtained their natural significance by the conception of that task. That excellent person, Franz Brendel, with faithful perseverance, first started this, in consequence of which it became the custom of the Jewish papers to adopt a contemptuous tone with him; and we must consider it as really glorious for him to have also seen what was necessary in this respect. The weakness, however, of the whole German system of association could not fail to manifest itself the sooner in this instance, since an association of German musicians was opposed not, for instance, to the powerful spheres of state organizations conducted by different governments, as is the case with other free associations condemned to similar ineffectiveness, but to the most powerful organization of our age, to that of Judaism. It was evident that a great Union composed of musicians could exercise a beneficial influence only by adopting the practical plan of giving the most admirable model performances of works of importance for the development of German musical style; for this, means were requisite; but the German musician is poor; what will help him? Certainly not talking and disputing about art-interests, which for *many* can never possess any meaning, and easily lead to the Ridiculous. But the power we did not possess belonged to Judaism. The theatres were dedicated to Squiredom and larks behind the scenes; the concert-institutes to the Music-Jews; what was left for us? A small musical paper, or so, which reported the upshot of the meetings that took place every two years.

(To be continued.)

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

PAULINE LUCCA.

Paggio gentil, tu che trasporti i cori
E d'estasi celeste li innamori
Or che sì tosto, ahimè, tu dei lasciarci,
Speme ci regge almen che a ribearci
Di tua grazia e beltade il dolce raggio
A noi ritorni ancor. Addio, bel Paggio!

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The Event!

Tuesday, June 20, 1882.
(THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE).

"I was at Erceldoune,
With Thomas spak I there;
There heard I read in roune
Who Tristram gat and bare."

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Then upstert Punch.

Old Masque.

HOW HE SOLD HER;

(Or, The very Triste 'un who didn't make room for his Uncle.)

Wagner's *Tristan and Isolda* is about the most wearisome thing we've sat out for some considerable time. Had it been by a young English composer, or an elderly English composer of the Hanwellian School, it would not have been tolerated for half-an-hour after its commencement. For ourselves, if of two penances we had to choose one, either to sit out a long, dull sermon in a stuffy church on an August afternoon, or to hear one act of *Tristan and Isolda*, we should unhesitatingly select the former, where, at all events, there would be the certainty of a tranquil repose, from which no cruel drum, bassoon, or violoncello, but only the snoring of our own nose, could rouse us. That there are occasional snatches of melody is undeniable, but a snatch here and there is not the grasp of a master-hand to hold an audience. Judicious selections will always be welcome; but that, taken as a whole, it is the embodiment of stupendous boredom, must be the verdict of all English Opera-goers who delight in the operas of — — — — — — — — — — — — and we are not afraid to add, even in these days of æsthetic mysticism, art-vagueness, and higher cultchaw, ——. What is the plot? This, simply:—

How Sir Tristan in a barque
Convoys to his Uncle Mark
Fair Isolde and confidante.
Fair Isolde will be his Aunt
When his Uncle Mark she weds,
But Isolde and Maid their heads
Put together, and the latter,
After "lengths" of weary chatter,
Gives a drink, though very loth,
To Isolde and Tristan. Both
Drain the cup without a notion
They are quaffing a Love-potion.
Each o'ercome by t'other's charms,
Falls into the other's arms.
Then she marries—fie for shame!—
Mark—and goes on just the same.
Till one day, just after dark,
With some friends comes Uncle Mark
To the garden, and discovers
In each other's arms the lovers.
He upbraids in music heavy
His immoral graceless nevvy.
Tristan rounds upon one Melot,
Once his friend—a sneaking fellow—
Who pulls out his snicker-snee,
Wounding Tristan mortallee;
For in next mad Act he shies
Bandages away, and dies;
Melot's killed by Tristan's man,
Who, in turn, dies how he can.
Then Isolde's Maid, half daft,
Tells about the amorous draught;
Isolde, singing her own doom,
Dies—wherever she finds room;
Uncle Mark, freed from the lot,
Blesses corpses. Such the plot!

The arrangement of the scene on board ship, in the First Act, with a curtain drawn at will, discovering "Knights and Attendants arranged like waxworks, who, on their showing any sign of lively melody, are at once shut up by the *confidante* closing the curtain sharply, so that they are "left singing," is such utter burlesque that any dramatic critic, except an outwagnerous Wagnerite, would condemn the situation as ludicrous in the extreme. Then, after they have both quaffed the cup, these are Wagner's stage-directions.

"*Both, seized with shuddering, gaze with deepest emotion, but immovable demeanour, into one another's eyes, in which the expression of defiance to death fades and melts into the glow of passion. Trembling seizes them, they convulsively clutch their hearts, and pass their hands over their brows.*"

If this, so far, isn't good old melodramatic "business" of the most hackneyed kind, belonging to the Victorian Era, or the palmy days of the Drama, we don't know it when we see it, that's all.

"*Their glances again seek to meet, sink in confusion, and once more turn with growing longing upon one another.*"

This is practically carried out by Isolda and Tristan going through wild extension motions opposite one another, until they are locked in each other's arms, and this situation would be satisfactory if they had only one key between them, but as it seemed to our distracted ear, the lady shrieked spasmodically, while the gentleman growled, occasionally varying it with a shout; both of them being, apparently, without the vaguest idea of time, tune, or harmony, but only too glad to get in a shriek or a growl whenever and wherever they could, and observing as a sort of Happy-Thought rule, obviously given them by that clever Herr Richter—"Keep your eyes on your Conductor, and your Conductor will pull you through."

This sort of music can never, in our lifetime at least, thank goodness, become popular with the British public. It may, as Dr Johnson said of the violoncello performance, be wonderful, but we only wish it were impossible. Wagner's lyrical-dramatic music requires no operatic vocalists at all. Let there be a first-rate orchestra, a book of the plot in hands of the audience, and *tableaux vivants* or dissolving views to illustrate it—as illustration is still necessary for the illiterate. To ourselves, speaking as mere laics in the matter, with a fondness for tune, harmony, and good dramatic situations, it seems that singing and acting are thrown away on such vocal music and such tedious and unsavoury *libretti*. If Wagner, his Royal patron, the King of Bavaria, and his countrymen generally, like this sort of thing, they are perfectly welcome to keep it to themselves, and we don't mind hearing occasionally *The* ——, *The* —— (abbreviated), or selections from —— and ——.

Punch.

I can't abide this mental strain.

F. C. B.

Mrs Osgood will not return to England till next year, and then perhaps only for a short visit.

MAJOR FLOOD PAGE has resigned the post of Crystal Palatial Manager for that of General Manager of the Edison Indian and Colonial Electric Light Company. Here's sudden promotion! The Major Manager to be a Major-General Manager. What a Flood of Light may now be expected from the Edison Indian Co. —Punch.

MR D'OYLY CARTE has arranged that the new comic opera by Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert, now approaching completion, shall be produced simultaneously at the Standard Theatre, New York; the Globe Theatre, Boston; and the Lyceum Theatre, Philadelphia, at the opening of the autumn season. This will put a stop to piracies, at any rate in the leading American cities. In order to preserve the copyright, the work must be performed also simultaneously in this country.

M. W. BALFE.—Among the unpublished MSS. left by this popular composer two pieces of sacred music have been brought to light, namely, an "Agnus Dei" and a "Sanctus." They were written in 1846 for the Princess Adelaide, the sister of King Louis Philippe, and they are full of beauty and dignity of character. The writing is both scientific and effective. They have been arranged and adapted to English words taken from the Psalms, by Mr W. A. Barrett, and will be probably sung for the first time in England at Westminster Abbey, on the day when the Balfe tablet is unveiled.—*Morning Post.*

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CONCERTS.

Mdme Nilsson.—Mdme Christine Nilsson's concert at St James's Hall, in aid of the funds of the English Church, Rue d'Aguessau, Paris, was, as might have been expected, a real success. This gifted and accomplished lady, always ready to lend her name and devote her great talents to any good cause, invariably wins a hearty response from the public, and the present occasion was by no means an exception to the rule. But such a concert, as that given by Mdme Nilsson, would at any time, or under any circumstances, secure favour, the lady having enlisted the services of other eminent artists to assist her in carrying out an excellent programme. On her appearance to sing the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, Mdme Nilsson received a very hearty greeting, justified by her performance. Retaining full possession of her fine voice, with the power to modulate at will, she imparted to the air all the peculiar charm for which her singing has so long been renowned. These qualities, aided by a play of feature in admirable taste, made the auditors fancy the Margherita of the stage was before them gazing upon the jewels. In the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, assisted by Mr Maas and a chorus, her dramatic powers had full scope for display, and at the persistent wish of the audience an encore was granted. Later on she sang Mr Louis Engel's "Lost," accompanied by the composer, and, in response to another encore, gave one of her characteristic Swedish national airs in her most characteristic and delightful manner. The duet, "La Luna immobile" (Boïto), sung by Mdme Trebelli and Mdme Nilsson, and Bizet's "L'Amour," by Mdme Trebelli, were among the most attractive features of the programme. Mr Maas, by rare beauty of voice and refinement of style, gave the wonted effect to Blumenthal's "Message," winning enthusiastic applause. Mr Cusins played Thalberg's "Fantasia (*Moïse*) for the pianoforte" with his usual accuracy and finish; while M. Musin, the violinist, in *Variations sérieuses sur une gavotte de Corelli* (Tartini), exhibited both a classic style and remarkable executive skill. The bijou drawing-room orchestra played several pieces very agreeably, and the pianoforte accompaniments were shared between Messrs Bevignani and Sidney Naylor.

Mr. Kuhe.—Mr Kuhe's annual morning concert at St James's Hall might be deemed an event of importance in a season without parallel in the musical history of London. The distinguished professor announced an excellent programme, and a list of performers embracing singers attractive both in the concert-room and on the stage. Prominent among those connected with Mr Gye's establishment were Mdme Albani and Mdme Pauline Lucca, the former winning an easy triumph in "Ah! fors' è lui" (Verdi), the latter equally successful in "Quell 'uomo al fiero" (Auber). Mdme Albani's superb voice and finished style gave such unbounded satisfaction as to excite persistent demands for an encore, which was conceded by the gifted artist; while Mdme Lucca, after a dramatic rendering of the air from *Fra Diavolo*, responded to the wish of the audience with another song. Later on the lady introduced a new American ballad, "Sweet Angelus was ringing" (Operti), the piquant character of which gave further opportunities for the exhibition of her captivating talents. Signor de Reszké, by a good voice and fine musicianship, imparted significance to a romance, "L'Extase" (Wieniawski). A "Slumber Song" (Tito Mattei) was introduced for the first time by Mdme Trebelli and M. Musin (violin *obbligato*) with success. The renowned contralto likewise sang the "Gavotte" from *Mignon*, in her accustomed genial manner. Mdme Marie Roze took the vocal part in Gounod's "Ave, Maria," the other executants being M. Musin, Messrs Pittman and Kuhe; while Mr Santley, in a *Chanson Arabe*, "Medjè" (Gounod), exhibited to admiration those fine qualities which have made his name famous. Miss Robertson, in the gay and tuneful ditty, "Bird of the spring time" (Randegger), interested the audience by her sprightly and brilliant vocalization, and, in the course of the afternoon, joined her sister in duets perfectly delivered. Mdme Antoinette Sterling appealed to lovers of English ballad in Blumenthal's "Sunshine after Rain," while Miss Mary Davies's pure voice and tender expression gave adequate significance to Mr Kuhe's "Birds and Flowers." Another excellent composition by Mr Kuhe was introduced for the first time by Mr F. Barrington Foote. Mdlle Doré Desvignes, Mdlle Nordman, and M. Massart also assisted. M. Hollman, the violoncellist, increased his reputation by an admirable performance, in which his rich tone and beauty of phrasing were conspicuous. M. Musin achieved like honours in a "Berceuse" (Faure) and a "Mazurka" (Musin)—both given to perfection. Mr Kuhe limited himself to one short solo, but that more than sufficed to establish the long-recognized ability of the concert-giver as a pianist. The conductors were Signor Bevignani, Mr W. Ganz, Signor Randegger, and Mr Kuhe.—W. B. K.

The *matinée d'invitation* given by Mr William Dorrell on Tuesday, June 20th, at his new residence in Baker Street, Portman Square, was one of the most agreeable we have had the gratification of attending during the present musical season. The following varied and excellent programme will go far to explain this:—

Minuetto and Rondo from the Sonata Duo, Op. 32—pianofcrte and violoncello—(W. S. Bennett), Mr W. Dorrell and Mr W. E. Whitehouse; Tema and Variations, Op. 34—pianoforte—(Beethoven), Mr W. Dorrell; Song, "There is dew for the flow'ret" (G. A. Macfarren), Miss Marian McKenzie; Andante Cantabile—pianoforte and violin—(W. Dorrell), Mr W. Dorrell and M. Sainton; Song, "Spinning" (Cowen), Miss Clara Samuell; Cavatine and Berceuse for the violin (P. Sainton), M. Sainton; Duet, "The Venetian Boat Song" (Blumenthal), Miss Clara Samuell and Miss Marian McKenzie; Canzonets—pianoforte—"Lullaby" and "Welcome" (G. A. Macfarren), Mr W. Dorrell; Quartet, "Les adieux de Raoul de Coucy"—voice, pianoforte, violin, and harp—(Blangini, Moscheles, Mayseder, John Thomas), Miss Clara Samuell, Mr W. Dorrell, M. Sainton, and Mr John Thomas.

It was to be regretted that only one movement of Mr Dorrell's Sonata for pianoforte and violin should be vouchsafed us; but that movement—*andante cantabile*—by the melodious beauty of its themes and the grace of their harmonic treatment, of itself created the liveliest interest. It was played, moreover, in perfection. Mr Dorrell's performance of Beethoven's "Tema and variations," as well as of the two charming Canzonets by Professor Macfarren, could hardly have been excelled; and as much may be said for the interpretation, in association with Mr E. Whitehouse, of the excerpts from Sterndale Bennett's admirable Sonata. The concert ended with the once so popular "*Adieux de Raoul de Coucy*," a composition written clearly with a view to exhibit the executive skill of each of the four artists engaged in its performance. On the present occasion, the execution must have satisfied the most critical ear. The vocalists named in the programme all did their very best, and were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr H. Rose. The entertainment, in short, was, from first to last, creditable to Mr Dorrell and satisfactory to his guests. So thorough a pianist and musician—so genuine an artist, in short—as this gentleman should come more frequently before the public.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann's "Recital," on Thursday afternoon, afforded that excellent artist an opportunity of further enforcing his claims as a pianist. At any time the exercise of such talents as his would be acceptable, but now, when energy and force pass too readily for true art, it is more than ever desirable that execution, characterized by refinement and grace, should be heard. The programme was excellent, though exception might be made to the concoctions by Liszt. Some of the pieces, little known in the concert-room, were most acceptable, and we would especially name the *Bagatelle*, No. 4, Op. 126 (Beethoven), not only for its intrinsic charm, but also for the skill with which it was presented. On the other hand, Schubert's Impromptu in A flat minor is familiar enough, and, without attempting any "new reading," the pianist gave it with admirable taste and discretion. M. de Pachmann's rendering of Mendelssohn's *Scherzo à Capriccio*, in F sharp minor, had also distinctive merit. Rubinstein's *Mélancholie* was given with unaffected sentiment. The selection from Chopin's compositions were highly appreciated, especially the *Barcarole*, Op. 60.

The *matinée musicale* of Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen the Swedish vocalist was as well attended by the fashion of the season as could be desired, but, unfortunately, the young lady herself could not appear on account of her health which, though somewhat improved as regards the serious illness under which for some time past she has so sadly laboured, was not sufficiently reinstated to risk as yet the excitement, pleasurable and complimentary as it would doubtless have been, of the concert room. Her programme nevertheless was replete with excellent matter, notwithstanding the general regret that was felt at the unavoidable absence of the "founder of the feast," but who, for the reason stated, was denied the privilege of exercising the visible functions of the hostess. In the course of the *matinée* many things were done which afforded the utmost satisfaction to the general visitants; nor could it be otherwise, for a list of artists comprising the names of Misses Mary Davies, José Sherrington, and De Fonblanque, Mr Thorndike, Signors Ria and Zoboli, as singers, with those of Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, M. Hollman and Mr Oberthür, as instrumentalists, was obviously rich enough to lend attractiveness to the invitation and ensure the pleasantest of musical *réunions*. The conductors were Mr Bendall, Signors Pinsuti and Denza. The *matinée* took place at No. 27, Harley Street, under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales.

The concert announced by Mdme Edith Wynne, the well-known and highly esteemed vocalist, for the evening of June 20, at Steinway Hall, was largely attended by her friends, and those of the public, who, cognizant of her talent, were desirous of paying homage where homage was so justly due. The programme was somewhat

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longer than it need have been, for, although it contained the names of many prominent singers and instrumentalists, the chief interest was necessarily centred in the *bénéficiaire*, who sang the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," Benedict's exquisitely graceful ballad, "Rock me to sleep," and one of her own national Welsh songs. To dilate upon the effect produced by Mdme Edith Wynne would be superfluous, she having long enjoyed the reputation of one of the most unanimously accepted heroines and favourites of the concert room, which her efforts upon the present occasion could but verify and confirm. Her coadjutors included many popular artists, among them that general favourite, Mdme Enriquez, Misses Helen Dalton and Maria Fenna; Messrs Abercrombie, W. H. Cummings, and Joseph Sauvage, as vocal contributors, supported by Mr John Thomas (harp), Miss Bessie Waugh (pianoforte), and Mdlle Bertha Brousil (violin), as instrumental soloists. The always welcome and always charming Rosa Kenney, in the course of the evening, gave a highly effective and poetical reading of the potion scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Sir Julius Benedict, Mr W. Ganz, Signors Ciro Pinsuti, and Napoleone Carozzi were the conductors.—H.

Mr Selwyn Graham gave a concert at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday morning, June 27, when a fashionable company assembled to listen to the performance of a programme, that was enjoyable in quality, without being wearisome, as in many cases, in length. Mr Graham, exhibiting those earnest qualities that have ever characterized his efforts, and finding a suitable theme in the recit. and air, "Deeper and deeper still" (Handel), sang the impassioned strains with fervency. Miss Annie Selous, by true expression and refined vocalization, imparted charm to Tosti's "Good-bye," and gave indications of dramatic powers in the *Miserere* scene from *Il Trovatore*; while Miss Marian McKenzie's fine voice was heard to great advantage in "'Tis I" (Pinsuti), and "The Wedding Day" (Blumenthal). Mr Lewis Thomas, who evidently seems unwilling, as far as he is concerned, to let the deservedly popular "Village Blacksmith" of his friend and comrade, the late W. H. Weiss, sink out of notice, once more sang the familiar strains with genuine taste and feeling. Mr J. T. Hutchinson gave an acceptable version of "Nasce al bosco" (Handel), and vocal quartets by Horsley and Hatton were remarkably well sung by Messrs J. Brown, Dalzell, Beckett, and Bevan. Mr W. Henry Baumer's talents as pianist were displayed in Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and Mr W. Henry Thomas was the able conductor.

Signor Ria.—The Vocal and Instrumental Afternoon given by this well known professor of singing on Saturday, June 24, at the Marlborough Rooms, was well supported by his friends and admirers. His own contributions included two Italian songs, which he rendered with all the effusive energy proper to the drawing-room vocalist, participating also in a duet by Donizetti, and a trio by Verdi. His abilities as an expositor of this class of music did not, it may be taken for granted, pass unrecognized, and much applause awaited him, not, be it added, undeservedly. The programme was varied and attractive, but as no respect was paid to the consecutive items put down they got hopelessly mixed before the Afternoon was three parts spent. There were, however, a well selected variety of pieces by Mdme Adelina Paget, Misses Baxter, Berta Foresta, Isabel Grant, Minna Louis, and Marie Vagnolini (with whose names we are only here and there familiar), enforced by Signors Isidore de Lara and Zoboli—the last named a valuable contributor, which his amusing delivery of Gabrielli's *aria buffa*, "Diceva quinto curzio," and of the famous duet "Quanto amore" (with Mdme Adelina Paget) from *L'Elisir d'amore*, conclusively proved. The solo instrumentalists were Mdlle Vittorina de Bono (violin), Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), and Mr R. Prentice (flute), besides the clever Paggi family, and a couple of incidental recitations by Mr Boyle.—H.

The clever and versatile "Paggi Family" invited their friends to a *matinée* at the residence of Mr Hyde, Westbourne Terrace, on Thursday, June 15th, and illustrated their musical specialities, individually and collectively, in an agreeably diversified programme. Mdlle Paggi is a pianist, and a very brilliant one, Mdlle Josephine a violinist, Mdlle Anita an excellent flautist, and M. Luciano a violoncellist; while there is another, Mdlle Luida, who figures, and with success, as an elocutionist. Each member of this variously endowed family was afforded an opportunity of personal or combined exhibition, and with results that were warmly appreciated. The vocal reserves were Mdme Frances Brooke, Mdlle Carlotta Peretti, Miss Bessie Holt, Signor Zoboli, and Monsieur Hèly Tecky; the conductors being Signor Romili and Mr P. E. Van Noorden.

Miss Edwards.—This lady merits high consideration both as vocalist and pianist, and thus, doubly armed, gave a *matinée musicale* on Wednesday, June 21st, at the Marlborough Rooms. In her selection of the "Zingarella" of Campana, the air, "Connais-tu le pays," of Ambrose Thomas, and a song by Milton Wellings, she represented herself in the one capacity very much to the gratification of her audience, while in the other she gave no less satisfactory examples of proficiency in *morceaux* by Alexander Billet and Scharwenka. The singers were Mdlles Carlottina and Antoinetta Badia, Miss Emily Dones, Mr Stanley Smith, Signors Parisotti and Ria; the instrumentalists being Signor Papini and Herr Otto Leu—altogether an attractive combination.—H.

Signor Eugenio Pirani, an Italian pianist, resident in Berlin, gave a concert on Tuesday afternoon, at St James's Hall, for the benefit of the widow of the late Signor Campana, by whom, unfortunately, pecuniary assistance is but too urgently needed. The room was hardly so well filled as it might have been considering the charitable object in view; nevertheless, there was a tolerably large gathering. The pianoforte works played by Signor Pirani consisted of selections from Beethoven (Sonata, Op. 31), Chopin, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Schumann; his excerpts from the more modern school being confined to a group of pieces by Saint-Saëns and Liszt, which terminated the concert. Signor Pirani is a cultivated and agreeable executant, and delivers his music in a steady, unaffected manner. He also furnished examples of his talents as a composer in some pianoforte *morceaux* and two German *Lieder*, sung by Mdlle Alice Barbi, who was heard in an Italian version of Haydn's air, "With verdure clad," and the brilliant "Non più mesta," from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, in which she displayed commendable and creditable facility.—H.

PROVINCIAL.

Liverpool.—The annual concert by the more advanced pupils of Mr J. J. Monk took place on Saturday afternoon June 24, in the lecture-hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mount Pleasant, a large audience attending. Mr Monk has long held a high reputation as a teacher, and his active connection as resident secretary with Trinity College, London, enables him to render important service in the diffusion of musical knowledge in this city and its immediate neighbourhood. They who occupied places in the programme on Saturday, in addition to Mr Monk himself, were Misses Parry, Rosa Cope, Elizabeth Firth, Gertrude Campbell, Helen O'Neile, H. Quick, Mary Sutton, Ada Minns, Annie Smith, Jessie Wiggins, and Eleanor Byers, Mrs Eillison and Mrs Dearle, and Mr G. Stobie. In all cases the pianoforte and harmonium playing was remarkably effective, suggesting judicious training. One of the youngest of the players, Miss Campbell, exhibited excellent qualities in her reading of the Gavotte by J. S. Bach. Three new songs by Mr Monk were introduced, one of which, "The Evening Rest," gracefully written, was expressively sung by Miss Byers. The concert was perhaps the most successful ever given in Mr Monk's name.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The furniture and other contents of the house of Mr D. G. Rossetti, No. 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, are to be sold by auction on the premises, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next week at 1 o'clock each day. There is to be a private view to-day, and a public view next Monday and Tuesday.

Philharmonic Society.—The annual general meeting of this Society was held at Trinity College on the 27th inst., when the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing season: Dr Stainer, Messrs Francesco Berger, W. G. Cusins, John Foster, George Mount, Charles E. Stephens, and John Thomas. The dates announced for the concerts next year are: Febuary 15, March 1 and 15, April 25, May 9 and 23.

Joachim Raff.—Our Berlin Correspondent telegraphed last night:—"Joachim Raff, the celebrated composer and pianist, died this morning at Frankfort. He was born in 1822, and was a scholar of Liszt, with whom he resided at Weimar for some time. His first operas, *Alfred*, *Dame Kobald*, and *Samson*, were not very successful, but his symphonies, his quartets, and his numerous compositions for the piano have made him famous in the musical world. Joachim Raff was, together with Clara Schumann, for some years a teacher at the Conservatoire of Dr Hoch, at Frankfort."—*Times, June* 26.

Arnstadt.—Bernhard Stade, Musical Director and Town Precentor, died on the 29th May. Born on the 2nd May, 1816, at Ettischleben, not far from here, he received his musical education from Gebhardi, in Erfurt, afterwards making concert-tours through Germany and proving himself a genuine organist, especially as interpreter of Bach. Stade was well known as restorer of the Bach Organ in the church of St. Boniface, the instrument being that on which the great master, after receiving his first official appointment, played from 1703 to 1707.

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Harry Wall.

The subjoined discussion of the Wall exactions recently appeared as a leading article in the *Times*:—

Mr Harry Wall's name is not unknown to our readers. It has turned up frequently in the course of a long correspondence in our columns which originated in the case of "Wall *v.* Harris," to which Mr Wall was a party. It appears to-day in our law reports in the very similar case of "Wall *v.* Taylor," to which Mr Wall is also a party. The latter action is fairly illustrative of the proceedings which have been taken by the "Copyright and Performing Right Protection Office. Established 1875. Secretary, Harry Wall, Esq.," and which have attracted, naturally enough, much attention. Mr Taylor, the defendant, gave a concert in December, 1880, at the Bolingbroke Hall, at Battersea. An amateur, who was not paid for his services, sang a composition entitled, "Will o' the Wisp." This song—a "descriptive song," as it is called on the title-page—was composed twenty-seven years ago by Mr Cherry, who assigned his rights in 1880 to Mr Wall. The singer had no idea that the production, which he had sung often before, was copyright. But it was "protected;" and Mr Wall served him with a writ for contributing to the amusements of the evening. He also took proceedings against Mr Taylor for penalties under the Copyright Acts. His contention was that the composition was a "dramatic piece" within the 2nd William IV. c. 45; the chief ground for this view being that the singer at a certain verse "laughs ha! ha! and laughs ho! ho!" with due dramatic effect. The jury declined to insult the English drama, even in its present dark days, by finding that it included "laughing ha! ha! and laughing ho! ho!" Mr Wall, however, had another string to his bow; he sued alternately for damages for infringement of his copyright in a musical composition. The jury awarded him a shilling damages, and the Judge showed his sense of the nature of the action by ordering the plaintiff to pay the defendant his costs. Nobody, except Mr Wall, will quarrel with this result. He has got his rights in full, and he deserved nothing more. A recollection of the circumstances of the previous case of "Wall *v.* Harris" makes one regard the result of "Wall *v.* Taylor" with entire equanimity. The defendant in the former action sang at an entertainment given at a Working Man's Club, a well-known song—"She wore a wreath of roses," composed by Mr Knight in 1835; a song which had been sung all over the kingdom without question. Mr Wall claimed the statutory penalty of £2, without regard to the ignorance of the singer of the piece being copyright. He got a verdict: and we are not aware that he has waived the penalty or remitted his costs. Mr Wall, to be sure, has purchased the copyrights which he so carefully guards, and the statute mulcts those who sing his songs without paying royalties. But he must take from amateurs his pound of flesh, and nothing more; and he must accept as an incident of his occupation the derision and satisfaction with which his defeat is regarded when he asks too much.

He has, indeed, done good service in opening the eyes of the public to the unexpectedly oppressive effects which may flow from the Copyright Acts when their provisions are pushed to the utmost. He has managed to demonstrate that the present law may be made to work abuses and a practical absurdity. A number of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, or Teetotallers, for example, arrange an entertainment, and wish to enliven it with music. They engage singers and musicians; and, not knowing much about music, they leave it to the performers to choose the pieces which they will play or sing. Inadvertently, one of the musicians selects a piece which is copyright, and which is in Mr Wall's list. Down he may swoop upon the poor performer, or, it may be, upon the managers of the entertainment, who may be innocent of any desire to do Mr Wall harm. Thus persons who acted in the best faith may be compelled to pay forty shillings and solicitor's costs. The letter from Mr Brett, which we published the other day, shows that any one who gets up a concert for the poor, or who gives his services at a musical performance for a charitable object, is liable to be the victim of an enterprising "Protection" secretary. This, we may be sure, was not the design of the Legislature. It was, indeed, intended to protect composers and their assignees against dishonest invaders of their rights. The musician was, in all essentials, to be placed on the same footing as the author. But it was not the wish of the Legislature to frame an Act which would serve as a snare to the unwary amateur. Between the unauthorized publication of a book and the singing of a song without the consent of the composer, there is a distinction which ought not to be slurred over. A man who publishes a pirated edition of a book cannot do so innocently. The slightest care would suffice to inform him that he was trenching upon the rights of others. A book is not printed in an hour or a day; its publication is a deliberate act; and any one who, in fact, sins against the rights of an author may be fairly assumed to do so with *malice prepense*. But when the promoters of a concert are arranging hurriedly the programme, how are they to know that "By the sad sea waves," "She wore a wreath of roses," "The winds that waft my sighs to thee," "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," "Hear, gentle Maritana," "Yes, let me like a soldier fall" are copyright productions? Perhaps a performer is encored, and responds by singing "There is a flower that bloometh," which may not be in the programme. Are the persons who are responsible for the performance at which this incident takes place to be saddled with a penalty of forty shillings and costs because they did not know that these songs were "protected by Mr Wall?" These questions carry their own answers. It is ridiculous to expect that people can remember on the spur of the moment whether this or that piece by Balfe is copyright.

It might take days to search whether or not "When other lips" has past out of the domain of public property. The most musical of us are not minutely acquainted with the history of the *Bohemian Girl* or Muleteer; and people will never resign themselves to be punished for ignorance of what they could not well know.

The proceedings which have been taken to vindicate the right to penalties of the assignee of the copyright of songs will have been useful if they lead to one or two simple alterations of the law. Let there be no cutting down the property of composers; they get no more than is the due of genius, and if they sell it to others their assignees are entitled to enjoy all that the composer possessed. But an amateur should have the means of knowing whether a song is protected. The title-page should give distinct warning of the fact. It would be sufficient, as suggested by several correspondents, if the words "right of performance reserved" were printed on each piece of music to which Mr Wall or persons in his position laid claim. The last to complain of facilities being afforded to amateurs to perform music without being in danger of being involved in litigation would be composers, who rejoice in anything which gives popularity and publicity to their works. And we do not doubt that most of the assignees of their rights would also welcome a change in the law which would not affect their receipts and which would prevent the Copyright Acts being made instruments of oppression. The musical amateur has a grievance, and we fear that he will have to wait indefinitely for justice.

Mdme Christine Nilsson signed, on Saturday, an engagement with Mr Henry Abbey, of New York, for a series of concert appearances in the United States during next winter. This will set at rest many rumours current about the intentions of Mdme Nilsson during the season of 1882-3.

Herr Schuberth, of the Schubert Society, announces his "Benefit Concert" for next Thursday evening, when he will have the assistance of several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists. The indefatigable director will doubtless be rewarded for his zealous and continued exertions in the direction of pure art by a large attendance.

Madame Bernhardt-Damala, who is now enjoying a holiday at her country house near Le Hâvre, will return to England about the middle of August in order to fulfil an extensive round of provincial engagements, including Ireland and Scotland. She will not, however, perform again in London till June next year, when she will commence an engagement at the Gaiety, for six weeks—that is, three times as long as her engagement just terminated. It is no secret that the recent performances of this distinguished actress have been by far the most popular of all her appearances in this country.—*Daily News*.

Vienna.—There are 548 members of and subscribers to the Imperial Opera Pension Fund, while 170 persons receive regular pensions or occasional relief. Its entire income for last year amounted to 131,365 florins, 26 kreutzers.—The Haydn Memorial Committee have selected Heinrich Natter's life-size model of the great master and ordered the artist to execute it in marble. When the statue is completed it will be set up in the Esterhazy Park.

New York.—Maurice Grau intends having two French opera companies next season: Comic Opera, with most of his old artists, and a *buffo* opera, with Mdlle Theo as star.—A lyric farce, *The Two Medallions*, already played in different parts of the country with varying success, will shortly be produced. The composer is a resident of Evansville, Indiana.—Negotiations, which may lead to the establishment of a permanent English Operahouse in this city, are said to be pending between Mallory, manager of the Madison Square Theatre, and Frederick Archer.

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TONIC SOL-FA.

In the report of the proposed Revised Code of Education, it is stated that Government grants are to be given to those schools in which the Tonic Sol-fa system of notation is taught. This announcement shows that the time has arrived when the merits of the Tonic Sol-fa system should be searchingly examined. So long as Tonic Sol-fa teaching was self-supporting, its advocates had the right to promulgate their opinions, and to carry them out in practice; but when their system is about to be upheld by a large expenditure of money, raised by taxation, they stand in a totally different position, and the public have a right to inquire on what grounds they are called upon to support a system hitherto upheld by only a small minority, and opposed to the principles on which music is generally taught in every part of the civilized globe. It may seem ungracious to disparage a system which has afforded, and is capable of affording, enjoyment to thousands of singers and numerous audiences, but when we are asked to vote money for the support of this system on the ground that it can furnish "musical education" for the people, we are compelled to point out that it teaches one branch of music—sight-singing—and nothing else. It facilitates sight-singing by the "movable Do;" the key-note or Tonic—no matter what the key—being always "Do;" the fifth interval "Sol," and so on. The idea is not new, and was a century back adopted by Italian singing-masters, but has long since been discarded by their successors. The "movable Do" renders unnecessary the flats and sharps by which keys are indicated in the old notation, and the Tonic Sol-fa pupil, having only to acquire a knowledge of intervals and time, is soon enabled to sing at sight—whether in solo or concerted music—any vocal music translated into the syllables and arbitrary marks which constitute the Tonic Sol-fa notation. This is a fair statement of the advantages claimed for the Tonic Sol-fa system, and it must be ungrudgingly admitted that, under that system, large numbers of pupils have been enabled to display remarkable proficiency in sight-singing, and the choral singing at the Tonic Sol-fa Festivals at the Crystal Palace has been highly satisfactory. If proficiency in sight-singing and choral singing were the *summum bonum* of musical art, much might be said for the new system, although it must be remarked that far superior singing has been presented by the Henry Leslie choir, Mr. Barnby's choir, and other choral bodies employing the old notation. It must, however, be pointed out that the 4,000 singers who took part in the last Tonic Sol-fa Festival could not have sung a note of the compositions they executed had they not been translated into Tonic Sol-fa notation, and were restricted to the limited repertory of works printed in that notation. There are many hundreds of splendid choral works which to them would have been as so much Greek, although perfectly intelligible to persons trained on the accepted system of notation, no matter to what nation they might belong. To the latter, music speaks a universal language; to the former it is incomprehensible, unless clothed in the fantastic guise under which it has been introduced to them by *soi-disant* teachers of music.

A remarkable illustration of the disadvantages attendant on the new system was afforded last year. The Philharmonic Society, at great expense, furnished engraved copies of the choral parts of Mr Hueffer's English adaptation of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* symphony to the South London Choral Association, who, under the able direction of their teacher, Mr Venables, learned the music perfectly, and sang it well. The Philharmonic Society were subsequently called upon to defray the cost of a set of Tonic Sol-fa chorus parts, which had been absolutely indispensable to the South London Sol-fa Choralists, because they were unable to read the notes as written by Berlioz. Consequently, the Philharmonic Society have this season formed a choir of their own, selected from the large mass of amateurs who are able to read the Choral Symphony of Beethoven and other important choral works in the original notation. Perhaps there may be enthusiastic votaries of the Tonic Sol-fa system ready to contend that all such works should forthwith be translated into their notation, but most people will agree in thinking that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Tonic Sol-fa singers are restricted to such works as their teachers may think fit to include in their *répertoire;* the teachers—being familiar with the old notation—are alone competent to examine and recommend such additions, and the pupils are at their mercy. Properly taught pupils would be able to peruse and enjoy, and estimate for themselves the value of boundless stores of music which must be to them as sealed books so long as their musical knowledge is restricted to Sol-fa notation.

Were the Tonic Sol-faists able to show that a knowledge of sight singing is difficult to acquire with the old notation, their case would be stronger than it is. As a matter of fact, thousands of children under ten years of age, and many only half that age, are perfectly familiar with the old notation, which is more easily learnt than the multiplication-table. When Mr John Hullah—to whom more than to any other man living we are indebted for the rapid march of musical progress during the last forty years—in 1840 commenced his system of class-teaching, he found no formidable difficulty in rendering the notation of Guido D'Arezzo and Franco of Cologne intelligible. His pupils were attracted from the lowest as well as the highest classes of society, and "music for the million" became a realized fact in connection with the system of notation which the Tonic Sol-faists decry. Real progress in art should be encouraged, but needless and fantastic innovations should be condemned. Mr Hullah's pupils, and those still taught on his system, have acquired the alphabet of music, and are on the road to its syntax. The Tonic Sol-fa pupil must unlearn or discard all he has learnt, and begin, *de novo*, if he desire really to study music, and to enjoy its combinations—

> "*Untwisting all the links that tie*
> *The hidden soul of harmony,*"

for harmony forms no part of "music" as taught by the Tonic Sol-faists. If it be urged that he may hereafter learn the accepted notation, let us ask why we should pay for his instruction on a system confessedly insufficient? There is another phase of the subject which demands notice. We are told that our Liberal Government desires to provide instruction in music for the poor as well as the rich. This specious pretext may speedily be dismissed. Any Sol-fa pupil who, on leaving an elementary school, may wish to learn an instrument—say, the violin—will find that he cannot even read the notes of his first exercise in scales, because he has *not* been taught "music." Which of the "rich" would be content to have his child taught music on the Sol-fa system alone? And why should the poor be tricked into believing that their children are learning music when they are but wasting time in acquiring knowledge of a very limited branch of art?

We may hereafter endeavour to show that music can easily be taught on the old system in elementary schools. So far as concerns the Tonic Sol-fa system, in connection with Governmental grants for the teaching of music in those schools, it can only be regarded as "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."—*Globe.*

Royal Italian Opera.—The revival of Auber's comic opera, *Fra Diavolo*, was a genuine success, the house being full and the gratification of the audience marked. With Mdme Pauline Lucca in his company Mr Gye was certain not to overlook the claims of *Fra Diavolo*, nor to disappoint the expectation of a public who remembered a certain piquant and charming Zerlina familiar to the Covent Garden stage twelve years ago. The manager's course was clear, and he was rewarded for following it. Doubtless Auber had his own audience on Thursday night—those who went to hear for the sake of music which does not contain a dull bar, nor, in its simplest passages, a bar unworthy of the genial and gifted composer. Nevertheless, the more immediate attraction lay in Mdme Lucca's embodiment of the innkeeper's daughter; one of the freshest and most charming characters on the lyric stage. The lady's conception of her part remains what it was when she last appeared amongst us. It has not even been re-touched for the sake of broader outline, more striking colour, or consequent new effect. This is well, since change wrought upon a thing so perfect in its way could not possibly be for the better. Mdme Lucca played with quiet humour in the first act, and in the bed-room scene with delightful *naïveté*, giving forcible expression to the harmless vanity of the maiden who feels that her beauty has conquered a lover, and to the unrestrained joy of an expectant bride. We need not insist upon this. The second act of *Fra Diavolo* is a *cheval de bataille* that always carries Mdme Lucca to victory. Her singing was conspicuous for its firmness and certainty; and it will be assumed that the scene before the looking-glass was a perfect example of natural and ingenuous acting. Lady Coburg was represented by Mdlle Lonati somewhat tamely; while the Lord Coburg of Signor Scolara, though by no means overflowing with superfluous humour, compared advantageously with that once made familiar on the same stage by Signor Ciampi. M. Lestellier's Fra Diavolo had little dramatic significance; but the artist was fortunate in singing music written for the school to which he belongs. His best effort was made in "Agnese la Zitella," which was encored. Giacomo and Beppo were made as amusing as usual by M. Dauphin and Signor Guerini, the cast being completed by Signor Corsi (Lorenzo) and Signor Raguer (Mattei). Signor Bevignani conducted, and the general performance did him credit.—P.G.

Mr Frederic Penna's interesting lecture on Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, originally given at the Beethoven Rooms, when Sir Julius Benedict accompanied the illustrations, is to be delivered at the Birkbeck Institution on Wednesday evening next.

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WAIFS.

Mr Santley will sing at Toole's Theatre this afternoon, on the occasion of Mr Toole's double benefit; and in the evening Mr Sims Reeves, if sufficiently recovered from his recent indisposition, will appear as Tom Tug, in Dibdin's still popular comic opera, *The Waterman*. The double programme is of a most extensive kind, including comedietta, farce, burlesque, recitations, and songs. Besides Mr Toole, with the regular company of his theatre and the vocalists already mentioned, the list of performers includes Miss Ellen Terry, Mdmes Keeley, Amadi, Bancroft, and Kendal, Messrs Irving, Bancroft, and Herbert Reeves.

The English libretto of *La Dame Blanche* has been completed for Mr Carl Rosa by Mr Arthur Matthison.

A new theatre is to be erected at St Sebastian, Spain.

A new paper, *Arte e Storia*, has appeared in Florence.

Emma Thursby will sing at concerts in America this autumn.

The tenor, Warot, is engaged at the Grand-Théâtre, Antwerp.

The new Singakademie, Halle, have performed Haydn's *Seasons*.

It is said that Sgambati, the Italian pianist, will shortly visit America.

Franchetti was lately in Milan engaging an operatic company for Bucharest.

A zarzuela, *Los Pajes de la Duquesa*, is in preparation at the Teatro Martin, Madrid.

The second West Holstein Musical Festival was held at Itzehoe, on the 4th June.

The season at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, resulted in a deficit of some 26,000 francs.

V. E. Nessler's opera, *Der wilde Jäger*, is to given in the autumn at the Stadttheater, Strassburgh.

Regina e Contadina, a new opera, by Sarria, has been produced at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, Naples.

It is Eduard (not Johann) Strauss who goes to New York next season as conductor at the Casino.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's opera, *Diana von Solange*, is in rehearsal at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

A new opera, *Maria Tiepolo*, by Baron Crescimano, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Malta.

The Italian operatic season at the Teatro Ciblis, Montevideo, was inaugurated with *La Forza del Destino*.

Carl Mayer, barytone, of the Stadttheater, Cologne, succeeds Reichmann at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

There is some talk of giving *Lohengrin* and the *Duca d'Alba* in September, at the Sala Beethoven, Barcelona.

The Stadttheater, Leipsic, will open under the Stägemann management on the 1st August, with *Die Zauberflöte*.

Teresina Singer was lately to appear at a concert in Florence in aid of the School for the Instruction of the Blind.

Don Eduardo Compta, professor of the piano in the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamacion, has died at Madrid.

An "*Andante Elegiaco*" in honour of Garibaldi, by Filippo Sangiorgio, was well received at the Teatro Comunale, Ferrara.

Teresina Tua, the girl violinist, has signed with Alfred Fischof, Turin, for a two years' concert-tour in Europe and America.

Battistini, the barytone, is expected to return to Europe from America at the end of November. (Impossible!—Dr Blidge.)

A. Steveniers, son of Professor Steveniers at the Brussels Conservatory, is appointed violin professor in the School of Music, Nancy.

The provisional theatre at Schwerin is in course of erection on the Louisenplatz, near the Railway Station, and will be opened on the 1st October.

The last appearance of Friedrich (Brünnhilde) Materna in New York was on the 9th June, when she sang at a concert in the Academy of Music.

He was dining, and found two hairs in his soup. Calling the waiter, he said: "Another time I should prefer them in a locket."—(Oh!—Dr Blidge.)

A two-act comic opera, *Le Prince Noir*, by Mdlle Dell 'Acqua, has been performed at the house of her father, the well known painter of the same name in Brussels.

The Duke of Meiningen has resolved to establish a Dramatic School, and the building operations, including the enlargement of the Ducal Theatre, are begun.

La Favorita, with Galletti as the heroine, has been performed at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.—(Galletti was, years since, at our Royal Italian Opera.—Dr Blidge.)

During September, October, and November, Bianca Lablanche will make an operatic tour through some of the chief towns of Italy, including, among others, Bologne, Florence, and Genoa.

Ricca, present manager of the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, will give in the autumn Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* (with the barytone Kaschmann), Ponchielli's *Gioconda*, and Manzotti's ballet, *Sieba*.

Theodore Thomas has been taking a holiday at Nantucket, previous to starting on a short tour with his orchestra through some of the States. (How about Bayreuth and *Parsifal*?—Dr Blidge.)

Massenet will, it is said, visit Berlin, Hamburgh, and Vienna this winter, to superintend the production of his *Hérodiade*, and to give concerts at which fragments of his oratorios and orchestral *suites* are to be performed.

All Wagner's ten operas are now being performed in chronological succession at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, where J. v. Witt, Grand-Ducal Chamber-Singer, Schwerin, has been singing.—(which, perhaps, accounts for it.—Dr Blidge.)

Joseph Murphy, of the Lyceum, Philadelphia (U. S.), will bring out the new opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, at the beginning of next season, simultaneously with its production at the Globe Theatre, Boston, the Standard Theatre, New York, and a theatre (to be named) in England.

SUNSET.*

As sinking slowly in the west
We mark the setting sun,
Our hearts with holy awe imprest
Towards Thee, Almighty One.

Those beauteous tints of splendour bright,
First crimson and then gold,
Then soft'ning to a mellow light,
What charms do they unfold!

In the world's history's earliest page
We read of setting sun,
Of Him who Heav'n's sceptre sways,
God the Almighty One.

And as we watch these beauteous rays,
So soft and yet so gay,
Let us ne'er fail our God to praise
By night as well by day.

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EMILY JOSEPHS.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—On Saturday night *Tristan und Isolde* was given for the second time, and has not been since repeated. The second performance was even better than the first, which, bearing in mind the extraordinary difficulty involved in the task, reflects credit upon all engaged in its accomplishment, from Herr Richter, the admirable conductor, and his leading actors (singers they can in this instance hardly be called, little or nothing that is vocal being put down for them), to the members of his orchestra without exception. Madame Rosa Sucher's Isolde is so ideal an embodiment of Wagner's poetical conception that we cannot but sympathize with the arduous exertions necessitated by her desire to impart as much musical as dramatic significance to the character, an attempt which—the melodious phrases, such as they are, being almost exclusively given to the orchestra—lies barely within range of the possible. Her performance, nevertheless, is in all respects noteworthy, meriting to the furthest extent the eulogies that have been bestowed upon it. With a Tristan like Herr Winkelmann, the lady is thoroughly well mated. He too possesses a just right to indulgent consideration, the music he has to declaim, often, indeed, to vociferate, being no less exacting and no less ungrateful than that assigned to his gifted partner. Here, again, whatever can be admitted to represent "melody" devolves upon the various instruments of the orchestra—the members of which, it must be admitted, are equal to every emergency. At times, indeed, we are almost reconciled to the strange fact that the orchestral instruments virtually wrest from the mouths of the singers those emotional utterances which have hitherto been the exclusive prerogative of the *dramatis personæ* on the stage, who thus being robbed of all chance of expressing themselves in musical accents, might with equal effect exhibit in dumb show. That this reduces what is called "opera" to a sheer absurdity need scarcely be added. It is Wagner's theory, however, which in *Tristan und Isolde*, where the subordinate characters are treated in precisely the same manner as the leading personages, is wrought out to its extremest limits. It behoves, therefore, all who take an interest in the matter to consider this theory with earnest sincerity. In our own opinion, shared by the great majority of those who love music for music's sake, its successful development would lead to the annihilation of one of the most beautiful and healthful forms of Art. Happily, there is small likelihood of such an undesirable result—a new Wagner not being likely to spring up for a century or thereabouts.

So remarkable a series of performances as those of the German Opera at Drury Lane, which terminated last night with another representation of the *Meistersinger*, are entitled to a brief retrospect, which must be deferred till our next issue.—*Graphic*.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, July* 1, 1882.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 27. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 8, will be performed "MIGNON." Mignon, Mdme Albani; Filina, Mdme Valleria; Federico, Mdme Stahl; Lotario, M. Gailhard; Laerte, M. Soulacroix; Giarno, Signor Scolara; and Guglielmo, Signor Lestellier.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.
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MONDAY next, July 10, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, Mdme Adelina Patti; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; and Alfredo, Signor Nicolini.

Production of "Mefistofele."—Mdme Albani.

TUESDAY next, July 11, will be produced BOITO'S grand Opera, "MEFISTOFELE" (to commence at Eight o'clock). Margherita and Elena, Mdme Albani; Marta and Pantilis, Mdlle Tremelli; Mefistofele, M. Gailhard; Wagner, Signor Igenio Corsi; and Faust, Signor Mierzwinsky. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI. The Incidental Divertissement will be danced by Mdme A. Gedda, Mdlles Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet, under the direction of M. Hansen. The scenery by Messrs Dayes & Caney. The costumes by M. Faignaert, Mdme Dubreuil, M. Deligne, and assistants. The appointments by Mr Labhart. The machinery by Mr White. The *mise-en-scène* by M. Lapissida.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

THURSDAY next, July 13, LENEPVEU'S Opera, "VELLEDA." Velleda, Mdme Adelina Patti; Ina, Mdme Valleria; Even, Mdlle Stahl; Teuter, Signor Cotogni; Sénon, Signor De Reszké, and Celio, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—M. DUPONT. The Incidental Divertissement will be danced by the Corps de Ballet, under the direction of M. Hansen.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mons. Aug. Challamel J. Chantepie, author of the book of *Velleda*, cannot be charged with over-estimating his faculty of invention. He mistrusted it altogether when essaying the work in question, and seems to have determined that a road to success shorter and safer than that of original effort lay in altering, more or less slightly, the production of another man. His choice fell upon *Norma*, and *Velleda* is *Norma* with variations. The reader may amuse himself, as we sketch M. Chantepie's story, by comparing it with MM. Soumet and Belmontet's well-known libretto.

The scene is laid in Gaul, what time the Roman forces under Cœlius are masters and oppressors there. Gaul, represented by a select deputation of inhabitants, is mourning its fate in a picturesque manner on the sea shore, and waiting the return of the priestess Velleda, who has gone over to the Isle of Sein to pray and consult an oracle. Meanwhile, Teuter, a warrior, tries to cheer up his countrymen. We learn that he "secretly aspires to Velleda," and do not marvel at his confidence in the power of the priestess to set matters right. The crowd are just swerving round to his way of thinking when Cœlius, attended by his slave Even, appears on the scene. Cœlius is also enamoured of Velleda—who, ignorant of his rank, loves him in return—and has come disguised as a native in order to be near her. The jealous eye of Teuter soon detecting him, it would, perhaps, go hard with the defenceless Consul but for the entrance of Ina, Velleda's attendant, with the priestesses who had accompanied their mistress to the island. Ina has to say that Velleda remains behind for further prayer, since the oracle is not propitious. Cœlius calls her words a "woeful proclamation," but mourning Gaul takes heart of hope, and proposes to carry heaven by storm. "Let's pray, and with fervent oration E'en the wrath of the gods we may quell." Hereupon this primitive "Salvation Army" departs to wrestle with the fates. Ina would go likewise, but Teuter detains her, declares the identity of Cœlius, hints at a plot, and exits with the Druidess to concoct it. Left alone with his master, Even frankly points out the hopelessness of the Roman's love. Cœlius, however, cannot see it, and is still contemplative of "bliss" and "treasure" when Ina reappears to develop Teuter's scheme. It is simple enough, and could hardly have been original in those days. Will the Consul meet Velleda by night "at yonder rock that bodes ill to the sails?" "Oh joy! oh rapture!" responds the lover; the thing is as good as done, and the act ends with the appearance of Velleda, who informs the Gauls that at a fitting moment she will communicate the behest of the gods. The second act opens upon a gathering of Gallic warriors in a thunderstorm. Undaunted, the soldiers hail the uproar, and fiercely respond as Velleda stirs within them a thirst for Roman blood. Having taken a lot of murderous oaths, and sung a war-hymn, the forces exeunt, leaving Ina and her Druidesses to build a beacon signal of revolt on the very rock named as Velleda's place of assignation. Thither soon comes the deluded Roman, seeking the priestess. Vainly does Even appear, to warn his master of danger. He refuses to run away, and speedily finds himself a captive to the Gauls, who are about putting him to death, when Velleda intervenes. Heaven will accept no blood that has been unfairly shed. The Gauls protest, but the priestess remains firm, much more when she learns that her lover and oppressor of her country are one and the same. So, amid scowls and nervous clutching of weapons, the Roman departs; while Velleda adroitly calls for a repetition of the war-hymn, and restores everybody's good humour. In the interval between the second and third acts the revolt has been put down to such purpose that all the Gauls we know are prisoners, compelled to witness in chains the rejoicings of their conquerors. Cœlius now proves that he can be generous. Remembering the mercy shown him, he would release his captives, but is turned from his purpose by the insults of Teuter. Fortunately, Velleda—who seems to be ever at hand in the interests of personal, if not national, concord—rushes upon the scene, and demands a private talk with the Consul. She has to tell that, conquered by love for him, country, father, and duty have been forsaken. A long and passionate scene follows, which ends as a messenger from Rome is announced. The Tribune bears Cæsar's command to exterminate the Gauls, but Cœlius, inspired by love, defies even his imperial master, and the act ends amid general uproar with the liberation of the prisoners. At the opening of the last act we find Velleda with her father, Sénon, dwelling in an Armorican village. Their retreat has been discovered by Cœlius, who presently appears, still attended by Even. Ample reason for suspecting the sex of the slave has heretofore been given, but now, stung to the quick by jealousy, not only womanhood is declared, but love for the master so devotedly served. That love, rejected, turns at once to hate, and is the agent which brings about catastrophe. Cœlius and Velleda meet to dream of securing happiness by flight at the moment when Even is betraying them to the Gauls. The rest is soon told. Discovered, reproached, condemned, Velleda stabs herself, Cœlius follows her example, and the curtain comes down upon their death.

Without insisting upon the parallelism of *Velleda* and *Norma*—which, indeed, would be superfluous—we may point out that M. Chantepie's alterations are not entirely changes for the better, save in so far as they satisfy the exigencies of French grand opera. The demand of that form of entertainment for spectacular effect is, no doubt, amply met; the gathering of the Gallic host, and the festive pomp of the Roman victors, to say nothing of other scenes, liberally regaling the sense of sight. All this, however, is but appendage to drama, and we come to a matter of greater importance in noticing that the Pollio (Cœlius) of *Velleda* is a real hero by comparison with him of *Norma*. There contemptible, the amorous Roman here commands our admiration by generosity and faithfulness worthy of such tribute in fullest meed. Otherwise, the two related plays cannot be compared without damage to the younger. Only one situation in *Velleda* is dramatically powerful, and that occurs at the end of the second act, where the Priestess, by the force of her supremacy, arrests the uplifted weapons of her countrymen, and escorts the Roman harmless through a murderous throng. A genuine effect is here, and it brings down the curtain upon "sensation." For the rest, we have nothing equivalent to those great moments in *Norma*—when the Priestess threatens the lives of her children, only to find maternal love stronger than revenge; when she learns the faithlessness of Pollio, and when she makes a revelation that can only lead to death. Turning from an inevitable comparison, points are discovered which challenge criticism for themselves alone. Such is the entrance of the leading character, to do nothing, at a time when the interest of the first act is virtually over. It seems as though the librettist had forgotten his heroine till the last moment, and then thrust her on the stage simply to show herself. Exception may also be taken to the feeble individuality displayed by personages whose functions in the drama are important. Ina, though prominent, is but a sketch; Teuter is almost unintelligible; and Senon nearly undiscernable, while Even's dramatic value in the final scene is set off by the slave's superfluousness throughout three acts. As lyric dramas go, however, we are far from sure that all faults are not outweighed by the librettist's regard for the exigencies of opera as an entertainment simply. He has brought in his processions, dances, war scenes, festive scenes, and so forth in sufficient abundance and at the right moment, and he has taken care not to make demands upon the mental resources of his audience. For our own part, we can forgive much on account of the comparative purity of his stage. In *Velleda* nobody is poisoned or drugged; there is no sensuality; and a *Deux ex machinâ* always checks murderous tendencies. We grant the double suicide, but a lover in killing himself "most gallantly for love," gives incontestable proof of mental derangement.

M. Lenepveu's music has certain well-marked features which it is only necessary to point out in order to make detailed criticism superfluous. Among its merits may be counted the showing of a cultured mind and facile hand. We say cultured, not imaginative or inventive, since there is no proof in the opera that M. Lenepveu possesses imagination or invention in any marked degree. Cultured he certainly is, the music being, for the most part, that of a man who has studied his craft to good purpose, and made himself proficient. It would seem that the composer determined to utilize this form of strength as much as possible. In a score of ways he makes his musicianship prominent, and even takes the unusual step of closing the third act with a regular choral fugue on a diatonic subject in Handelian style. The fugue, it is true, is not worked out as it might be for the organ, but it indicates a satisfactory command over a strictly scholastic application of musical means. Elsewhere, as in the chorus "A predir" of the first act, M. Lenepveu presents us with that which is essentially an illustration of part-song form, and does so with very good effect. Turning to the orchestra, the scoring, save in the noisy *ensembles*, is found to be equally suggestive of musicianship. It is delicate and refined, often highly coloured and picturesque, and always suggestive of acquaintance with and regard for instrumental characteristics. Only when we rise into the higher range of the creative musician are evidences of weakness discoverable. As the composer of a grand opera, M. Lenepveu may "assume the god; affect to nod; and seem to shake the spheres," but connoisseurs certainly are not deceived. They cannot be blind to the composer's liberal abstraction from the storehouse of his memory that which, in substance, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and others have a right to call their own. Here and there M. Lenepveu does not affect disguise, but condescends to bold imitation, as when, for example, he accompanies the voice in an unmistakable Meyerbeer passage with a single bass clarinet. If it be said that a man does well to draw upon a stored memory rather than a poor invention we quite agree. Originality is no

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merit *per se*: nevertheless, when it is wanting, certain inferences are as fair as inevitable. Failing the ideality which is at the bottom of true musical inventiveness, and where memory does not serve, M. Lenepveu takes one of two courses. That is to say, he either resorts to a novel musical mechanism, or covers up everything with noise. The modern French school is great at unfamiliar scales and rhythms, behind which many of its disciples seek to hide their essential poverty. Let us add, that the modern French school is by no means alone as to this matter. At present, however, we have to do with one of its representatives, who cannot be denied the credit of turning to good account the resources just indicated. A certain piquancy always results from the use of a Greek "mode," or the employment of rhythms such as those used in several of M. Lenepveu's airs. The best devices of this kind, however, cannot atone for lack of ideas, any more than a service of gold plate can make up for poor and scanty food. To the noisy ensembles we need not particularly advert, especially as the temptation from which they spring is great. Music nowadays becomes more and more an affair of noise, and the most uproarious piece in *Velleda* was the only one encored on Tuesday night. It was also the most commonplace. But, after all is said, we must admit that *Velleda* suits the average audience of Italian opera—an audience that asks simply for entertainment. It is tuneful from beginning to end? a great part is pleasing because refined; and it represents a frank, if somewhat adventurous effort to write a grand opera free from the baneful pretences and the transcendental absurdities of the new German school. An opera new and not excruciating should this season be as exempt as a gift horse from a particular form of examination.

The performance, ably conducted by M. Dupont, need not long detain us, since there was an absence both of marked general excellence and particular want of it, a fair Italian opera average being presented. Mdme Patti impersonated Velleda with quiet power throughout, and sang with more than usual intensity of expression where an unwonted demand was made upon her. Owing to the absence of *bravura* music, Mdme Patti's most telling vocal means were kept in abeyance, but she made up for this, in the judgment of connoisseurs at least, by displaying qualities of higher artistic worth. Her triumph was indisputable. As Ina, Mdme Valleria once more asserted her value as an able and conscientious artist. In her best voice, she sang admirably; while her acting gave interest to a character not in itself qualified to command attention. Mdlle Stahl did all that was possible for the part of Even; Signor Nicolini, as Cœlius, looked the Roman commander to the life; Signor Cotogni (Teuter), M. Dauphin (Tribune), and Signor de Reszké (Senon), carefully performing the tasks respectfully assigned to them. More than a word of praise was deserved by both chorus and orchestra, while the *mise-en-scène* reflected much credit upon the stage manager, M. Lapissida.—*D. T.*

De Lange, junr., has been giving organ concerts in the churches of Rotterdam, Voorburg, the Hague, Utrecht, and Amsterdam.

BERLIN.—In the fourth character assumed by Schröder-Hanfstängl at the Royal Operahouse, that of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, she did not please as much as in the other parts she has sustained here.—The soprano, Gambogi, lately engaged for the Italian company at the Skating Rink, being afterwards refused an appearance on the ground of incompetence, has brought an action against the manager. Meantime, Engel, of Kroll's Theatre, on hearing the opinion of fair judges, gave her an opportunity of vindicating her professional character, which she has effectually done as Gilda and Amina.—The operatic season, under Firmans, at the Louisenstädtisches Theater, prospers.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Joachim Raff, for some years Director of the Hoch Conservatory here, died suddenly in the night of Sunday the 25th ult. He was born on the 27th May, 1822, at Lachen, on the shores of the Lake of Zurich, and originally intended for a schoolmaster. "But," says the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, "the love of music drove learning into the background, and the encouragement he received from Mendelssohn and Liszt helped very much to win him over entirely to art. He resided most of his life in Wiesbaden. Simple, however, as was his mode of existence, it was prolific, as every one knows, in musical creations of all kinds; there is, perhaps, no form of composition in which Joachim Raff was not an active labourer, and we need not here emphasize the fact that he did very important work in each. His name is for ever assured of a place in the temple of musical history. Honour to his memory!" The Leipsic *Signale* says: "In many branches—in opera, with *König Alfred;* with ten symphonies and dozens of sonatas, trios, songs, and fantasias—he was unceasingly enriching the stock of our music publishers. His greatest successes were achieved with his symphonies, *Leonore* and *Im Walde*. He married Doris Genast (Weimar)."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students was held on Saturday, July 1, when the following music was performed:—

Fugue, in D minor, on the Choral, "Wir Glauben all' an einen Gott" (Schöffer), organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr Kirkland, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Song (MS.), "Mine, only mine" (Sinclair Dunn, student)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Mr Sinclair Dunn, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr W. H. Cummings; Prelude and Fugue in E, Book 2, pianoforte (J. S. Bach)—Miss Alexander, pupil of Mr H. R. Eyers; Song (MS.), "Si j'etais grand Seigneur" (Cecil Goodhall, student)—(accompanist, Mr Goodhall)—Mr Courtice Pound, pupil of Mr Bannister and Mr F. Walker; Etudes Symphoniques, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Cantelo (Lady Goldsmid scholar), pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Canzonet, "The Spirit Song" (Haydn)—(accompanist, Miss Lilian Cookworthy)—Miss Frances Harrison, pupil of Mr Randegger; Sonata, in D minor (Gustav Merkel)—Mr Drewitt, pupil of Dr Steggall; Air, "It is enough"—*Elijah*—(Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Alfred Izard)—Mr Musgrove Tufnail, pupil of Mr F. Walker; Prelude and Fugue, in D minor (MS.), pianoforte (Edith Kelly, student)—Miss Edith Kelly, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr H. R. Eyers; Adagio ma non troppo con affetto and Allegro, from Sonata in A, Op. 101 (Beethoven)—Miss Jane Hogg, pupil of Mr. O'Leary; Recitative, "Is this the Son of Hercules?" and Air, "Banish love"—*Hercules*—(Handel)—Miss Alice Hall, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Allegro and Scherzo, from MS. Sonata, in G, pianoforte (Dora Bright, student)—Miss Dora Bright, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Walter Macfarren; Sonata, in A, violin (Handel)—(accompanist, Miss Munster)—Miss Werge, pupil of Mr F. Ralph; Romanza—*Reginella*—(Gaetano Braga)—Mr Lewis, pupil of Mr Fiori; Allegro, from Trio in B flat, Op. 5, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Francis Davenport)—Miss Crang, Mr W. Richardson, and Mr Hambleton, pupils of Messrs W. H. Holmes, Burnett, and Pezze.

The prize distribution will be on Saturday, July 22, at three o'clock, when Lady Goldsmid will present the awards. All pupils are required to be present at the prize distribution on Saturday, July 22, at three o'clock, from which no one can be excused, except on production of a medical certificate, or by special permission of the Principal.

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—The series of performances of German opera closed on Friday evening with a repetition of *Die Meistersinger*. The season began on May 18 with Wagner's *Lohengrin*, which was followed by *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and *Tristan und Isolde*, first heard among us in the original language, the two last-named for the first time here on the stage. Events of higher artistic interest were the production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Weber's *Euryanthe*, both of which had been formerly given here by German companies many years ago. The large predominance of Wagner's music over that of classical masters is a feature of the past scheme that may well be reconsidered in the arrangements for similar performances next year; and it will also be a matter of simple justice to bestow as much care on Weber's masterpiece as was bestowed on all the other performances, the general excellence of which has been recognized. The factitious effect given to Wagner's works by the fine declamation and acting of the principal artists must have struck all dispassionate hearers and spectators as an advantage to which the so-called poet-composer was immensely indebted. Special tribute is due to the admirable performances of Frau Sucher, Fräulein Malten, Fräulein Brandt, Herr Winkelmann, Herr Gura, Herr Kraus, Herr Ehrke, Herr Koegel, and the artists who undertook subordinate parts. The excellence of the band and chorus, the skilful conducting of Herr Richter, and Herr Armbruster's efficient superintendence of the chorus, were also valuable features. The general result of the enterprise leads to a widespread desire for its recurrence next year, with a leaning to the side of mercy as regards the quantity of Wagnerism, the dose of which during the past season—at Drury Lane and Her Majesty's Theatre—has been far beyond the bounds of moderation. The ardent disciples of Wagner may have settled, to their own, and to his satisfaction, his supremacy over Mozart, Beethoven, Weber—to say nothing of other composers hitherto supposed to be worthy of recognition; but whether the large musical public will coincide with that judgment is more than doubtful.—*Daily News.*

CHOISY-LE-ROI.—A statue of Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," who died here in June, 1836, and was buried in the cemetery, will be inaugurated on the 29th inst. It is erected in one of the principal squares. The Government will be officially represented on the occasion.

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SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Virgil's words: "Vires acquirit eundo," may fairly be applied to *Françoise de Rimini*, which, despite the disappearance from the cast of Lassalle, who has gone for a rest to Le Pornichet in Brittany, increases in popularity at the Grand Opera, and draws better houses than ever. Lassalle is succeeded as Malatesta by Melchissédec, who will retain possession of the character up to the 14th inst., when the departure of Mdlles Salla, Richard, and Mauri, will necessitate the withdrawal of M. Ambroise Thomas's work till next September. The public who had assembled for the 22nd performance on the 30th ult. were kept waiting an hour after the usual time for admission, owing to an explosion of gas in one of the cloak-rooms on the fifth tier. The person in charge had neglected to turn off one of the burners, hence the accident. Luckily not much damage was done, though, had the explosion occurred at some other time, the theatre might have been burnt to the ground. Mad. Krauss has gone to pay a visit to her family in Vienna, where she will spend most of her three months' holiday. She took her leave in *Les Huguenots*. The gap caused in the company by her absence has been filled up by Mad. Montalba, who made her re-appearance in *Aïda*. Mdlle Rita Sangalli, likewise, has bid a temporary farewell to her admirers, choosing for the purpose the ballet of *Namouna*. She has gone to her villa at Deauville and will not return before October, when she will open in *Sylvia*. There is some talk of afterwards reproducing for her Léo Delibes' *Source*. On the 28th ult., Donizetti's *Favorite* was revived with Mdlle Richard and Maurel in the two leading parts. M. Salvayre's ballet of *Fandango*, with Mdlle Subra as Carmencita, also saw the footlights again after a considerable interval.—M. Villaret will retire definitively in October. His place will be taken by M. Salomon. Miss Griswold has notified to M. Vaucorbeil her intention of not renewing her engagement, which terminates in the autumn. She intends exchanging the French for the Italian lyric stage. Another fair American, Miss Nordica, on the contrary, has deserted Italy for France, and is now rehearsing the part of Marguerite in Ch. Gounod's *Faust*.—M. Eugène Lacoste is in London, whither he has been despatched by M. Vaucorbeil to consult the authorities and works on the costumes for M. Saint-Saëns' *Henri VIII.* This was to have been followed by a two-act opera, with music by M. Pessard, but, owing to some difficulty connected with the libretto, the first novelty after *Henri VIII.* will be the new ballet, *La Farandole*, music by M. Théodore Dubois, book by MM. Gille and Mortier, assisted choregraphically by M. L. Mérante. The scene is laid near Arles in the 15th century, and the principal character is destined for Mdlle Mauri. Then will come a new opera, provisionally entitled *Montalto*, the music for which M. Massenet has engaged, by an agreement duly signed and sealed, to deliver by the 1st April, 1883. The libretto is by MM. Detroyat and Sylvestre. The cast will probably include Mdme Krauss, MM. Lassalle, Sellier, and Gailhard.

The Opéra Comique closed on the 1st inst., after an exceptionally successful season, with a performance of *Le Nozze*, which drew 9,200 francs, the receipts on the evening previous, with Méhul's *Joseph*, amounting to upwards of 5,000. Both these works have proved great hits. Méhul's score, indeed, which M. Carvalho revived on the 5th inst., is, perhaps, better appreciated now by the general public than it was at its first production on the 17th February, 1807, when Mdme Gavaudan played Benjamin; Elleviou, Joseph; Solié, Jacob; and Gavaudan, Simeon. The tenors Paul and Huet afterwards attempted the part of Joseph, but made nothing of it. Ponchard scored a success in it at the Opéra-Comique in 1851, and Capoul was its representative at the same theatre in 1865. On the present occasion the character was entrusted to M. Talazac, who acquitted himself exceedingly well. Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet was a charming Benjamin. M. Cobalet, comparatively unknown when the curtain went up, found next day that his impersonation of Jacob had put him in a fair way of becoming famous. He possesses a splendid bass voice, which he uses most effectively. The orchestra went well under M. Danbé, and the same is true of the chorus, thanks to the careful training of M. Carré.—The re-opening of the theatre in the autumn will probably be signalized by the production of two one-act trifles, *La Nuit de Saint-Jean* and *Battez Philidor*, the composer in the first instance being M. Lacome, and in the second M. Dutacq. Another work of like Lilliputian proportions, *Le Fermier de Franconville*, discovered recently among Félicien David's papers, will, also, it is said, be performed at the Salle Favart. M. Léo Delibes has not only completed and sent in the MS. of his *Lakmé*, destined to be the great feature of next season, but, after the book had been read by the author, M. Goudinet, to the artists convened to hear it in the green-room, he played the music through on the piano. Everyone, it seems, was delighted, notably Mdlle Vanzandt, MM. Talazac, Cobalet, and Barré, to whom are entrusted the leading characters. It was M. Carvalho's intention to have included *Carmen* in his repertory next season, with Lhérie, as usual, in the part of Don José, his original creation. But all the worthy manager's plans have been deranged by a thoroughly unexpected incident, namely, the transformation of Lhérie from a tenor into a barytone, which took place while the artist was singing last winter at Genoa. Under the circumstances, Lhérie requested to be released from his engagement at the Salle Favart, and his request was granted, but with the express stipulation that, if ever he becomes a tenor again, he is bound, under all sorts of penalties, to resume his position in M. Carvalho's company, which, by the way, will no longer count among its members next season Mdmes Bilbaut-Vauchelet, Jacob, MM. Nicot, Furst, Fugere, and Piccaluga.

M. Vidal, following in the footsteps of M. Leroy, whose secretary he was, is making another effort to establish a "Popular Opera" at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau. He inaugurated his season with *Si j'étais Roi*, after which came *Il Barbiere*.—*Le Journal de Musique* has ceased to appear; *La Musique Populaire* has passed into other hands, M. Arthur Pougin, however, remaining editor; and a new paper, *L'Univers Musical*, has been started.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Having seen his Teutonic rivals safely out of the country, Mr Gye, last (Tuesday) night, preferred a claim upon the attention of amateurs by producing *Velleda*, an *opera seria* in four acts, the work of M. Charles Lenepveu. The composer is a gentleman hitherto unknown to fame—a fact the more remarkable because he might say—quoting the late Mr Thackeray—

"*And here I am at forty year*
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine,"

having long ago entered upon artistic life, amid all the advantages that training at the Paris Conservatoire could secure. Genius, however, is a wayward thing; and the prize of opportunity can only be drawn from a "lucky bag" in which there are many blanks. Perhaps M. Lenepveu has developed late; or it may be that, like Dvorak, who lived two score years before recognition came, his talent called and no man regarded. Whether or not he deserves the good fortune of a Covent Garden hearing is a question we shall discuss more at leisure; but it may be said at once that *Velleda*, happy in the co-operation of such artists as Mdme Patti, Mdme Valleria, Mdlle Stahl, Signors Cotogni and de Reszké, obtained a favourable reception, while a considerable proportion of a full house remained till the curtain fell some time after midnight.—*D. T. (July 5)*.

MENDELSSOHN'S SYMPHONY IN A MAJOR.—The mighty doings that have distinguished the present and the past week in London have not been able to extinguish the pleasure of the Saturday afternoons at the Crystal Palace, and the twenty-fourth concert attracted on Saturday last a large audience. Whether it is that we have of late heard so much "advanced music" that the return to the intelligible was doubly agreeable, or whether it is that the brightness of spring had invigorated both orchestra and audience, it is difficult to decide, but the truth was manifest that Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony appeared to be, on this occasion, full of freshness, breathing the open air, the blue sky, and the sweet blossoms of June. Opening the concert, each movement came like some well-loved friend, from whom we had been parted; it was all joy and thankfulness. Every movement brought a welcome in its hand, and the "Pilgrim's March" (why so-called none can explain) roused the audience to appreciate one of the most original and charming pieces of melody ever written. But it is needless to single out portions of this work; all, even to the last movement (*saltarello*), was agreeable to the audience and appropriate to the season of the year, being full of the loving spirit of the composer.—PHOSPHOR (*Brighton Guardian, June 10th.*)

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ROBERT LE DIABLE IN BERLIN.

It was fifty years on the 20th June last since *Robert le Diable* was first brought out in the Prussian capital. The event was anticipated with great curiosity. The reports from London and Paris concerning the performances in those places contributed to raise public expectation. The Paris *mise-en-scène*, so the papers stated, cost a hundred thousand francs; this was true, but they should have added that, despite the words in Scribe's text to the effect that gold is nothing more than a chimæra, the first twelve performances brought in upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand. Marie Taglioni, who happened to be fulfilling a short engagement in Berlin at the time, appeared on the first night as the Abbess Helena. The work, translated by Th. Hell, was arranged for the Operahouse by Baron von Lichtenstein. The composer was requested by Herr G. A. Schneider (father of Louis Schneider), head of the orchestra and all the members, to conduct the opera himself, which he did. He had a call at the end of the third act, and when, after considerable delay, he responded to it, was received with enthusiasm. The principal characters were thus cast: Isabella, Mad. Seidler; Alice, Mdlle von Schätzell (now Mad. von Decker, wife of the Chief Printer to the Court); Robert, Herr Bader; Bertram, Herr Blume; Raimbaut, Herr Mantius. The newspapers published very exhaustive notices, the critics confessing that they had to do with a work of genius. "It is a production," said the critic of the Berlin paper, *Der Freimuthige*, "which, by originality of invention and clever realization, founds a new era in dramatic music, and exhibits Meyerbeer as the first of living romantic composers."

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BALFE.

England has produced so few composers who have obtained European reputation that she cannot, for her own sake, neglect the fame of a musician like the late Michael Balfe, known by a certain number of his operas throughout the civilized world. Why, immediately after his death, no place was found for his remains in the Abbey has never been made clear. Without now entering upon that question, it is gratifying to think that his well-founded claims to posthumous honours have been at last recognized, and that, thanks to the sympathetic appreciation of Dean Bradley, a tablet to his memory is now on the point of being put up in Westminster Abbey. If it be true that "the verdict of contemporary foreigners is the verdict of posterity," Balfe will not soon be forgotten; and some few of his operas will long be held in esteem. In the United States many of his works have been as popular as in England itself; and several of them have been performed with success, not only in all the English speaking countries, but also in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, and Russia. It was in Italy, indeed, that Balfe began his career at once as a composer and a singer; and long before his name had been heard in England he already enjoyed considerable celebrity in what at that time deserved really to be called the "Land of Song." Rossini was then the great composer of Italy, and it was as Figaro in the immortal *Barbiere* that Balfe made his first great success as a singer, obtaining in that exacting, but by no means ungrateful part, the approbation, not only of Italian audiences, but also and above all, of Rossini himself. It did not say much for the English musical public of the day that an artist of Balfe's excellence should be obliged, in seeking a field for the display of his talents, to look abroad. But the same thing might and doubtless would happen even now in the case of a vocalist bent on distinguishing himself in opera, there seeming to be even less chance now than there was in Balfe's time of an operahouse for English singers and English composers being permanently established in England. Fortunately for him, Balfe possessed not only talent but also energy; and, taking advantage of one of those spasmodic attempts to set English opera on foot, which are at least valuable as revealing a constantly recurring tendency towards a particular object, he succeeded in getting produced in London a lyrical work which, under the title of *The Siege of Rochelle*, achieved remarkable success. Paraphrasing the famous dictum of Louis XIV., Balfe might at this time, if not throughout his career, have said that English opera was himself—"*L'Opéra c'est moi*"—and it did indeed seem to consist, for practical purposes, of any dramas which Balfe happened to set to music. It would be incorrect to say absolutely of Balfe that in his operas the whole of our dramatic music is summed up. But it was only during the musical period which he dominated that English opera seemed to possess a certain vitality; and with him the history of English opera, as a modern product, begins and ends.

It is by *The Bohemian Girl*, so rich in simple, rhythmical, tuneful strains that Balfe a few years hence will be known; and already that has come to be looked upon as his one opera—even as *Maritana* is the one thoroughly well-known opera by Wallace, and *The Lily of Killarney* the one thoroughly well-known opera by Benedict. Balfe, however, like the two composers just named, produced a great number of works; more even than Benedict, and many more than Wallace. To estimate the merit of a creative artist by his fertility alone, would, of course, be a mistake. To do so, would be to place the prolific Donizetti above all the masters of his time, if not of any time;* while, among dramatic poets, it would give the prize to Lope de Vega in preference to Shakspere. But a faculty for production is not, all the same, to be undervalued. It has been allowed by a high authority to be a point in favour of the crab-tree that, though it only produces crab apples, it at least produces them in large numbers; and the tuneful, singable operas of Balfe cannot certainly be likened to the fruit of the crab-tree. Nor was the fruit of his genius of one and the same kind. It was, on the contrary, full of variety; and he possessed the talent of suiting himself to the taste of whatever nation he happened to be addressing. While giving operas indirectly to all Europe he furnished them in a direct manner to Italy, France and England. *Moro*, otherwise *Pittore e Duca*, may be taken as a specimen of the numerous works contributed by Balfe to the Italian stage. *Falstaff*, an Italian Opera composed by Balfe forty years ago for the London public, was first produced at the establishment now known as Her Majesty's Theatre. He wrote *Le Puits d'Amour* and *Les Quatre fils d'Aymon* for the Opera Comique of Paris, and *L'Etoile de Seville* for the Grand Opera of the same capital; and from England, France, and Italy his works have made their way to every country in Europe where animated and thoroughly singable dramatic music is appreciated. It would have been strange if, sooner or later, justice had not been done to him in his own country; and it is really as an act of justice that the recognition now accorded to him must be viewed.—*Morning Post, June 24.*

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THE NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR INDIA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The people of India, taken collectively, are well satisfied, as they have very good reason to be, with the British administration of their country. I only repeat what I have heard said in the Courts of native Princes, and by native statesmen of experience and observation, that, under the protection of England, India enjoys repose and prosperity such as was never experienced in Asia at any former time. All classes of the people there know and feel this; and I think that the introduction of the anthem into India in all the principal dialects would help the different races to give utterance to the feelings of loyalty which they entertain towards the rule and person of the British Sovereign. By degrees it may reach the lower classes, and express for them their attachment to the benign influence which presides over the destinies of the Empire. I am glad to observe that the names of many eminent and experienced personages are already identified with this movement, and that the hymn is to be sent to the different races of India as a present from the people of Great Britain. I have no hesitation in saying that, going in this shape, it will be cheerfully accepted in the same spirit in which it is offered.

The introduction of the National Anthem into India would for another reason be advantageous. For some years past attempts have been made in different parts of the country to raise Indian music to its former status, and with that view to introduce musical notation. Raja Sourindro Mohun Tagore in Calcutta, and Mr K. N. Kabrajee, well known in Bombay for his dramatic and musical talent, have been endeavouring, years past, to revive the departed glory of Indian music; and the project in question, if acted upon, would furnish an excellent opportunity for these attempts to be concentrated, and so, perhaps, mark an era of regeneration of what was once a real and richly cultivated art.—Yours obediently,

MANCHERJEE M. BHOWNAGGREE.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual competition for the Sterndale Bennett Prize (purse of ten guineas) came off on Monday. The examiners were Messrs Dorrell, Kuhe, and Otto Goldschmidt (chairman). There were 24 candidates. The prize was awarded to Lilian Munster. The Heathcote Long Prize (purse of ten guineas) was also competed for on Monday with the same examiners. There were ten candidates, and the prize was divided between Arthur Dace and Septimus Webbe.

* And Piccinni? And Cimarosa? And &c.?—DE BLINGE.

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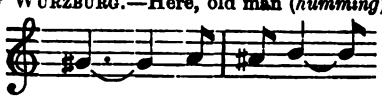
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.
At Rehearsal.

CONDUCTOR.—Not zu viel mit nail, Herren, but more mit de meat.

After the first performance.

DR BEARD (*frantically*). — Two-wheeler! Quick! Where's Watson of Wurzburg?

WATSON OF WURZBURG.—Here, old man (*humming*):—



DR BEARD.—Bother! I've had enough of that. Where's Commendatore Schira? Francesco Commendatore?

COMMENDATORE.—Son qui, Barbagriggia! (*hums*):—

DR BEARD.—Pooh—duffers (*Exit Watson of Wurzburg. Manet Commendatore*). Hoy! Four-wheeler! Quick! Where's Thaddeus Egg?

THADDEUS EGG (*eye on printed matter*).—Here, dear boy (*hums unconsciously*):—

COMMENDATORE.—That make no music. Figuratevi:—

—three hours and a half, at least! (*Exit Egg.*)

DR BEARD (*smanioso*):—

COMMENDATORE.—That make no music. It give me indigestion. I snore—I go home—I go bed! (*Exit Commendatore.*)

DR BEARD (*furiously*).—"Infinite melos!" Pilosity is incident to orifices of moisture, which accounts for the occlusion of portals previously patulous. Infinite melos, indeed!—(*hums wildly and unrhythmically*):—

Infinite bosh! Hoy! Eight-wheeler! Quick! I also go home to bed. (*Exit in eight-wheeler*).

JOACHIM RAFF.

(From the "Graphic.")

The death of this prolific composer, who, although he had passed the age of sixty, was still actively engaged in the production of new works, would call for more than a passing notice had we the necessary space at disposal. Raff, if not a genius, was a marvel of productivity. To judge by the number of his compositions, and the length and comparative importance of many of them, he could have enjoyed little cessation from labour. Such men are only possible in Germany; and in no other country, perhaps, would a ready market for their productions be found. Scarcely a branch of musical composition, from opera and orchestral symphony to the popular *Lied*, was left untouched by Raff; but the rapidity with which he committed work after work to paper allowed him scant leisure to re-consider and re-touch, so that a vast deal that came from his pen carries little more weight with it than belongs to easy improvisation. His facility indeed was fatal to his chances of immortality; and it would be difficult to point with assured conviction to any of his most ambitious efforts as likely to survive him for a lengthened period; and this, among other reasons, because, despite his fecundity, he had no marked individuality—no style, in short, of his own. Some of his larger orchestral productions have been introduced by Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace, and received with considerable favour; but none of them can be said to have left an indelible impression, their diffuseness being rarely condoned (as with Schubert) by beauty and originality of ideas. Raff, first influenced by Mendelssohn, who took much interest in his early career, was, after the death of that truly great and "classical" musician, drawn into the vortex of Liszt, subsequently becoming an ardent worshipper of Wagner, with reference to whose teachings, more than a quarter of a century ago, he published a *brochure*, entitled "The Wagner Question" (*Die Wagnerfrage*), which has deservedly passed into oblivion. Born at Lachen (German Switzerland), and educated at the Schwyz Jesuit Lyceum, his fixed residence for many years was Wiesbaden on the Rhine, where he composed the greater number of his best known works, and among them the pianoforte quintet (in A minor), the two pianoforte trios (in C minor and G major), the sonata for piano and violin (in D major), &c., which Mr Arthur Chappell has on several occasions produced at the "Popular Concerts." Some four or five years ago Raff accepted the office of "Principal" at Dr Hoch's new Academy in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where Mdme Schumann also was Professor. As a man he was universally respected, and his death will cause earnest and general regret among the circles in which he moved.

ANOTHER theatre was burnt to the ground on Thursday evening—the "Recreo," in Madrid.

BUCHAREST (*from a correspondent*).—The marriage of Miss Bessie Richards seems to be as happy a one as her sincerest well-wishers could have desired. Her husband, who ranks high in an eminent profession, is a favoured guest with the most exclusive circles, while his wife is already recognized, not only on account of her charmingly attractive personality but of her varied accomplishments, as one of the ornaments of Bucharest society. This alone would suffice to console her English friends for her absence.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TIDBERRY HOWE.—What a stir about nothing! Phenicopter is no more (*pace* Dr Septimus Wind and his eyriecal friend, Dr Eagles) than the common flamingo (*simplex*). Why ask such silly questions? What, for example, is a caterpillar? and why so denominated? There is the common quail as there is the common flag-beetle. A king (or queen) fisher might devour eaglets, but what is that to the spider in ordinary? and what has the spider to do with the Neapolitan tarentella? Unicorns and bicorns may be gregarious without even subterfuge or sideral ornament.

DEATH.

On July 2nd, at Devonshire Street, Portland Place, HUGO DAUBERT, Professor of the Violoncello, aged 48.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

CYCLES OVER.

At the Fish and Volume.

HIERONIMUS CARDANUS.—Well, you are now persuaded?
POMPONATIUS.—Assuredly.
HIERONIMUS CARDANUS.—Of what?
POMPONATIUS.—That it is arrogant self-assertion.
HIERONIMUS CARDANUS.—Has not *Tristan* convinced you?
POMPONATIUS.—Assuredly.
HIERONIMUS CARDANUS.—Of what?
POMPONATIUS.—That it is all a sham.
HIERONIMUS CARDANUS.—You are one of the incorrigible sceptics.
POMPONATIUS.—*Il en faut.* [*Exeunt severally.*

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Concluded from page 400.)

As you perceive, my dear Madam, I hereby certify to you the complete victory of Judaism on all sides; and, if I now once more openly express my feelings on the subject, I really do not do so under the impression that I can in any way impair the completeness of the said victory. As, on the other hand, my description of the course pursued by this peculiar fact in the development of the German mind, seems to prove that this is the result of the agitation excited among the Jews by my former article, you may perhaps, feel inclined to ask, full of astonishment, why by my challenge I have provoked this agitation in the shape of reaction?

I might excuse myself by saying that I was induced to make this attack, not by considering the "causa finalis," but simply by the impulse of the "causa efficiens" (as philosophers express it). It is certain that when writing and publishing the first article the last thing in my mind was the thought of still opposing with any chance of success the influence of the Jews upon our music; even then I perceived so clearly the reasons of their previous victories, that, at the present moment, after a lapse of more than eighteen years, it is to a certain extent a source of satisfaction for me to be able, by the republication of my article, to prove this. What I wanted to effect by it, I could not clearly state; I could, on the contrary, merely plead the fact that the discernment of the inevitable decay of our musical affairs imposed on me the inward necessity of pointing out its causes. Perhaps, however, I felt a desire to combine also a hopeful assumption; this is revealed to you by the concluding adjuration of the article, an adjuration with which I appeal to the Jews themselves.

Just as the humane friends of the church considered a healthy reform of it might be effected by invoking the aid of the oppressed lower clergy, I, too, took into account the great gifts of heart as well as of mind which had come under my own cognizance, really refreshing me, from out the circle of Jewish society. I am certainly, also, of opinion, that everything proceeding thence and oppressing the German element properly so called, bears, in a far more fearful degree, on the Jew himself, when full of heart and mind. It strikes me that I once perceived signs that my appeal had called forth comprehension and profound excitement. If dependence in any position is a great evil and obstacle to free development, the dependence of the Jews on each other appears a serf-like misfortune of the most extreme harshness. No doubt, a great deal is permitted and looked over, in the case of a clever Jew, since some have resolved to live not only *with* but *into* us, by the more enlightened members of his race; the best Jewish anecdotes, which are highly amusing, are related to us about them; and, even in other respects, we are acquainted with some very impartial and consequently seemingly allowable utterances of theirs, both regarding us and themselves. But to protect a person under the ban of their race, must undoubtedly strike the Jews as being a crime worthy of death. It has been my lot to become acquainted with some touching instances of this kind. In order however, to give you an idea of what this tyranny really is, let one case serve for many. An indisputably highly gifted writer of Jewish descent, really full of talent and intelligence, who seems as if he had come to form part and parcel of the most thoroughly German folks-life, and with whom, for a long time, I had, also, much and varied intercourse on the subject of Judaism, subsequently became acquainted with my poetical effusions: *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and *Tristan und Isolde*. He spoke of them with such appreciative warmth and such clear intelligence, that it was not unnatural that those of my friends to whom he had spoken should request him to state publicly his opinion of poems which had been so strikingly ignored by our literary circles. *It was impossible for him to do so.*

You perceive, my dear Madam, from these hints that if, on the present occasion, I were answering merely your question, regarding the mysterious reason of the persecution directed against me, especially by the press, I should not probably have given this almost fatiguing extension to my answer, unless, even at the present day, I had not been urged thereto by a hope which can certainly be hardly expressed, but which exists in the deepest recesses of my heart. If I wished to find expression for it, I could not allow it to appear as founded upon the continued concealment of my relations towards Judaism; this concealment has contributed to the confusion in which nearly every sympathizing friend of mine finds himself with you. Having, by the pseudonym at first adopted, given cause for this, nay, having even furnished my foes with the strategic means of attacking me, I was now obliged to unveil to my friends that which was only too well known to those foes. If I assume that it is only this openness which, if it does not bring me friends from the hostile camp, may at any rate strengthen them, as well as others, to fight for their own real emancipation, I may, perhaps, be pardoned if a comprehensive thought connected with the history of our civilization veils the nature of an illusion, which spontaneously winds itself into my heart. For on one point I am certain: As the influence which the Jews have obtained over our intellectual life, and, such as it is, manifested in the diversion and deterioration of our highest and most cultivated tendencies, is not a mere, let us say psychological chance, it must be acknowledged as undeniable and decisive. Whether the decay of our culture might be checked by violently casting forth the decomposing foreign element in it, is something I cannot determine, because this would require resources with the existence of which I am unacquainted. But if, on the other hand, the above element is to be so assimilated to us that it shall, together with ourselves, ripen into the higher development of our more noble human qualities; it is evident that it is not by concealing the difficulties attending such an assimilation, but by the most open exposure of them that we can promote our purpose. If a serious impulse towards this end shall have been given by me from within the domain—according to our modern æsthetics, so harmlessly pleasing—of music, this would not appear perhaps unfavourable to *my* views as to the important destiny of music; and, at all events, my dear Madam, you might find in it an excuse for my having discoursed to you at such length on so seemingly abstruse a theme.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Tribschen, near Lucerne, New Year, 1869.

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

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Cyclical Reminiscences.

No. 1.

Copia Vera.

A Buffalo view of Wagner.

(From the "Buffalo Courier.")

Richard Wagner tells his admirers that *Tristan and Isolde* marks a step in his progressive march toward the music of the future, and indicates the goal toward which he would carry the musical world at large. Compared with his earliest operas, *Rienzi* and others, it is very much more intense, and even beside *Lohengrin* it stands prominent, throwing the other in deep shadow. Wagner has brought all the peculiarities of his own ideas and of the school of which he is the head and centre to bear upon this work, and it is a wonderful, yet objectionable masterpiece. To the world at large, which finds the purity in music and text of Beethoven's beautiful *Fidelio* the work of a truer man and greater master, *Tristan and Isolde* but depicts a hideous sentiment encased in every musical accessory by the hand of a cunning workman. To one school of men and women which grows proportionately as we let go our ideas of morality and put out one by one the beacon lights of a Christian religion, Wagner is acceptable; but to all others his influence seems a great evil that will eventually dethrone every high principle that once ruled his people. Such work as his belongs to devils, not men; and if to-day there is a power in Germany that is implanting thoughts of sin and wrong in the hearts of the young men, it is Wagner.

To judge of this most prominent composer and his works, it is necessary to be where his operas are given under his own direction or by those who have been drilled by his hand. We, like many another musical student, have tried to understand him afar off, have read what his musical friends and foes have written, and have acknowledged the species of fascination that appears to surround whatever he does and says. But nothing can convey what Wagner is but the sense of eye and ear, and we know this to-day as we have never known it before. Neither can Wagner be seen in all his evil power outside of his own land, or away from those who learn their art from him. *Lohengrin* in New York or in London is not *Lohengrin* in Berlin, Leipsic or Dresden, and if it be so with this opera, it is much more so with *Tristan and Isolde*. Here there are now no longer scruples of conscience or moral ideas to prevent a composer from doing whatsoever he will, so long as he does not interfere with the politics that support a throne; and Wagner has pressed this advantage to its utmost limit. No deed is sin that does not touch the governmental reign, and when music is thus made the instrument of evil principles, and when the people applaud such a use, it is time to believe that such a public and such a ruler should be blotted from the face of the earth. In speaking thus strongly of the condition of Germany, we do not judge from the circumscribed circles of one or two prominent cities, or from a few crowded and enthusiastic opera-house audiences, but from the general tone of the press. Wagner's opposers do not condemn his texts, except to criticise them as taking unwarrantable liberties with the language as well as the legends upon which they are founded. There is no word of condemnation written against the theories he advances, or upon the sentiments he puts into the actions and words of the men and women he introduces in his operas. These points the critics throughout Germany ignore, and this very fact leads one to suppose that the people see nothing to condemn in the total absence of noble, high-minded principle which Wagner's characters display. The question naturally arises whether morality is as dead in Germany as religion appears to be, and honour a sentiment to be paraded in official reports but not practised in public or private life. It is no wonder that Wagner depicts what he has lived for thirty years and holds it up as a model of what the future has in store for his country. Had the press bade him years ago keep within his own home circle the crimes that he now parades, and each time with more boldness, his latest operas would never have seen the light.

Tristan and Isolde is based upon an old legend, and yet is much changed to meet the requirements of the composer, who himself

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prepared the text. The opera is virtually a recitative in three acts —there being no choruses of importance—thus giving the two principal characters, Tristan and Isolde, the burden of the whole work. The first scene shows an elegant saloon upon the deck of a ship, where Isolde bemoans the death of her father, a northern king, and the fate which has condemned her to be brought by his destroyer to the land of the monarch under whom Tristan has gone forth to battle. A curtain being drawn shows Tristan upon the deck in command of the troops, and presently before Isolde, to tell her that the king awaits her at the castle prepared to make her his queen. This Isolde ignores in her desire to revenge herself upon Tristan for the death of her father, and such is the power of her reproaches that he draws his sword and bids her kill him. She refuses, but requests him as a pledge of his contrition to drink a cup of wine which she believes to be poisoned, but which her maid has prepared as a "love potion." Tristan obeys her, and she, now in terror of what she has done, drinks what remains in the goblet. Instead of falling dead, both feel the subtle effects of the mysterious drug and stand gazing at each other, evincing only by action the change from intense hatred to love. Isolde finally throws herself upon Tristan's neck, and the scene, an hour and twenty minutes in length, ends. The second act presents the castle at night and Isolde, now the wife of the king, raising a signal. Tristan appears, and their interview, which presents a scene in which Wagner frees himself from every restraint, lasts another hour. There are long pauses where the music supplies the words, and where none but those whose sense of purity is deadened can find pleasure. Upon this scene the king appears, and a courtier, drawing his sword, revenges his monarch's wrongs by wounding Tristan. This tragic *dénouement* closes the act. The third and last act shows Tristan in his own home lying upon a couch and dying from the effects of the wound. His prayer is to see Isolde, and a faithful attendant assures him that a ship is in sight which will bring her to him. This scene is horribly real, and is given up to a dying man's agony. Just as he feels the hand of death upon him Tristan rises and then falls into the arms of Isolde, who arrives only in time to hear his last word, which is her name. The curtain does not fall here, as might be supposed, for Wagner revels in picturing passionate lament, and the scene is sufficiently harrowing to meet the ideas of all who sympathize with him. Upon this recital of woe, the king comes in pursuit of his faithless queen, but she ignores him, and, after a final avowal of her passion for Tristan, falls dead upon his body.

The three acts are virtually, as we have said, love-scenes between Tristan and Isolde, and there is nothing to distract the attention from these two central figures. In the text there are pages of recitative where not a melodious phrase is played by the orchestra. This text is beautiful, so far as its management is concerned, and it shows the careful hand of a master who wished his ideas to harmonize perfectly. It is very difficult to translate; in fact, as one of the best philologists in the university at Leipsic assured us, it is impossible to give the ideas correctly in any other language. Wagner uses old German and coins words as it suits him, making the libretto as peculiar as his musical setting. This is a noticeable characteristic of the man, and he will trust no other mind to prepare for him the expression of emotions that he must make live in music. He has, it is true, been forced to do this at times, but he now no longer associates with his music anything but his own individuality, and this is very apparent in his later operas. It is, therefore, quite certain that the man Wagner speaks in his works, and from these compositions he wishes to be judged. The world does judge him, but far too leniently, for he has stretched out his hand to do evil instead of good, and used his splendid powers to degrade all who come within his influence. Germany cheers Wagner, but in doing it she upholds what will eventually rob her of even the shred of Christianity and morality left her to-day.

[Oh Buffalo, Buffalo! Wherefore art thou Buffalo?—Dr Bilge.]

At the Eel and Summit.

MR. PAUL MOIST.—I'm cold, Herr Grubemann. Play me something——

* * * * * *

Play me something, till I dry my clothes.

HERR GRUBEMANN.—What shall I play for him? Poor fellow! He's been into the garden with Maud and got wet.

* * * * * *

Oh, I know; this will be to his taste.

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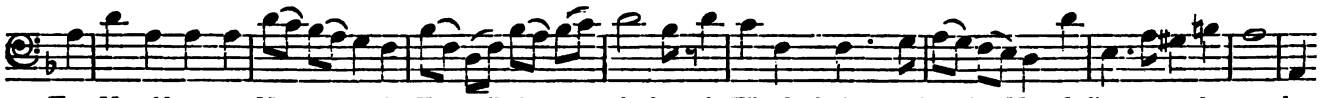
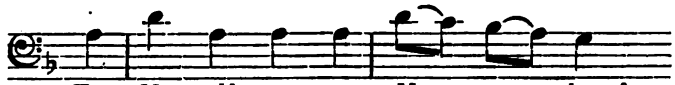
(*Herr Grubemann plays and sings.*)



MR PAUL MOIST.—Ich tanke ihnen, Kurnewal. (*Exit precipitately.*)

HERR GRUBEMANN.—Ah! I see he has heard it before; but I can't get the tune out of my head (*goes on singing*) :—



(*Exit Herr Grubemann to Bee and Bottle.*)

Wagner.

(*From "Kunkel's Musical Review."*)

Richard Wagner was born in Leipsic, Germany, on the 22nd day of May, 1813. His father, a police magistrate, intended him for the law, but did not seriously oppose his son's inclinations, when at the age of seventeen, he determined to adopt music as a profession, and entered the University as a music student. He left the University at the end of three years, and tried his fortune as a musician in a number of cities of Germany (Warzburg, Königsberg, Dresden, &c.), and then went to Paris, which he left in no very good humour in 1842. Before this, however, he had written *Rienzi*, and *The Flying Dutchman*, and soon afterwards wrote *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*, which remain to this day his most popular works. In 1848 he had to flee to Switzerland to avoid prosecution for participation in some revolutionary conspiracy. In the course of his varied experiences, Wagner came to the conclusion that all operas hitherto composed had been composed on a wrong plan. Among other things, he found that music as music had been given too large a place in such works, and in 1849 he gave expression to his views in his pamphlet, *The Art Work of the Future*, which opened the still unsettled fight between the Wagnerites and the anti-Wagnerites. Wagner himself does not claim to have produced any work which was in all respects faithful to his ideal dramatico-musical truth, until he gave to the world his *Tristan und Isolde*, first produced in Munich, June 10, 1865. In this opera, which cannot be played in less than five hours, there is not a single *aria*, not a single chorus, but simply the musical recitative, which he calls *melos* (though it may be doubted whether the Greeks would call it so). The voices, as he treats them, become, in a sense, instruments which play a part in the symphonic whole, and, musically, are of no more importance than any of the leading instruments of the orchestra. The operas he has since produced conform in that respect to his theories, and none of them, so far, have achieved a genuine success, although put upon the stage with all the magnificence possible. That Wagner has genius none of his intelligent opponents deny, that here and there, in his compositions, there appear magnificent bits of music, they all admit; but they claim that these passages are the very ones in which the musician in Wagner gets the better of his fallacious theories concerning the true office of music. Of his theories, it can be said, in the words of Mr Apthorp:—

"*There is no musical principle of his that does not depend upon his art philosophy. In the first place, he takes the stand that music is not an independent art; that all that is valuable in music is its power of expression. In it we have the most valuable voice for emotional power, but it must be wedded to poetry to get articulating power. Wagner accepts all these results of his theory, and is willing to sacrifice musical beauty to it. Says he: 'Music must give up its beauty and return to its primitive state of purely emotional expression.' What Wagner writes to be sung and played needs a new name. We can not call it music. It is not constructed in obedience to the fundamental laws of the art. We must not criticize his works or his arguments. We can attack only his premises. If we admit them, we can follow him to the bitter end. If, on the other hand, we hold that the essence of music is to appeal to the sense of the beautiful, we see his whole theory tumble to the ground.*"

Wagner is the author of the words as well as of the music of his operas, and, here again, there is a conflict among critics as to the literary value of his libretti. Some would make of him a dramatic poet, equal or superior to Shakspere, while others consider them as bombastic and silly. There seems to be but little doubt, however, that as literary compositions they are much superior to the ordinary opera libretto. As a critic, Wagner is merciless for the dead as well as for the living. For the purpose of venting his spleen at least as much as for that of praising himself, he has established a monthly magazine, the *Baireuther Blätter*, with one of his disciples, Hans von Wolzogen, as the editor, in which he has proven, to his own satisfaction, that there have been but two composers really worthy of the name, Beethoven and himself, Beethoven being a sort of "voice calling in the wilderness," and opening the way for the coming Messiah of music, whom Herr Wagner modestly claims to be. Even Beethoven tripped miserably, and, therefore, Herr Wagner, some years ago, "corrected" and "revised" Beethoven's great symphony with choruses, commonly known as the "No. 9," thereby raising a general cry of indignation among German musicians.

So far, it is certain that, though Wagner has succeeded admirably in raising a party, and a very violent one at that, he has utterly failed to become, what he would fain believe he is, the founder of a school, much less of *the* school of dramatic music. It is true that here and there an imitator has sprung up and seized upon the dissonances which are so dear to Wagnerian ears, and used them as if they were all there is of the Wagnerian drama, oddly and incongruously mingling the dramatic declamation of Wagner with the lyrical style of the Italian school into a sort of musical *olla podrida*, nauseous alike to Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians. Nor is that to be wondered at. Wagner is the author of his own libretti, and in subordinating the music to the words and to the dramatic situations, he is not sacrificing himself to another, he is not the assistant of another (the poet), he is only setting forth his own literary work in the best possible manner. Is it not expecting too much of those who are only musicians, to think that they will constantly hide their personality and their art behind the work of another? And where are the musicians who, like Wagner, are dramatists as well as composers? But Wagner, who is nothing if not a consistent theorist, and who has no motives of personal pride to induce him, consciously or unconsciously, to let the musician assert himself above the poet, fails, even in his latest operas, to conceal the musician behind the librettist. Wagner, the poet, is himself lost sight of by those (friends and foes alike) who listen to his operas; and it is Wagner, the musician, it is the music, which he says is secondary, and not the libretto, which he says is all-important, that his friends and foes discuss. Is this not, perhaps, an indication that, improper as may be, and doubtless is, the prominence given in many operatic works, to the music, simply as music, and at the expense of the dramatic action, it is eminently natural that when music and the drama are wedded together, music should be given the more prominent place? In a word, may it not be doubted whether Wagner, in his endeavour to be true to the nature and relations of things, has not failed to be true to the instincts of man?

In the United States, Wagner is known almost exclusively by his earlier works, which, as we have said, are in no respect fair expositions of his theories, and, perhaps, for that reason, have obtained some degree of popularity. In his knowledge of the resources of the orchestra he is a master, and, save Berlioz, has probably had no superior in this respect.

[In the art of orchestral instrumentation, both Wagner and Berlioz, compared with Mozart and Mendelssohn, are mere babies—impetuous, turbulent, and noisy, it is true, but still babies.—Otto Beard.]

MR D'OYLY CARTE has engaged Miss Helen Dingeon for his next season at the New York Standard Theatre.

MAD. FRIEDRICH-MATERNA, it is said, asks 40,000 dollars, in addition to her expenses, for 40 operatic performances in America.

MAD. PAULINE LUCCA left London for Vienna on Tuesday evening. The visit of the gifted lady has been short (too short) but brilliant.

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CONCERTS.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—At the sixth and last concert at St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé, the want of public patronage witnessed on previous occasions was conspicuous. The reason will be found in the plethora of musical entertainments during the last few weeks. When a programme, comprising the "C minor Symphony" and the "Mass in D" of Beethoven, with a splendid orchestra for its execution, meets with indifference, the fact would seem to be brought home to us that classical music has, after all, but few enthusiastic followers. Indeed, the easy hold Mr Hallé had of his forces made us now and then fear lest the rate of speed should outrun the judgment generally distinguishing this accomplished musician. For it must be confessed the first movement did occasionally betray a dangerous impetuosity. The *andante*, likewise, was slightly quicker than we are accustomed to hear it taken. But the basses in the *trio* of the third movement, responding to the animation of the conductor, played the rapid passages, written apparently in joke* by Beethoven, with marvellous accuracy and power. Seldom has the wonderful passage preceding the grand burst of the *finale* been rendered with such poetic meaning, while the joyous theme leapt forth with triumphant force, and the ecstasy of the *finale* never once abated. The audience, though more judicial than excitable, expressed their approbation by applauding Mr Hallé as he deserved. When the orchestra and chorus applied themselves to the mighty "Mass in D," the sense of security which had prevailed, and is always necessary for perfect enjoyment, fled, and in its place came anxiety and fear. The remembrance of defeats sustained by other choirs naturally prepared the mind for failure. Although the performance on Thursday night was creditable and praiseworthy, yet it left another instance on record of the impracticability of thoroughly carrying out the designs of the exacting author, and strengthened the belief that singers cannot be found able to ascend the heights which the great master would have them climb. The *Gloria*, with its uncompromising terminal fugue, first tried the powers of the chorus, and the fugue to the words "Et vitam venturi sæculi" in the *Credo*, making, as it does, such extraordinary demands upon their resources, found them wanting. The repetition of the theme, on the highest notes of the soprano register, gave the sympathetic listener discomfort corresponding to the distress of the singers. In other numbers—the *Kyrie Eleison*, *Agnus Dei*, and *Benedictus*—the difficulties were fairly surmounted, the last-named being remarkably well sung, both by principals and chorus, while the violin *obbligato*, played by Ludwig Straus, was faultless. A better quartet of principals could scarcely be found. Mdme Albani's voice, towering above band and chorus, never failed her; Miss Orridge, perfect in the music, did excellent service; Mr Shakespeare again proved his value by consummate knowledge and clever singing; and Mr King was efficient in every respect. At the conclusion of the Mass Mr Hallé received a richly merited "ovation."—P. G.

MR JOHN THOMAS gave his annual concert, in St James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, July 1st, when a large and fashionable company assembled to enjoy music, both old and new, performed by artists of established reputation. For Mr Thomas, deeming it a duty he owes to patrons, seldom lets such an opportunity pass without placing before them original compositions for the instrument of which he is an acknowledged master. On the occasion under notice, no less than seven pieces in the programme were marked "first time." The harp solo, "Echoes of a waterfall," is characteristic as well as fanciful; it not only, in a certain way, reproduces the sounds heard by those with senses alive to the music of nature, but it does so by the means of an art that is no slavish imitator. The harmonious tumult one hears when approaching the fall of a volume of water, the deep undertone that fixes the key-note, with its many branching harmonies, for these delightful combinations, the composer has cleverly and successfully found art-equivalents in his new solo for the harp. Melody, however, is not lost in the torrent of arpeggios that alternate with gentler passages, for Mr Thomas strives to keep tune ever present to the ear. The audience were fully alive to the beauty of the tone-picture, and insisted upon an encore. The second solo, "Rêverie," as its name implies, is widely different in character, being altogether subjective, the expression of thoughts springing from a dreamy nature. Opening with a melody of a pensive kind, it eventually indulges in wild and rugged passages, which the harp, favourable to enharmonic changes, so readily suggests. The return to the quietude of the opening theme is accomplished in a very musicianlike manner, and, moreover, shows the composer in his most poetic mood. As in the former solo, the audience testified their pleasure by warm applause. Of another order is the duet for harp and piano on airs from *Carmen*. Here the musician has availed himself of Bizet's piquant melodies and arranged them in an effective manner. In the introduction of this piece to the public, the composer had the able assistance of Lady Benedict, who played the pianoforte parts with rare expression and praiseworthy precision. The trio for two harps and pianoforte, founded on the "*Miserere*" scene from *Il Trovatore*, having, in performance, besides Mr Thomas, the assistance of Mr Wright and Mr Ganz, was heartily appreciated. A new song, "Dew-drop and Fairy," the vocal composition offered on this occasion by Mr Thomas to his patrons, was to have had Mdme Rose Hersee for interpreter, but as that lady was unable to appear on account of indisposition, Mdme Edith Wynne kindly consented, at a short notice, to sing it, and right well she acquitted herself of a task not always considered agreeable. The composer was certainly fortunate in having so willing and so able an artist to undertake the duty of presenting to the public a composition upon which he had evidently set some value. The audience were pleased both with song and singer. In addition to the above-named novelties, the band of harps played three newly arranged pieces, "Marche Solenelle" (Gounod), "Ave, Maria" (Schubert), and "Gigue" (Handel). The nine performers, under the conduct of Mr Thomas, were unanimous and accurate in attack, and produced a capital effect. Mr John Thomas had, besides Mdme Edith Wynne, the assistance of the following eminent vocalists: Miss Santley, Mdme Enriquez, Misses Hope Glenn and Beata Francis, Messrs Santley, Shakespeare, Percy Blandford, and Lewis Thomas. At the pianoforte were Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Pinsuti, and Mr Ganz.—P. G.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The first concert of the Leslie choir, since its reorganization, was given in St James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a large and fashionable company assembled to greet, with hearty welcome, the resuscitated institution. Considerable regret was expressed when its founder, two years ago, determined to abandon the body of vocalists he had trained to such excellence; and, as the reasons for dissolution then stated seemed hardly sufficient to the public mind, a notion got abroad that caprice had more to do with it than necessity or expediency. At any rate, the difficulties that stopped the way have been easily surmounted, through the consent of Mr Randegger to act as conductor. In point of energy, for the work of revival no better man could have been selected than Mr Randegger, whose vigour, moreover, is quite capable of sustaining the society for some time to come. Few professors can boast greater experience of vocal music, since the training of singers has been with him a speciality. That the Leslie choir is worthy of his attention cannot be doubted, for it has qualities by which honourable results are easily secured. Confidence springing from fairly earned prestige enables the members to do justice to voices certainly in no way deficient in power and quality. This was evident at the concert on Tuesday, for, in the first part-song, "Lullaby of life" (Leslie), the full, vigorous tones of the choir could scarcely be restrained, while, in the following piece, "Come, live with me" (Sir W. S. Bennett), redundant energy and forcible accents were in excess of the demands made by the composition. But perhaps it was well for the choir to make, once for all, an assertion of its power, in order to remove the notion if any existed, that the society had become enfeebled. The audience, evidently impressed by this exhibition of unstinted vocal resources, saluted the choir with loud applause. An opportunity soon came in Macfarren's "The Sands of Dee," for the singers to show capacity in tender expression. This characteristic part-song was rendered with really finished art. The descriptive lines were clearly and graphically recited, whilst the subdued harmonies, set to the third verse of this little poem, were given with touching effect. That the audience recognized the effort as fine tone painting was evident by the encore so strenuously demanded. One feature in the choir is the enjoyment the singers appear to have in their occupation, and in no instance was this more evident than in Arthur Sullivan's very beautiful part-song, "O hush thee, my babie." In some executive bodies indifference or constraint is seen, but the members of Leslie's choir go with heart and soul at their work. Although the motet for double choir, "In exitu Israel" (Samuel Wesley), has for some years been a favourite show-piece with the choir, yet we cannot say that the performance on Tuesday altogether added to old renown, the inner parts, when left to sustain fugal passages, being occasionally undecided, and seeming to need the support of the basses, who, by the way, were always reliable. When Mr Henry Leslie appeared on the platform to conduct a part-song composed expressly for the choir and the occasion, he received an "ovation" from audience as well as choir. The words, set to music by Mr Leslie, are by Adelaide Procter, whose ideas the composer has fairly illustrated. There is the same striving for unity of purpose apparent in the musician as in the poet, but perhaps not the same measure of success. Notwithstanding sound workmanship everywhere present, Mr Leslie has hardly been happy

* In joke? O Joko!—Dr Bluge.

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in this setting. He has relied too much upon the effect of unisons abruptly followed by harmonies, and as the unisons are numerous, the device of going from plain to harmonized song becomes, in the end, stale and wearisome. The choir sang the work of their old chief magnificently. In Barnby's "Sweet and low" they also gained laurels by a full, yet subdued tone, by perfect intonation and clear phrasing; nor were they less happy in their rendering of "The Silent Land" (Alfred Gaul). Only one Elizabethan madrigal, "My bonny lass" (Thomas Morley), was included in the programme, and that was taken at a quicker speed than usual; whilst the only glee, "The cloud-clapt towers" (Stevens), grandly rendered, would have even gained in effect had it been sung through twice, according to ancient custom. The solo vocalists, Miss Orridge and Mr Maas, afforded a pleasant relief to the choral music. Miss Orridge, besides an impressive delivery of "The Unfinished Song" (Cowen), gave a fine rendering of recitatives and airs from *Alexis* (Dr. Pepusch), the violoncello *obbligato* being admirably played by M. Adolphe Brousil; while Mr Maas delighted all hearers in songs by Bishop and Leslie. The two singers were equally successful in the charming duet, "Mille volte" (Randegger). As the advertised repertory of the society comprises works by the older English writers of glee and madrigal, we hope to find liberal selections from them in future programmes.—P. G.

A CONCERT was given by Signor G. Villa on Wednesday evening at the new Town Hall, Kensington, which, if not largely, in the numerical sense of the word, was nevertheless fashionably patronised. Signor Villa is a bass vocalist of vigorous ability and gives much popular effect to what he sings in the concert room. Upon the present occasion, besides other things, he sang what was designated a "Marinaresca," by Signor Tito Mattei, the quaint and bizarre lineaments of which, dramatically reflected as they were by the bright and crisp finger of the composer himself, who accompanied him, pleased everybody. The programme was of liberal dimensions, and included in the vocal department, the names of Mdme Liebhart who sang in her own piquant and adroit manner G. B. Allen's pretty song, "Little bird so sweetly singing," though without the advantage of Mr Radcliff's *obbligato* flute which was promised. Mdme Vogri, Mdme Ducas, Miss Eugene Kemble, Miss Linda Rivers, Signor Rocca, Signor Palmieri, and others; to which the finished harp playing of Herr Oberthür, the brilliant pianoforte episodes of Signor Tito Mattei, the showy violinisms of Mdlle Victoria de Bono, and the gentle nullities of Herr Schulz on the zither, afforded varied relief. The conductors were Signor Li Calsi, Mr Edward Morton, Herr Vogri, and Mr Churchill Sibley.—H.

MDME LIEBHART'S MORNING CONCERT.—One of the most brilliant *matinées* of the season took place on Friday, June 30th, at 53, Portland Place, where, by permission of Mrs White, Mdme Liebhart arranged a charming musical entertainment by securing the valuable services of the stars of the season and giving her own. Mdme Pauline Lucca and M. Vladimir de Pachmann were strong attractions, while associated with these artists were Mdme Liebhart herself, Mdme Enriquez, Mdlle Olga de Morini, Mr Maas, and Mr Barrington Foote, vocalists; Herr Ondricek, violinist; Herr Oberthür, harpist; and Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Romili, Mr Kuhe, and Herr Ryal, conductors. Mdme Lucca's singing of Benedict's "Ange Adoré" was perfection, though it was regretted that the *prima donna* did not select for this occasion one of her popular operatic *scenas*. However, a re-demand was kindly complied with by Mdme Lucca, and she rendered the well-known "O Santissima Vergine" with infinite grace. The duet, "Schelm halt fest" (*Der Freischütz*), given by Mdme Lucca and Mdme Liebhart, was, it need not be said, a feature of the afternoon. Mdme Liebhart's solos were Lotti's ever welcome "Pur dicesti" and Lady Arthur Hill's "Time was," both sung with taste and expression. Mdme Enriquez's beautiful voice was allowed to lose no point in Gounod's "Quando a te lieta," and Mr Maas' Italian romances were well received, but would have been more artistically acceptable had he better modulated his voice to the size of the drawing-rooms in which he sang. Mr Barrington Foote introduced a highly effective song, "Time and Tide," by Mr Kuhe, who accompanied; and a very young lady, pupil of Mdme Liebhart, sang a little song with a pretty voice and manner. M. de Pachmann's pianoforte playing created interest and admiration. His examples were by Bach, Tausig, Haydn, Liszt, and Chopin. Herr Oberthür's harp fantasia was heard with favour, and Herr Ondricek was warmly applauded for violin solos. The *bénéficiaire* may be congratulated on one of the most successful musical parties of the season.—*Weekly Times*.

LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society, of which the Duke of Albany is president, and whose performances represent the culture of the higher class of amateurs, gave a concert in St James's Hall on Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr Barnby. The proceedings began with Spontini's overture to *Olympie*, but the interest of the evening arose only in small measure from that example of a singularly neglected master. More to the taste of the audience was Ferdinand David's violin concerto in E minor; not, however, for the sake of Mendelssohn's friend and fellow-labourer, nor on account of a work which has comparatively few recommendations save to the solo performer. The attraction lay in the playing of Miss Emily Shinner, a young English lady, who has studied at Berlin under Joachim for same years past. It would hardly be difficult for a person not knowing Miss Shinner's antecedents to guess the name of her master, so faithfully does she reproduce some of the Hungarian artist's characteristics. But more important than this very natural consequence is the fact that she played on Thursday in a fashion which Herr Joachim would not be ashamed to put to his own credit. Miss Shinner has a tone of pure quality and sufficient power, a graceful style, and a "bow arm" singularly free. Her intonation is never at fault, while her execution of brilliant passages shows a command over the instrument surprising in one so young. More remarkable still, she plays *cantabile*, as in the slow movement of the concerto, with an expression impossible where there are not artistic qualities very fully developed. As Miss Shinner came forward quite unheralded, the nature of her *début* was a genuine surprise, which justly called forth the plaudits of the audience, and excited the orchestra to unwonted demonstrations. We hope soon to hear Miss Shinner in some recognized classic work, such as will enable her to more fully determine her position. The concerto was followed by Hofmann's interesting cantata, *Cinderella*, of which we had occasion to speak a little while since, *apropos* to its performance by the Tufnell Park Choral Society. On this occasion *Cinderella* was given with an orchestra for the first time in England, and gained immensely thereby, although it had not been sufficiently rehearsed. The solos were entrusted to Miss Amy Aylward (Cinderella), Miss Minna Vivian (Fairy Queen), and Mr J. Spooner Hardy (King). Miss Aylward sang well throughout, and gave an interesting reading of her part. Mr Hardy may be congratulated, judging from the work he did, upon having reached a high standard of amateur excellence. The chorus sang well, as usual; and Mr Barnby did not permit us to overlook the fact that he is a good conductor.

FLORAL HALL.—The opera concert, given in the Floral Hall on Saturday afternoon, was well attended, and the successes of the occasion were numerous. There is, however, very little to say in connection with it beyond words of mere record; as, for example, that Mdme Albani, singing her very best, and therefore exceedingly well, obtained an encore for "Casta Diva," and also for "The Song of May" by Gumbert, words by Mr W. S. Gilbert. Mdme Lucca was scarcely less fortunate than the popular Canadian, being twice recalled after "Voi che sapete," and encored in a ballad, "Sweet Angelus was ringing," the work of Signor Operti. We should add that both ladies appeared together in "Quis est homo," and gave infinite satisfaction. Mdme Tremelli's fine voice was heard to advantage in "Ah! quel giorno" and "Il Segreto," the last-named air having to be repeated, as had Meyerbeer's "Sorte amica," capitally sung by Signor Mierzwinsky and chorus. Among the other artists who took part in the concert were Mdlles Desvignes and Nordmann, MM. Soulacroix, De Reszké, Frapolli, and Gresse, besides a violinist, Herr Nachez, who played some pieces in brilliant style. The conductors were Sir J. Benedict, Signors Bevignani and Bisaccia.

GUILDHALL.—By permission of the Corporation a concert was given in the Guildhall on Saturday afternoon, the solo performers being students of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind. A very large number of persons attended, including the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and much interest was taken in the proceedings, as a natural result of the publicity given to the recent visit of the blind musicians to Windsor Castle. The Guildhall programme being substantially that performed before her Majesty, any remarks upon it or criticism of its interpretation would take us over ground already travelled. Enough that the decided talent of the students and the efficiency of their training were again demonstrated in the most positive manner. At the close of the musical selection Canon Fleming delivered the annual address, and the Lady Mayoress distributed a series of prizes for excellence in various branches of school work, gymnastics, pianoforte tuning, and so on. Four diplomas were subsequently presented by the Duke of Westminster to as many students whose course, we assume, has been completed, and the interesting ceremony closed with the singing of a "humorous glee" on the subject of Little Jack Horner. The musical conductors were Mr Manns and Mr W. H. Cummings, and the choir, numbering thirty-eight voices, was wholly composed of pupils.

THE pupils of Trinity House, Southwark, gave a concert on June the 28th, at Dunn's Institute, Newington Causeway, under the direction of Mr Brownlow Baker. The programme consisted of pianoforte solos, songs, duets, as well as part-songs by the singing

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class, who were heard in Mendelssohn's two part-songs, and several choruses by Smart, Gounod, Verdi, &c. Smart's duet, "When the wind blows in from the sea," well sung by Misses A. Sealy and A. Patrick, gained an encore, as did Schubert's "Alpine Hunter," sung by Miss Canning, and Mr Brownlow Baker's new march, "William the Conquerer," played by the composer.

MDLLE AVIGLIANA'S EVENING CONCERT.—One of those charming evenings when the atmosphere is agreeably sympathetic, was that of the 28th June, at Kensington Town Hall, when, immediately patronized by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz and many peeresses, Mdlle Avigliana gave her evening concert. The fair *bénéficiaire* was heard to advantage in Costa's "I will extol Thee," which was encored, and in Braga's "Serenata," also re-demanded. Miss Damian's songs were received with particular favour; while duets by the Misses Layton, vocal variations by Miss Beata Francis, "The Night Watch," by Mr Barrington Foote, and solo pianoforte pieces by Signor Tito Mattei, were greatly applauded. In short, Mdlle Avigliana was fortunate in her artistic associations throughout a very full programme.

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SIR J. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

The forty-eighth annual concert of Sir Julius Benedict, given in St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, turned out to be the great success so easy to anticipate, and, having regard to its character and claims, so just and right. A host of friends and admirers came at the bidding of the distinguished musician; the programme was varied; the artists were excellent, and all passed off well. Seeing that no fewer than thirty-eight pieces were performed, there is reason, without looking further, for declining to notice the proceedings in exhaustive detail, and we must take the risk of being invidious as we select some of the more important features, giving precedence to those which were vocal. Mdme Albani was the "bright particular star," among the singers, and shone with becoming lustre in the elaborate air, "Souvenir de mioi prim'anni," from *Le Pré aux Clercs*. The lady has so made this trying piece her own that the manner of its performance need not be told. Let mention be made, however, of the help given to the general effect by M. Ovide Musin's playing of the violin *obbligato*. Mdme Albani was further heard in Gumbert's "A May Song," so pleasing the audience as to obtain a double re-call. Mdme Trebelli won scarcely less recognition by her singing of Engel's "Farewell," accompanied by the composer (harmonium) and Mr John Thomas (harp); while an encore was peremptorily demanded for Offenbach's piquant "Cest l'Espagne." The favourite contralto did not, however, repeat the song, choosing to substitute the appropriate and always welcome "Habanera" from *Carmen*. Among the other lady vocalists were Miss Rosina Isidor, successful in "Tacea la notte"; Miss Ellen de Fonblanque, whose artistic rendering of "Good Night" and "I think of all thou art to me"—two clever new songs by Mr Cowen—elicited marked admiration; and the Misses Robertson, to whom Gumbert, as composer of a duet entitled "Cheerfulness," owes much for the recommendation of his work by a perfect *ensemble*. Mdlle Grabow, a *débutante* from Stockholm, also appeared, making her mark in a song, "Le Colibri," the work of Ivar Hallstrœm, presumably a Scandinavian composer. We may add that Mr Hallstrœm's romance "Isola Bella," was chosen by Herr Oedmann, another visitor from the Swedish capital, and that he, as well as the lady, obtained approval. Among the male vocalists, however, the Englishmen gained and kept the foremost place. Signor de Reszké, Signor Frapolli, and others sang their operatic pieces remarkably well, but the firmest grip of the audience was taken by Mr. Maas in the *scena*, "My own Undine," from Benedict's cantata; by Mr King, in the concert-giver's fine air, "Rage, thou angry storm;" and by Mr Santley, in Gounod's "Medjé," and the Curate's ditty from Sullivan's *Sorcerer*. It is not too much to say—while it is pleasant to say it—that these countrymen of ours fairly outsang their foreign rivals and took first honours. *Apropos*, let the fact be noted, that of the solo artists who appeared during the afternoon eleven were English. We are getting on.

The instrumental pieces were varied, and, as a sign of the times, two lady violinists had a share in their performance. Of these, one, Miss Arma Harkness, is an American, trained at the Paris Conservatoire, to which famous school she does credit by uncommon skill. Miss Harkness was heard, conjointly with Mr John Thomas and the composer, in Sir J. Benedict's delightful Romance for violin, harp, and pianoforte. The second of the twain, Mdlle Marianne Eissler, represented a different school, but a great one all the same, while her playing of a Romance by Sivori and Paganini's *Moto perpetuo* had distinctive merit. M. Musin alone of the sex which once monopolized the violin asserted masculine talent, executing his own *Caprice de Concert* to perfection. On the other hand, M. Hollman had the violoncello to himself, and, we need hardly say, used it to excellent purpose. His rendering of a Nocturne and Mazurka, accompanied by Mr Ganz, was satisfactory in every respect. Mr L. Engel's harmonium solo, "The Piper and his Daughter," cleverly exemplified the powers of the instrument and the skill of its professor; and much interest attended the performance by Lady Benedict, Master Galeotti, Signor Ducci, and the composer, of Sir J. Benedict's Fantasia on American national airs, arranged for eight hands on two pianofortes. The Master Galeotti just referred to will be at once recognized as the "wonder-child" of the present season. His years are said to be only nine, yet on Wednesday afternoon he improvised with a fluency and skill that entitle him to be called with Chatterton, "a marvellous boy." Let us hope that he is another Mozart, in which case the unhealthy excitement of his young brain, though it may work mischief, will not prevent him from being as remarkable in manhood as in youth. There remains to add that the musical proceedings were pleasantly interrupted by Mr Henry Irving, who recited in his best manner the poem wherein Mr Edwin Arnold tells the story of Belshazzar's Feast, through the medium of verse at once graceful and impressive. MM. Bevignani, Bisaccia, Visetti, Ganz, and Randegger shared the work of accompanying the vocal pieces.—*P. G.*

"Mdlle Rosine Bloch"—says M. Joncières-Reyer-St Saëns—"si aimée du public Parisien vient de remporter un immense succès au Grand-Théâtre de Genève, où une véritable ovation lui a été faite dans la série de représentations qu'elle a données. Elle a chanté la Fides de Meyerbeer!"

[*Carissima Blochina! Tu m'as oublié! Mais (lors) je t'aime toujours.*—Dr Bridge.]

WAIFS.

Mr Henry Mapleson and his wife, Mdme Marie Roze, gave a splendid *fête* at Hawthorn Lodge on Sunday night, June 25th, to which between two and three hundred of the leaders of the fashionable literary and artistic worlds were invited. The grounds were illuminated, and this *fête*, which it is understood is to be an annual one, recalled the days of the brilliant *réunions* given by the late Benjamin Lumley at his Thames-side villa.

Aimée, the beloved, starts for America in October.

Tamberlik, with his Italian company, has been singing at Oviedo.

Don Tomás Breton, the Spanish composer, has left Rome for Venice.

Maurice Grau has engaged Henriette de Noya for Havanna, and Mexico.

Friedrich Strampfer is the new lessee of the Carl Theater, Vienna.

The Theatre at Riga has been burnt down, fortunately without loss of life.

A new opera, *Ersilia*, by Pascucci, is in preparation at the Alhambra, Rome.

Annie Louise Cary, the popular American contralto, is still suffering from laryngitis.

A four-act opera, *Daphnis et Chloé*, by Count d'Osmoy, is promised for next season at Antwerp.

The Stuttgart Association for Classical Music lately gave a performance of Handel's *Messiah*.

A new zarzuela, *La Retreta*, by Nieto, has been given at the Teatro del Buen Retiro, Madrid.

A Vocal Association, numbering already 200 members, has been instituted at Santa Marta, Spain.

A meeting of German Cithern Associations will be held at Leipsic on the 26th, 27th, and 28th August.

Rudolph von Normann, many years Intendant of the Ducal Theatre, Dessau, died recently in that town.

The Princess of Wales attended the first performance of M. Lenepveu's opera, *Velleda*, on Tuesday night.

Two performances of the *Nibelungen* "Cycle" will be given at Brussels in October by August Neumann's company.

A monument has been erected in the Trinity Cemetery, Berlin, to Bradsky, the composer, who died a short time since.

There is no truth in the report that Staps intends resigning the bandmastership of the 1st Regiment of Belgian Guides.

Max Bruch, after all, remains in Liverpool, and Theodore Thomas has been appointed Director of the New York Liedertafel.

Don Josquin Espin y Guillen, organist of the Chapel Royal and professor in the Conservatory, has died suddenly in Madrid.

Schröder-Hanfstängl is engaged for eight years at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, her annual salary being 25,000 marks.

It is proposed to organize at Antwerp a Russian Musical Festival, with programmes to consist chiefly of works by Glinka and Anton Rubinstein.

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The *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas, received with great favour in Dresden, will shortly be produced at Carlsruhe, Cassel, Dantzic, and Königsberg.

Dr W. Buchholz, hitherto dramaturgist of the Stadttheater, Leipsic, has been appointed dramaturgical secretary at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

The Sultan has conferred the Medjidi Order (fourth class) on Comendinger, music publisher, Constantinople. (Oh, these Sultans! —Dr Blitge.)

Anna Bishop is organizing a concert tour in the United States for next season, after which she intends making another musical voyage round the world.

There is some talk of amalgamating the two Vocal Associations of Milan, one now under the direction of Giovannini and the other under that of Leoni.

Sophie Heilbronn, Marie Van Zandt, Maurel the barytone, and Lamoureux the conductor, are already engaged for the coming operatic season at Monte Carlo.

The monument to the late tenor, Roger, in Père-Lachaise, was inaugurated on the 28th ult. Speeches were made by Ambroise Thomas, Vaucorbeil, and Emile Perrin.

Having completed his *Histoire de la Musique dans l'Antiquité*, on which he has been engaged for some years, M. Gevaert is said to be writing a new grand opera, for which he has obtained a libretto in Paris.

The Intendant at the Theatre Royal, Cassel, has forbidden the curtain to be raised in future when there is a call for the artists, who now, when called, will have to appear before it. Much ado about nothing.

After a trip in Switzerland, *vid* Antwerp, the Rhine, Coire, and the Splugen Pass, Mr Charles Lyall, accompanied by Mrs Charles Lyall, have settled for a time at the Hotel Zanobi, Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore.

During his concert-tour this month, Maurice Dengremont, the young violinist, will visit Baden, Kreuznach, Ems, Homburg, Wiesbaden, Kissingen, Franzenbad, Eger, Marienbad, Karlsbad, Teplitz, Ischl, Gmunden, and Salzburg.

At the last of the special Sunday Evening Services in Westminster Abbey, on July 30th, a collection will be made in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund. The sermon will be preached by Canon Farrar. Gadsby's anthem, "I will lay me down in peace," (composed for the Society), and Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus," will be sung during the service.

A performance of the prize sonata for pianoforte and violin to which Sir Michael Costa awarded the prize of ten guineas and a gold medal offered by Trinity College, London, took place at the College on Tuesday evening. The work, admirably played by Mr J. Conway Brown (the composer), and Mr Victor Buziau, was enthusiastically received by a critical audience.

Mdme Modjeska will, next Wednesday afternoon, assisted by Mr Forbes-Robertson and Mr. G. W. Anson, act, for the only time this season, the principal character in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, at a grand musical and dramatic entertainment to be given at the Court Theatre under Royal and distinguished patronage, in aid of the funds of the "Popular Ballad Concert Committee." The first part of the entertainment will consist of a concert in which the Russian Soprano, Mdlle de Adler will take part, as well as Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Benedict, Misses Damian, Adela Vernon, and Ellicott, Mr Herbert Thorndike, Signor Luigi Parisotti, and M. Marcel Herwegh.

Royal College of Music.—On Friday night, June 30, Viscountess Folkestone gave a concert in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, in Stafford House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present. The programme included vocal and instrumental pieces, in which Lady Folkestone, the Countess of Northesk, Lord W. Compton, Mr Lionel Benson, Mr and Miss D'Egville, &c., took part; a chorus of female voices, conducted by Signor Tosti; and a "string band," consisting entirely of lady amateurs, with five representatives of the violoncello and two of the double bass.

General Billot, in accordance with the unanimous wish, has determined on restoring the drum to the French army. A French soldier without drum is nerveless, just as without nerve he is drumless. The drum then by all means. Only those who aim at quenching the military spirit of the nation would rob France of her drummery.

Vienna.—Fuchs, who enriched the repertory of the Imperial Operahouse with Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella* and Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi*, is now preparing Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* and Nicolo Isouard's *Rendezvous bourgeois*. Three other comparatively old works in contemplation are *Les Noces de Jeannette* (Massé), *Le Chalet* (Adam), and *La Serva Padrona* (Pergolesi).

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WEDNESDAY next, July 19, "LA TRAVIATA."

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THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

PRELUDE FOR THE PIANOFORTE AND HARMONIUM, OR ORGAN.
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ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Mr Grove (D.C.L.) at Leeds.

Mr Grove, introduced by the Mayor, said that his aim in attending the meeting was to make them better acquainted with the objects and scope of the institution the Prince of Wales had endeavoured to found, and which was to be called the Royal College of Music. It had been long felt that it was desirable we should have in England some central recognized authoritative musical institution, which should occupy with regard to music the same position as the Royal Academy did with reference to painting. Whilst there were excellent schools of music in London and other parts of the country, there was no institution which held a recognized authoritative position such as that held by the Conservatoires on the Continent, and in consequence of the need of which a large number of English students were driven, and had now been driven for many years, at the most impressionable part of their lives, to the Continent for the purpose of study, and who by that means naturally became not English, but German musicians. At one time of its history England had no doubt a very great and important school of music. The fact was now placed beyond the reach of doubt; and being mentioned by the Duke of Albany in his speech at Manchester, it was one which had extraordinary interest in this connection. There was a manuscript in the British Museum, written in the Abbey of Reading by John of Fornsete, in or near 1226, and which was allowed, not only by English antiquarians, but by the severest and most competent of Continental critics, to be a MS. of that date. The manuscript contained a round—a term well understood by musicians—which was one of the most melodious and beautiful little things that ever existed, called "Sumer, is icumen in?" It was written 150 years before any other piece of music which could be found on the Continent, and showed that at that time we were 150 years in advance of those great, learned Flemings and Italians whom we had always been in the habit of considering the inventors of music. More than this, the music in question was not written in the learned, crabbed style which marked the first productions of the Flemish and Italian contemporary schools, and which it took such a large number of years to at last enable them to produce the melodious and familiar music with which we were acquainted. English people, who had always believed themselves to be behindhand in music, turned out to be the greatest nation in the world in this matter. The character was maintained by the English school down to the seventeenth century, its works being much superior to anything found amongst the contemporary music of the Continent. The troubles of the Civil War ruined English music, no music being tolerated at that time except psalmody. When the House of Hanover came to the throne society began to be more settled, there was a demand for music, and the question of the revival or reorganization of the English school was raised. At that very moment, fortunately, in many respects, and, unfortunately, in others, the great musician, Handel, was in London, and it was found much easier to give large sums of money that Italian and German musicians might be brought to London to sing and to write oratorios, than for such an undertaking to be grappled with and carried out. From that day to the present English musicians had been under the heel of the foreigner. We had been so overwhelmed with Italian opera that people had got to such a pitch that when they did go to the Opera they did not care for the story at all, but only for the music. He granted that lately there had been an improvement, but it would take a long time to work a thorough alteration. The only way to do it was to have an independent school of music of our own, and keep our own people away from other schools. It was quite true that English music, if we had not much of it, had a character of its own. The musicians present would know the beautiful cantata, *The May Queen*; and, in his opinion, it was their duty to keep our English boys at home, to educate them here, and to make our English music as national, as characteristic as our literature, and our painting, and our manufactures, and other things of which we were so proud as Englishmen. The movement for the formation of a National College of Music actually dated from about 1870, when it was first taken up by the Duke of Edinburgh, who had himself for a long time been an enthusiastic amateur. He endeavoured to get the Royal Academy of Music brought from the somewhat confined position occupied in a back street near Hanover Square on to the estate of the Commissioners of South Kensington, and there was little doubt that if that could have been carried out, certain collateral advantages would have followed, as the Academy would have been brought into a position more consonant with the very great prestige which it enjoyed. That offer was declined, but the Duke was not daunted, for with the assistance of a large number of friends he founded the National Training School of Music, which was, no doubt, familiar to many of the Leeds people, although he

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Professor Macfarren at Manchester.

Professor Macfarren, who was warmly greeted, said he accepted the kind welcome which they gave him on his first visit to their very musical city, less as a personal compliment to himself than as a tribute to the important institution which he had the great honour to represent. The following day, the 5th July, would be the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Music. On that day 1822, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen took place in London, the late Earl of Westmorland, then not having ascended to the peerage, presiding. Lord Burghersh, as he was then styled, was a distinguished amateur and composer, and he entertained the notion that it was possible to develop musical talent in this country if there might be established means for its proper culture. With that view, he strove with great activity to found and permanently establish a school wherein the musical profession might be trained to the practise of composition, of vocalization, of instrumental performance, and of the also very high function of teaching. It was intended in the first instance that the instruction of Academy pupils should be gratuitous, and subscriptions were opened with the view of accepting pupils entirely free. The subscriptions, however, did not amount to sufficient for that purpose, and whereas it had been intended that a very large number of English students should be admitted to the benefits of the instruction of the Academy, it was found that in the first instance twenty only could be received, and even those had to pay a fee of ten guineas per annum—a sum which immediately afterwards had to be increased, as the funds at the disposal of the directors were inadequate to meet the cost of instruction. The musical profession of that time of day felt some jealousy at what appeared to be this interference with their rights and duties, and it was with some sacrifice of self-esteem that they were induced to enter into the work. Once entered, however, they worked with a zeal and a result which stood forth upon the history of music in this country. Their zeal was evinced at a very early stage of the proceedings, when, the collected funds proving inadequate to meet requirements, the professors for three months worked entirely without remuneration. By degrees it was found necessary to modify the plans of the Academy. The idea of gratuitous instruction was abandoned, and fees were ordained for the pupils to pay; but these were insufficient to cover expenses, and Lord Burghersh besought aid from Government. The Prime Minister of the day was unable to accede to his request, but there was granted a charter, signed by George IV. on the third day before his death. Under that charter the Academy had worked through various vicissitudes of fortune, but always, until a period which he should presently name, with a struggle against the difficulties of finance. Eventually the Committee of Management, finding themselves in debt, tendered to the Queen the resignation of the charter. Her Majesty refused to accept it, declaring through her secretary that nothing but an Act of Parliament could annul the document. At that moment another act of loyalty to their art was shown by the professors of the Academy, who undertook the services of the school with only such remuneration as the circumstances of the moment might afford. With these exertions, and the admission into the management of the professional element, the Academy changed its aspect altogether as regarded fiscal arrangements. The admission of the professional element had the effect of inspiring greater public confidence in the institution, as was shown by the fact that whereas at that time—1868—the average of pupils was from 60 to 70, there were at the present moment from 400 to 500 pupils (applause). *It had been submitted that musical education could not be completed in this institution, and that young English students had to go to foreign conservatoires to complete the education for which England afforded no means or opportunity. Let it be fully known that in any time which he could recollect there had always been foreigners studying in the Royal Academy of Music*, and it would be vain to suppose that they came to England because there was no possibility of obtaining education in their own country. That English students went abroad could not be doubted, but it must be borne in mind that English prejudice was very strongly in favour of foreign prestige, and that the young musician who came to England from abroad, with foreign honours shining round his head, was likely to have a more cordial reception than one who came from the next street in their own town. That was, he believed, to a great extent the reason why musical students went abroad, and it was certainly not because they had no means of culture here. He might be allowed to mention two instances. A young girl who was a pupil in the Academy displayed very great talent. Some wealthy friends of her parents urged that she should be sent to Germany for superior education, and, to meet her father's objections, offered to pay the expenses of her mother accompanying her, and of his having a housekeeper. The father resolved to leave his daughter at the Academy, and she was now one of the most distinguished pianists of

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did not see from the list that Leeds had any scholarships there. The education given in it was entirely free, being by ninety scholarships founded by private individuals and public bodies. The school occupied a house built and presented to it by a very munificent London builder, Sir Charles Freyke. The school was started in 1873, but it laboured under this fatal drawback, that the scholarships were promised for seven years only. The Duke of Edinburgh thought he had reason to believe that at the end of that time Government would take it up, and that it would become a permanent national institution. Government, however, did not do so, the scholarships lapsed, and the school was now at an end. The Prince of Wales had been so much pleased with the result, with the excellent teaching given entirely by English professors, and with the very clever students turned out of the school, that he and his brothers had said that they could not allow the movement to drop, but that it must be perpetuated on a broad and proper basis. They also said as there was the National Training College on the one hand and the Royal Academy on the other, could not their union be effected, so as to combine musical education both by payment and scholarships, assisted, as the movement would be, by great prestige and the support of eminent professors. The Prince of Wales thus called a meeting in 1878 at Marlborough House, and laid the scheme before it. Negotiations took place between the two for this purpose, but they eventually fell through, and although various efforts were made with the same object they did not meet with the desired results. The Prince of Wales had therefore no alternative but to call the meeting held on the 28th February in St James's Palace, London, when he submitted the scheme for the foundation of a Royal College of Music. The object of the scheme was to provide a central institution for education in music of a similar nature to the Conservatoires on the Continent, by the foundation of 100 scholarships, 50 with maintenance and 50 without. The 50 with maintenance might come from Leeds and other places, and even from the colonies, for there were many boys at present at Leipsic who had come from Australia. It was at first intended that the college should be entirely open to the whole of the kingdom and the empire, and that entrance should be by competition throughout. But it had been represented that the only way to enlist the support of the country to the movement would be by the provision of scholarships, which might be competed for in stated localities, and that the boys in those localities should not compete against others from distant districts. He wished that the scholarships had been all open, for there was more glory to a boy who competed against the whole of the country than against a district; still it was not essential, and the education in both cases would be exactly the same. There would be this difference, that whereas £2,500 would be sufficient to maintain an open scholarship, in the case of a local scholarship an additional £500 would be required. There would also be admissions by payment. One distinguishing mark of the institution would be, however, that entrance could only be obtained by competition. There would also be a determination to make the college a place of work, and not of recreation and amusement—strict examinations being kept up throughout. Students would have to go there with the intention of learning music in the best possible way, and treating it as a serious matter of life. He thought they would have a large number of paying pupils, and grounded his opinion on the large number of pupils at the Royal Academy, which, he believed, had an income of about £15,000 a year. The Guildhall School had also been established, where there were already 2,000 paying pupils, and the whole number of applicants could not be accommodated. He had no doubt the proposed college would also soon get the requisite number of pupils. The establishment of this college would not interfere with any existing institution, and there was not the least desire that it should be antagonistic in any sense to the Royal Academy. He only regretted that they would not be able, in connection with the proposed college, to take into its limits this distinguished school, which was the most important at present existing in this country, and that they should be obliged to stand by and see that institution acting separately from them. Still he did not think that either would interfere with the other. *He believed there was such a period of development coming upon music in the next fifty years as had never been seen in England, and that it would be one of the most characteristic things of that period of our history.* With regard to the college, no money would have to be spent on buildings for some time, and then it would only be when they were forced by want of accommodation, as they would have power to use theatres as practising-rooms given to them. He supposed the course of training at the college would last two or three years, and after the course was over many of the students, he expected, would come down to their native places with their certificates and form what he hoped would be the centre of musical circles there. Many young men, from their inability to find money and the leisure which the study of the day. She had several times visited Germany, where she had attained even greater success than in this country, and in Manchester she had been welcomed with the applause which her most excellent playing deserved. In another case, an Academy pupil was elected to the Mendelssohn scholarship—a fund applied to the education of musical students. The pupil was sent to Leipsic for further tuition, but when tasks were submitted to him there he informed the professors that he had already done them in the Academy. So conversant did he show himself with all that the Leipsic professors were ready to teach him that his removal was requested, and in consequence he was sent into another country. Much had been said with regard to the desirability of cultivating the study of orchestral instruments. Ever since the Academy had been instituted there had been orchestral practice twice a week for the pupils. As a pupil he used to play in the Academy band, and he ascribed most valuable consequences to the experience he gained in that position, though he never was able to undertake engagements as an orchestral player. There had always been Academy pupils engaged in the most important orchestras, several having engagements now with the Italian opera band; but the orchestral branch of music was the least remunerative, and was open to the most severe temptations of any portion of the musical profession. It was because it was so ill-paid, and because from circumstances which he could neither attempt to describe nor pretend to understand, many foreigners of talent were able to subsist on means on which persons accustomed to roast beef could do nothing but starve, that many of the best places in our orchestras were filled by foreigners. English persons who might develop orchestral talent were not allowed by their parents to enter that unremunerative branch of the profession. In the department of the lyrical drama the studies of the Academy were importantly directed. In view of the fact that of late years the tendency had rather been to sing in English than to sing in Italian, the operatic class of the Academy gave its attention to English versions of lyrical studies, and there would come before the subscribers next week a performance of one of the least known but most meritorious operas of Mozart by Academy students, with English text. The charter of the Academy was most flexible, enabling it to do any and every thing for the furtherance of the cultivation of music. For long years, with limited resources, the institution confined its operations to the education of the pupils confided to its care, but in recent years music had obtained a wider regard and more important consideration throughout the country, and the Academy had of late turned its attention to the study of music outside its own walls. In 1876 plans were drawn out and schemes arranged for holding throughout the country such examinations as had only been brought into effect in the last two years. There were reasons at the moment why the plans could not be applied. In the interim another institution had opened examinations of more or less the same nature. He thanked that institution. Whether the Academy plans had obtained circulation, and it had been bruited abroad that there were such intentions, and the other institution acted upon that; or whether, as had been the case with many important things, the good idea was conceived by two persons at the same time, was not the question. There was no copyright in a good action. The examining of the studies of a large number of well-intending persons was, he thought, a very good action, and he thanked that other institution for having been before the Academy in the field. It had given an impulse to the endeavours that were now in course of activity, but he rejected the statement that had been made to the effect that the Academy paid the compliment of imitation to the establishment which was already at work in the same field. With regard to local arrangement and the three local examiners in the Manchester district, Dr Horton Allison, who was an Academy pupil, undertook the function of giving advice to intending candidates for admission as pupils. Dr. J. M. Bentley, although he had had the good fortune and the great merit to have acquired his musicianship without the advantage of Academy training, had his will as much in the good cause as anybody who had been brought up in the school, and he it was who first proposed the putting into operation of this scheme of local examinations. Dr John Wrigley was a pupil in the Academy, to which he had been an honour as representing its good teaching, and of which he had been the friend in maintaining its interests. He would now turn to an embryo project of the Academy, viz., the purpose which was now verging upon maturity, and which was proposed some years since, of instituting in the chief centres throughout the land branch schools which might prepare pupils for the Academy. Those branch schools should have for their professoriate the musicians of the several localities, the schools to be conducted under the supervision of the Academy Committee, under the inspection of the Academy principal, and under the examination of such special teachers of the several branches of study as from time to time would visit them. When pupils were sufficiently advanced in these branch schools it might be perhaps

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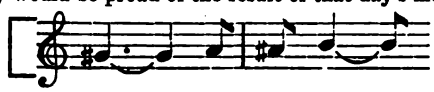
music so eminently required, had been ruined by going to sing in public or by not being able to continue the requisite study. In order to avoid this it was proposed to found fellowships, to be won by examination at the conclusion of the course, so that clever students might obtain fellowships worth £100, which would enable them to pursue their studies. The college would thus possess the character of a University, and be the head English musical centre. All the most distinguished people connected with English music would be directed by degrees to its council and managing board. He hoped that the London and provincial musical societies would affiliate themselves to it, and examiners would be provided for them. They would be able to give advice in all matters of dispute, to confer degrees, and to become in time a sort of University of Music for England, in the same way as the London University was for literature, science, and cognate branches of study. So far only two appointments had been made in connection with the college. Mr Morley, son of Mr Samuel Morley, M.P. for Bristol, had been appointed hon. secretary, and the Prince of Wales had been good enough to name him (Mr Grove) director of the college. *No German or other professors had been appointed, and it was time that they shook off the idea which had possessed them so long that we were nothing but copiers of German writers, for that was perfectly untrue. Dr Arne and Dr Arthur Sullivan had shown them what English composers could achieve.* Let them nurse the beautiful fragrance until it permeated the Yorkshire wolds and the Lancashire hills, so that we might take as high rank in music as the country had in literature. Their desire was to assert the power, dignity, and ability of the English school, and to raise it to its proper position in the world. He was sure Leeds, which had got a choral body the like of which he had never heard in London, Germany, or elsewhere, and which possessed a Corporation so enlightened as to give them the splendid organ in the Town Hall (which it had been a great pleasure for him to hear), would take a favourable view of the formation of the proposed college. This matter should not be put forward upon a narrow musical basis; it was a question of education. Music had a certain influence in the world, it had so established itself as to become a necessity of life, and raised itself into the dignified position occupied by the art of painting. The result of art education in the country had been astonishing, and the strides which had been accomplished during the last thirty years in the tastes of the people marvellous. He asked them to try music in the same way, and he was perfectly certain in thirty or fifty years from this time the same difference would be observable, and that it would be a practical and social effect which, at present, they did not dream of. The great charm of the year in London was the Royal Academy Exhibition, and he was certain the annual celebration of the Royal College of Music would become to be as great an attraction. The college was certain to be founded, whether Leeds assisted or not, because the Prince of Wales had made himself personally responsible. How would it look if a great town like Leeds, or a great district like the West Riding, had no part in the matter? Besides, it would not be fair. Leeds would probably be the first to knock at the college doors, for they were certain to send up some of their clever Yorkshire boys, with their fine musical voices, for training in the college. What was £3,000, £5,000, or £10,000 for a great town like Leeds? It meant, in many cases, a mere scratch of the pen and a little diminution at the banker's, which would never be regretted, but which, on the other hand, would always be a source of thankfulness to the donor.

Mr T. Wemyss Reid proposed that "*the thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr Grove for his courtesy in attending to explain the object of the college.*" He believed he was indebted for the honour of proposing this resolution to the fact that he had the privilege of knowing Mr Grove, and that he could say something of the work he had known him do in other capacities than that in which he appeared before them to-day. Mr Grove's address was so well conceived that it was admirably calculated to serve the purpose he had in view. They must not forget also that Mr Grove had been of great service to English music in many departments: but it was for the work in which he was engaged as the editor of that admirable Dictionary which would be the standard work of the future on the subject of music, and as the person who had had the greatest share in bringing to a successful issue both the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace and the great Handel festivals, which had done such credit to the English musicians of to-day, that he was perhaps most entitled to their gratitude. Mr Grove, thanking those who had promised donations, observed that twenty years hence they would be proud of the result of that day's meeting.



permitting.

Dr Bridge.]

desirable for them to be transplanted to the metropolis, where, the best musicians always endeavouring to concentrate themselves, the highest instruction might be expected, and where alone could be witnessed musical performances essential in experience to the student.

* * * * * *

The Bishop of Salford, in moving a vote of thanks to Professor Macfarren for his address, said he had no misgivings that the establishment of a Royal College of Music would interfere with the Royal Academy of Music. He hoped that the Dream of Sir Julius Benedict might be realized, and that through these two institutions might be founded in this country a University of Music. Professor Macfarren said the Royal Academy was self-supporting, and had expended £6,000 in the erection of a concert-room. But it had no means at present of extending operations outside its own doors. During the proceedings Mr J. Kendrick-Pyne played several pieces on the organ.

Dream of Sir Julius Benedict.

R. A. M.—Oh! R. C. M.—Ah!

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A PROTEST FROM HARRY WALL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—With reference to the article published in *The Era*, dated the 24th inst., it is true that I am not the composer of the music or the author of the words, of the songs, &c., over the sole liberty of public performance of which I claim control, either as being myself the proprietor thereof or as agent for some one else who is. But I purchase, by money payments, such rights of public performance from the composers, authors, or their personal representatives, or assigns, who are anxious to accept my money in exchange for, and so dispose of, their rights to me, and, having so purchased, I endeavour to legally "protect" my "property." I do not (and never did) pretend to protect the interests of music, art, the public, professionals, or amateurs. I cannot, at present, afford to be so generous. I merely seek to protect and enhance my own interests—singularly selfish individual that I am. And I learn from the creators of the respective productions that they themselves would have been only too glad to have done the same, but they did not know that, or how, they could do so. The press, public, managers, professionals, and amateurs may rail as much as they please because I do not allow the free use and enjoyment to the public of that which I have myself bought and paid for; but, once for all, no expression of *public* opinion will influence me in the least as to how I choose to deal with my *private* rights and *property*. The Legislature of our country, in its wisdom, thought fit, solely for the benefit and advantage of authors and composers of such productions, or their personal representatives, assigns, or other proprietors, to expressly create and protect such rights, and to provide remedies in case of their invasion, and, so long as I buy under such statutes, I shall seek to be paid under them. If the Acts of Parliament require amendment, the sooner they are amended the better.

For the protection of any who otherwise may offend *in ignorance* against the Acts, I again suggest what I believe to be the plan most practicable. Let it be enacted that no proprietor of performing right shall maintain an action for infringement thereof unless he has first caused an entry to be made in a registry-book at Stationers' Hall or some proper place, wherein shall be expressed that he is the proprietor of such reserved right, together with such other particulars as are necessary for the guidance of the public. The price to be charged for such entry to be (say) 6d. or 1s., to include a receipted copy of such entry (and not, as at present, 5s. for the entry, and 5s. for a copy thereof). Then let a Gazette be published weekly at 1d, containing a list, alphabetically arranged, of all such entries therein made—the fact of such Gazette being so published to be publicly advertised, as widely as possible, in every newspaper in the kingdom for, say, a month. Or, it may be enacted (if practicable) that some such words as "sole right of public performance reserved" should be printed on the title-page of every published musical composition, song, &c., by the proprietor of the "copy"-right (which word merely means the sole and exclusive liberty of printing, or otherwise multiplying copies), and, if he be not also the proprietor of the right of performance thereof, and has not printed such notice thereon, that he shall be compelled to do so, on being so required by the proprietor of the latter right. Whether such enactment should be retrospective in its operation, either as to productions published before, or as regards copies already printed before the passing of the Act to be left to the Legislature. There would surely then be no reason why such "brainwork" should not be equally protected with hand or machinework, or other produce, and be as legally recognized as is other property. But I really fail to see why I should be expected to be continually advertising *at my own expense* for the benefit and information of the public the particulars as to the private property I may from time to time acquire. If it is to the interest of the public to know, let it adopt the proper means to ascertain.

It was attempted in 1876, but soon found to be quite impracticable, to constantly keep *in print* a complete catalogue, containing the names of all the numerous productions under the control hereof, owing to the numerous additions and other changes which are continuously (almost daily) being made to and in the list. To make a *written* list, as it at present stands, would take about a couple of months, and cost over £30, for there are more than 2,000 productions of a *single* living composer under the protection of the office. But since 1875, if any programme containing the names of the compositions proposed to be produced at any public entertainment (of which the place and date must be stated), has been submitted to this office, together with 2s. 6d. fee (stamps), all the information required in connection therewith which may be within the province or knowledge of the office has been, as a rule, immediately furnished, with the view to preventing any payments under the statutes being incurred for infringements. You state in your article, that "an amateur vocalist who sings a song for nothing, to benefit a charity, is treated by Mr Wall as a criminal." I certainly do not recognize as "charity" concerts many that are "so called," but view them rather as vanity concerts, and treat them accordingly.

On the other hand, there are certain annual public concerts which I well know to be truly such, at which (like the one referred to in the programme herewith enclosed) any productions (words or music) are *freely* performed, and the words printed by consent. I cannot understand how I can be said to treat as a "criminal" an individual to whom I make a demand for a payment legally incurred, and against whom civil proceedings are commenced, and if necessary continued, when such claim is resisted. But if such person were to take similar liberties (whether under the cloak or plea of charity or not) with the wares of a baker, coal merchant, or blanket seller, as are taken with my "property" (which is generally more dearly purchased), I fear that he would then undoubtedly be treated as such. I purchase for the sake of making profit, and (as the circulars of this office, published by thousands, show) consent to the public performance of any song under my control, which may be (and may have been ever since the office was established, in 1875), as a rule, obtained from me on pre-payment of a fee of five shillings (stamps) for each performance. As a rule, performing rights only, and not "copy"-rights (that is, printing rights), are purchased by, and belong to the office managed by me, and whether fifty or 50,000 copies of a song are sold by the publisher is immaterial to the proprietor, who owns merely the performing right. Before a person enters a court, either of law or justice, perhaps it would be well to hang up on a peg outside all sympathies, feelings, sentiments, and prejudices.

With regard to the action "Wall v. Taylor," and likewise "Myself v. Martin," as the same are still *sub judice*, I refrain at present from making any comment, merely remarking that a rule *nisi* has been granted in each case, on the grounds of mis-direction by the judge to the jury, and that the jury's verdict was against the weight of evidence.

HARRY WALL.

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MAYORS' NESTS.

The Mayors of the realm appear to take special interest in the establishment of the projected Royal College of Music. "Alderman Hill, for example, *our* Mayor"—says a correspondent from Bradford—"lately called a meeting in his own parlour at the Town Hall, to consider what steps should be taken to support the scheme, a committee being appointed. As a result, our Mayor has forwarded to the Prince of Wales a cheque for £1,000, the first instalment from Bradford. *"The fact that at the same time preparations were being made for the opening of the Technical School, and other matters entailing considerable expense upon the town, was not without an adverse effect, as many were unable to subscribe so liberally as they otherwise might."* Our Mayor, however, is not without hope of being able to make a liberal addition.

That all Mayors are musicians is as well known as that few musicians are Mayors. Nevertheless, at Leeds, hard by, we find a Mayor recalcitrant, and, therefore, less musical than is the case with ordinary Mayors. We read in the *Leeds Mercury*, with reference to a meeting summoned for the same object:—

"The Mayor, who had no hesitation in calling the meeting, was gratified to find that the formation of the Royal College of Music was being promoted by the wealthy and influential of the country. *It seemed appropriate that the matter should be placed in the hands of persons of high rank rather than in the hands of members of the industrial communities, who had suffered and were suffering from depression in trade. The effect of the movement would be rather an extension of recreation and amusement, the facilities for which we in Leeds were not deficient in, than of arts useful to an industrial community.* He quite agreed, however, with the foundation of such a college, for if music tended to the refinement and elevation of the people, it would have a greater tendency in that direction if it were taught in a superior than in an inferior manner."

This Mayor, facts staring him in the countenance notwithstanding, seems inclined to "look at home." We cannot but applaud this Mayor, who, although Sir Andrew Fairbairn, M.P., insinuated, at the Leeds meeting, that he was "veering round," shows no sign of veering at all. This Mayor, consequently, lays himself out fearlessly to public opinion—which is "fudge," in my private opinion. Let, therefore, this one Mayor receive his due. There are Mayors and Mayors—or, rather, Mayors and *a* Mayor.—Dr Blitge.

Campanini is organizing, at Parma, his native town, a benefit aid of the fund for erecting a monument to Garibaldi.

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SHUT OUT FOR WANT OF A KEY.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, Professor, what have you brought this time?

PROFESSOR.—A grand fantasia, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Humph! we have five hundred such in our lower cellars, our *oubliettes*, all in manuscript. We shall never print one of them. What is your theme?

PROFESSOR.—A theme from *Tristan*, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Whose *Tristan?*

PROFESSOR.—Isolde's, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Who's Isolde? Hum it.

PROFESSOR.—I can't hum it, Sir. It is quite different from themes that can be hummed. It is Wagner's—a leit-motive.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, that's better than a heavy one. What key?

PROFESSOR.—It begins in A minor, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Why the lesser third? How long does it remain in A minor?

PROFESSOR.—It does not remain, Sir, it diverges.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—I don't much care about themes that diverge. Our house has a strong objection to themes that diverge. What is the prevailing key?

PROFESSOR.—There is no prevailing key, Sir. Wagner has an aversion to prevailing keys.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Don't it ever go into A with the greater third?

PROFESSOR.—No, Sir; it passes by it occasionally, but——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—I suppose your fantasia has another theme or two?

PROFESSOR.—No, Sir, it is the only theme; it is spread over the whole opera.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—And is the fantasia all in A minor, with the lesser third?

PROFESSOR.—No, Sir, only the opening——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Have you brought your MS.? Show—

PROFESSOR (*showing manuscript*).—

PUBLISHER BUMPUS (*peruses attentively a page of the MS*)—Why, this is no key at all. Does it go on to the end in the same way?

PROFESSOR.—Yes, Sir; Wagner does not admit of keys.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Our house can't do without keys. Take it to Wall. It's of no use to us. [*Exit Publisher.*

PROFESSOR (*solus*).—There's no dealing with this Bumpus. Wall's a good idea though. I'll show it to Wall, and if he won't have it, I must go to the wall. [*Exit dejected.*

THE statue of Auber, to be erected in Caen, has reached its destination.

THE Arcadia Theatre, St Petersburgh, has been burnt to the ground. The fire broke out during a rehearsal. Fortunately, there were no lives lost.

A TABLET has been affixed to the house known as No. 8, Galerie-Strasse, Dresden, to commemorate the fact that C. M. von Weber occupied the second floor from the 28th September, 1822, to the day of his death. (He died in London.—Dr Blidge.)

BERLIN.—Schröder-Hanfstängl's engagement at Kroll's is prolonged. Among the artists who have appeared with her is Naumann-Gungl, a widow, daughter of Joseph Gungl, the well-known composer of dance-music. She was much applauded as Valentine in the *Huguenots*.—The Central Skating Rink will in future be devoted to artistic purposes, to fit it for which the necessary alterations are being carried out. It will henceforth be called the Philharmonie. Some sixty members of Bilse's old orchestra are engaged, and from the 17th October will play four times a week—Wednesday being the "Symphony night." Anton Rubinstein's sacred drama, *Das verlorene Paradies*, conducted by the composer, is to be performed.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS.—"Froll," or "Floll"—*les deux se disent* (in the Outisles). Froll was a good knight of his hands, related to King Anguish by the mother's side, and to King Agwisance by the father's side—both good kings of their crowns.

MARRIAGE.

On July 12, at St George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. F. Goe, Rector, CHRISTIAN WILHELM LUTHER, of Reval, Russia, to HELEN, daughter of A. Greiffenhagen, of 10, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

MESSRS ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

THE long continued partnership between the original institutors of this esteemed and prosperous firm has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and, it is superfluous to add, under conditions acceptable to both parties. Mr Henry Parry retires, after a connection with the music-publishing trade of more than forty years, during which he has earned respect in equal degrees for his ability, integrity, spirit of enterprise, and uniform courtesy to every member of the musical profession with whom he has come into contact. Mr Parry retires, it need hardly be said, upon considerations not less ample than honourably claimed. The business is henceforth to be carried on exclusively by his late associate, Mr Ashdown, under the new style of "Edwin Ashdown;" and that the firm hitherto recognized as "Ashdown & Parry," directed by one in all respects so thoroughly competent and experienced, will maintain to the full its high reputation may be taken for granted.

Cyclical Reminiscences.

No. 2.

Copia vera.

GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "Manchester Examiner and Times," July 5th.)

Professor Macfarren yesterday distributed the prizes to the Manchester students of the Royal Academy of Music. The circumstances were of more than ordinary interest, for it was the eminent composer's first visit to this city, and it was ominous that this should fall on the eve of the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Academy with which Dr Macfarren's name is so honourably connected. There was, no doubt, some curiosity in the audience to see the gifted musician whose operas, cantatas, oratorios, &c., were familiar in, to use his own phrase, our "very musical city." It is probable, however, that beyond this there was a hope that something would be said by a man than whom none has a better right to speak on a subject which at present concerns the Academy of Music very closely indeed. Sixty years to-day the Academy has been working through divers vicissitudes of fortune to further the musical education of the country; and it was natural that men who knew of its history and its success should wish to hear something said with regard to the comparative merits of the old institution and the Conservatory now being created. Dr Macfarren, however, made no reference to the subject directly, and yet indirectly his address was, if a vindication can be said to have been wanted, a complete vindication of the Academy and its work. Musical people will not need to be reminded that it was within its walls that Arabella Goddard acquired her facile mastery of the piano,* or that it gave Arthur Sullivan the knowledge which enabled him, on his entrance at Leipsic, to produce music at once original and beautiful. Dr Macfarren mentioned in his historical retrospect that from 1868 to the present time—from the date when the professional element was admitted into the school—the average of pupils had increased from between 60 and 70 to between 400 and 500. Among these, as we all know, have been some of our foremost contemporary vocalists, and it must be remembered, too, that a large part of its useful work has been to cultivate hundreds of sweet voices which would otherwise have been lost among the valleys of Wales. It would be a pity if the high position the Academy has attained were to be overshadowed by a Conservatory to be established under august patronage, and by a national subscription. It is not inconsistent to wish success to the projected Royal College of Music, and yet to hope that the old institution may continue to do good and prosper.

[* This is a mistake on the part of our able contemporary. Arabella Goddard was never a student in the Academy of Music, though she did more than any other public performer to spread the fame of the concertos and pianoforte compositions in general of Sterndale Bennett, whose early and long connection with the institution of which he was for some years "Principal" is one of the most emphatic and enduring testimonies to its worth as the medium of promulgating what is highest and most estimable in art.—OTTO BERG.]

—o—

A WIMBLEDON SILVER SHIELD.

Description of Silver Shield manufactured by Hunt & Roskell, 156, New Bond Street, for Messrs Brinsmead & Co., 18 and 20, Wigmore Street, and presented by them for competition at the Wimbledon Meeting, 1882.

A pointed shield charged with St George's Cross, between the arms and at the foot of which are panels containing representations of five great British battles, showing the respective principal incidents, viz.:—

1. Landing of the Romans; standard-bearer leading the Romans ashore. 2. Battle of Hastings; the death of Harold. 3. Battle of Agincourt; King Henry V. defending his brother Clarence. 4. Battle of Blenheim; surrender of Marshall Tallard to the Duke of Marlborough. 5. Battle of Waterloo, with the Duke of Wellington in the foreground.

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This series illustrates the progress of arms and armour, from the skins and shields of the Ancient Britons, through the mail of the Saxon and Norman periods, to the full development of plate armour in the fifteenth century, its disuse, and the general adoption of firearms. In the centre is a small panel with the characteristic device of the National Rifle Association surrounded by a wreath of olive and palm, symbols of peaceful victory. The upper arm of the cross is occupied by a bard chanting the praises of military achievements, above which, on a ribbon in raised letters, is the title of the prize, "The Brinsmead Challenge Shield." The remaining decorations are the monogram of the National Rifle Association, with rifles, oak wreaths, &c.

—o—

Chacun à son goût.

AVERROES.—To *Parsifal?*
AVERROES.—By no means.
AVERROES *(aside).*—He's half mad!

AVICENNA.—By all means! To *Parsifal?*
AVICENNA *(aside).*—Poor fellow!
AVICENNA.—He's quite mad.

(Exeunt severally.)

CONCERTS.

THE Musical Artists' Society, which, existing for the production of new works by English composers, has a strong claim upon sympathy and support, gave its twenty-sixth concert in the hall of the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening. Several novelties were presented, all, in some respect or other, justifying the decision that gave them a place in the programme. This may especially be said of a sonata in F sharp minor for piano and violin, the work of Miss E. M. Lawrence, who had Herr Weiner as her associate in its performance. The slow movement of the sonata is really a creditable effort, nor can any charge be brought against the *finale* on the ground of wanting clearness. Miss Lawrence will do well to persevere as a writer of chamber music. A sonata for piano and violoncello, by Mr E. Sharp, while giving evidence of industry and skill, lacked the inventive essential to such a work. That this was completely absent we do not say, inasmuch as there were points in both *scherzo* and *andante* worthy special notice. Mr Sharp was assisted by Mr Z. Libotton. Some clever variations for organ on a Handelian theme, capitally played by Mr Turpin, placed the talent of Dr W. Creser in an advantageous light; but the success of the evening fell to Mr Walter Macfarren, whose sonata in F, for piano and violin, entrusted to Miss M. Gyde and Mr Ralph, met with a very favourable and well-deserved reception. This work, one of the most sympathetic that bear the composer's name, was played admirably. The vocal pieces were allotted to Miss Madeline Ashton, Miss von Hennig, and a choir conducted by Dr Leeds-Bradford. Miss Ashton introduced three songs by the German composer Wolff, with English words by Mrs Ashton. Miss von Hennig brought forward a song, "Passed to Heaven," by Duncan Hume.—P. G.

MDLLE THÉRÈSE CASTELLAN, a distinguished lady violinist, gave a concert on Friday afternoon, July 7th, at Lancaster Gate (by permission of Mr and Mrs Owen Lewis), which was well attended. She herself took but a modest part in the proceedings, being satisfied to begin them with a sonata by Porpora, for violin and piano (Signor Samuelli), to close them with a Polonaise by Vieuxtemps, and, meanwhile, to play one or two *obbligati*. Mdlle Castellan erred in the direction of self-effacement. We mean no disparagement to the other artists in saying that she was on this occasion the chief attraction, and should have occupied a foremost place in the programme with some important solo. Happily, her talent needed no demonstration, being well-known and frankly recognized. Mdlle Castellan had able assistance. There was Mr George Grossmith, for example, to make the solemn and silent morning audience laugh as he discoursed on "What is music?"—and who told many a serious truth under the mask of fun. Then there were Misses de Fonblanque, Le Brun, and Elliot, each with pleasing songs, those sung by the first-named lady comprising two introduced by her at Sir Julius Benedict's concert, composed by Mr Cowen, in one of which, "I think of all thou art to me," he even measures swords with Signor Tosti, whose setting of the same verses has been made familiar by Mr Santley. Avoiding comparisons, it may be said that interest arises from noting the very different manner in which the two musicians have treated the same subject.* Miss de Fonblanque, as also the two ladies whose names we have associated with hers, contributed largely to the general success. The male vocalists were Isidore de Lara, Campobello, and Ghilberti; the solo pianist (also male) being Tito Mattei. Gelli, Samuelli, and Romili acted as accompanists.—P. G.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The seventy-first and last concert of the sixteenth season took place, on Thursday evening, July 6th, at Langham Hall, for the benefit of the director, Herr Schuberth. The programme was miscellaneous, beginning with Beethoven's Grand trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Herren Hause, Otto Booth, and Schuberth. The other concerted piece was a quartet by Raff, played by the same gentlemen with the addition of Herr Witt (viola). Solos on the pianoforte, violin, and zither were given during the evening by Herren Hause, Otto Booth, and Von Goutta. Herr Schuberth introduced a composition (MS.) of his own for the violoncello, the melodious theme of which, and its musicianly treatment, so pleased the audience that he was compelled to repeat it. The singers were Mesdames Dukas, Vogri, and Frith; Misses Foresta, Fitzgerald, and Ronayne; MM. de Monaco, Isidore de Lara, Frith, Dyved, Lewis, and Mackey. The concert, altogether, gave perfect satisfaction to a numerous audience, and was one of the most successful of the season.

* Nevertheless, the composer of the Scandinavian Symphony must beware of overleaping discretion. To "measure swords with Signor Tosti" is no small adventure. Quentin Durward "measured swords" with Dunois; but the swords, being of equal length and sharpness, were speedily re-scabbarded. —Dr Blidge.

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Mr Wallworth's *matinée musicale* held on Saturday, July 8th, at his residence Wimpole Street, was successful in attracting a large audience as well as in the performance of a varied programme by his many intelligent pupils, among whom we can single out for especial praise, Mr MacDonnell and Mr. T. W. Price, the former exhibiting a beautiful tenor voice, and the latter a legitimate barytone, both being heard to advantage in a selection from Mr Wallworth's opera, *Kevin's Choice*, favourably produced, it may be remembered, in March last at the Adelphi Theatre, when its merits were discussed in *The Musical World* and other journals. Among the lady pupils who distinguished themselves on the present occasion were Miss Edith Ray, who rendered Signor Schira's "Sognai" charmingly, Miss Pauline Featherby who sang Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," Miss Edith Aloof who gave Sterndale Bennett's "To Chloe in sickness," Madame Pelletier, Misses Eleanor Crux, Evelyn May, Louise France Rossiter, Florence Major, Ellis Walton, and Kate Forster, and among the gentlemen were Messrs C. H. Victor, and C. Parker. Mr Wallworth himself only contributed one song, Mozart's "Per questa bella mano," in which the *obbligato* flute accompaniment was played in perfection by Mr Barrett (of the Royal Italian Opera). The programme was varied by Mr H. Parker playing on the pianoforte a Sarabande of his own composition, and Miss Alma Sanders a fantasia on American airs. The concert concluded with Rossini's "Dal tuo stellato" (*Mosè in Egitto*) sung with remarkable precision by Mr Wallworth and his pupils. The accompanists were Miss Alma Sanders and Mr Henry Parker.

Mr F. B. Jewson, the esteemed professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, gave a *matinée musicale* at his residence, Manchester Street, on Saturday, July 8th, when, among other attractions offered to his friends, were two movements from a trio (for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello) of his own composition played, *con amore*, by Miss Ellam, Mdme Dunbar Perkins (Mrs Frederick A. Jewson), and Mr W. C. Hann. Judging from these excerpts (andante and allegro), we are inclined to place Mr Jewson's trio in the same high category as his concerto, played with so much success by Miss Dinah Shapley at a recent concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music at St James's Hall. The trio was received with every demonstration of favour, and we trust soon to have the pleasure of hearing it in its complete form. Mdme Dunbar Perkins afterwards played a *Rêverie* by Vieuxtemps and a Mazurka by Wieniawski, in each exhibiting beauty of tone and perfection of mechanism. Miss Edridge in Liszt's "Spinnerlied," Miss Smyth in two studies by Sterndale Bennett, and Mr S. Wiggins in Chopin's "Berceuse," proved themselves apt pupils of an excellent master, who (from the legitimate style of their performances), we are under the impression, must be Mr Jewson. The programme was varied with some excellent singing by Mrs Harvey, Miss Carreras, and Mr Miles; solos on the violoncello by Mr W. C. Hann, and on the pianoforte by Miss Dinah Shapley; Mr Seymour Smith contributing an amusing musical sketch, entitled "A dinner party."

Mdlle Fioretti gave a *matinée musicale* at the large room of the Grosvenor Hotel, on Thursday, July 6, and proved herself a pianist of high attainments by her performance of a trio by Haydn, in conjunction with Mdlle de Bono (violin), and M. Albert (violoncello), as well as in Osborne and de Beriot's duo for pianoforte and violin (with Mdlle de Bono) on airs from *La Favorita*. Mdlle Fioretti was assisted by Mdme Liebhart, Mdlles Beata Francis and Olga di Morini, Signors Villa, Ria, and Zoboli, as well as by Mr Eistore, an amateur, who displayed an excellent voice and distinct articulation in Gounod's "Maid of Athens." Several admired pieces were "recited" with effect by Miss C. Duvernay, and Mr Lin Rayne. Solos on the pianoforte were also given by Signor Tito Mattei, on the violin by Mdlle de Bono, and on the violoncello by M. Albert, the concert terminating with the well-known quartet from *Rigoletto*. Signor Sala accompanied.

Miss Helen Hopekirk gave a pianoforte recital at the Marlborough Rooms on Tuesday, July 4. The following is the list of pieces the clever young artist selected for the occasion:—

1. Faschingsschwank aus Wien, Op. 26, (Schumann); Sonata, Op. 26 (Beethoven). 2. Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Momens musicaux, in A flat and F minor (Schubert); Prelude and Marcia Fantastica (Bargiel); Nocturne, in E, Etude, in G flat, Two Mazurkas, Valse, in A flat (Posthumous), and Ballade, in A flat, (Chopin); Romance, in E flat, and Valse Caprice, in E flat (Rubinstein). 3. Romance, "O du mein holder Abendstern," and Processional March (*Tannhäuser*) (Liszt).

The Misses Huntington's Matinée Musicale.—An agreeable "hour of music," arranged by the Misses Huntington, took place, by permission, at 37, Wimpole Street, on Monday afternoon, July 10th, when a large and distinguished assembly gathered to hear the singing and pianoforte playing of the charming sisters. Miss Effie Huntington, besides sympathetic accompanying, gave examples of her technical skill by performing Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and "Soirée de Vienne" (Schubert-Liszt); while the vocalist, Miss Agnes Huntington, sang the popular *aria* from *La Cenerentola* with power and flexibility, and was further heard in another style by rendering German songs, of which Schubert's lovely "Ungeduld" was last in the selection. Lady Simeon, Mr Faber, and Mr and Mrs Atherton Furlong, usefully varied the programme; while Miss Kellogg, in place of the Hon. Alex. Yorke (an absentee), "recited" with her accustomed dramatic effect.—B.

PROVINCIAL.

Cheltenham.—A pianoforte "Recital" by the pupils of Mr Ricardo Linter was given in the Rotunda on Tuesday afternoon, July 11th. The room was filled with friends of the pupils, and the programme a long and varied one, carried out with but few omissions, was listened to with the greatest interest. The "Recital" opened with a duet on two pianofortes—Benedict's *Der Freischütz*, brilliantly played by Miss J. Hunt and Mr Linter, and concluded with Raff's duet for two pianofortes, *Chaconne*, performed by Mr Linter and his daughter, Mrs W. H. Coles, and many of the pupils were from the school of the Misses Robinson, Alston Court. Want of space compels us to omit details, but we must single out for especial praise the performance by Misses Hunt, Finnemore, and the sisters Homer, of Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka, (arranged by Sir Julius Benedict for four performers on two pianofortes), and of a *Lied ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn), by Miss Finnemore. In short, Mr Linter's pupils did credit to themselves and their instructor, general approbation being expressed at the improvement made during the past term.

HOW THE MATTER STANDS.*

After clamouring a long time for a new Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris, we are now threatened with two Opéras-Populaires. We might almost think so, on considering the efforts made in that direction, and I believe no one would be sorry. At any rate, it may serve a purpose to acquaint your readers with the true state of the question, which, as you are aware, has its little Belgian element.

I spoke to you some time ago of a scheme for establishing a theatre on the Place de la République, on the premises of the old Grand Café-Parisien, now partly occupied by a panorama; the funds to be supplied by a syndicate of Belgian bankers and financiers, who confided the artistic interests to M. Paul Ferry, ex-dramatic agent, ex-theatrical journalist, and ex-manager of the Grand-Théâtre, Havre. M. Paul Ferry's capabilities inspired me with only very moderate confidence, and I augured nothing good for the undertaking. In this state of affairs, and when the promoters had written to the Municipal Council soliciting a grant of 300,000 francs reserved for the foundation of a Popular Opera, a new combination suddenly started up. Sig. Vianesi (formerly conductor at the Théâtre Italien) and M. Hartmann (publisher of Massenet's works) purchased from M. Ballaude (manager of the Théâtre des Nations) his lease of the building erected on the Place du Châtelet twenty years since for the Théâtre-Lyrique, when the disappearance of that theatre and of all the others resulted from the wholesale destruction by M. Haussmann of the Boulevard du Temple. Once in possession of a theatre—always a difficult thing in Paris—MM. Vianesi and Hartmann entered into partnership with M. Ritt, formerly co-manager of the Opéra-Comique with M. Leuven, in their turn soliciting the Municipal Council for the aforesaid grant—the first object naturally in the mind of every proprietor of a new lyric theatre.

Meanwhile, your compatriots, enlightened, without doubt, as to the real value of M. Paul Ferry, had somehow put him aside, but without renouncing their scheme. On the contrary, they still cherished the idea of erecting a theatre at one of the corners of the Place de la République (an excellent position, by the way, for an enterprise of this description), and it is now announced that M. Victor Jourdain, Member of the Brussels Stock Exchange, and M. Emile Lhoest, director of a financial paper, *L'Economie*, have come forward as direct candidates for the grant, assuring the Municipal Council that, if it is awarded, they are prepared to open their theatre on the 1st January next. Such is the state of matters at present. Which will win, the Ritt-Hartmann-Vianesi, or the Jourdain-Lhoest, combination. I am not in a position to decide; but, in the absence of other musical news, I thought that a brief review of a question affecting materially the future of musical art in France might not be uninteresting.

Arthur Pougin.

* From the *Guide Musical*.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A little bit of operatic history has just repeated itself. Years ago, when Gounod's *Faust* was making a sensation in Paris, the then director of Covent Garden crossed the Channel to witness it, came back, and produced something else. It is said that he thought only two numbers remarkable—the Old Men's Chorus and that for the Soldiers. Next, Mr Mapleson took note of the opera, differed in opinion from the late Mr Gye, brought it out with triumphant success, and had the satisfaction of seeing his rival follow eagerly in his wake. That is the historical episode which, with some variation, has been played all over again. Seven years have passed since another *Faust*—called, for distinction sake, *Mefistofele*, and being an amended version of a work heard at the Milan Scala in 1868—was triumphantly produced at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna. *Mefistofele* drew to itself no little attention at the time, and must have come within the cognizance of our English managers, whose subventionless condition enforces an "anxious polyscopity" as far as new and attractive works are concerned. Again Mr Gye let the opportunity slip, and once more Mr Mapleson seized it, bringing out *Mefistofele* at Her Majesty's Theatre in July, 1880, with a result which redeemed a theretofore disastrous season from utter failure. To complete the parallel, Boïto's opera was played at Covent Garden on Tuesday night, amid indications of popular satisfaction quite decided enough to warrant a belief that it will prove, like Gounod's work, a trump card in the managerial hand. Right-minded people cannot but be gratified when the claims of a good thing obtain wider and wider recognition; but in this case there are special reasons for pleasure. Only one Italian operahouse remains to us, and the production of *Mefistofele* at Covent Garden means nothing less than its preservation on the English stage. This is really something for which to be thankful, since Boïto's opera presents itself not only as a work containing much beauty but as a valuable exemplification of a fact which, though proved many times, seems to need proof continual, namely, that progress in lyric drama is possible on the basis of long-recognized-law.

It would be superfluous to treat *Mefistofele* now as a work requiring description and criticism. We discussed it to exhaustion two years ago, and it was played often enough for familiarity during the heyday of success. Enough if we indicate one or two points which will serve as reminders of the rest. The opera it may first be observed, has as much right to be called "Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*" as Schumann's composition of that name. Ostensibly its argument turns upon the wager made between the Powers of Good and Evil with respect to Faust, who occupies the place of Job in the Old Testament poem. Really, however, the question of the wager becomes of such secondary interest that we recognize only a group of scenes loosely connected, and each more or less dependent upon itself for interest. Dramatically, therefore, and from a constructive point of view, *Mefistofele* is weak. But Boïto, who, like Wagner, is his own poet, did not vainly count upon the innate resources of the portions carved by him from Goethe. He knew that the "prologue in heaven," the temptation of Faust; the garden and prison scenes; the Walpurgis Night; the classic episode on the banks of the Peneus, and the death of Faust had only to be treated in a poetic vein, with Italian vivacity and picturesqueness, in order to atone for their lack of cohesion, and leave a large balance on the side of positive merit and consequent satisfaction. That the poet composer successfully worked out his just idea need not be said. The libretto, taken scene by scene, is full of charm, and the music presents a happy blending of modern spirit with recognized form. Some observers affect to see in *Mefistofele* a work constructed upon Wagnerian lines. We do not deny a resemblance to certain features in Wagnerian opera, but, generally speaking, those features are no more distinctive of Wagner than of other composers his contemporaries. That there is an affinity between *Mefistofele* and the full-blown modern Teutonism of *Tristan und Isolde* we emphatically deny. The two things are wide as the poles asunder, alike in principle, practice, and effect. Boïto's opera is simply Italian opera modified according to the requirements of the present day—requirements which make servants of forms instead of permitting them to reign as masters; which give the orchestra its due place as a medium of expression, and which insist upon a connection between the word and the tone, with due regard to the essential laws of each. The success of this work is an answer to the revolutionists who would sweep away lyric drama as we know it and re-construct *de novo*, according to principles which are but the mushroom growth of a night. Surely far better is *Mefistofele*, an offshoot, fostered by the sun of to-day, from a sturdy stem rooted in the past, than the brand-new *Tristan*, with its philosophically recommended stage and orchestra, the one unvocal, the other "Anguished."

Boïto's work was put upon the Covent Garden stage according to a just perception of its claims. It is a spectacular opera, and as such Mr Gye treated it, doing so, moreover, with a liberality worthy the traditions of a house whose splendour is historical. Some of the scenes were magnificent, among them that of the Easter Sunday holiday at Frankfort, with its lively groups of citizens and soldiers, knights and ladies, and its stately cavalcade. Still more effective was the scene on the Brocken. This, indeed, taken with the extraordinary spectacle of the demoniacal revel, deserves a place among the greatest of stage pictures. Not further to particularize, and waiving criticism based on matters of trifling detail, it should be said that the liberality and taste of the management did all that was possible for *Mefistofele*, which, as a spectacle alone, is worth going to see. The orchestra and chorus had been thoroughly trained for the work they had to do, scarcely an *ensemble* showing signs of weakness, while some of the leading parts were capitally sustained. It will at once be assumed, and with justice, that the Marguerite of Mdme Albani was an interesting performance. Comparison is naturally invited between her conception of the part and that of Mdme Nilsson, but no need exists to enter upon it. Each lady takes her own way, and amateurs will certainly not be indisposed to follow Mdme Albani as she depicts the love and death of Goethe's pathetic heroine. The Canadian artist was most successful in the prison scene, where her dramatic intensity and power of touching expression had full swing. Few who heard it will soon forget the delivery of Marguerite's lines, in which she tells Faust of her crime, and, in distraught fashion, gives directions for the burial of herself and her victims. As Helen of Troy, Mdme Albani's task was much more easy. She sang the music with the taste and skill that never desert her, and in both characters wrote her name large upon the page which records the history of the opera. Signor Mierzwinsky being evidently indisposed, his Faust, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, may justly claim to be judged by a second hearing. M. Gailhard filled the title *rôle* with excellent judgment and effect. His task was most onerous and responsible, since an inferior Mefistofele is a fatal blot upon any representation of this opera, however good it may be otherwise. Specially admirable was M. Gailhard's delivery of the characteristic air in the cell scene. This stamped his performance at once as a success, and secured an encore. In the Walpurgis scene M. Gailhard was not less excellent, while, generally speaking, he proved his right to share with the creator of the part, Signor Nannetti, in the honours of a successful presentation. Mdlle Tremelli played Marta and Pantalis efficiently, and completed a quartet of artists who, in the beautiful concerted piece which ends the garden act, showed that they could work together so as to leave room for very little criticism. The success of the performance, as a whole, was undoubted, genuine applause and re-calls being frequent. For much of this result let credit be given to Signor Bevignani, who conducted with ability, and obtained the well-deserved honour of a special call.—*D. T.*

[The opera on Thursday was Gounod's, with Adelina Patti's Margaret—always exquisitely vocal, touching, and dramatic. Last night *Mephistofele* was repeated. This evening the *Prophète*.—D. T.]

—o—

THE CHAMPAGNE RING.

(*New Version of Old Opera.*)

Banqueting Hall. Madame Lucretia and Guests carousing.

MADAME LUCRETIA.—And you find the Heidsieck to your taste?

FIRST GUEST.—Excellent! Behold my fifth glass. [*Drinks.*

MADAME LUCRETIA.—And you prefer Mumm's extra dry?

SECOND GUEST.—This finishes my second bottle. [*Drinks.*

MADAME LUCRETIA.—And you cleave to Pommery and Greno?

THIRD GUEST.—To the end! I have taken nothing else. [*Drinks.*

MADAME LUCRETIA.—And you have dipped deeply into Roederer? You have all chosen brands of equal value?

OTHER GUESTS (*drinking deeply*)).—We have, we have!

MADAME LUCRETIA (*aside*).—At length, I have them in my power! (*Aloud.*) Know, then, that your hours, nay, your minutes are numbered! [*Awful melodramatic music commences.*

GUESTS (*aghast*).—What! You surely joke?

LUCRETIA.—You shall be the judges of the jest! You have taken freely of rare champagnes of well-known growers.

GUESTS (*reassured*).—We have! See the brands upon the corks—

LUCRETIA.—All forgeries! (*General collapse.*) Ha, ha, I triumph! Know that every drop of wine that you have drunk this night has come from the cellar of Brown——

GUESTS (*terror-stricken*).—Oh, horror!

MADAME LUCRETIA.—At thirty shillings the dozen!

[*Guests die in agonies. Tableau and Curtain.*

PUNCH.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 287.)

Halévy, also, in his *Etude* on Cherubini, has made some remarks on *Démophon* which are not deficient in correctness, and which, while partly imputing the non-success of the work to the manifest weakness of the book, attribute to the musician his fair share of the failure:

" . . . . Fortune," he says, "advanced to meet the young composer. Society, the poet, and the theatre, favoured his dearest wishes. Marmontel handed over to him his book; it was a *Démophon*. Everything smiled on Cherubini; everything with which he had to do seemed destined to prove successful. And all did prove successful, except *Démophon*. Neither drawing-room triumphs, nor the favourable prepossession felt for the young beginner, nor even the real instances of merit in the music, were able to rise superior to the coldness of the subject; the composer appeared to have been frozen by the poet. I am sorry that, on coming to Paris, Cherubini fell into the hands of Morellet and Marmontel. I wish his good genius had taken him to Sedaine. The old author of *Richard Cœur de Lion* would have perceived what was needed by the young foreigner, anxious about the road he ought to choose; he would have supplied him with a good and thoroughly musical drama, for which Cherubini would have found grandly and nobly inspired strains. Cherubini's first essay would thus not have been wanting in brilliancy and we should possess one fine work the more. What befel Cherubini was what might befal a traveller who, cast into the midst of a great city he did not know, should ask grand nobles and clever people, who never went out except in a carriage, to tell him the way; though actuated by perfect good faith, they might very well direct him wrongly and cause him to go astray. A good member of the middle classes who goes on foot and walks about the streets, is worth a hundred times as much."

"There was, certainly, great instrumental merit in *Démophon*. There were some fine choruses. The composer was already laying the foundations of a new school and style. But the public could not appreciate these things, and then there was the absence of inspiration. I wish, for Cherubini's sake, that he had been advised by some one not to break abruptly and totally with his beautiful Italian school. Had the subject he was treating allowed him to put in his new opera pieces like the trio in his *Ifigenia in Aulide*, or in the style of the quartets he was at that very moment writing for *I Viaggiatori felici* and for Gazzaniga's *Don Juan*, his success would have been immense."

It is certain that one of the causes which brought about the non-success of *Démophon* is attributable to hesitation on the part of the musician. Despite his Italian descent, Cherubini may be reckoned among the successors of Gluck. With a mind full of the effects of the revolution which dramatic music had just undergone in France, placing himself on the side of the reformers, and according dramatic expression all the importance it deserved and which people were beginning to give it, he wanted, suddenly, without gradual transition or preparation, to abandon the purely Italian style he had previously followed, and openly display the flag of the new school. But he could not execute his project without feeling his way a little, while, moreover, despite himself, the old Adam sometimes re-appeared, and was seen sacrificing, almost without suspecting it, to the gods of his early years. Hence certain discrepancies and an inevitable inequality in the entirety, as such, of his work, which appeared somewhat composite, and in which, on account of too great an amount of reflection, the inspiration lacked abundance and spontaneity. At a later period, after this first attempt to fuse Italian melodic richness and French dramatic reason, when he shall have acquired the suppleness and firmness in which he is yet deficient, Cherubini will write the beautiful and powerful works *Lodoïska*, *Médée*, and *Les Deux Journées*, which characterize his virile genius and have placed him so high in public esteem. After all, if we pre-suppose the direction taken by his mind on his arrival in France, he could not do otherwise than write a *Démophon*, or some equivalent score, that is to say—a work of transition and compromise, of a somewhat hybrid character, and forming, as it were, the connecting link, the suture, between his purely Italian, and his genuinely French, career. Henceforth, sure of himself and inured by this first battle, he will have no more hesitation, but march with a firm step to the conquest of the new countries of which he has caught a glance and which he is eager to possess.*

* Castil-Blaze has well indicated the hesitation characterizing Cherubini's first attempt in France: "*Démophon* marks the epoch when the musician changed his style. The author has not yet any settled system; the beginner navigates his bark between Gluck and Piccinni. His airs, graceful and tender in expression, belong to the Italian manner, which he abandons directly a strong situation arises. We then have Gluck with all his vigour and animation, but with more elegant forms, as well as a richer and more varied orchestra." (*L'Académie imperiale de musique*, tome I, page 509.)

V.

The mediocre result obtained from the production of *Démophon* was not calculated greatly to facilitate Cherubini's settling in Paris. He has himself described in the following terms the details of his position at this epoch:

"In 1786, I returned from London, where I stopped two years to write operas. On reaching Paris I went to my friend Viotti, with whom I resided down to 1791. I first supported myself on what I earned in London, but that was not much, and then on the trifle for which I agreed to write an opera in 1787 at Turin. On coming back to Viotti's in Paris, I composed *Démophon*, which was played at the Grand Opera in December, 1788. This work gave me author's rights, which did not bring in much, seeing that it was performed only eight times, and that even the little I made was swallowed up by what I had to expend for having unluckily taken it into my head to have the opera engraved at my own cost."†

The young composer's position was, therefore, not brilliant, and, while writing a Cantata entitled *Circé*, which, at the commencement of 1789, was sung by Rousseau at one of the concerts of the Olympic Lodge, he was not perhaps quite free from anxiety as to his future prospects in Paris.‡ Fortunately, an extremely important artistic event, with which Viotti was directly mixed up, was destined to afford him temporarily a certain livelihood and obtain him a position worthy of himself. I allude to the establishment of the Théâtre de Monsieur, which forms a date in the theatrical and musical history of France. Besides the three great theatres, the Opera, the Comédie-Francaise, and the Comédie-Italienne, (the last of which was beginning to be designated also by the name of the Théâtre Favart), frequented exclusively by the artistic and literary public, there was scarcely in Paris at this epoch half a dozen theatres. They were the Variétés-Amusantes, situated at the corner of the Rue de Lancry and the Rue de Bondy, that is, right on the Boulevard; the Théâtre des Beaujolais, which occupied in the Palais Royal the site on which now stands the theatre bearing the latter name; the Ambigu-Comique, directed by Audinot; the Grands-Danseurs du Roi, under the management of Nicolet, which afterwards became the Gaité; and, lastly, on the Boulevard du Temple, and quite near that edifice, the two small theatres, the Associés and the Délassements-Comiques. Astley's Circus, Séraphin's Ombres-Chinoises, Curtius's Exhibition of Waxwork, and two or three establishments of the same kind completed the series of public amusements offered to the Parisians, then, as now, madly fond of the stage; but, as we see, there were no more than nine real theatres opening their doors regularly to the public. It was then that a person, whom we certainly should not have expected to see in such a matter, thought of endowing Paris with a dramatic establishment such as Paris had never seen. This person, whose name was Léonard Autié, commonly known as Léonard, was the hairdresser of the young Queen, Marie Antoinette. Being very devoted to her (so much so, that he was mixed up, some few years later, in the episode of the flight to Varennes), he was not without a certain influence at Court, so that through the patronage of the Queen and of Monsieur, the Comte de Provence, brother to the King, and subsequently Louis XVIII., he obtained the patent for a new theatre, which was to be called the Théâtre de Monsieur, and in which three different kinds of entertainment—Italian opera, French opera, and comedy—were to be played simultaneously. But, when he had once his patent in his pocket, Léonard was doubtless rather puzzled. Such an affair was no trifling matter, and some experience in these things was necessary to set it going

† These lines are not taken from the Notice dictated to de Beauchesne, but from an authographic note written by Cherubini after the Revolution of 1830, and bearing the title: *Note relative à L. Cherubini, rédigée par luiméme.* This short autobiography contains scarcely four pages, and it is easy to see from the trembling and uncertain writing that he who penned it was seventy years old.

‡ This Cantata was again sung by Rousseau at a concert given in the Pantheon for the benefit of the celebrated vocalist, Mdme Todi.

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and manage it properly. Like a sensible man, Léonard went to Viotti, whom he had probably known at Court, and proposed that he should join him in the management of the new enterprize.

(To be continued.)

TESTIMONIAL TO SCHIRA.

DIREZIONE
DEL TEATRO LA FENICE.

No. 368. *Venezia li* 24 *Febbroyo*, 1875.

Il brillante successo ottenuto in questo Teatro dalla sua opera *Selvaggia* confermò la riputazione ch'Ella meritamente gode fra i Maestri di Musica.

La Direzione ammiratrice del talento che la distingue è lieta che continuati applausi abbiano rimeritato com' era giusto, il suo bel lavoro, e si augura non lontana l'occasione di assistere su queste scene alla produzione di qualche altro suo spartito, nella certezza di assistere a nuovo trionfo.

Con la massima considerazione.

La Direzione—
GIOVANNI LAZZARI.
GIUSEPPE CONTIN. *Il Segretario—*
GIUSEPPE DR ZANNINI. G. BRENNA.

AL SIG. CAV. F. SCHIRA,
Maestro di Musica.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—An important sale of musical autographs took place the other day at Leipsic. Among the nine volumes, containing nearly 500 pages of sketches and scores by Beethoven, the manuscript of a triumphal march, the draughts of the symphony in C minor, of the music for *Egmont*, the Eighth Symphony, and the overture to *Leonore*, brought the largest sums, except one volume of eight pages, containing an orchestral march ("Zapfenstreich"), never printed, Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert, Weber, Liszt, and Chopin, did not excite very lively competition, autographs by the last named being bought by an agent of the Duc d'Aumale. The twelve autograph works of Mendelssohn, however, were eagerly bidden for. An unprinted chorus—"Jesus, my joy"—with orchestral accompaniment, was bought by a publishing house of Leipsic, and two compositions, an *Andante* and a *Presto* with *adagio*, never printed; bearing the date, "London, July 25, 1833," were secured in behalf of English collectors said to be closely connected with Royalty. Among the autograph letters were some by Meyerbeer, Auber, Verdi, Thalberg, William Sterndale Bennett, Jenny Lind, Napoleon I., Queen Victoria (in French), Queen Marie Therese, Johannes Huss, Lafayette, Marquise de Maintenon, Prince Talleyrand, Wallenstein, Charles Dickens, Georges Sand, Dumas the elder, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Humboldt, Linné, Schiller, and Voltaire.

A FEW STATISTICS.—Some of the Paris papers recently published the salaries received by the leading artists of the Grand Opera. The statements, says *La Musique Populaire*, are erroneous. The following are, according to the paper in question, the correct figures, but the reader must bear in mind that the artists are not paid when absent on holidays. Mdme Krauss gains 15,000 francs a month, that is, with a four-months' holiday, 120,000 frcs. a year; Mdlle Salla has 10,000 frcs. a month, with a two months' holiday, *i.e.*, 100,000 frcs. a year; Mdlle Richard, 3,000 frcs. a month, with a month's holiday, *i.e.*, 33,000 frcs. a year; M. Lassalle, 12,000 frcs. a month, with a holiday of three months and a half; M. Maurel, 10,000 frcs. a month for five months; M. Villaret, 5,000 frcs. a month, or 60,000 frcs. a year; and M. Sellier 55,000 frcs. a year.—Here are last winter's receipts of the principal Paris concerts. Eighteen concerts given by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire produced from 140,000 to 150,000 frcs.; Pasdeloup's Popular Concerts, 114,461 frcs., or, as there were four-and-twenty concerts, an average of 4,769 frcs. for each one; M. E. Colonne, with twenty-two concerts, took 133,390 frcs., or an average of rather more than 6,060 frcs. a concert; M. Lamoureux, with twenty-three concerts, took 62,000, or an average of 2,700 frcs. a concert. The receipts at M. E. Broustet's Grands Concerts are not exactly known, but may be considered something between 30.000 and 35,000 frcs. Adding up the above, we find the sum paid by the Parisians during the period mentioned for Sunday concerts amounted to something like half a million francs, or £20,000.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season has begun. The Etablissement and the Theatre have commenced their usual summer attractions. At the former, concerts are given from four to five in the afternoon, and in the evening a military band performs in the Kioske, under the direction of a new *chef*, M. Etesse, late bandmaster of the 8th line regiment, of which a battalion is always quartered here, and who, at the musical competition at Calais on Sunday week, conducted the Boulogne Société Comunale, which carried off the first prize of 400 francs (£16) and a large gold medal. At the Theatre M. Bérard, well known in Boulogne as an excellent actor, and whose name I mentioned favourably in *The Musical World* several times during the seasons of 1879 and 1880—has undertaken the management with the aid of an excellent *troupe* of artists, an efficient band, a good chorus, and accessories. On Saturday the opera was *Lucie*, the principal characters being well rendered by Mdlle Levasseur (1re chanteuse légere du Grand Theatre, Bordeaux), M. Solve (barytone from the Lyrique), and Walter, an old friend here. *Le Barbiere* was the opera last night, when Mdlle Levasseur charmed her audience as Rosina, giving in the Lesson Scene the Shadow Song from *Dinorah* with excellent effect. M. Idrac (tenor, from the Opéra Comique), was Almaviva; M. Solve, the barber; M. Degrave (from La Haye), Bazillio; and M. Walter, Dr Bartholo. Altogether, we must bid a hearty welcome to M. Bérard, and congratulate him on the efficiency of his *troupe*. *Faust* is to be given to-morrow, and several novelties are in preparation. There was a performance on Friday, by a Parisian *troupe*, of *Serge Panine*, of which, probably, you have heard.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, June 28.

ELLEVIOU.*

Elleviou's glory still survives, though it is seventy years since the admirable artist left the stage. He has remained the model, the type, of an Opéra-Comique tenor, and we may unfortunately say that, while many tenors have succeeded him since 1812—the year of his retirement—no one has filled his place; not even Ponchard and not even Roger, despite the immense talent exhibited by each of the two. An exquisite actor and an accomplished singer, whose voice was something marvellous, and, moreover, handsome, elegant, and possessed of a fine figure, Elleviou united in himself a combination of qualities such as has never again been known.†

But he was not merely a great artist, and it is not of the singer that I shall speak to-day. He was, also, a kind-hearted, good, generous, and benevolent man, and the well-authenticated anecdote I am about to relate will furnish a convincing proof of this. Since the date of its first publication it has been related of several famous singers, but it is true exclusively of Elleviou, and it is right to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. The following is the way in which the occurrence is described by a biographer. The scene was laid in the year X (1801), one fine summer's evening in the Champs Elysées, where a poor blind man used every day to instal himself before a wretched harpsichord, from which he drew discordant sounds for the purpose of exciting the charity of the public, with whom the magnificent site was then, as now, a favourite walk:—

One evening the unfortunate virtuoso, having exhausted his repertory, took up his bowl and shook it, but no sound greeted his ear in return. Hereupon he began desperately striking chords, then, folding his arms, he uttered, as a last cry of distress, the words, interrupted by sighs: "Nothing, good Heavens! Nothing, nothing, nothing! Who will help me to-day?" Suddenly a prodigy interrupted his sighs and lamentations. The keyboard, which his

* From *La Musique Populaire.*

† It was Elleviou who created the leading male character in Méhul's *Joseph*, the success of which is now being renewed at the Opéra-Comique. The following observation in connection with this piece is attributed to the Maréchale Lefebvre, the Duchess noted for her fanciful orthography and strongly coloured conversation, and who, like her husband, the valiant Duke of Dantsic, rose from the ranks of the people. After seeing Elleviou in *Joseph* she is said to have exclaimed with *naïf* enthusiasm: "By golly, if Joseph was as handsome as that, it must be confessed that Madame Potiphar was a very great ninny!"

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fingers no longer touched, sang an air unknown to him, and sang it, too, with a purity and breadth of sound which moved, as though under the influence of an awakening soul, all the fibres of the wretched instrument, causing them to vibrate harmoniously. The beggar-artist, astounded, uncertain, and charmed, did not dare stretch out his hand to make sure the miracle was real, but a woman's gentle voice whispered in his ear: "If you would vacate your chair, my dear colleague, our friend could continue his sonata more conveniently." More and more surprised, the blind man rose mechanically, and, guided by the lady, went and leaned on the breast-high railing which enclosed the cross-walk of the Cours-la-Reine. He was fortunate to occupy a position beyond which he could not be forced to go, for the few passers-by whom the remarkable talent of his substitute on the harpsichord had attracted were soon joined by a great many more, who enlarged the circle of listeners, augmented every moment by a fast accumulating crowd who streamed from all quarters to the point of attraction. On the approach of the first to arrive, the lady lowered her veil. She wore with much distinction a costume of irreproachable elegance. While the pianist, with his head bent down over the keyboard, continued to pour forth the pearls which stream through Steibelt's "Orage," the admiration of all eyes was divided between the young veiled lady and a charming fellow standing at the other side of the harpsichord. From time to time, he glanced over the crowd without impertinence but without embarrassment, like one accustomed to look people in the face. Though scrupulously dressed as a most refined *Incroyable*, he justified, by the ease of his movements and the gracefulness of his attitude, the follies of the fashion. The pianist finished the sonata and the applause burst forth. He raised his head and took off his hat to bow. He was the youngest of the three. "Really, he does not look eighteen," remarked one of the crowd. "He is one-and-twenty," answered a neighbour.—"Do you know him?"—"There are a good many of us who do, but all Paris is acquainted with the *other*." The questioner was about to continue but his neighbour, nudging him with his elbow, said: "Silence, the *other* is going to sing." Accompanied by the young pianist, the charming *Incroyable* sang the romance, "Une fièvre brûlante," from *Richard Cœur de Lion*. There was but one cry of enthusiasm from all present; only those in the front row could applaud; the others, too close together to clap their hands, adopted another plan: with an arm held up in the air, the women waved their handkerchiefs and the men their hats, which they stuck on the ends of their sticks. "I am fond of music and have heard the king of tenors at the Salle Feydeau, but I assure you Elleviou does not sing better," continued the person whose questions had been stopped a short time previous. And from mouth to mouth there reached the speaker the answer his neighbour had just given. "It is Elleviou! it is Elleviou!" The young veiled lady, without being troubled by the general emotion, went round the crowd. Holding out her hand to each person, she said: "For a poor blind artist, if you please." When she had finished, she went up to the blind man and delivered into his hands what she had collected. Tears filled his eyes. "It is not your charity which makes me weep," he said, "but what I have just heard." While the money was being collected, the pianist and the singers, avoiding the ovations with which they were threatened by numerous enthusiasts, made good their escape; the lady, who knew where to find them, managing to glide among the crowd, disappeared.

I asserted that the anecdote is true and I will now prove it is. To be assured of this, we have only to look through the papers of the day, which describe the occurrence with all kinds of details. But there is something better than this. After the papers the stage got hold of it and it was put to account by three vaudeville writers, Viellard, Lafortelle, and Chazet, in a short piece entitled *Le Concert aux Champs-Elysées* and played at the Théâtre Montansier. In it Elleviou appeared under the name of Blinval; his wife, under that of Mdme Blinval; and Pradher, under that of Dupré, the three characters being sustained by Frédéric, the charming Caroline, and Xavier. The authors when publishing their piece headed it with the following notice, which cannot leave any doubt in our mind: "Elleviou was walking not long since in the Champs-Elysées with his wife, and Louis Pradher. Suddenly they stopped before a blind man, who was playing very indifferently on a bad instrument, but without obtaining anything from the pity of the public. Pradher took possession of the instrument, Elleviou sang, and his wife went round to solicit donations. They were soon recognized but they collected 36 francs which they handed the poor artist and then withdrew from the applause of the spectators. Such is the act of charity represented at the Théâtre Montansier. The authors are far from attributing the success of their little piece to its own merit; so pretty a picture required only a frame and the subject was a success in itself." Another piece, *Le Forte-Piano ou une Soirée de bienfaisance aux Champs-Elysées*, inspired by the same incident, was played at the same time at the little Théâtre Mareux, situate in the Rue Saint-Antoine. Lastly, after the papers and the theatres, engraving in its turn appropriated the little episode, and Duplessi-Berteaux, one of the most justly famous artists of the period, published a curious plate, now become exceedingly rare, representing the concert in the Champs-Elysées, which is assuredly an interesting reminiscence from the life of a celebrated artist.

MAURICE GRAY.

WAIFS.

Mdme Christine Nilsson, before starting on her American tour with Mr Abbey, will take at least a month's repose in Switzerland (near Geneva). She is still in London.

"Mr Carl Rosa"—says the *Times* of Thursday—"has engaged Drury Lane Theatre for a spring season of English opera, which will commence on Easter Monday next year, and will be, as heretofore, under his sole management." The engagement is with Mr Augustus Harris, lessee.

The report that Herr Hans Richter had resigned his position as conductor of the Imperial Opera, and other professional duties, in Vienna is, as we said when it was originally bruited, without foundation.

A Philharmonic Society has been established at Montpelier.

The brothers Corti will again be managers of the Scala, Milan.

The Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa, will remain closed this winter.

Sabatini-Trafford has been singing in Cadiz, Xeres, and Cordoba.

Verdi's *Aïda* has been performed at the Teatro Olimpico, Athens.

Bimboni's *Modella*, recently produced in Berlin, is to be performed at Prague.

Petrali is appointed professor of the organ and piano in the Istituto Rossini, Pesaro.

The manager of the theatre at Guatemala was lately at Milan, engaging a company.

Radecke is elected member of the Senate at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin.

The work of repairing the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, will commence in August.

Franck-Duvernoy has selected *Gerusalemme* for her first appearance in St Petersburgh.

The Municipal Council have accepted Bernard, as director of the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

A zarzuela, *Los Hijos de Madrid*, with music by Señor Cereceda, has been produced in Barcelona.

Rosita Mauri intends to retire from the stage, with a view to entering into matrimonial bonds.

The young and flourishing Turolla has been singing at Ascoli Piceno, where she is much admired.

An Italian operatic company are giving a series of performances in the Teatro de Variedades, Malaga.

A comic opera, *Regina e Contadina*, music by Sarria, has been produced at the Teatro Fiorentini, Naples.

Maurice Strakosch has taken the Liceo, Barcelona, for an autumn operatic season with Donadio as chief soprano.

Gayarre the Spanish tenor, is engaged for Lent at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. ("For Lent" is good.—Dr. Blinge.)

Quilez, pianist, has been appointed honorary professor in the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamacion, Madrid.

The following artists are engaged for Havannah:—Carolina Ferni, Antonietta Pozzoni, Abrugnedo, and Giraldoni.

The ex-tenor, Palermi, has written for Bottesini two librettos, entitled respectively *Babele* and *La Figlia dell' Angelo*.

Out of five masses composed in commemoration of the death of Charles Albert, that by Bartolomeo Pozzolo has been selected.

Mr Barton M'Guckin has been residing for the last few weeks at Colwyn Bay, North Wales, but returns to town on the 19th inst.

Miss Emma Abbott, so the *Musical Record*, Boston (U.S.), informs us, made a profit of 52,000 dollars this last season. (Glad on't.—Dr Blinge.)

A duel was lately fought at Zacatuas, Mexico, between F. Ross, conductor of the Italian company, and Villani, barytone, the former being shot dead.

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Joseph Antoine, ex-bandmaster of the Belgian army, now resident in Paris, with his brother-in-law, Victor Wilder, has received the Order of Leopold.

Teresina Singer is taking a short holiday at Sternberg, Moravia. Thence she proceeds to Gleichenberg, Styria, and then goes on to fulfil her engagement at Messina.

Bruschi-Chiatti, Mariani Flora, Gayarre, Nouvelli, Kaschmann, and perhaps Athos, are engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Naples. (Athos is hardly conceivable! Dr. Blitge.)

"Has anyone been at the preserves?" There was a dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jemmy?" "Pa' never 'lows me to talk at dinner." (O columns! Desperate!—Dr Blitge.)

"The man who does not advertise," observes the New York *Critic and Trade Review*, "has it done for him finally under the head of 'Failures in Business.'"—(Worse and worse!—Dr Blitge.)

The Saint Cecilia Society, Bordeaux, have given a performance of Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, the solo vocalists being Mdme Brunet-Lafleur, M. Lauwers (barytone), and M. Lubert (tenor).

After a twelvemonth's leave of absence, Davidoff, the violoncellist, resumes the Directorship of the St Petersburgh Conservatory, and a fresh engagement has been concluded with Brassin, the pianist.

Mr Edward Holmes gave an evening concert on Monday, July 10th, at the Royal Academy of Music. Several of his new songs were included in the programme, as well as a selection from the earlier pianoforte compositions of the late Mr Alfred Holmes.

Royal Academy of Music.—The competition for the Parepa-Rosa gold medal took place on Monday. The examiners were Messrs Pinsuti, Visetti, and Carl Rosa (Chairman). There were seven candidates, and the medal was awarded to Miss Hilda Wilson.

She sat down at the piano and cleared her throat. Her first selection was: "I cannot sing the old songs," and a gloom, colder and bleaker than a Sunday dinner in a pious family, fell on the company, when the stranger in the corner said: "And we trust you are not familiar with the new ones."—(Worst and worst!—Dr Blitge.)

The Late Mr Webster.—The remains of Mr Benjamin Webster were buried on Thursday at Brompton Cemetery. The hearse was followed by three mourning carriages, containing Mr William J. Webster, Mrs Webster, Mr Edward Lawson, Mr Arthur Webster, Mr Benjamin Webster, jun., Mr Harry Lawson, Mr Johnson, Mr Alfred Webster, Mr Frank Webster. The coffin was of plain English oak, with brass mountings, and was covered with flowers. The plate bore the following inscription:—"Benjamin Webster, Actor, born September 3, 1797, died July 8, 1882." The chapel was filled with members of the theatrical profession. The grave is near to that of Miss Neilson.

I SAW THY RAVEN HAIR.

A HEBREW MELODY.

I saw thy raven hair
Bound by a jewell'd band,
And many a circlet fair
Was on thy beauteous hand,
And a bright chain of Ophir's gold
Was round thy neck of Phidian mould.

I saw those tresses twine
Around thy forehead even;
I saw thy dark eyes shine
As blaze the stars in heaven;
I gazed upon thy bosom fair,
And not one thorn, one grief was there.

I saw that bosom's snow
Stain'd by the crimson gore;
I heard that voice in woe,
That sang so sweet before;
I saw thy raven tresses torn,
I heard thee made the ruffian's scorn.

I saw thy beauties sold
To heed the Sclavonian beck,
And for thy chain of gold
Was iron round thy neck;
But tho' they might to slavery send,
Thy lofty soul they could not bend.

No; they who were thy lords
Might sharpen sorrow's dart,
And they might tear the chords
That bound thy noble heart.
But unto them it was not given
To keep thy soul from finding heaven.

Dedicated to Sir Moses Montefiore by Wellington Guernsey.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, July* 15, 1882.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The second performance of M. Lenepveu's *Velleda* confirmed the impression derived from the first. Though it can in no instance be accused of startling originality, it is a work of real merit, declaring the hand of one who in the art of construction, writing for voices, and orchestral scoring, has a genuine claim to appreciation. Individuality may come later, which is frequently the case, and it is worth remembering that Auber himself was past forty when he produced *La Muette de Portici*. Meanwhile, *Velleda* has furnished Mdme Adelina Patti with a new character, which enables her further to demonstrate, not only her singular versatility, but also her remarkable aptitude for the fresh line she has lately adopted, as *prima donna* in *opera tragica*, which began with *Semiramide*, and will doubtless lead to *Norma*, where a still wider field is open for the exhibition of her unquestionable dramatic powers. In Mdme Valleria, who plays Ina, Velleda's attendant Druidess, Mdme Patti has a worthy associate; and the other leading parts are more than adequately sustained by Mdlle Stahl, Signors Nicolini and Cotogni. The second performance was a manifest improvement upon the first. *La Traviata* was repeated last week, with Mdme Patti as Violetta, more brilliant and animated in the earlier scenes, more impassioned in those which follow, than ever. Signor Nicolini's Alfredo and Signor Cotogni's Giorgio Germont were material aids to the strength of the "cast."

The production of Arrigo Boïto's *Mefistofele* at Covent Garden was an important pledge on the part of the manager, and has been fulfilled in accordance with the known traditions of the theatre over which Mr Gye now rules, as worthy successor to a worthy progenitor. About the opera itself enough was said on the occasion of its production, by Mr Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when, in the part of Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson won fresh laurels. It was with a view to the co-operation of Mdme Nilsson that Boïto's work had been advertised at the eleventh hour; but the treaty with that popular lady falling through, for reasons which only concern those directly concerned, the leading responsibility—that of impersonating Margaret in the first, and Helen of Troy in the second division of the opera—devolved upon the always ready and never yet unsuccessful Emma Albani, who, in the circumstances, must be warmly congratulated on the fact that she had in no way over-estimated her capacity for the task. To forget the Margaret of Mdme Nilsson is barely possible; all the more honour, therefore, to Mdme Albani for stamping the character with her own graceful individuality, and, in accordance with a poetic ideal everywhere consistent, embodying it from end to end in so thoroughly engaging a manner. The opera is by many, especially among the disciples of Richard Wagner, looked upon as a new revelation. We are unable, nevertheless, to esteem it so highly; and the idea of ranking it, in a musical sense, above the *Faust* of M. Gounod, little as that—a real masterpiece in its way—reflects the normal conception of Goethe, appears to us a sheer absurdity. It has much of the mechanical trickery of Wagner, with but a small modicum of Wagner's depth; for it should be understood that Wagner is not to be imitated with impunity, that his complex and almost inscrutable brain defies analysis, and that for a feebler intellect to follow in his wake is something equivalent to an inexperienced mountaineer attempting to dog the steps of Mr Whymper over some of the most formidable Alpine or Caucasian passes, without a rope to save him from the dangers of crevasses. Signor Boïto (who, like Wagner, prepares his own librettos) is, more or less, in such a predicament. Nevertheless, there are some exceedingly attractive passages in his *Mefistofele;* and among these may be cited parts of the prologue, and especially the final chorus; parts of the Easter Sunday scene which opens Act 1; the quartet in Act 2, for Margaret, Faust, Martha, and Mephistopheles; portions of the soliloquy of Margaret; and the duet with Faust, which, in Act 3, leads up to the death of Margaret; the duet for Helen and Pantalis, at the beginning of Act 4, which, though insignificant in dimensions, is invitingly melodious, &c. On the other hand, almost the entire scene of the night on the Brocken is illustrated by music verging closely on the pantomimic, and the more disheartening from the fact that the chorus and dance of witches, &c., bringing it to a climax, is a caricature of one of the most impressive and masterly passages in the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, which to a disciple of Wagner should, one might think, have been forbidden, if only because (Wagnerially) occupying unsanctified ground. On the whole, *Mefistofele* is got up at the Royal Italian Opera in a style creditable to the establishment and its vast resources. Mdlle Tremelli is an excellent Martha; M. Gailhard a thoroughly French Mephistopheles, a sort of distant reflection of M. Faure; and M. Mierzwinsky, when his voice is in a little better order, and more at command than at the first performance, should be a really acceptable Faust. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, went through their arduous duties with unflagging spirit. With regard to *mise-en-scène*, it is only justice to name the "Easter day *fête*" and the "Walpurgis Night" as entitling M. Lapissida, the stage manager, to unqualified approval.

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ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

As the Royal College of Music is still in matters of detail an unfinished structure, the world is naturally and properly in the "Audi alteram partem" attitude; and the most important oracle concerned—the professional musical world—has maintained so far a marked silence, not strangely, when it is borne in mind that the professional dictum, without which no success can be complete or assured, has has not yet been really asked for. Still, strong currents may be indicated by straws, and here and there musicians are quietly expressing their opinions upon the important scheme now before the nation, in the new Royal College. It is indeed to the advantage of the scheme to ventilate all honest thought upon its foundation lines and future prospects. One great difficulty to be got over is the somewhat paternal nature of the scheme. On the Continent this difficulty does not exist in the same degree as here, young men being not only willing, but even proud of a State education. The feeling in England, on the other hand, is chiefly in favour of the exercise of educational functions, apart from State connections. As an illustration of this feeling, a distinguished English musician points out the position of the Board School system, which though widely differing from the platform upon which the Royal College will stand, has nevertheless, in common with the new royal institution, the application of the principal of a State-paid education. Now, the Board Schools have actually gained strength and respect, from the fact that a charge, even though little more than nominal, has been made, by which the national spirit of self-aid and manly independence has been met and conciliated. It is therefore of extreme importance that the authorities of the Royal College become fully assured of the public acceptance of the Continental and paternal plan which forms the basis of their scheme, and which has hitherto had no complete and successful application here. The collegiate system, which just now holds the approval of the English people, has no sign of State patronage, and its distinctions do not involve the notion of State support. Indeed, as the generic title College has been accepted, it might be well to assimilate the educational and diploma schemes of the new institution to the popularly accepted lines of our national collegiate system.

E. H. Turpin.

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DITTERSDORF *v.* MOZART.

The 12th of the present month was the 100th anniversary of Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze, oder Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, the first performance having taken place in Vienna on the 12th July, 1782, with Mdlle Cavalieri as Constanza, Mdlle Teyber as Blondchen, Herren Adamberger, Dauer, Walter, and Fischer, as Belmonte, Pedrillo, Selim Bassa, and Osmin. At Berlin the opera was performed for the first time on the 16th October, 1788, in the then "Royal and National Theatre." Mdme Unzelmann was Constanza; Mdme Baranius, Blondchen; Herr Lippert, Belmonte; Herr Greibe, Pedrillo; Herr Czechtitzky, Selim Bassa; and Herr Frankenberg, Osmin. The success was as great in Berlin as it had been in Vienna, though there was no want of carping criticism. It seems comical now to read the notice written by a critic of the day, who tells "the young man" (Mozart) that "he had better have taken a few lessons from Dittersdorf before venturing on the composition of a comic opera."

Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey.—The music to the hymn, "Comes at times," &c., sung on Tuesday, is by Sir Herbert Oakeley.

The task of turning into Italian the book of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* has been entrusted to Zanardini, of Milan, who wrote the Italian version of Delibes's *Jean de Nivelle*.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 437.)

Viotti, who united with his admirable artistic faculties legitimate ambition, and who had besides all his life a taste and fondness for the stage, saw at once of what extension Léonard's project was capable. He did not hesitate, therefore, accepting the proposal Léonard made him, and at the very outset embarked all his personal property in the business. The Court then resided at Versailles, and the Tuileries were occupied by Monsieur, who granted the new enterprise placed under his patronage the privilege of using the Theatre there. This privilege was "assured for thirty years by an order in council," with "the unconditional consent of the King."* A joint-stock company was soon formed, and four of its members, expressly chosen by Monsieur, were to manage the different departments. The first thing was to make the necessary repairs to the house, and these did not cost less than 250,000 livres. The next thing was to get together the artists—no easy task at a theatre where the different styles of entertainment were so strongly defined that it required three complete companies. No Italian singers had been heard in Paris for ten years, when De Vismes, manager of the Opera, sent for an excellent company, who gave a long series of profitable performances at that theatre. Viotti, who understood such things, undertook himself to go to Italy, and beat up the necessary artistic recruits; he brought back the most admirable company that had ever appeared in France. To prove this, it is sufficient to cite the still famous names of Mandini, Viganoni, Raffanelli, Mengozzi, Rovedino, and of the Signore Morichelli, Baletti, and Mandini, whose success was immense from their very first appearance, and who, for nearly four years, did not cease to excite the enthusiasm of the public. As for the French opera company, it was more especially composed of young artists, but here again the management had been lucky, for with Mdmes Ponteuil, Lesage, and Verteuil, they engaged Martin, whose reputation was to be so rapidly established; Gaveaux, an excellent musician, who united to his theatrical capability remarkable talent as a composer; Lesage, whose career was to be prolonged during more than thirty years; Saint-Aubin; and some others. Lastly, the spoken drama brought together the highly respectable names of Paillardelle, an excellent actor and distinguished dramatic writer; of Saint-Preux, Berville, Pélissier; of Mdmes Pélissier, Dumont, Deschamps, &c. Directly the scenic staff was thoroughly complete in all its departments, attention was paid to the orchestra, and here Viotti's intelligent influence was felt to such an extent that from the very first the band at the Théâtre de Monsieur was considered by all amateurs as the first in Paris, and preferred even to that of the Opera. But then it comprised a number of first-class virtuosos, most of whom were also distinguished composers, such as Rode (1st violin), Baillot (2nd violin), Hugot (1st flute), Charles Duvernoy (1st clarinet), Devienne and Delcambre (bassoons), Othon and Frédéric Duvernoy (1st horns), Schmerzka (1st violoncello), &c. This orchestra had for its first conductor an exceptional artist, Mestrino; then, after his death (July, 1789), Bruni; and afterwards Puppo and La Houssaye conjointly.† Lastly, Viotti, who shared with Léonard and a certain Desarènes, the title and functions of administrator, and had confided those of director-general to Martini, Superintendant of the King's Music and author of "Plaisir d'amour," as well as of several charming operas, chose as accompanists on the piano two pleasing composers, Ferrari and Jadin, reserving a particularly important part for his friend Cherubini. The latter was intrusted with the highest direction of musical matters, as well as with the mission of watching over the studies of the artists, of undertaking the modifications it might be deemed useful to make in the Italian works produced, and lastly, of composing the new numbers thought necessary to be interpolated in them.

At the end of 1788, the Théâtre de Monsieur, solidly constituted in every department, was ready to open its doors to the public, but the rigour of an exceptional winter obliged it to defer for a few weeks its inauguration, which could not take place before the 26th January, 1789, when *Le Vicende amorose*, an opera by Tritta, was performed.‡ It was an event in Paris, and high society, excited at one and the same time by Monsieur's patronage of the enterprise, and attracted by the excellence of the entertainment, continually varied and always interesting, soon flocked in crowds to the new house, which quickly became their favourite place of meeting. Despite the cruel anxieties of a period fertile in violent shocks, things at first went on brilliantly. It must be stated, also, that the activity of the management was so prodigious, that, despite their being compelled to close temporarily three times, on the first occasion, for the regular Easter holidays; on the second, by the events which brought about the taking of the Bastille; and, on the third, by the necessity of a change of locality, they found means during the first year to get up and offer the public more than *forty* works, among which were about twenty French or Italian operas. The reader will easily believe that activity like this, constantly introducing into the repertory a variety which kept public curiosity always excited, was well calculated to enforce attention, and enlist general sympathy in favour of so active and intelligent an enterprise. But the management were not contented with being merely active and intelligent; with these two great qualities they combined rare modesty and a profound respect for the public, a fact of which we may convince ourselves by a perusal of the complimentary address delivered, according to custom, on the 28th March, by the actor, Saint-Preux, in his capacity of *semainier* before the theatre closed at Easter:

"Gentlemen, if the constant efforts we have made to please you and the most persevering zeal to merit your favour had sufficed to render us worthy of it, we might, on coming to-day to claim your indulgence, venture to think we had in some sort deserved it; but (and we cannot dissimulate the fact) the marks of encouragement with which you have deigned to honour us could be only the effect of the kindly patronage to which talent always owes its birth. If this Theatre ever prove really worthy of ministering to your pleasure, you will be able to say, Gentlemen, that you are enjoying your own work; having sustained its infancy, you will have a right in future to insist on efforts proportioned to greater resources and more solid strength. It will not be long ere we present you with a more amply developed plan. We expect from Italy several artists whose success in the first cities of Europe may, perhaps, be taken as a guarantee of that which awaits them here. French opera, too, will be reinforced by some actors now playing leading business in the principal provincial towns. Lastly, the dramatic company, which, in consequence of its including so few persons, has hitherto not been worthy your attention, is likewise completed. On re-opening, we shall, therefore, be able to place in our repertory works more in keeping with your taste and delicacy. We beg you consequently, Gentlemen, to continue to extend towards us a little longer that indulgence of which you have already deigned to give us so many proofs, and we venture to assure you that we will omit nothing to deserve it." §

(To be continued.)

SCHNAITH (Würtemberg).—A memorial to Friedrich Silcher, the well-known "Folk's-Composer"—executed in light sandstone by Dietelbach of Stuttgart, and affixed to the front of the house in which he was born—was formally inaugurated on the 29th June. It consists of a medallion portrait, surmounted by a tablet on which is a laurel-entwined lyre, with the following inscription: "*In this Schoolhouse, on the 27th June*, 1789, *was born Dr Friedrich Silcher, Music-Director in the Royal University, Tubingen, where he died on the 26th August*, 1860. *Dedicated to his Memory by his Admirers.*"

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* See *Almanach général de tous les spectacles*, Paris, Froullé, 1791.

† We read in a special collection (*Almanach général des spectacles*) the following lines relative to the orchestra at the Théâtre de Monsieur: "There is no one with a bâton at this theatre, because real musicians do not require to have the time marked for them (?); the Italians especially are so accustomed to precision, and their ear is so sure in this respect, that they would think any one who offered to beat time for them was laughing at them. Frenchmen, less at home in music, require backing up by a donkey leader (*guide-âne*). Hence it often happens that an actor attentive to the bâton, and always fearful of going wrong, sacrifices taste, passion, and acting to vocal mechanism." I think, despite the originality of these reflections, there was a rapid return at the Théâtre de Monsieur, as elsewhere, to the conducting-stick and traditional customs.

‡ From the 1st to the 8th January, 1789, the *Journal de Paris* simply inserts this announcement in its daily theatrical advertisements: "THEATRE DE MONSIEUR. The opening is inevitably postponed, owing to the extreme rigour of the cold." Then there is no further reference to the subject till the day of the inauguration, when the programme is thus simply worded: "THEATRE DE MONSIEUR. To-day, the 26th, for the opening, *Le Vicende amorose*, opera-buffa, music del Signor Tritta."

§ See *Journal de Paris*, 3rd April, 1789.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 398.)

After the overture has prepared our minds, and put them into a state ripe for the reception of the story, the scene opens with the courtyard of a prison; the prison walls, high gates, and outer walls enclosing the scene. Against this sombre background a great deal of simple chatter is carried on between the porter Jacquino and the gaoler's daughter Marcellina. The music of this scene is simple and delicate—befitting the airy chatter of the two who are thinking of little but their love-making and love-refusing, and of their daily work, opening gates and ironing linen; but strangely at variance with the thoughts that were put into our minds by the overture, and still kept up by the sight of the prison walls. The duet with which the chatter is woven is in rhythmic form, with much imitation of a light character. It is a sonata, of which the first subject is allotted to Jacquino's request for a chat, and Marcellina's answer:

Ex. 183.

the second subject, in E, is Jacquino's stammering proposal of marriage:

Ex. 184.

This subject makes its close in E, when Jacquino is obliged to go away to open the door. In these two subjects the ideas, musical as well as poetical, are continuous; and in each subject the idea belonging to it is worked to its natural development. A second part follows, with many changing thoughts and corresponding changes of musical idea and key. Jacquino's absence allows Marcellina's thoughts to rest upon Fidelio, on whom she has set her heart, who, as we know, is Leonora the wife, in man's dress, seeking her imprisoned husband. This has a fresh musical idea in a new key. Jacquino's return to love-making, and Marcellina's greater repugnance to it, is allotted to a new use of the first subject in new keys, as in the second part of sonatas. The first subject having been made great use of here, no return to it is made in the recapitulation, but only the second subject is used for that, and in conjunction with a repetition of Jacquino's proposal. The recapitulation of the second subject is an exact transposition into A, the main key, of the harmonies and general effect of the music that was before in E (see Ex. 184), up to the point of the knocking interruption. At the repetition of the knocking the coda begins, which is in quicker time, and in duet; the thoughts being the joy of the girl and the vexation of the man at the interruption. A busy, bustling undercurrent is carried on throughout the piece in the accompaniment, principally with imitations of the little subject (*a*) (see Ex. 184); and, in fact, the accompaniment of this piece has more real musical importance than the voice parts.

After the duet is some spoken dialogue. Rocco calls from the back; Jacquino dislikes going, and Marcellina urges him. In the old Italian style this would be set to speaking recitative, and in the grand opera it would be accompanied recitative, but we cannot but feel that the words are matter-of-fact, and not matter of sentiment, and are at least as appropriate to speech. Though the use of music throughout makes a more perfect whole, the use of occasional speech gives a certain relief to the attention.

The next number, being in C minor, is not connected in key with the previous, but probably it was felt that the spoken dialogue bridged over the gap between the two. Jacquino has gone away, and Marcellina very naturally dreams over the lover Fidelio. She is a simple maiden, and her thoughts come in simple form. Her song is a ballad with minor strain and major strain; the whole repeated for a second verse of words, and a coda added.

After Marcellina's song there is dialogue between Marcellina, Fidelio, Jacquino, and Rocco; and from this grows a quartet, in which they each think—aloud to the audience, but aside from one another—of the different aspects in which the situation appears to them. Marcellina hopes for Fidelio's love; Fidelio is troubled by Marcellina's love for her; Jacquino is jealous, but still hopeful; Rocco approves. Here the thought of each one can be dwelt upon, and turned over and over again; and, therefore, they fit into a rhythmic formulated movement. Again, the thought of each one bears upon the same subject—the marriage of Fidelio and Marcellina; and, therefore, they accord with the canonic form, in which each part has the same musical idea. The movement is a canon of the form of the old English round. The voices enter successively with the same melody after each preceding one has finished the first strain, which begins—

Ex. 185.

and a coda is added to the whole.

Only in the musical drama is it possible to use speech in concert. If all talk at once in real life there is a Babel of tongues, for the accents and tones cross and re-cross one another, disguising and disfiguring each; so it would be in the spoken drama. But when words are combined with music, the accents and tones of even a large number of voices, or parts, can be so regulated and made to agree with one another that each part is distinguishable from the others, and the whole is harmonious. The voices, in fact, are in concert, or *consort*, with one another. Hence the old expression, *consort music*.

After the quartet is more dialogue, and Rocco follows with some wise sayings about the folly of marrying without money, which, as he has just given his consent to the marriage, seems rather of the nature of banter, and is rightly put into the simplest form of music—a tuneful ballad.

Dialogue follows, in which Fidelio obtains Rocco's consent to help him attend to the prisoners, and hears, for the first time, of the one prisoner who has been kept in close confinement for two years. This man she partly hopes and partly fears to be her husband, whom she is seeking; and the emotion which she shows calls forth Marcellina's sympathy, though the girl looks elsewhere for the cause of it. Out of the conversation which ensues upon this is woven a trio. This trio was, in the original form of the opera, the close of the first act, and it still seems to form a climax to what we may call the domestic part of the opera, during which we only suspect the deeper feeling that is beneath, and which comes out afterwards. The key-form of the trio is that of a sonata. The first idea—

Ex. 186.

is carried out in different ways for each voice in turn, according to their different ways of looking at the same subject. Fidelio, hoping to release her husband, will bravely bear any load for so noble a prize. Rocco, thinking of the proposed marriage, commends her bravery. Marcellina, thinking of the same, sympathizes with Fidelio; but her more timid thoughts are expressed in a different melody, while the band retains the brave thought in her stead. A second idea, of hopes of happiness, with a new musical idea is also carried out differently for each voice, the three joining towards the end. This idea, beginning in F, soon goes into G, the dominant of its dominant, as is the case with many sonatas, and forms a bridge between the first and second subjects, and the latter follows, with a continuation of the same idea, in C, the dominant of F. A second part follows—

Ex. 187.

full of changing thoughts in changing keys and new ideas.

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Rocco's words are of the governor's permission to Fidelio to share his work, and of the comfort she, as a son-in-law, will be to his old age. Marcellina is impatient for her wedding day; and Fidelio sometimes joins the others, and sometimes sings aside with thoughts of anxiety and of hope. This section, the fantasia, comes to a half cadence in F; and, in quicker time, is followed by the final section in F, which is a parallel as to key to the recapitulation.

Ex. 188.

All three, in this part, join in eagerness to do the coming work. Rocco and Marcellina speak of the projected marriage with joy, while Fidelio thinks sadly of her own marriage day, when she gave her hand to sweetest bonds.

Pizzaro, the governor, now comes in, with soldiers, and a march is played during their entry. A letter which he reads contains the warning of the coming of a great official to inquire into the state of certain prisoners supposed to be detained there unlawfully; and Pizzaro cries out to himself that Florestan, whom he has reported dead long ago, will be discovered still in chains. Then the full tide of revengeful feelings breaks out, and speech bursts into song of the fiercest kind. He must have revenge; Florestan must die; he, who once trampled him in the dust, is now his victim, and he will kill him; and he gloats over the thought of Florestan's sufferings, crying "Triumph! triumph!" so that the soldiers in the back hear his raging and muttering, and are horrified. The music of this song (described in former pages) is in a complete sonata form. Every change of thought in the words has a corresponding change in the music; and the recoil of the thoughts in his heart brings a corresponding return of the musical ideas, though always with some change which may accord with the new use of the former thought.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

PRAGUE.—The new Artists' House is to be ornamented with statues of Josquin de Pres, Orlandus Lassus, Palestrina, Ludovico Vittoria, Johann Sebastian Bach, Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Franz Schubert, Cherubini, Auber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. Sculptors have been invited to take part in a public competition for the execution of the statues.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—*Gammon*, an adaptation by Mr James Mortimer, of *La Poudre aux Yeux*, by Messrs Labiche and Martin, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on Thursday afternoon, July 13th. Those who had the courage to attend at a casual afternoon performance did not, by any means, go unrewarded for their pains. Certain it is that a more diverting comedy is not often seen on our stage. The moral sought to be inculcated is that it is foolish, and even disastrous, to make a false appearance to the world, and to pretend to have seven thousand a year when, as a matter of fact, one has only seven hundred. The satire, as in the case of M. Sardou's *Famille Benoiton*, is dwelt upon with almost too much persistency; but *Gammon* is by no means boisterous and farcical, and claims to be a genuine comedy of manners. The scene has been transferred by the adaptor to English ground, although the complete subjection of the young people and the haggling between the two fathers as to settlements and dowries are features which rather reflect French manners than those of middle-class society in England. The characters are skilfully drawn. Mr J. F. Young thoroughly realized that of the old salesman who, at the instigation of his wife, temporarily departs from his ordinary plain and honest way of life. No less successful in his way was Mr Edward Price, as Uncle Streaky, a bluff and honest old cattle farmer. In the end, Uncle Streaky acts as the good fairy of the piece, and brings the husbands, if not the wives, to a sense of the absurdity of blowing themselves out, as he puts it, like the frog in the fable who attempts to rival the ox. Mr W. Lestocq contributed a characteristically broad sketch of the sham footman; and Miss Lydia Cowell's acting, as a servant girl, was quaint and truthful. Mrs Leigh and Mrs W. Sidney did not miss any of the effect to be got out of the foibles of the two scheming mothers. The comedy was received with loud laughter and applause throughout, and Mr Mortimer was called before the curtain.—*M. T.*

THE STAGE OF THE RESTORATION.

It is one of the wisest of Lord Beaconsfield's many wise sayings that England is governed by reaction. It was made prominently emphatic in its truth towards the latter portion of his life, when an ungrateful country repaid his years of patience, prudence, and courage by going over to his political antagonists, and allowing them to undo the result of his untiring energy and able statesmanship. But there is no greater manifestation of the philosophy of the axiom than is found in the condition of England before and after the return of the Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain. Not only had the Theatres been dismantled by the Puritans, the persecuted actors being whipped at the cart's tail, but public amusements generally had been abolished. Bear-baiting was forbidden, not from pity for the bears, for they slaughtered them, but from a sour vexation at people enjoying it; Maypoles were cut down, village festivals prohibited; horse-racing and betting were discountenanced, as were even rope-dancing and wrestling. The intolerant bigots, in a word, had but one aim, and that was to make their tyranny as unbearable as possible, and to render life miserable for their unhappy victims. With the return of Charles the Second all this was changed; men sought delight in frivolous occupations and in pleasures still more reprehensible; neither authority nor personal propriety hindered a nation, weary of the years of cant and hypocrisy, from rushing into the very vortex of profligacy, in which the ostentation of vice took the place of the deceit that had previously veiled it. The florid and eloquent pages of Lord Macaulay unfold the gay and guilty panorama of the days of the "Merry Monarch." All light literature was tainted by the licentiousness of the times, and if satire and poetry were used to undermine innocence and to aid and advocate vice, we cannot wonder that, with the patronage of a dissolute king and dissolute nobles, the Stage became what it did under an influence that permeated Court and city, and in its reflections of the times forgot to censure the corruption that it mirrored. To read the plays of that era, and of the years that followed it, is but to consider history in a dramatic form. Genial, kind Charles Lamb may speak of the characters of the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley as inhabitants of an imaginary land, "the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom"; but, although this might be the aspect under which they appeared to him, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the actual existence of people who lived while Dryden wrote, by whom he was inspired when he penned his prologues and epilogues, and to whose taste he appealed in many of his comedies.

Intrigue was as much the business of the spectators of a comedy as it was of the characters in the play, and of the actors and actresses who impersonated them. Pepys' diary is interspersed, not only with the doings of the Stage, but with the doings of the actresses, which have mostly the business of gallantry to increase their interest. Thus, in 1668, he went to the play, as he tells us, when Mrs Knipp, one of the actresses, came to sit by him, and the talk was of the King's love for Miss Davis, an actress, and of the valuable ring that his Majesty had given to her—Mrs Knipp also telling the Admiralty Secretary "that the King did send several times for Nelly," much to the sorrow of the diarist, who fears the Prince is too much devoted to his pleasure, forgetting how frequently Mrs Knipp's name appears in his own pages. Indeed, the gallantries of the King and his brother were carried on without concealment. The Queen complained to Lady Castlemaine that his Majesty took cold by staying so late at the latter's house, upon which Lady Castlemaine replied that he must go somewhere else, as he left her betimes. The King, who had come soon enough to overhear this, ordered the "bold, impertinent woman" to leave the Court, but all was made up between them in two or three days. Surely the comedies that Lamb looked upon as the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, were rather founded upon the actual life of the Royal libertine and his courtiers, and reflected a society which defied propriety, and took for its heroes and heroines the Rochesters and Sedleys of the time. We know that an absurd delusion of King Charles's chaplain, Dr Pilling, was used by Dr Dryden in his comedy, *The Wild Gallant*. Indeed, the comedies of Dryden, Etherege, Mrs Behn, Shadwell, or, we might say, of nearly all the dramatists of the time, treat of the infidelity of wives, and derive their fun from the ridicule with which they associate the husbands, *The Woman Captain*, by Shadwell, being instanced as an average specimen of the Restoration comedies. The manner in which Gripe, the usurer, is fooled by his wife and Sir Humphrey Scattergood, one of those profligate heroes that we find as a matter of course in all comic plays of the period, was, doubtless, most entertaining to the audience, and showed the spirit of the age. It must have been so amusing to see the dishonoured husband forced by his wife, who was disguised as an officer in the army, to enlist with his man Richard, both master and servant being caned by the

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fascinating lady for going through their drill awkwardly. The conclusion of the play is quite in harmony with what has gone before. Mrs Gripe compels her husband to separate, he giving her an allowance; Sir Humphrey marries a former mistress, having ruined himself by his extravagance; and there is as little moral to be found as in *The Beggar's Opera*, after it had been altered by "The Player." It is to be noted, too, the matter-of-course way in which courtesans are married off at the end of the comedies, in which they have been leading such irregular lives, until the last act, or probably the last scene, has warned them to accept some rich noodle for a husband.

The political comedies that espoused the views of the Court, such as *Sir Barnaby Whig; or, No Wit like a Woman's*, form another phase of the Stage reflections of the Restoration. D'Urfey was every bit as loyal as his fellows, and in his comedy showed Sir Barnaby as contemptible as the most zealous Cavalier could desire. He is made to sing a song against the Roundheads, to become a Roman Catholic, then to turn Mahommedan, and, finally, gets sent to Newgate. Whigs and husbands, in fact, had a bad time of it under the reign of the Merry Monarch. In Mrs Behn's *City Heiress*, a comedy of Charles Lamb's true Utopian type, Sir Charles Meriwell says: "Damn the City," to which his uncle, Sir Anthony, rejoins, "All the Whigs, Charles, all the Whigs." *Venice Preserved* was also an attack on the Whigs, the Earl of Shaftesbury being satirized under the name of Antonio.

But there is no more marked reflection of the age than is to be found in the falseness and hollow character of the Stage of Charles the Second's reign. The heroics are exaggerations; nobility of conduct, emotion, and sentiment are all make believes and shams; the men who wrote, the audience who listened, were alike without the inspiration of genuine feeling and true patriotism. This to a great extent accounts for the inflated nonsense of many of the tragedies of the time. There was no spirit of national independence and national freedom in the nation; how could it be found upon the stage? It was not alone that, to a King who was subsidized by a French Monarch, and influenced by a French courtesan, the utterances of enthusiastic patriotic sentiments would be unpalatable, but to the nation at large they would be but little interesting. Cromwell had gone in for making England feared and respected abroad, but he had been so strict a tyrant at home that to a great extent the people were glad enough to get Prince Log in the place of Prince Stork. The recollection of the Dutch war, with the fleet from Holland invading the Thames, insulting Tilbury Fort, and making the English tremble for the fate of the Tower, was not likely to inspire people with the fervour that Shakspere could feel under a Queen without fear when her country was threatened by the immense armament of the most powerful Empire in the world. English politicians who were in the opposition might incite the people to indignation at the disgrace to the honour of their country caused by timid and corrupt rulers, but national feeling had been as much trampled out of Britons by the home tyranny of the Puritans as it was allowed to slumber under the lascivious langour of the profligate Stuart. The impoverished courtiers condescended to associate at times with the wives and daughters of the merchants and traders of the City, and it would be as well not to investigate too closely the relations of Court and Town; but to an extent it is probable that the opinions of the citizens would be influenced by those of their aristocratic acquaintances. It must also be remembered that many of the dramatic authors of the Restoration were noblemen whose lives were little better than those led by their histrionic heroes. As Dr Doran says, the Duke of Buckingham was a man of great wit and no virtue; from the year of his birth to that of his death history had nothing to record but crimes and meanness. Rochester was no better than the author of *The Rehearsal*, which burlesque might have as fairly satirized the bombast of Lord Orrery as it did that of Dryden, Davenant, or Howard. With such a class of authors it may be suggested that the nature which they made the stage reflect was their own, and it is as well to take into account the very artificial life of the influential portion of a theatrical audience, of which the wearing of vizards by the ladies is not the least noteworthy. Such stage reflections were only class ones.

ROME.—The Municipal Council of Rome have granted a site for the erection of a new theatre, to be called the Teatro della Commedia.—The Musical Society recently gave a highly successful performance of Weber's *Oberon*.

MILAN.—Thanks to the exertions of the St Cecilia Society, a School of Sacred Music has been established here. Pupils will be admitted from the age of nine. Besides religious and æsthetic instruction, the programme will include the history of sacred music, Latin, and music from the first elements up to composition.

CURSAAL DE WIESBADE.*

Programme
de la
Recitation musicale
de Mr
Ignace Gibsone

Samedi, 11 Juillet 1846 à 6 heures du soir.

Première Partie:

1. *Grand Caprice* sur le Carnival de Venise, composée par IGNACE GIBSONE.
2. *Der Wanderer*, Mélodie von Schubert, exécutée par IGNACE GIBSONE.
3. *Improvisation* sur les Thêmes connus.

Deuxième Partie:

4. *Un Etude de Moscheles*, exécutée par IGNACE GIBSONE.
5. *Romance caractéristique*, Dors tu, ma vie, composée par IGNACE GIBSONE.
6. *Thême Russe*, arrangé et exécuté par IGNACE GIBSONE.

Prix du Billet fl. 1. 45 kr.

On peut se procurer des Billets à l'avance chez Mr *Gibsone* à l'Hôtel de la Rose et à la librairie de Mr *Schellenberg* et le soir à l'entrée de la salle à la Caisse fl. 2.

Après le Concert
Réunion dansante
qui commencera à 9 heures.

Les cartes d'abonnement et d'invitation ne sont pas valables pour le concert, mais les cartes pour le concert sont valables pour la Réunion.

La caisse pour la réunion ne sera ouverte qu'après le concert.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.—At the Midsummer examinations the examiners were Drs G. B. Arnold and F. E. Gladstone, Messrs J. Higgs, E. J. Hopkins, and E. H. Turpin. Diplomas of Associateship were awarded to Miss Brickwell, Messrs W. E. Bartlett, W. Duncan, J. Lively Gregory, G. J. Halford, F. J. Harper, H. Riding, C. Rowland, and Booth Sharpe; Fellowships, Messrs J. Acton, R. J. Hopper, and W. Mullineux. At the annual meeting of members on Tuesday, July 11, E. J. Hopkins in the chair, the reports, artistic and financial, were alike satisfactory. Drs G. B. Arnold, Bridge, C. J. Frost, F. E. Gladstone, A. H. Mann, and Verrinder, Messrs C. Bridge, H. F. Frost, J. Higgs, E. J. Hopkins, W. S. Hoyte, C. Warwick Jordan, H. Walmsley Little, A. J. Page, C. W. Pearce, C. E. Stephens, F. J. Sawyer, H. Trego, James Turpin, W. H. Wale, and T. Wingham were appointed councillors for the coming year. Votes of thanks were passed to the hon. secretary, E. H. Turpin; the hon. treasurer, M. E. Wesley; the auditors, Messrs Hainworth and Webster; and the chairman. At the close of the business, Mr T. L. Southgate lucidly explained, and practically illustrated, Föhr's music electrograph. The ingenious mechanism and working of this attachment, by which extemporaneous and other performances (J. C. Ward, C. E. Stephens, &c.), were accurately registered, excited the warm interest of a large and critical audience. The instrument may be seen at Mr J. Wallis's, 135, Euston Road.

BERLIN.—The Royal Operahouse will remain closed till the 1st September, when it is hoped the precautionary measures projected for the safety of the public against fire may be completed.—*Raimondin*, by Herr von Perfall, the first novelty of the season, will be followed by a new three-act romantic opera, *Gudrun*, book by C. Niemann, music by Aug. Klughardt.—Mdme Naumann-Gungl has concluded her engagement at Kroll's, after appearing with much success as Fidelio.—At the same theatre, Mdme Basta, from Munich, has appeared as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*.—Mdlle Gusti Galster, new to the stage, has made a favourable impression as Violetta, in *Der lustige Krieg*, at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater.

* *Delayed in transmission.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALIDUKE OF THE STRAIGHT MARCHES.—Cert'nly. Nevertheless, Sir Percival (Wagner's "Parsifal"), at request of "a maide that was come of high bloode (and shee was dombe and had never spoken word"), was knighted by King Arthur, in Camelot. Whereat the "dumbe maide spake," departed from the court, "asked a priest," was "confessed and houseled," and straightway died. "Sir Aliduke of the Straight Marches" is tolerably conversant with some shreds of the matter he propounds, but would do well to seek the fountain head.

GUY OF THE GLACIERS.—The quest of the "Bête Glatisante" was first in the hands of King Pellinore after whose death through Gawaine and his brethren it was undertaken of Sir Palomides brother to Sir Segwarides and Sir Safire all three born Saracens and about the lady of Segwarides there was a pitched quarrel between Sir Tristram and King Marke also between Sir Tristram and Sir Bleoberis also between Sir Tristram and Sir Palomides who was nevertheless christened by argument of Sir Tristram also Sir Bleoberis was brother to Sir Blamor de Ganis the hardy knight and Sir Meliograunce fought with Sir Lamoracke about Queen Guenever and Queen Morgause of Orkney and Sir Tristram in his madness slew the giant Tauleus and soused Sir Dagonet King Arthur's Fool in a well.

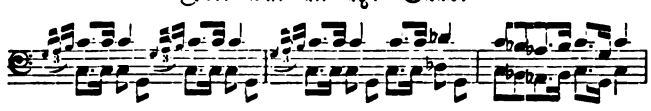
SAGRAMORE THE INQUISITIVE.—All questions will be answered next week.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

Left out in the Cold.



At Drury Lane Theatre.

HANS (*dreaming while conducting the performance*).—Warum Fasolt und Fafner?

GREY FRIAR.—Erwach'st du? Ha!

HANS.—Oh! Jammer!

GREY FRIAR.—Meinem Banne wieder verfiel'st du heut' zur rechten zeit.

HANS.—Ich—will nicht.

GREY FRIAR.—Wohl willst du, den du musst. An mir deine Macht nichts vermag.

HANS.—Ha! ha!—bist du keusch, Mephisto?

[*Grey Friar vanishes.*

After Act I.

At the Albion.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I cannot understand.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—That Grey Friar, you see, was Hans's evil conscience.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Fudge! He has no evil conscience, unless——

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Unless what?—unless conscience-stricken that he has not done so much for "the Master" in England as behoved him—as was, indeed, his sworn and bounden duty to "the Master." Is that what you mean?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—He has done a great deal too much for "the Master," and now suffers for it. Hans was never made to be a slave to "the Master," any more than was that other Hans who knew not Seidl——

MR PURPLE POWIS.—And who, though in chains, still toils for "the Master" more enthusiastically than even his unfettered helps.

Trumpets over the way.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Hear! The *fanfare*—we must go.

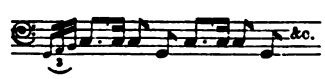
MR PURPLE POWIS.—Very like the Sword-motive, by the way (*singing*):

[*Exeunt to theatre.*

At Drury Lane.

HANS (*thinking aloud while conducting*).—Du bist doch eben nur ein Thor, Hans!

GREY FRIAR (*whispering in Hans's right ear*):—



HANS (*shuddering inwardly*).—Was habe ich gethan? Noch ein mal Fasolt! Noch ein mal Fafner! Aber (*turning to "chef d'attaque"*), I did take from Zürich ein Brief zu Herbeck an Wien—ein Brief mit Edict from de "Master."

MR PURPLE POWIS.—You understand now?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Less than before.

MR PURPLE POWIS.—Well then Fasolt and Fafner signify Levy and Help, the muff(ti)s from Münich, who are to conduct the performances at Bayreuth. This is a blow that after his marvellous exploits in 1876, our Hans feels deeply.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—And no wonder. But we have talked the opera out. The curtain is slowly descending.

[*Re-exeunt to Albion.*

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Mr Purple Powis and Mr Baylis Boil (*ensemble*).—Mr Ponsford!

Mr Ponsford.—Now, gentlemen—pray——

Mr Purple Powis and Mr Baylis Boil (*ensemble*).—"B. and S."

—o—

A LETTER FROM WAGNER.

THE last number of the *Bayreuther Blätter* contains a letter addressed by Richard Wagner to Herr Friedrich Schön, of Worms, one of the leading promoters of the Bayreuth enterprise. In the beginning of the letter, Wagner speaks regretfully of the failure of his scheme to establish a School of Music in Bayreuth, but states, at the same time, that, even if the large funds necessary for carrying it out were now placed at his disposal, he would not enter on such an undertaking. He makes the following observations on the subject:—

"I no longer believe in our music, avoiding it on principle whenever it meets me, and, if the prophecy of our friend, Count Gobineau, that in ten years all Europe will be overrun by Asiatic hordes and our entire civilization and culture be destroyed, comes true, *I should not even blink, as I must assume that under the circumstances, and above all things, our musical system would be ruined.*"

In another place, he says, referring to the fact that his project for a Royal School of Music in Munich came to nothing:

"This proves to me that people did not consider I was adapted for the task, and really I believe they are right. I am not a musician, and feel this doubly when a celebrated composition by one or other of our most esteemed masters is played, and I am unable to perceive the music in it. We have evidently here to do with a defect under which I labour, and which renders me incapable of participating in the progress of our art."

He would willingly undertake the office of a "Beethoven-Conservator," though even in doing so he should be apprehensive of the result.

"As to the posterity of the folk-migration, only a few tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus, but most of those of Euripides, were preserved, so to our posterity might remain some nine symphonies by Brahms, and two at most by Beethoven, *copyists always following on the heels of progress.*"

Brahms may at any rate feel thankful for the flattering comparison. The letter, written with the usual self-assertiveness, but in a tolerably moderate tone, speaks of a plan for enabling poor musicians, by means of scholarships, to travel gratuitously, and live at Bayreuth free of expense while attending the later *Parsifal* performances. Such a system would "*be something above awkward travelling scholarships for enabling prize-crowned students to pursue their studies in Paris and London!*"

The letter goes on to speak against the modern "creation" of parts. The process of creation, we are told, is too frequently carried on behind the author's back, and, therefore, a many-membered body of artists is preferable, "*despite the moral confusion of rivalities*" (a gentle allusion to that faithless pair, Herr and Mdme Vogl). In conclusion, Wagner expresses gratitude to his high patron, the King of Bavaria, who, "*in order to keep the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-play free from any possible disturbing influences, magnanimously renounced the wish to see it repeated in his own Theatre Royal.*" According to this, *Parsifal* can only be seen and heard at Bayreuth—an assurance, by the way, frequently given with reference to the *Nibelungen* series, previous to its first performance in the same town.

The name of Mr Augustus Harris's new piece to be produced at Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday, August 5, is *Pluck* (A Story of £50,000).

Dr Josiah Pittman is going to Lisbon next week, on a visit to a professional friend. He has declined an invitation to spend a week with Arabi Pasha at that General's stronghold between Alexandria and Cairo, though he would be made noble if he accepted, under the style of Pittman Pasha.

Mdme Adelina Patti leaves London for Paris to-morrow. The rest of her leisure time, previous to her departure for America, will be passed at Craig-y-Nos Castle, which is being strongly fortified during her temporary absence.

Falk of Folkestone.

To Sagramore le Desirous.

Dr Beard *(in anger)*.—A falk on this folkestone! A folkestone on this falk! Who's Falk of Folkestone? Why am I thus bearded in mine own lair?

CONCERTS.

Kensington School of Music.—The School of Music established about three years ago in Cromwell Road has become an institution of importance, and, at the present moment, has upon its books a considerable number of amateur and professional students. The system of instruction is similar in form and direction to that of the Royal Academy of Music, a large professional body being at hand to superintend the several departments incident to a high-class *curriculum* of study, the Principal being Mr William Buels (founder of the Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society, with which the "School" may be said to be affiliated), to whose energetic and intelligent administration it owes its present large and widely extending prosperity. On Wednesday evening last invitations were given to listen, at the new Kensington Town Hall, to the progress that had been made by the most advanced members of the "School," and numerous examples were afforded of the proficiency achieved by the young ladies and gentlemen, who, as vocalists, pianists, violinists, and violoncellists, submitted their individual attainments to the judgment—could it be otherwise?—of a very friendly audience. Upon the various performances it is not necessary to dilate, but, making all allowances, enough was shown that the teaching was good and the promise of useful results abundant.—H.

Miss Louise Thompson's concert took place, under distinguished patronage, at the Grosvenor Hall, Belgravia, on Wednesday, July 5th. Miss Thompson has a voice of pure quality in the upper register, and of wide compass. Her vocalization has much grace of style, especially in sparkling melody, such as "La Zingara" (Donizetti), "L'Air de la lettre" (Grisar), and the lighter ballad music, of which "Coming thro' the rye" is an example. Of this the *bénéficiaire* gave proof by singing each of the airs so effectually as to elicit the warmest applause. Miss Thompson was fortunate in the co-operation of Fräulein Marianne Eissler, Fraülein Emmy Eissler, and the Misses Allitsen, the first two of whom had played at Sir Julius Benedict's concert prior to appearing at the Grosvenor Hall. As a violinist, Fraülein M. Eissler shows both finish and breadth of style, her rendering of an "air varié" (Vieuxtemps) winning general applause. Fraülein E. Eissler manifests almost masculine power on the piano. With these qualities she also possesses a congenial delicacy of touch when requisite. Miss Emma Allitsen, in "When the tide comes in," proved that she has a fine *contralto* voice, combined with execution, and, in conjunction with her sister, some duets were given, notably "Vieni la barca è pronta" (Goldberg), a melodious piece of a graceful character. Signor Monari Rocca, in "Non più andrai" and Tosti's "Good bye," exhibited his usual breadth, fire, and power.—*M. P.*

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To Bayreuth on Horseback.

F. C. B. (*eagerly*).—Wont lose *Parsifal* on any account. Happy thought!—become patron myself, and have *Colonel* played at Asylum opposite Festival-Stage-Play house. C. Lyall told me all about it, and put down the shortest route on a chart. Have lost chart, but remember contents. Hollo! This river is very like the Oxus. I have crossed it more than once. My horse seems to go round and round like a circus horse. Is he anti-Wagnerite, or has Lyall been chaffing?—Happy thought!—dine with a farmer; he'll tell me the nearest way. Burton and Burnaby sure to be there. They know all the farmers about, and dine with them continually. Besides (happy thought) where Cap'n Burton is, Burton ale (Burton old ale) may be reckoned on. It follows him mechanically, in vats, to mid-desert, pouring itself out like rain into the butter-cups and flower-goblets of Oases. Hollo!—Oasis! Happy thought—Inquire within. Hollo!—There's Devilfrey of Boulogne—and Burton, and Burnaby, and Lieu Cameron, with pewter pots flashing in the sun, as at the funeral of Sir Pitt Crawley, brother of Sir Rawdon ditto. Join them, and ask the quickest route to *Parsifal*. Happy Thought!—*Don't*. Go on your own private hook (*singing*):—

There was an old painter call'd Hook,
Who, though he had two eyes to look,
The most he could see
Was a wave of the sea,
A boat, man and boy, line and
Hook.

—o—

DRAMATIC MUSIC AT OUR ROYAL ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—I read the subjoined in the musical column of the *Daily News* (Monday, 17th inst.):—

"The Royal Academy of Music gave a performance of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* on Saturday evening, when some of the students of the operatic class afforded proofs of the progress made in dramatic singing under the wise course of tuition pursued at the institution. This is a feature that cannot fail to be of valuable use in the preparation of pupils for the requirements of the stage—elocution and action being too often ignored in exclusive attention to vocal training. Misses M. Cockburn and K. Hardy, and Mrs. J. Wade, respectively as Fiordiligi, Despina, and Dorabella; Mr R. H. Cummings as Don Alfonso; and Messrs H. B. Fulkerson and A. T. Jarratt as the two young officers, Ferrando and Guglielmo, manifested, in their respective degrees, good capacities for an operatic stage career. Mr G. Garcia, as dramatic director, Mr Fiori, as musical director, and A. Izard, as pianoforte accompanist, gave valuable co-operation."

If your excellent contemporary were a quarter of a century older, he might remember that this is no new step on the part of the Royal Academy of Music, and that some twice that period ago it already constituted an important feature. Two of the most agreeable "soprano" voices were those of Sterndale Bennett and W. Lovell Phillips, both of whom took parts in the *Nozze di Figaro* and other works by the same Mozart. I am, Sir, yours,

A Connoisseur of Some Decades.

THE "HARMONY."

Matilda Jane, I've been and seen
A work to turn your head—
A rhapsody in blue and green,
And yellow, black, and red;
My friends will simply go insane,
For envy's force is strong;
I've *bought* the work, Matilda Jane,
And here it comes along.

A frightful sum I've given for
The work that meets your eye;
I've bought it at the Grosvenor,
Where Wealth alone may buy.
Matilda Jane, that canvas speaks,
It shouts from ev'ry line, [weeks
A man could gaze for weeks and
Upon that great design.

Now bring the steps, Matilda; fly
Within our banquet hall,
And hang this great production high
Upon its fairest wall,
That all may see the charms that lurk
Within its peerless——stop,
Is this the bottom of the work,
Or can it be the top?

Your explanation's nobly meant,
But foolish, to a word;
Your reading of the work's intent
Is hopelessly absurd!
It regularly shocks me that
Such schism should prevail—
This yellow patch is *not* a cat,
Nor is the green its tail.

Attend, Matilda; hear how I
Beneath its surface dip:—
The yellow is the sunset sky,
The green's a plunging ship;
The red's—the red's—I'm mostly
To hit upon and trace [quick
The mean—the red's a candlestick—
No, that were out of place.

Why—there—with reason I've relied
Upon my deep resource—
Why, this that we supposed the side—
Yes, that's the top, of course!
We follow this unfailing plan,
And we at once disclose
The portrait of a gentleman—
Of course—why, here's his nose!

And yet it isn't wholly clear
In certain places now—
For what's the comet doing here?—
And isn't this a cow?
I rather think the puzzle's roots
Too deeply hidden lie;
I fail to grasp that pair of boots
That decks the distant sky!

It's wrong side out! Matilda, blush!
What foolishness! Alack!
The cleanings of the artist's brush—
He's daubed 'em on the back!
Ah, here's the front; now try again,
Our pains were misapplied—
This isn't *half* so nice and plain—
I like the other side.

Fun.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Among Joachim Raff's papers there have been found a completed symphony, *Im Herbst;* one not quite completed, *Im Winter;* a secular oratorio, *Dornröschen*, book by W. Genast; and two operas for which the composer himself wrote the librettos.

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GOUNOD'S *REDEMPTION.*

Three times upon the MS. of his oratorio, *Redemption*, has M. Gounod written *opus vitæ meæ*, in emphatic expression of an opinion which English connoisseurs will be asked to confirm or reject at the forthcoming Birmingham Festival. The verdict of an author upon his own productions is not always trustworthy. Many a conspicuous example in literature and art shows that the public voice sometimes puts it aside, and pronounces final judgment in a very different sense. It may be so here, but the question is not one for present consideration. Whether *Redemption* will rank as the work of M. Gounod's life, or take a lower place, this is certain—the composer's recorded opinion implies the earnest endeavour of an accomplished master, and demands for his oratorio most respectful consideration. Other circumstances strengthen the claims thus advanced. *Redemption* has not been written hurriedly to order. More than ten years ago, and, we believe, while M. Gounod was a resident amongst us, the idea of composing a great sacred work fixed itself in his mind, and bore immediate fruit. Considerable portions of *Redemption* were actually written in London, and from that time till a few months ago, the task of completing it engaged M. Gounod's serious attention. In this respect we find a parallel of happy omen between the circumstances of the oratorio and of *Faust*. The famous and immortal opera was a thing of slow growth. We have the master's own authority for stating that he was inspired by Goethe's drama while yet a student at Rome as holder of the Grand Prix; and that some of the most beautiful and important passages in the opera grew out of his reading of the German poem, long before a French libretto had been prepared. If it took years to perfect *Faust*, with the result we all know, the fact that *Redemption* was in hand for a decade has a significance that should at any rate magnify the interest with which its performance is anticipated. Nor will English amateurs think less of the work for the reason there is to believe that we may regard it as a result of M. Gounod's sojourn in this oratorio-loving land. The composer, no doubt, had in view an English triumph for *Redemption*. When invited to write for the Glasgow Musical Festival five or six years ago, it was to his oratorio that he turned, and, but for the failure of the negotiations on other grounds, Birmingham would have been anticipated by the commercial capital of Scotland. But in the Midlands or in North Britain matters not; the English destiny of *Redemption* is certain of fulfilment. Let us add that our country deserves whatever good may accrue from the possession of M. Gounod's *magnum opus*, since the Birmingham Festival Committee and Messrs Novello, Ewer, and Co. combined to purchase it at a price impossible even of conception elsewhere. The composer long ago avowed a grievance against England, but he now, perhaps, thinks better of the perfidious island, and rejoices in the £4,000 with which the committee and the publishers bought his oratorio, neither having previously seen or heard a note of it. The figure is magnificent—worthy of the country which a French writer has called "the California of artists;" but even more satisfactory to the composer, if not to the man of business, must have been the faith which invested so much money without sight.

There are obvious reasons why we should not now write analytically and critically of the *Redemption* In the first place a work of this kind cannot be judged from a pianoforte score, nor would it be altogether safe to do so from a full score, having regard to certain peculiarities the effect of which a performance can alone reveal. In the next place, we have no desire to anticipate what may be said in a more timely and confident fashion later on. There is, however, no reason why the scope and character of the work should not be indicated in general terms, and without prejudice to any interest concerned.

Redemption is divided into three parts, with a prologue, and its structure is essentially that of a German "Passions-Musik," the story being told in narrative form, interspersed with reflections, principally choral. The choice of this method by M. Gounod—who is the author of the words as well as of the music—will not be impugned. Not only has it the sanction of such high authorities as Bach and Handel, but it is exacted by the reverence which shrinks from giving a purely dramatic version of the most solemn events in Christian history. Between the old German form and that of M. Gounod there are, however, important differences in detail. The first confined its musical interest almost exclusively to the reflective airs and choruses, and to such portions of the narrative text as demanded lyrical or dramatic treatment, whereas the French composer lavishes upon the historic record all the wealth that a modern orchestra places at his disposal, thus raising it from being a mere thread of connection to the highest pitch of artistic and religious significance. Moreover, the orchestra plays an independent part in the scheme of the work, having entrusted to it the sole expression of certain incidents, such as the darkness that signalized the Crucifixion and the prayer of the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost. It may be added, as indicating another point of divergence from the German form, that there are two narrators—tenor and bass—who relieve each other in enunciating the text, and, occasionally, join their voices. M. Gounod, on the other hand, follows his illustrious predecessors in giving the words of Christ to a separate part, which stands alone in solemn and dignified isolation, and he frankly adopts the *Passions-Musik* choral, making it an important feature of his work. Turning to the "argument," we find that nothing can rightly be called superfluous, albeit the prologue opens with a short orchestral movement, entitled "Creation." It was necessary to show the need for redemption, and this is done by briefly referring to the Fall, and to the promise of a Saviour in the fullness of time. The first part takes up the personal narrative of Christ at the point when He is condemned; accompanies the Sufferer to Calvary, and follows all the incidents of the Crucifixion down to the exclamation of the Centurion: "This man was in truth the Son of God." Passing over the Entombment and Resurrection, the second part opens with the visit of the Holy Women to the empty Sepulchre, followed by the appearance to them of the risen Lord, the suborning of the Roman watch by the Sanhedrim, the announcement by the Women to the Apostles of what they had seen, the apparition of Christ to His doubting followers, and the Ascension into Heaven. The third part logically rounds off the argument with the events of Pentecost—the prayer of the Apostles, the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the perfected Gospel. From this mere outline it appears that the sequence of events is neither redundant nor wanting fullness. The Fall, the Promise, the Expiation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the gift of a Divine Comforter and Guide mark all the links in the great chain with which M. Gounod set himself to deal. With regard to the music, we can now only testify to its serious spirit and lofty purpose. Whether M. Gounod has been equal to or fallen short of his stupendous theme is a matter for future consideration, but that he approached it and handled it in the true spirit of an artist does not admit a moment's doubt. The music makes no concessions to anything or anybody, but with laudable strictness addresses itself to the subject, and leaves the rest to fate. This is the course that often ensures success, and always deserves it. At present, a knowledge that it is M. Gounod's course will intensify the respect and sympathy with which our musical public are prepared to receive that which he has called "Opus vitæ meæ."—*D. T.*

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Faust, *Galathée*, *Lucie*, *Haydée*, *Si j'étais Roi*, *La Fille du Tambour Major*, *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and *La Favorita* have been represented since last I wrote. The audiences on each occasion appreciated the talent displayed by the artists of M. Bérard's *troupe*. In *Faust*, Mdlle Levasseur's impersonation of Marguerite left little to be desired. Mdlle Francini as Sybil, and M. Degrave as Mephistofeles were excellent. The *fêtes* have brought a great concourse of bands, and we have been "over-fêted," particularly by the constant performance of Rouget de Lille's "National Hymn." From early in the morning till late at night, the din of "fanfares" and drums has kept awake the would-be peaceful and slumbering inhabitants of the town. *Enfin*, the *fête* in memory of the taking of the Bastille is over, to the general satisfaction.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, July 19.

VIENNA.—During last season, extending from the 1st September, 1881, to the 30th June in the present year, the following works were performed as novelties at the Imperial Operahouse: *Pygmalian*, ten times; *Undine*, four times; *Die Nürnberger Puppe*, twice; *Mefistofele*, thirteen times; *Alfonso und Estrella*, three times. The revivals were *L'Eclair*, five times; *La Vestale*, twice; *Fra Diavolo*, twice; *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, six times; *Die Zwillingsbrüder*, three times; *Orfeo ed Euridice*, eleven times; *Flick und Flock*, seven times; *Bonsoir, Signor Pantalon*, twice; and *Joseph en Egypte*, twice. Non-members of the regular company who appeared were Mad. Pauline Lucca, twenty-six nights; Mdlle Lilli Lehmann, twenty; Mad. Wilt, fifteen; Mdlle M. Brandt, thirteen; Mdlle Epstein, four; Mdlle Jona and Mad. von Voggenhuber, three each; Mad. Weckerlin, two; Herren Siehr, seven; Gudehus, Reichmann, and Fischer, six each; Niemann and Ernst, four each; Stritt, Riese, and Krolop, three each; and Jäger, two.

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MR ROSSETTI'S PICTURES.

We are able to announce that arrangements will be made for a complete, or, at least, in every sense representative, exhibition of Mr Dante Gabriel Rossetti's works, although the place and the date have not yet been finally determined upon. When the event takes place the public will, for the first time, be able to form an opinion of the work of an artist of whom most of them cannot possibly know much more than the name. The reputation of Mr Rossetti as a painter is without precedent in the history of art. So far from courting publicity, he carefully avoided it. In spite of many offers from official and unofficial quarters he refused to send his pictures to an exhibition. The walls of the Royal Academy knew him not, neither did those of the Grosvenor Gallery. He once or twice thought of doing himself what is now being done after his death—that is, bringing together a collection of his most important works and exhibiting them; but the worry and correspondence and attention to business matters which such an undertaking would have implied always nipped such schemes in the bud. Thus it came to pass that his pictures remained unknown to the public at large. They found few admirers, but they found buyers. Ever since Mr Ruskin "discovered" the young artist, Mr Rossetti's work was eagerly sought after in a small but select circle of connoisseurs. Pencil sketch, or water-colour drawing, or oil-painting never remained long in the studio as soon as the artist agreed to part with them, and the prices he realized for designs of a severely ideal class were such as might have roused the envy of many a popular painter intent upon supplying the popular taste of the day. Mr Rossetti, it is true, might have been a richer man if he had agreed to paint and exhibit portraits of fashionable ladies in interesting attitudes; but this he steadfastly refused to do; the few and excellent likenesses—mostly coloured chalk-drawings—which remain from his hand were mostly those of friends, undertaken as a favour rather than for the sake of money. Mr Rossetti was equally averse to the other channels through which fame and wealth usually come to the artist. It was only in his latter years that he was persuaded to allow some of his designs to be reproduced by means of photography, and the statement that he at first became known to the public as a "high-class" book illustrator is a pure myth. The only book he ever illustrated was his sister Miss Christine Rossetti's "Goblin Market," in addition to which he did one design for his friend, Mr Allingham's "Day and Night Songs," one for his sister's "The Prince's Progress," and three or four for Moxon's edition of Tennyson's poems.

But the fame which Mr Rossetti refrained from courting came to him unasked for in various ways. Those who had an opportunity of seeing his principal pictures in the collections of Mr Leyland, Mr Graham, late M.P. for Glasgow, Lord Mount-Temple, Mr Leathart, of Newcastle, Mr Turner, Mr Rae, Mr Joinder, and others, were too deeply impressed with their beauty to keep silence on the subject. Others as strongly opposed a style of art which to them appeared a silent protest against all that correctly-minded persons were expected to admire. As is usual in such cases, enthusiastic worshippers and violent detractors worked hand in hand. Perhaps nothing contributed as much to the reputation of the pre-Raphaelites as the clever caricatures published many years ago in *Punch*, and accompanied by an equally clever poem, from which we can call to mind only the two following lines descriptive of the type of female beauty affected by the brotherhood:—

> "*How all their pretty lips do pout,*
> *How very much their chins stick out!*"

In addition to his detractors and admirers, Mr Rossetti's imitators should be mentioned among those who have indirectly spread his fame far and wide. It is, perhaps, unjust to speak of imitation in the case of so great and so original an artist as Mr Burne Jones. At the same time it is undeniable, and no one would be more ready to acknowledge it than Mr Jones himself, that he received his first impulse from Mr Rossetti's work, much as he has since developed and expanded that impulse. Other artists less gifted have drunk more freely at the same source, and the few familiar with that source often were able to trace pictorial motives and pictorial mannerisms, boldly displayed on the walls of certain exhibitions, to their common origin. It thus happened—for the public were vaguely aware of the fact—that Mr Rossetti was charged with the eccentricities and affectations in which his self-created disciples indulged, and that his name was indentified with a movement about which he knew little and cared less. In such circumstances it may be safely predicted that when his works are exhibited they will create a profound impression, and give rise to comments of the most divergent kind. We do not wish to influence that impression or to anticipate those comments. Neither is it our present purpose to give a catalogue *raisonné*, or even a list of Mr Rossetti's most important pictures. All we propose to do is to divest the subject of some of the misconceptions which, through being repeated again and again, have gained general currency, and by that means to establish a basis on which the artist's work may be judged without ill-will or favour.

Most of these misconceptions have sprung from Mr Rossetti's early connection with the so-called pre-Raphaelite movement. The aim and origin of that movement have been too frequently identified with its misleading title. The great Italian painters, who lived before Raphael, gave to it little more than the name. This is sufficiently clear from the composition of the "brotherhood," which consisted of seven members. Of these, only four—Mr Holman Hunt, Mr Millais, Mr Collinson, and Mr Rossetti—made their mark as painters. Mr F. G. Stephens soon relinquished the brush for the pen. Mr W. M. Rossetti, the editor and biographer of Shelley, was the literary champion of the movement. Mr Woolner was a sculptor whose "elective affinity" with Giotto and Fra Angelico could only be of the most distant nature. But even the four painters had, in reality, little in common with the trecentisti and quattrocentisti as regarded either subject matter or treatment. They knew little of the naïve religious feeling and the horror of sensuous beauty which inspired the works of Cornelius, Steinle, and other German mediævalists. All they learnt from their early models was the absolute adherence to nature and truth, regardless of the academic or classical canons of beauty and propriety. The principle of truth at any price, in opposition to academic conventionalism, was, indeed, the real connecting link among artists very different in their individual tastes and capacities. Like Schumann, when he founded a similar society for the revival of music, they might have said, "If academies with dunces at their heads designate their members, why should not we, the younger generation, nominate ourselves," and so they founded the "brotherhood" and half-playfully added the initials P.R.B. to their names. That the principle of truth, and nothing but truth, in many instances led to very eccentric results may be seen in the early drawings of the pre-Raphaelites, and in that most curious of short-lived periodicals, the *Germ*, their literary organ, much coveted by modern book-hunters. The artists accordingly, as their experience grew, relaxed the severity of their doctrine, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Holman Hunt, who has remained an uncompromising realist through all the changes of time and taste. Mr Millais, on the other hand, soon entered the fold of the much-maligned academy, and Mr Rossetti, from a painter of character, became a painter of beauty. This fundamental change will immediately strike the observant visitor of the proposed exhibition, provided it comprises the early sketches as well as the finished pictures of later years. Among these early drawings—sometimes slight sketches in pen and ink—there are specimens of singular dramatic force. The subjects are frequently taken from the Arthurian legends and from Shakspere. Of the death of Lady Macbeth many versions belonging to various periods and in various stages of completion are in existence, one more powerful than the other. The subject was a favourite with the artist. He took it up again and again, and intended to the last to develop it into a finished picture, unconscious, perhaps, of the change which had come over the spirit of his genius. Equally impressive is his conception of the German idea of the *Doppelgänger* in an amplified form—two lovers walking in a wood and meeting with their own wraiths. Subjects of modern tragedy also were in those days affected by Mr Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites generally (for instance, Mr Holman Hunt's terrible "The Awakened Conscience"). For years and years he was occupied with a picture (also left unfinished) in which a countryman going to market early in the morning meets on Blackfriars Bridge his long-lost sweetheart in a state of degradation worse than death.

That the early promise of dramatic power remained unfulfilled by the work of Mr Rossetti's best period it would be vain to deny. In the same measure as his sense of form developed, as his colours gained almost Venetian glow and harmony, so his subjects became more and more symbolical, losing in human interest what they gained in abstract beauty. From a psychological point of view the growing influence of Dante, and especially of the *Vita Nuova*—for the *Divina Commedia* appealed comparatively little to him in a pictorial sense—may partly account for the change. But at the same time it is likely enough that in his more limited sphere Mr Rossetti reached a degree of perfection which elsewhere might have been denied him. It has been said that he was a colourist rather than a draughtsman, and this is true in the sense that his more elaborate designs never show the instinct of outline and the firmness of hand characteristic of the French and German schools. At the same time his drawing of draperies and poses was most careful, not to say scientific. Mr Rossetti did not affect the nude, and, with the exception of a Venus Verticordia and a Venus Astarte in the possession of Mr Fry, there is not in his more important pictures a single undraped figure. But in order to gain a natural and beautiful fall

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of garments, he would frequently draw in the naked limbs from life and clothe them afterwards, the drapery also being placed on the living model; for lay-figures he used as little as possible. We believe that among living painters Mr Rossetti has realized the highest type of female beauty. There is in his single figures — Sibylla, Palmifera, Silence, "The Blessed Damozel," Proserpine, "with eyes fixed ever in vain on the pitiless eyes of Fate," or whatever else they may be called—an intensity of expression and a depth of pathos which speaks to the heart as well as to the eye. It may be said that the type of beauty once attained by the artist was little varied by him. We have again and again the same deep-gray eyes, the same wavy masses of hair in different shades of brown and auburn, the same fully-developed mouth. But it is difficult to quarrel with an artist for giving us too much of one thing if that one is so exquisite. The masterpiece of Mr Rossetti's latter years is beyond a doubt his "Dante's Dream," recently bought by the Corporation of Liverpool. It is drawn, to use the artist's own words, "from the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, and embodies his dream on the day of the death of Beatrice Portinari, in which he is led by Love himself to the bedside of his dear lady, and sees other ladies covering her with a veil as she lies in death. The scene is a chamber of dreams, where Beatrice is seen lying on a couch recessed in the wall as if just fallen back in death." The beauty of this large and elaborate composition, the grief in Dante's face, the loveliness of the dead Beatrice, the glow of colour, the significance of the accessories, it would be impossible to describe. One of the most remarkable features is the distinct Italian atmosphere which strikes the observer of this and other pictures of the Dante cycle—all the more remarkable if we bear in mind that Mr Rossetti never visited Italy. An avenue of trees seen through a window of Beatrice's chamber was in reality suggested by the noble line of elms which shaded Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, before the Embankment was made.—*Times.*

Recent Organ Appointments.—The recent changes regarding certain organ appointments of importance, as notified in the selection of Mr Walter Parratt as successor to Sir G. J. Elvey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Mr C. H. Lloyd as the organist following Dr Corfe, at Christ Church, Oxford, and Mr T. L. Williams as successor to Mr Lloyd at the Cathedral, Gloucester, will, perhaps not unnaturally, call attention to the general question of the selection of organists, as well as command the cordial approval of all interested in the musical interests of the Church; for the gentlemen just named are acknowledged to be highly gifted and thoroughly trained artists. To some, the idea of selecting organists through the moving springs of what is called "influence" seems at first sight less acceptable than the now less common process of a playing competition. It is well, perhaps, to remind such persons that the very acquirement of influence shows in itself something of the building up of a high character and reputation. Again, the selection of a man with an achieved position is as a rule, a wiser, calmer proceeding than the choice of an organist from a group of players, more or less affected by nervousness, and playing possibly under novel and disadvantageous conditions. Of course, the open competition may, and very likely will, in most cases reveal the best performer; still, in the disposal of important places, the selection is naturally, or certainly should be, limited to men of unexceptional merit and position, who for the most part would decline to place their names on a list of competing candidates. The choice of the different organists for high places of late years has been very satisfactorily managed, a proof that our cathedral and other responsible authorities are fully alive to the importance of selecting thoroughly good available men. To the young organist, it should be said, let no thought of the possession or non-possession of influence disturb your determination to advance in gaining true artistic mastership. To such a one, it should also be pointed out, that a retrospective balance will show, on the one hand, a long list of musical nonentities who have through force of circumstance occupied important posts, and, on the other, a strong list of real musical notabilities who would not turn aside from their chosen and secured paths of artistic usefulness for any presumable advantages of place or position. The young organist may also be reminded that, especially in these recital-giving days, he may indeed, whatever be his local position and surroundings, if only true to the art and to himself, chalk out a career in which he will not lack either opportunities or emoluments. Meantime, it is gratifying to find distinguished artists prepared for and ready to undertake such highly responsible duties as have been recently, it is also gratifying to note, so judiciously assigned to Messrs Walter Parratt, C. H. Lloyd, and T. L. Williams. —E. H. Turpin (*Musical Standard*).

TO SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS.

Sir Sagramore,—The lay that Sir Dinadan made by King Marke is among the archives of the Elyot family; for, as the Frensshe booke tells, Sir Dinadan taught it an harper that hight Elyot, and when hee could it, hee taught it to many harpers. It was the worst lay that ever harper sung with harpe, and to say that, when hee heard it at meat, King Marke was wondrous wroth, hee was; but because Elyot was a curious harper, men heard him sing the lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason that ever man heard. "Thou harper, how durst thou be so bold on thy head to sing this song before me?"—said King Marke; to which replied Elyot—"Sir King, wit ye well I am a minstrell and must do as I am commanded of these lords that I bear the arms of, and wit ye well that Sir Dinadan, a Knight of the Round Table, made this song." "Thou saiest well"—said King Marke—"I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight." So Elyot (wisely) departed.

The lay of Sir Palomides touching his love for "La beale Isonde" (or "Isoud"), King Marke's devoted wife, that of Sir Lamoracke touching his love for Queen Morgause of Orkney, widow of King Lot, also mother of Sir Gawaine and brethren, that of Sir Epigonis, the King's son of Northumberland, and the complaint of Sir Kay Hedius to La beale Isoud" (or Isonde), which Sir Tristram found (whereat he was wondrous wroth), are supposed to be in the keeping of Merlin, who was last heard by King Bagdemagus, groaning under the oak-tree to which the Lady of the Lake had consigned him.

Dodinas le Savage.

WAIFS.

Herr Jacques Rosenhain, a pianist and composer remembered by old amateurs as earning distinction in both capacities, has just issued a new edition, with certain emendations, of a pianoforte trio in E minor, which, during his residence in England, obtained general consideration among musicians. This trio was originally published by the firm of "Wessel & Stapleton," subsequently "Ashdown & Parry," and now standing under the name and title of "Edwin Ashdown."

Galle-Marié (the original Carmen) has returned to Paris.

Brogi, the barytone, is organizing an Italian opera-company for Berlin.

Verdi is at Montecatini (engaged, it is to be hoped, on his *Iago.*—Dr Blige).

Massenet's *Hérodiade* will be performed in the autumn at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

Mdlle Jacob, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, is engaged for next winter at the Grand-Théâtre, Ghent.

A new theatre, the Théâtre Victor Hugo, has been opened in the gardens of the Café Américain, Nice.

Virginia Donati is engaged at the Politeama, Rome, in place of Magliana Nabli, incapacitated by illness.

Maria Derivis has signed with Maurice Grau for America, where she will sing in *Les Contes d'Hoffman* and *Carmen.*

Mdme Chaumont (widow of Jules Lefort) was married on the 15th inst at Passy, to Paul Baccharat (*dit:* Musay).

The band of the 1st Regiment of Belgian Guides, under the direction of M. Staps, is giving concerts in Holland.

The operatic season at Frankfort-on-the-Maine was brought to a close on the 2nd inst. with Heinrich Hofmann's *Armin.*

The electric light, owing, no doubt, to inadequate arrangements, has not proved successful at the National Theatre, Pesth.

A new opera, *L'Assedio di Firenze*, music by Eugenio Ferziani, will be produced next season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

Anton Rubinstein's sacred opera, *Das Verlorene Paradies*, will be performed this winter in Vienna, under his own direction.

Mdme Crosmond is engaged to appear in *Aïda* at Bergamo. Her return to the United States of America will depend upon conditions.

Not only Radecke, but Heinrich Dorn, has been created member of the Senate of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts (Musical Section), Berlin.

The recent examination at the University of Dublin resulted in the election of George Bell, as Bachelor of Music, and Thomas Gick, as Doctor of Music.

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The prohibition hitherto affecting *L'Etoile du Nord* has been removed, and the work will be performed next season at St Petersburgh for the first time in Russia.

Bottesini is in Naples, arranging his Prize Mass for voice and piano.—(The voice-part, it might be surmised, had already been arranged to his satisfaction.—Dr Blitge.)

The Directorship of the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has, since the much regretted death of Joachim Raff, been temporarily confided to Veith and Cossmann.

Luigi Arditi, *figlio* (son of the popular conductor), has arrived from Milan, where he has been studying music at the Conservatoire, to pass his vacation with his esteemed parents.

F. W. Ressel, Royal Prussian Chamber Musician and teacher in the Academical Institute for Sacred Music, Berlin, celebrated on the 1st inst. his fiftieth professional anniversary.

Royal Academy of Music.—The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal was decided on Saturday. There were ten candidates, and the medal was awarded to William G. Wood.

Mdlle Lablanche, having returned from America, is engaged to appear in *Mignon*, *Faust*, and *La Traviata*, at Genoa, Florence, and Bologna. Her tour begins on the 10th September, and ends on the 7th December.

The Grand-Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who witnessed the first "*Nibelungen* Cycle" in London, has conferred on Angelo Neumann the Medal for Science and Art, with the indispensable "Ribbon."

A new opera, *Die Mühle im Wiperthale*, book by E. Pasqué, music by W. Freudenberg (of Wiesbaden), is accepted at the Stadt-theater, Magdeburgh.—(Take heed, oh, Madgeburgh, or thou wilt assuredly crumble into atoms.—Dr Blitge.)

Signor N. Ferri, professor at the Guildhall School of Music, was presented on Wednesday, on behalf of his pupils, with a handsome gold watch and chain as a token of their esteem. The agreeable task of presenting the testimonial devolved upon Mr Walter Clifford.

Pepita Cobena—aged four—lately gave a concert in Madrid, at which she performed a Fantasia, Dance, and Pot-pourri of her own composition. (Let the gifted and adventurous maiden attack, incontinent, the venerable Abbé, and before the accomplishment of her fifth rodent, proudly assert her position as "Liszt's favourite pupil." They are all, from Von Bülow to Sophie Menter, "favourite pupils" of that mighty Canon.—Dr Blitge.)

Musical "Motives."—One of my earliest recollections is associated with a melodrama, called *Broken Vows; or, The Spectre of the Haunted Glen*, which I saw performed at a country theatre. The spectre and the incredulous but inconstant lover were played by the same individual, and he was the manager. I recognized him, after the performance, posting up bills for the following nights, and it was some relief to find him none the worse from having been killed in the last act, and taken from the stage to be drawn and quartered. The presence of the spectre was always indicated by a few bars of music, and the approach of the village heroine in like manner was heralded by a soft and plaintive tune. This practice has been kept up to the present day, and few of us can forget the ghost melody in *The Corsican Brothers*, which carried all London by its fascinating mystery. But the difficulty would be to find any drama in which incidental music is not made to denote a particular person or some striking situation. The "motives" made use of by Wagner, though as old as the hills, are a great help in illustrating a particular incident, or denoting the approach of a particular person. They save a great deal of talk, and might be made more use of even in society. The calls to extend, to close, to advance, and to retire are easily understood by musical signals played on the bugle. In the same way every person acquainted with military tactics knows the calls to halt, to assemble, to fire, to incline, to wheel, &c., and is prepared to lie down when the sound is given. Society might take a lesson from these "motives," and, by arranging a few bars of music, save a good deal of unnecessary explanation. When I was a youth we had a code of musical signals that served us upon all private or public occasions. The humming of certain notes indicated that the society we were in was a bore—that we were going elsewhere—and the answer, a continuation bar, gave the reply "I quite agree with you"—without anyone else being the wiser. These "motive" melodies, even in Wagner's *Nibelung Ring*, are in the highest way useful; for when the "Wotan" or the "Alberich" theme is sounded, the listener can prepare for a good half-hour's infliction, and compose himself accordingly. These "motives" emanating from the orchestra (as, indeed, does all that can be called music), singing voices hardly seem to be needed in Wagner's last productions. Good declamation would produce the same effect, if the actors' speaking voices were only loud enough. Spoken dialogue, accompanied by orchestra, has before to-day been used with effect. Out of this subject springs another, the proposal to make more use of drawings in illustrating language. Half-a-dozen lines will frequently explain what it would take a long paragraph to make clear by words. On this principle many works might be written in the highest way instructive, aiding the memory by the simplest diagram to prove that the subject is not lost sight of. I have only to refer to the "Academy Notes," a book that conveys by illustration an idea of the composition of the pictures in the Royal Academy. These illustrations may be said to present the "motive," and cannot be considered critical, nor are they intended to convey the effect of a work of art. The subject is one of interest, for music and drawing enter into the enjoyments of every-day life, and the more useful they become will be cultivated with all the greater zest.—Phosphor *(Brighton Guardian.)*

St Petersburgh.—The management of the Russian Operahouse have resolved to suppress benefits and play-money. The members of the company are distributed into different classes, with regard to salaries. In the highest class they may reach a maximum of 7,200 roubles; in the lowest, a minimum of 1,200.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

[These memoirs extended from 1784, the year of Handel's first Commemoration, to 1830. W. T. Parke, the author, was for forty years chief oboist at Covent Garden Theatre.—D. T.]

Excerpt No. 1.

1784.

The Italian opera this season again possessed a host of strength in Pacchierotti, who first appeared at the King's Theatre in the year 1778, and, notwithstanding this was his seventh season, his voice (a soprano) was as much admired as ever, and he was still considered a most accomplished singer, though I have frequently heard him hold a note for two or three bars below the pitch, and be enthusiastically applauded for it. This might have proceeded from the Italian system of tuition, which so strictly forbids pupils singing too sharp, that it may, perhaps, occasion them to fall into the opposite defect of singing too flat. It appears to me, however, to be a hopeless task to attempt teaching persons to sing in tune whose auricular nerves are not perfectly organized. Pacchierotti was greatly admired for his vast feeling and expression, which he evinced by a peculiar mode of shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head, according to the passage. As a singer, Pacchierotti was the greatest favourite with the ladies since Farinelli, particularly with L—y M—y D—n (as old as a sibyl and as ugly as Sicorax), whose impenetrable features nothing could relax, save the Signor's fascinating song! Pacchierotti made his first appearance of the season, January 2nd, in a new serious opera, called *Il Trionso d'Arania*, the music of which was by Anfossi. Pacchierotti sang with great effect and applause, and in his second and last airs displayed the utmost taste and pathos. Signora Lusini, though by no means his equal, sang with much feeling. Two performers, Signora Dorta and Signor Tasca, appeared for the first time, on the 6th of January, in a new comic opera, called *I Rivali delusi*, the music of which was by Sarti. They both acted and sang with great animation, and were well received. Tasca's fine mellow bass voice was very striking. The fine serious opera, *Demofonte*, the music by Bertoni, was performed for Pacchierotti's benefit on the 6th of March to a crowded house. Pacchierotti, in the airs, "Non temer" and Handel's "Verdi prati," sang with extraordinary energy and expression, and was rapturously applauded. The performance of Signora Lusini and Signor Tasca was highly effective. Bertoni, who accompanied Pacchierotti to England, set the opera of the *Orazi e Curiazi*, in 1746, for the theatre San Casiano at Venice, where he was *maestro* of the Conservatorio. He composed operas also for most of the theatres in Italy, particularly that of Turin. His opera of *Quinto Fabio*, which was greatly admired in London, was originally produced at Padua, where it was performed twenty consecutive nights with great applause. Bertoni, as a composer, though he did not reach the sublime, was often pleasing and occasionally happy. The opera company was this season in some respects defective.

The grand concerts in Hanover Square, under the direction of a committee of amateurs, commenced on the 11th of February; Signor Franchi and Signora Lusini were the singers. Cramer, Clementi, and Schwarts played concertos in the first style of excellence on the violin, pianoforte, and bassoon. These concerts had emerged out of Bach's* and Abel's† concerts, which were first established about the year 1763, and continued to flourish for twenty years.

Oratorios were performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane on the Wednesdays and Fridays during the Lent season, and on the latter days were honoured by the presence of their Majesties. They were alternately conducted by Mr Stanley and Mr Linley. The principal singers were Mr Norris (from Oxford), Mr Reinhold, Miss George, and Mrs Kennedy. Mr Richards led the band, and Messrs Crosdill, Mahon, and the elder Parke, exerted their superior abilities in concertos on the violoncello, clarionet, and oboe. A curious circumstance occurred on the first night of this season. Their Majesties had commanded Handel's sacred oratorio, *The Messiah;* and from their not being any concertos between the acts, the performance unexpectedly ended at half-past nine o'clock, which never having happened before, the royal carriages had not arrived to convey the King and Queen home. His Majesty had arisen from his chair to take leave of the public, according to custom, when the Lord Chamberlain informed him of the circumstance. The King looked at his watch, and with the utmost good humour communicated the singular occurrence to the Queen. However, about a minute afterwards, being informed that his coach was ready, his Majesty, smiling, made his usual bow, and retired amidst the acclations of the audience.—(A very "curious circumstance," worth commemorating.—Dr Blige.)

The Pantheon concerts commenced on the 29th of March, in which Mdme Mara made her first appearance in England, Her sweet and powerful voice, her brilliant execution, and refined taste surprised and delighted all who heard her, and the applause she received was immense. Salomon led the band, and Crosdill and Fischer played concertos on the violoncello and oboe, with the utmost taste and effect.

On the 17th of the same month a new comic opera, called *Robin Hood*, written by Mr M'Nally, a counsellor of the sister kingdom, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre. The music to this opera, with the exception of a few pieces, was composed by Mr Shield, and was, together with the rest, eminently successful. Among the most favourite pieces were Mrs Bannister's song, "The Nightingale," in which I‡ performed a brilliant accompaniment on the oboe. Mr Bannister's fine bass song, "As burns the charger," accompanied by Mr Sarjant on the trumpet; and the duet, "The stag through the forest," to the music of Dr Harrington's "How sweet in the woodlands," was sung by Johnstone and Bannister, and was unanimously encored. It is a curious fact that Mr Bannister, who never sang out of time or out of tune, did not know one note of music. He had his songs, &c., parroted to him by a worthy friend of mine, Mr Griffith Jones, who was at that time pianist to Covent Garden Theatre. The music in this opera was looked upon as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr Shield. The fine overture, which was *obbligato* for the oboe, was composed by Mr Baumgarten, and was universally applauded.

Although I now felt very comfortable in my situation, being honoured with the approbation of the public, possessing the friendship of Mr Shield, who wrote for my instrument, and of Mr Baumgarten, a great contrapuntist, under whom I studied composition, I did not consider the *fish yet caught*, my ambition prompting me to endeavour to attain the still higher walks of concerts and concerto playing; to effect which I embraced every opportunity afforded me for practice and study; and as *every little helps*, I had a party of talented friends every Sunday morning to breakfast with me, after which we played quartets and quintets for three or four hours. My party generally consisted of Mr Shield, Mr Dance, Mr Blake, myself, and Counsellor Howarth, M.P., one of the most distinguished lawyers at the English bar. He was also a man of agreeable manners and witty conversation, and was not only a lover of music, but an excellent performer on the tenor. The last time I met Mr Howarth was at an evening party, in the house of Mr Mayor, ex-member for Abingdon, whom Mr Howarth had lately succeeded as representative of that borough in parliament. During supper Mr Howarth invited me to dine with him the following Sunday at his country-house at Mortlake, near Richmond, which, fortunately for me, I declined, as on that day, while he and his brother-in-law, Mr Chippenden (attended by Mr Howarth's coachman), were sailing on the Thames, the boat upset, and Mr Howarth, though an excellent swimmer, was drowned opposite to his own dwelling, and in sight of his family. The courts of Westminster, in compliment to his talent and worth, were closed during the following day. As it may appear extraordinary that Mr Howarth, who was an expert swimmer, should be drowned, whilst Mr Chippenden and the coachman (neither of whom could swim) were saved, it is necessary to state the supposed cause of that melancholy catastrophe. So soon as the surprise occasioned by the boat upsetting had subsided, Mr Howarth hastened to save his brother-in-law, and holding him up with one hand, swam with the other to the boat, where, having placed him in safety, whilst several watermen were coming to their assistance, he was about to proceed to the aid of his servant; but, on quitting hold of his relative, he instantly went down like a shot. The coachman was however picked up. It was conjectured that Mr Howarth had, through excessive exertion, ruptured a blood vessel in the head; but as his body was not found for many days afterwards, that fact could not be satisfactorily ascertained.

Instrumental music had at this period arrived at a high degree of perfection, being graced with the shining talents of the following solo players: Giardini, Cramer, Salomon, Pieltain, and Barthelemon on the violin; Crosdill and Cervetto on the violoncello; Fischer and the elder Parke on the oboe; Clementi, Schroeter, and Dance on the pianoforte; Florio and Graeff on the flute; Schwarts and Holmes on the bassoon; Abel on the viol di gamba; Mahon on the clarionet; Sarjant on the trumpet; and Stamstz and Shield on the tenor.

Vauxhall Gardens (then highly fashionable) opened on the 20th of May. The singers were Mrs Weichsell (mother of Mrs Billington), Mrs Wrighton, and Mrs Kennedy (an excellent trio), and Mr Arrowsmith. Mr Pieltain led the band, and played concertos on the violin; and the elder Parke and Hook performed concertos on the oboe and organ.

This year a grand commemoration of Handel took place, by command of their Majesties, in Westminster Abbey. The following brief account of it, partly derived from my own reminiscences,

* John Christian Bach—the "English Bach," as he used to be called.

† Son of Abel and father of Adam.

‡ The younger Parke, son of the elder oboist.

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(having been engaged in it,) and partly from Dr Burney's book on the subject, will probably be gratifying to the lovers of music. The first performance, a selection of sacred music from the works of Handel, was on Wednesday the 26th of May. The Abbey was arranged for the accommodation of the public, after the plan of Mr Wyatt, the King's architect, in superb and very convenient manner. The orchestra, which contained upwards of five hundred performers, was formed in a rising manner in tiers, beginning about eight feet from the floor, and increasing gradually till it reached the centre of the large painted window at the west entrance, the performers looking eastward. The splendid box erected for their Majesties, with others on each side for their suite, the bishops, and noble directors, crossed the aisle of the cathedral opposite to the orchestra, close to the entrance of the choir. The area between the royal box and the orchestra was very spacious, and was fitted up with seats covered with crimson cloth, extending from one side to the other, and galleries were ingeniously built along each side, elevated about ten feet from the floor. The admissions were one guinea each; and the curiosity of the public was so great, that although the performance was not to commence till twelve o'clock, the doors were besieged by nine. Their Majesties, preceded by the noble directors in full court dresses, with the medal of Handel, struck for the occasion, suspended by white satin rosettes to their breasts, and white staves in their hands, entered their box at twelve o'clock precisely; and when they were seated the performance opened with the Coronation Anthem, composed in 1727 for the coronation of George II., which was followed by the Overture to *Esther*, composed in 1720. The four bars solo, in the second movement for the oboe, was played by Mr Vincent, and the brilliant solos for the same instrument in the *allegro* (says Dr Burney) "were played by twelve oboes in unison, which united in such a manner as to have the effect of only one."—"Of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, for the peace of Utrecht (observes the same writer), which was produced in 1743, and which succeeded the former, I shall only observe that, as it was composed for a military triumph, the fourteen trumpets, two pair of common kettle drums, two pair of double drums from the Tower, and a pair of *double bass* drums, made expressly for this commemoration—(I beg to add that they were invented, manufactured, and beat by Mr John Asbridge, kettle-drummer to Drury Lane Theatre, at his own expense)—were introduced with great propriety. Indeed the last-mentioned drums, except in their destruction, had all the effect of the most powerful artillery." The Overture and Dead March in *Saul*, and the *Gloria Patri*, from the *Jubilate*, composed in 1713, were next given, and received every possible advantage from such a correct and numerous band. When this great event was in contemplation, two very pompous gentlemen, Dr Hayes of Oxford, and Dr Miller of Doncaster, came to town to give their gratuitous assistance as conductors, by beating time. After several meetings and some bickerings, it was at length agreed that Dr Hayes (Mus. Doc., Oxon.) should conduct the first act and Dr Miller the second. With regard to the third, I suppose they were to toss up for it. When the time of performance had arrived, and Mr Cramer, the leader, had just tapped his bow (the signal for being ready), and looked round to catch the eyes of the performers, he saw, to his astonishment, a tall gigantic figure, with an immense powdered toupee, full dressed, with a bag and sword, and a huge roll of parchment in his hand.

> ———The son of Hercules be justly scorn'd
> By his broad shoulders and gigantic mien.

"Who is that gentleman?" said Mr Cramer.—"Dr Hayes," was the reply.—"What is he going to do?"—"To beat time."—"Be so kind," said Mr Cramer, "to tell the gentleman that when he has sat down I will begin." The Doctor, who never anticipated such a *set down* as this, took his seat; Mr Cramer did begin, and his Majesty, with all present, bore witness to his masterly style of leading the band.

The second performance was at the Pantheon, on the evening of Thursday, May 27. It commenced with Handel's fourth concerto. Mr Harrison gave the air from *Sosarmes*, composed in 1732, "May heaven in pity," with the utmost chasteness and truth. Signor Pacchierotti sang the air, "The wily sportsmen," from *Julius Cæsar*, composed in 1753, in which he produced the greatest effect. Mdme Mara, in the air in *Atalanta*, composed in 1736, "While I retire," by the sweetness and power of her voice, delighted every hearer. The third performance, *The Messiah*, was in the Abbey, May 29. The church was this day crowded to excess with elegant company. Their Majesties (who, as before, wore the medal of Handel) entered exactly at twelve o'clock. In the opening of *The Messiah*, the recitative, "Comfort ye my people," and the air which follows, "Every valley shall be exalted," Mr Harrison delivered with his superior ability. Mdme Mara, in the air "Rejoice," displayed the utmost brilliancy of execution; and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth" her expression and pathos were so powerful, that there were but few eyes that were not moistened with a tear. The favourite bass trumpet song, "The trumpet shall sound," was uncommonly well sung by Signor Tasca, and was finely accompanied on the trumpet by Mr Sarjant. The imperfect note on the fourth of the key on the trumpet has since been rendered perfect by Mr Hydes' ingenious invention of a slide. "But now I hasten," says Dr Burney, "to speak of the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' which is the triumph of Handel, the commemoration, and of the musical art. Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend to the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain from imagining that this orchestra was a point or segment of the celestial circles; and perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more imposing appearance to the eye, or afforded more ecstatic and affecting sounds to the ear, than this.

> So sang they, and the empyrean rang
> With Hallelujahs."

These performances gave such general satisfaction, that his Majesty consented to honour with his presence two additional ones, which took place on Thursday, June 3, consisting of a grand selection, and on Saturday, June 5, of *The Messiah*. At the rehearsal of these extra performances Josiah Bates, director of them, received a letter from Mr Reinhold, the principal bass singer, stating that he was so hoarse he should not be able to attend. This caused some delay, and it being buzzed about the orchestra, at length reached the ears of old Bellamy, one of the chorus singers, whose ambition prompted him to make an offer of his services to Mr Bates in the following words:—"Mr Bates,—Sir, as Mr Reinhold can't sing, if you please I will stand in his shoes." To which Mr Bates replied, "Mr Bellamy,—Sir, we will not trouble you, as Mr Reinhold's shoes wont fit you." This disappointment was, however, soon got over by Mr Bellamy, jun. singing the part. "Of these extra performances," says Dr Burney, "nothing more need be said than that they were executed with such correctness and grandeur of effect as entitled them to still greater praise than the foregoing."

(To be continued.)

Bath.

The ensuing is from a work published in 1761, entitled "*A Tour through Britain. By a Gentleman.*"

"*It was of old a Resort for Cripples: and we see the Crutches hung up at the several Baths, as the Thank-offerings of those who came hither lame, and went away cured.*"

[There were not many crutches hung up, I fear—crutches, I mean, belonging to their owners. City crutches, perhaps, like Alp-sticks, with Cures, instead of Passes, cut in notches. —Dr Blinge.]

Amateur Theatricals.—I have ere now remarked that the day will come when professional actors and actresses will be beaten out of their own field by amateurs, and that, when the time arrives, the professionals will have, in a great measure, to blame themselves. It need not be said that without amateurs the profession would decay for want of recruits. A great many of our present-day actors started as amateurs, and learned to walk before they tried to run. Well and good. I have not the smallest objection to any amateur actor who is working to qualify himself for the professional ranks. Indeed, I have no complaint to make against the swells who follow up amateur theatricals merely for the sake of amusement, and with no ulterior object of a more serious nature. All I want to do is, to point out to professional artists that when they consent to be patronized by the latter class, and reveal all they know of stage tricks, and of the little, but important, matters that go to ensure success, they are making smooth the way for, metaphorically speaking, the cutting of their own throats. Amateurism in recent years has taken big strides in many things, and in none more than in things theatrical. Where an amateur dramatic club was content with one or two performances in the winter months, it must now average quite a long list, which extends not through the winter only, but right along to the close of the London season, and the departure of "society" for mountain and sea. They draw a heap of money from the theatre proper; for they can always command large and fashionable audiences, no matter how familiar or stale the dish they may present. It isn't the piece the fashionables care about so much as to see how cousin Fred or brother Jack will acquit himself in it. —*Referee.*

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A LETTER FROM HAMBURGH.

(To the Editor of the Vienna "Presse.")

SIR,—The German operatic season in London, as arranged for this year by Herr Hermann Franke, in conjunction with myself, came to an end on the 1st inst. At its conclusion, Herr Franke, as is now generally known, stopped payment, and put his affairs in bankruptcy. To avoid misconception, I feel bound, by enumeration of the annexed facts, to place the matter in its proper light. It was on the strength of an agreement made between us last year that Herr Franke and I determined to give German opera in London. By this agreement, Herr Franke alone was to bear all the pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking. In the first place, he supplied the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Richter, which he has had for five years in England, and which stands so high in public opinion. He further bound himself to rent an appropriate theatre, declaring his willingness to procure whatever was requisite, and meet the necessary expenses. Finally, the whole financial conduct of the enterprise devolved on him. I, on the other side, was, in conformity with our agreement, to undertake all the artistic arrangements. In return, Herr Franke was to give me a certain share of the profits, without any responsibility in case of a loss. The agreement has been carried out in all its details, with the sole exception that, in the case of a number of artists whose engagements I caused to be made out in our joint names, I subsequently bound myself to see their salaries duly paid. The result achieved artistically is well known, and was at the time duly appreciated by the entire press. The performances took place continuously with full houses, and the public displayed to the last a lively interest for an enterprise which was a new one of its kind. The financial result corresponded to the artistic result. The receipts were partly very good, and considerable sums flowed into Herr Franke's treasury. The fact of his declaring himself insolvent is to be explained only by what follows. As is now evident, Herr Franke went on an utterly wrong system. The renting of a whole house, at £800, as an office; the fitting-up of the same; expensive engagement of a large staff of clerks; and an irregular way of keeping his accounts, were the principal defects of this system. To this must be added that, by living in grand style, giving brilliant evening parties, &c., he incurred heavy private debts. When, during my stay in London, I remonstrated with him on one thing or the other, he endeavoured to pacify me by promises of a general nature, by referring to the very excellent pecuniary circumstances of his relatives, and the considerable amount of ready cash at his disposal. He succeeded the more easily, as, by our agreement, I did not feel justified in interfering with his mode of conducting financial matters. The inevitable result of all this mismanagement, thus concealed from me, has now come to pass. After the first payment of salaries in the season had been made, apparently without effort, by Herr Franke, he remained indebted to a part of the company for the salaries due at the end. I did not, of course, hesitate one moment, but by immediate payment satisfied the just claims of the artists engaged conjointly by him and myself. There are, therefore, no outstanding claims for salary against me. Herr Franke, on the other hand, made no attempt to satisfy anyone, except that he gave all the English orchestra cheques on a bank where he had no effects, so that, without more ado, they proved to be worthless. And yet it is as clear as day that at the time he must have had at his disposal no inconsiderable amount of ready means. Each of the last three performances brought in about 10,000 marks cash. Furthermore, he had succeeded in obtaining 8,000 marks, by borrowing that sum from Herr Karl Rosa, the manager, under a strict promise to pay it back out of a remittance made by me to ward off the catastrophe. Herr Franke had the remittance, but up to now has not repaid Herr Rosa the loan. Out of a sum of about 40,000 marks, however, which must have been the lowest amount in Herr Franke's possession at the end of the season, all the obligations of our operatic enterprise might have been discharged. As far as I can frame an estimate, instead of a deficit there ought to have been a considerable net profit. But Herr Franke called together by circular his business and private creditors, put his affairs, without rendering me any account, into liquidation, and, leaving the matter in the hands of a lawyer, went off with his family to some cool summer resort. I have a double reason for publishing the above truthful exposition of facts. In the first place, I would prevent an artistically and financially sound enterprise from being discredited by the business incompetency of one individual. In the next place, and this is for me far more important, I desire, above all things, not to see my reputation, gained before the eyes of the public by unceasing effort, jeopardized by the connection of my name with a failure due to some one else's fault. Both objects I trust to achieve by the foregoing simple explanation. Pray accept my thanks, and believe me to remain, &c., B. POLLINI.

Hamburgh, July 14th.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The distribution of medals and awards of marks of distinction to the pupils of the London Academy of Music, by Sir Julius Benedict, took place on Saturday, July 22nd, when the occasion was distinguished by two well-sustained operatic performances from the students—namely, the first and third acts of Gounod's *Faust*, and two acts of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. In the former work the character of Marguerite was charmingly supported by Miss Lucy Carreras, a brilliant and promising young vocalist, distinguished as a recipient of one of the three medals presented by "the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts"; the other two being awarded to Miss Florence Waud, the eminent young pianist, already so highly distinguished in the concert-room, and Mr W. H. Burgon, vocalist, who admirably filled the *rôle* of Mephistopheles. Faust was cleverly impersonated by Mr C. E. Ellison (Gold Medalist), while Miss L. M. Browne as Marta, and Miss Elstob as Siebel, by their graceful acting and good vocalization, made the most of all that was allotted to them. The same interesting corps of performers, with the addition of Mr Reakes, acted and sung in Cimarosa's comic opera, winning well-deserved applause in every number. Miss Adelina Dinelli, violinist, Miss Salmon, pianist, and Mr C. Trew, harmonium, proved their good training and ability as the instrumentalists of the occasion. The highest honours the Academy has it in its power to bestow are the Diplomas of Associate, and these were conferred on Miss Emily Louis, Miss Edith Bros, and Miss Page. Dr Wylde, the Principal of the Institution, gave a short address to the students, and Sir Julius Benedict paid high compliments to the Academicians for the signs of progress and marked ability displayed. The performances, under the able direction of Signor Gustave Garcia, called forth expressions of unqualified satisfaction from a large and distinguished company.—*The Echo.*

SERENADE.*

(In the Operetta "A Story of Seville.")

Dark, dark, is the night, love,
Shine forth, 'twill be day;
Howe'er bright the morn, love,
Still night—thou away.
Stars, moonlight, and sunshine,
In thee all combine;
Thy smile is from Eden,
A sunbeam divine.

Blest night breeze that plays, love,
O'er sweet lips; what bliss,
Could I, like that breeze, love,
But steal one soft kiss.
Flowers sending upward
Their perfume to thee,
But say of Earth's blossoms
Thou queen art to me.

E'er pure in my soul, love,
Thine image shall dwell;
Each chord of my heart, love,
Vibrates to thy spell.
My love like the Ocean,
So deep is, and vast,
Not e'en can old Time, dear,
One shade o'er it cast.

* *Copyright.* CARLEON.

OWING to a contusion of the knee, M. Vaucorbeil, manager of the Grand Opera, has been confined some days to his chamber.

IN a letter from Bayreuth, one of the patrons of the Wagner Theatre, writing about the first performance of Wagner's *Parsifal*, says: "Among the general audience *the striking head* of the Abbé Liszt, Wagner's father-in-law, was conspicuous."

MR HENRY IRVING will spend his well-earned holiday at Filey, near Scarborough. May the fresh sea-breezes invigorate and comfort him!

BERLIN.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's five-act opera, *Diana von Solange*, has been performed at Kroll's Theater and favourably received.—As the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater will shortly be handed over to the managers of the Deutsches, it will be necessary to find another home for operetta, of which the former has long been the head-quarters, and a new house is to be erected in the neighbourhood.

AUGUST WILHELMJ, after travelling round the world and remaining absent for nearly four years, has returned to Europe. He started in September, 1878, for New York, made various tours in the North and South of the States, besides visiting New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, India, and Persia. From Persia he proceeded direct to England, avoiding Alexandria and Cairo, on account of the disturbed state of affairs in Egypt. The valuable collections Wilhelmj has formed during his travels will be kept in his house near Mosbach-Biebrich.

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KOYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, &c.

We extract the following from a long letter addressed to the Editor of the *Manchester Courier*, by the well-known Professor, Saint Joule, of Rothsay:—

The Duke of Edinburgh has, I admit, shown by his patronage of Mr Sullivan a disposition more favourable to the subjects of her Majesty, and possibly his royal brothers may be equally well disposed, and, so far, the earnestness they have recently displayed does them infinite credit, although, in my opinion, it is in a wrong direction; and, judging from the reports of the meetings in furtherance of the object, I cannot say that they have been very fortunate in the persons their position has enabled them to enlist as nominal collaborateurs. The meeting at Manchester was graced by the presence of the Archbishop of the province and the Bishop of the diocese. The Archbishop cited as a proof that Church music was advancing in England the alleged fact that people in church were beginning to sing in parts. The Bishop seemed scarcely to know how to talk about the subject; but he is accredited with giving it as his private opinion that he could count all the good anthems of his Church on the fingers of one hand (so much for his acquaintance with the finest collection of Church music in the world); whilst a newly-created peer opined that the presence of Quaker John Bright would have added importance to a meeting, not political, but, presumably, musical. At the Mansion House the Mayor of Liverpool spoke the truth when he said "his city could not boast of any claim on behalf of music." At any rate, the "powers that be" in Cottonopolis exhibit little appreciation of the magnificent performances of their official organist, when they permit them to be constantly marred by the chronic state of unsatisfactoriness in which their fine organ is permitted to remain. * * * * I would certainly advise intending subscribers to obtain an assurance that the professional chairs shall be filled by Englishmen. * * * * But even supposing that the college meets all the requirements with regard to nationality, the question remains as to the expediency of establishing a new institution when we already possess all we want in the existing Academy. As I stated in my former letter, the Academy has already done good work, and would have done more had the finances permitted; and I may now add, would do more if royal patronage were vouchsafed in deed as well as in name. Besides, I doubt the advantage of establishing a rival institution. Hans von Bülow has recently written an article to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, in which he unmercifully protests against the "*fungus-like growth of Conservatoires which has during the last fifteen years shot up all over Germany.*" * * * * In conclusion, I must express my regret that the exertions now being put forth are directed to the establishment of a new institution, instead of to the augmentation of the resources and the extension of the usefulness of the old and well-tried Royal Academy of Music.—Yours, &c.,

B. St J. B. Joule.

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In the very amusing article published in *The Era* of the 24th ult., entitled "Music Walled In," to which our attention has recently been called, the writer has, unwittingly no doubt, fallen into an error as to Mr Wall's royalty rights; and we wish most distinctly that it may be put on record he has no shadow of claim over two of the songs you refer to, viz., "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon" and "By the sad sea waves." We will ask the favour of your inserting this, as it becomes a very serious matter for publishers when it goes abroad that their publications, which are, in reality, perfectly free to every singer, are supposed to be fenced round with restrictions absolutely non-existent.—Faithfully your-s,

Metzler and Chappell.

37, *Great Marlborough Street, July* 13, 1882.

* * * * * * * *

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—With reference to the letter signed "Metzler and Chappell," published in *The Era* dated the 15th inst., I beg to state that the sole liberty of representation or performance of the *words* (only) of the above-named song was, for a certain money consideration paid, duly assigned to me on the 26th October, 1880, by Mr George Wood (Messrs Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street), by entry made in the registry-book of assignments kept at the Hall of the Stationers' Company (in pursuance of the statute 5 and 6 Vic., cap. 45, section 13). The said right had been previously legally assigned to Mr Geo. Wood by Henry Fothergill Chorley (since deceased), the author of the words in question. By section 11 of the above-named statute, a copy, duly certified and impressed, of that entry shall be received in evidence in all courts, and shall be *prima facie* proof of the assignment of the right of representation or performance "as therein expressed," subject to be rebutted by other evidence. By section 12 of the same statute it is enacted that any person who shall wilfully make any false entry in the said book shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall be punished accordingly. If Messrs Metzler and Chappell "deem themselves aggrieved" by the said entry, it is lawful for them (in pursuance of section 14 of the Act referred to) to apply for an order that such entry may be expunged or varied.

I can very well imagine that "it becomes a very serious matter for publishers" who have only purchased the sole and exclusive right of printing a song, but who have neglected to likewise buy the sole liberty of performance thereof, to find the sale of the same materially affected by the claims of the proprietor who has legally acquired the latter right. But "business is business." I never claimed any right in or to the other song mentioned in their letter.

Harry Wall.

Copyright Office, 8, Colebrooke Row, July 17.

SCHEME
OF
MASTER MINASI'S
MORNING CONCERT,
ARGYLL ROOMS, REGENT STREET,
TUESDAY, June the 16th, 1829.
To begin at Half-past One.

PART I.

Overture (MS.)... First time of performance ..... *Blasis.*
Duetto ..... "Ricciardo che veggo" ..... *Rossini.*
Mademoiselle BLASIS and Signor CURIONI.
Solo, Flute ..... "God save the King" ..... *Drouet.*
Master MINASI.
Duetto ..... "Elisa e Claudio" ..... *Mercadante.*
Signor DONZELLI and Signor ZUCHELLI.
Aria ..... "Lungi dal caro bene" ..... *Pacini.*
Mademoiselle BLASIS.
Duetto ..... "Nel rivederti" ..... *Celli.*
Mademoiselle SONTAG and Madame PISARONI.
Fantasia, Clarionet... ..... *Willman.*
Mr WILLMAN.
Duetto ..... "Se vi credete offeso" ..... *Generali.*
Signor TORRI and Signor PELLIGRINI.
Variations de Bravoure, Piano-Forte, Sur le romance de "Joseph" ..... *Herz.*
Master C. SALAMAN (Pupil of Mr. Neate. His first appearance in public in London.)

PART II.

Air varié, Flute ..... *Tulou.*
Master MINASI (first time.)
Cavatina "Sorgi Ridente" (in the Barber of Seville.) *Rossini.*
Signor BORDOGNI.
Fantasia, Harp... ..... *Labarre.*
Miss E. C. BARNES (her first appearance, and Pupil of Labarre.)
Duetto..... { "Se inclinassi a prender moglie / Italiana in Algieri" ..... } *Rossini.*
Signor DONZELLI and Signor GALLI.
Solo, Flute..... "Rule Britannia"..... *Drouet.*
Master MINASI.
Duetto Buffo....."Se fiato in corpo avete"..... *Cimarosa.*
Signor GRAZIANI and Signor GIUBILEI.
Fantasia, Horn... ..... *Platt.*
Mr PLATT.
Terzetto....."Giuro alla terra"..... *Generali.*
Signor PIOZZI, Signor TORRI, and Signor GIUBILEI.

Leader—Mr MORI.

The coming operatic season at Hamburgh will open with Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, Hans von Bülow, it is said, conducting.

Die Sieger.—Concerning this so-called new work by Wagner, of which so much has been written and published, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, well-informed in matters of this kind, tells us "*upon the best authority*" that: "The Master gave the name of *Die Sieger* to a subject sketched out, more than twenty-five years ago, on a single page; since writing *Parsifal*, however, he abandoned his Bhuddist scheme, and has never subsequently recurred to it."

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THE OPERA SEASON.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Covent Garden Theatre has closed its doors, and the opera season of 1882 now belongs to the past. The question is, What has been gained or lost by it? This the managers will answer in their own way and from their own point of view, but even pecuniary results do not concern them alone. The public are also interested, and have every reason to desire that good fortune may reward enterprise, since thereupon hangs the fate of an entertainment the place of which nothing could fill. It is depressing to hear on all hands stories of evil fortune rather than good. Far from flourishing circumstances at Covent Garden, loss at Her Majesty's, and absolute disaster at Drury Lane; these things are spoken of so assuredly that the future of opera amongst us seems compromised. The lesson to be learned is this—the supporters of opera, Italian and German, are few, and appear to be getting fewer as, on the one hand, love for the higher forms of music is gratified by innumerable concerts, and, on the other, comic opera increasingly ministers to a public that craves amusement at the least possible trouble to itself. It has been demonstrated again and again that London will not support two lyric stages; how, then, could aught but failure attend the setting up of three, with a majority devoted to a form of German opera that requires in its supporters the faith of enthusiasts and the courage of martyrs? The managerial race is slow to learn, but the lesson of the present season can hardly be wasted, and will prove worth its pain and trouble, if therefrom the truth be perceived that the year contains twelve months, not three only, and that the so-called "season" has lost nearly all the operatic value it once undoubtedly possessed. The time has come when this fiction of the "season" should be recognized as such, and the unquestionable fact admitted that London is neither empty nor specially indifferent to lyric drama between Goodwood races and Easter Monday. Let us then have our Italian opera in the summer, when butterflies are on the wing; our German opera in the sad and serious days of early winter; and our English opera, as Mr Carl Rosa now gives it to us, when the returning sun speaks of a brighter time.

The warmest friends of Italian opera must concede, with what cheerfulness they may, that its German rival has taken precedence during the last few months. Nor, while admitting the fact, can they dispute its reasonableness. Teutonic art came in a new aspect, offering works the very names of which are synonymous with a world-wide controversy notorious for uncompromising give-and-take. The Germans, too, conjured with the spell of a man, who, be his faults what they may, stands forth as the greatest musical genius of the age; while the advantages enjoyed at the outset were sustained, as time went on, by just repute for merit in execution. Against all this Italian opera, with its staler charms, could do little. The musical world talked of nothing but the *Nibelung's Ring*, the *Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*; Richter and his orchestra; the German *ensemble* and the German artists. *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*, *et hoc genus omne*, even with the renowned *prime donne* singing their best and loudest over the footlights, were for once deposed, thrust into a corner, and forgotten. We certainly do not complain of this result. It was inevitable, and from many points of view it was just. Here let us dissociate the matter of the German performances from their manner. No reader of ours will look for an expression of sympathy with the former; at the same time we are not about to re-open a controversy from which the restful autumn should bring as much repose as the unresting Wagner—whose *Parsifal* lies close ahead—is good enough to allow. Suffice it that, in common with the bulk of music-lovers, we pray to be delivered from such a season evermore.* All things decay. "Leaves have their times to fall, And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath;" and natural decay, ever pathetic, is often beautiful. But premature decrepitude is never lovely, nor are the means which tend to bring it about. Wherefore the less we have the better of a form of art subtly compounded to harass the nerves and weary the brain, to say nothing of exhausting the energies of those who are its ministers. The burden of life is crushing enough without making an additional load of that which should lighten it. For the spirit and manner of the German performances, however, there can be nought save admiration, and in these things lies their chief value to us. Among the more enlightened supporters of the lyric stage discontent with the absurd practices of Italian opera has long existed. They have seen the drama and all its appliances used as a frame for the portrait of a *prima donna*; they have seen persons purporting to be dramatic artists who were nothing but singers in fancy dress; and they have seen the most elementary rules of the stage violated either in simple ignorance or with wilful self-assertion. These offences have not been altogether hidden by the cloak of custom; but the German representations served to expose them utterly. Even the untravelled amateur now knows what a truly artistic stage is like—that stage whose most gifted performer is but an upper servant of art, whose actors are not mere posturers, and whereon an earnestness prevails which overrides considerations of self, and reckons nothing done while anything remains to do. This model and ensample we distinctly owe to our Teutonic visitors, and it is for the public to require that it be followed on every lyric stage. Who can tell what great things rivalry of German discipline, thoroughness, and devotion might do for slipshod Italian opera? It might give new life and new charm to an entertainment which loose and inartistic habits have made vapid and profitless; and it would certainly abolish the wedding guests who contemplate Lucia's madness with the equanimity of attendants at a lunatic asylum, the performers who bow themselves out of their parts and back again at every appeal of applause, and the bouquets, supplied by contract, which go round and round like a theatrical "army." The very possibility of this strengthens desire for the return of the Germans during some portion of the year, if not in the conventional "season," when society is merry-minded. Also it intensifies regret that their return has been endangered by circumstances which, we cannot help thinking, were mostly gratuitous. Had Herr Angelo Neumann charged a less exorbitant price for initiation into the mysteries of the *Ring*, and Herr Franke known better how to navigate the ship he rashly ventured to command, there would now, perhaps, be no question of wrecked enterprise and no uncertain outlook.

Regarding the season for what was actually achieved, its claim to rank as memorable cannot be disputed. It introduced to English audiences the most gigantic, if not quite the most enchanting, work of modern times; made us acquainted with the beauties of *Die Meistersinger* and the unqualified ugliness of *Tristan und Isolde*; gave us the earlier works of Wagner under conditions without parallel for completeness; revived the musical charm of Weber's *Euryanthe*; illustrated, in the matter of *Velleda*, the power that yet belongs to a *prima donna*; and, lastly, snatched from threatening neglect and forgetfulness the representative work of advanced Italian art. Of such a season we may rightly say, "'twill serve," the more because it was hardly less deserving of note as respects artists. The last few months made English amateurs acquainted with some of the best performers in Germany, whose names it is now needless to repeat, and set us face to face with an artistic spirit in them such as we had almost despaired of meeting on the lyric boards. Then it brought Mdme Lucca back, by way, perhaps, of amend for withholding Mdme Nilsson, and revealed in full measure Herr Richter's skill as an operatic conductor; to say nothing of other revelations equally significant affecting a knot of artists whom the management of Covent Garden thought good enough for that historic house. Lastly, the season has witnessed the transference of the interests of Italian opera from private hands to those of a public company, which may or may not know how to conserve them. Out of such a period of energetic action something must come. Force is not wasted. It may go away and miss the intended mark; but it strikes somewhere, and leaves an impress. We believe that the season of 1882 sowed the seeds of good. It showed us much to accept, and not a little to reject.

We wish we could see our way to the Utopia shadowed forth by our eloquent contemporary, no less earnestly than we wish we could share his opinion as to the value of the recent German performances. Unfortunately we can do neither. Nor can we bestow a single word of regret upon their utter failure in a pecuniary sense, if only because it is our honest conviction that two or three more such seasons would suffice to throw back legitimate musical appreciation in this country for well nigh half a century. Such a quantity of vapid bombast and baseless pretension in so short a space of time is happily without precedent.—D. T.

Hear! Hear!—Dr Blimp.

—o—

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I read in to-day's *City Press* that Mr Dicks, of the Common Council, at the meeting at the Guildhall on Thursday last, called attention to the fact that two members of the Musical Committee had appointed their own daughters (ladies just out of their teens) to be professors. In the discussion which followed it came out that each was receiving a salary, one £64, the other £51 per annum, while the average paid to other experienced professors was £50 per annum. I was pleased to see Mr Dicks' amendment ordering the proceedings to be enquired into carried, as this system of farming out appointments by officials is much to be condemned; and the gentleman, in exposing such a system, is entitled to the thanks of the musical profession generally.—Your obedient servant,

A PROFESSOR.

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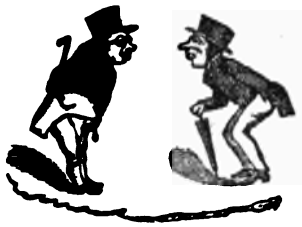
To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.



On Change.

DR QUINCE.—Who was Sir Epigonis, the King's son of Northumberland, cited by Dodinas le Savage in his letter to Sagramore le Desirous?

DR SHIPPING.—Epigonis? Epigonis? Epigonis?—he must have intended Epinogris——

DR QUINCE.—Epinogris—Epinogris—I see. Are you for Bayreuth?

DR SHIPPING.—I am going to ride there, with F. C. B., on his horse.

DR QUINCE.—Why, F. C. B. is crossing the Oxus. How can you get at him? And will his horse ride two?

DR SHIPPING.—Oh! A farmer has shown him the nearest route from Khiva, where his horse, familiar with the country, took him by mistake, and can easily ride two, being "circus." He (F. C. B. —not the horse) meets me by appointment at the Hotel de Russie——

DR QUINCE.—Frankfort-on-Maine? That genial hostelry? Why, I have promised to join Cheese and Doublebody there. I shall walk to Bayreuth with Doublebody, who can't get into any conveyance, wheel or steam. He's a heavy traveller, and so fat that, being inconvenienced by one of his ribs, has had it extracted. He has taken five Patron-stalls, Ebrew Jew stalls—Wagner's hottest patrons are for the most part Jews—four of which he will occupy himself. He calls me his fifth rib, why fifth I don't know, but am not curious, as it brings me to *Parsifal* gratis. If they ask for my ticket, Doublebody shows voucher for five, and passes me in as the rib for which there is no comfortable place in his body. "I cannot do without this rib"—says he, to all who protest, on the road or at the Theatre opposite the Asylum, now exclusively inhabited by deaf advocates of the Wagnerian system. "I cannot do without this rib, and I have paid for five places, on the road and at the Theatre opposite the Asylum," &c. This is Doublebody's argument; so that I go free of cost.

DR SHIPPING.—But if the hospitable and excellent Brothers Drexel (with whom Beattie the Adventurous is so well acquainted) feast Doublebody, as of yore, it will be hard to get that Alderman away. He will abide corpulently at the hotel until transfigured. How about Cheese?

DR QUINCE.—Dr Cheese has engaged to travel with W. of W. Sir Pittman of the Coal-Mine, who encounters them at Bamberg, can put Cheese in his pocket; so that there will be only expenses for two. Besides, if, as in the first Bayreuthiad, the Niblung year, refreshment is out of hand, they may cook him. He will last out three days of *Parsifal*.

DR SHIPPING.—Alas! poor Cheese. *(Exeunt severally.)*

THE Carl Rosa tour is to begin at Dublin on the 5th prox.

MR JOHN BOOSEY'S London Ballad Concerts will be resumed on the 20th.

MR ARTHUR CHAPPELL begins earlier than usual this season with his Popular Concerts. The first concert is fixed for the 16th of October.

THE sacred excerpts from an unfinished work by the late Balfe, to be performed on the occasion of uncovering the tablet dedicated to his memory in Westminster Abbey, comprise a "Gratias ago" in B flat, for bass, a "Sanctus" in B flat minor, and an "Agnus Dei" in F. The ceremony will be held on the 20th of October, the anniversary of his death.

EXOTIC AND INDIGENOUS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—M. Gounod gets £4,000 for his *Redemption*. How much did Mendelssohn get for *Elijah* (which, despite the "Advanced," still exists hale and hearty)? And how much did our English Handel, Macfarren (whose three oratorios are of recent days among the masterpieces of sacred music) get for his *Resurrection?* A very moderate sum (if I am rightly informed) was the recompense for *Elijah;* while for the *Resurrection* its happy composer was content (if I am informed rightly) with the disbursement of railway and hotel expenses, the receipts for which he joyfully bore home and placed among his family archives.—Sir, yours obediently,

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

P.S.—By the way (if rightly I am informed), Sir Michael Costa was paid a large sum for his *Eli*, and a still larger for *Naaman*, both long since of world-wide celebrity, and (if informed I am rightly) he handed over his honorarium in either instance to the Birmingham General Hospital. Also (if rightly informed I am) Sterndale Bennett, for the *Woman of Samaria*, obtained the thanks of the Committee, and Julius Benedict, for *St Peter*, was cordially embraced by Mr Oliver Mason.

—o—

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR MACFARREN.

To the Right Hon. The Earl of Devon, President of the Western Counties' Musical Association.

MY LORD,—I have, as a member of the Western Counties' Musical Association, been honoured with an invitation to the meeting in Exeter convened by your Lordship for Tuesday the 25th inst., but, since my duties here render my presence on that occasion impossible, I have been favoured with an assurance from the Secretary that my written views on the subject shall be read to the meeting, and I therefore trouble your Lordship with this letter.

I will, if you please, remark on some of the clauses of the paper headed "Royal College of Music," which was sent me with the summons for Tuesday.

Clause I. The Royal Academy of Music is a central institution of a similar nature to the Conservatories of Paris and Vienna, differing from both as they differ from each other, according to the character and requirements of each nation. It is now entering on the 60th year of its experience. It has been honoured with the patronage of King George IV., King William IV., Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria, the late Prince Consort, and all the present members of the Royal Family. It received a charter from the first of these sovereigns, which established its perpetual existence. It has educated several thousands of musical students, including many foreigners—composers, singers and instrumentalists—who have won European celebrity. Teachers, moreover, who are rendering good service to music in all parts of the empire have been pupils of the Academy.

Clause II. Every branch of the art is taught in the Royal Academy of Music, and the most eminent musicians, foreign and native, resident in England during the last 60 years have been its professors.

Clause III. The Royal Academy of Music has several free scholarships, the number of which is always open to extension, but the majority of its pupils pay fees for instruction.

Clause VI. The Academy is situated in a locality easily accessible from all parts of London and the suburbs, proximate to the chief concert-rooms, opera-houses, music-stores, &c., and therefore more convenient for the purpose than any place on the outskirts of London.

Clause IX. Candidates for admission to the Academy are examined as to musical aptitude, and only accepted if they show promise of success in the study.

Clause XII. The Academy not only teaches its own pupils, but holds such examinations throughout the country as test the capabilities of musical students and the efficiency of their instructors. It also examines musical artists and teachers by the aid of specialists in each branch, and grants to approved candidates diplomas guaranteeing their ability.

Clause XIII. The management of the Academy has, since 1868, been confided to a committee mainly composed of professional musicians; and highly as the Institution was esteemed before that

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date, public confidence in its work has prodigiously increased from the time when it was controlled by recognized adepts.

It has been stated to the Lords of the Privy Council, in reply to their Lordships' application for remarks on the proposed Royal College, that the Academy, while grateful for the interest in music evinced by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is willing to meet the views of His Royal Highness in any way except in surrendering its charter, which charter is so elastic in its nature as to admit of any amplification or modification of Academy work, and this reply has been communicated to His Royal Highness.

Allow me to say, my Lord, that these comments on the subject to be considered by the meeting are offered in the character of a former student and present subscriber to the Royal Academy of Music, and proceed personally from myself without any official bearing.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, obediently yours,

G. A. Macfarren.

7, *Hamilton Terrace*,
21*st July*, 1882.

PARSIFAL.

(By Telegraph from a Correspondent.)

Bayreuth, Wednesday, July 26.—First performance of *Parsifal* just over. That it was a "Patron's" performance could not be doubted. It was all patronage. Everybody was patronized. Even the Patrons themselves were patronized. Upon some of them the venerable Canon Liszt, chasing away sleep at the end of each act, bestowed a pallid smile of recognition. I am a Patron, but, though also an American, not a sworn apostle, not a Wagnerite to the big toe of either foot—not, in short, a Theodor Thomas. Well, I have heard *Parsifal* and don't like it—can't like it—impossible that I ever shall like it. Parsifal's son, Lohengrin, is worth tenfold Lohengrin's father, Parsifal. Then, after reading what you said some time ago, I was awfully disappointed with Kundry. Her "Leit-motive" is queer; so is Parsifal's.

* * * * * * *

[*These asterisks represent a gap in the telegram. It continues as below.*]

* * * Materna, admirable as always for intelligence, but physically unfit for the part of Kundry. Winckelmann, as Parsifal, all that could be wished, though the character is but a spoony one after all. The other * * * * * *

[*Here a second gap.*]

* * * * performance generally good, though chorus comparatively weak. Scenery and stage-business excellent—panorama ingenious and superb—orchestra, under Levy of Munich, very fine, but Levy is no Richter—Theatre crammed—Many English and Americans—After opera, speech from Wagner, proposing vote of thanks to the artists.

V. W.

The Queen of French pianists, Montigny-Rémaury, has been invited to take part in the grand musical solemnity to be held at Baden, on the 9th September, in honour of the Grand-Duke. (Honour on both sides.)

Royal Academy of Music.—The examiners at the Royal Academy of Music, for the Charles Lucas Medal, awarded to William G. Wood, were Messrs Thorne, Villiers Stanford, and E. Aguilar.

The *opera comica* which Sig. Schira is writing, in conjunction with Mr Desmond L. Ryan, is intended, we understand, for a good-humoured "skit" on certain peculiarities of the Wagner school. The opera is to be entitled *The Isle of Beauty*.

Mdme Minnie Hauk, who has been spending a holiday at the Schwarzwald Hotel, in the environs of the Black Forest, has returned to Baden Baden, where she is to sing at a concert for the benefit of the English Church. She is the guest of her old friend the Baronne de Witzleben.

Mr W. H. Holmes played Sidney Gardiner's new composition, "Bitter-sweet," at Mr Diemer's concert, Bedford, last Saturday, where it produced the same effect as at Miss Stodart's concert, the previous week, in London.

The Rhenish Singers' Festival, on the 9th inst. at Bonn, was very successful. Two compositions: "Die Hexe," by Carl Grammann, and "Der Königssohn," by Haan, were the "novelties," although, a correspondent informs us, there was nothing new in either.

Parsifal.

*A STAGE-CONSECRATIVE-FESTIVAL-PLAY.**

A Lecture to the Tumbenheim Wagner Association.†

(A small hall, simply furnished. In the background a bust of Wagner, with a figure of Germania holding a laurel-wreath over it. A plain tribune. Behind the Speaker, but invisible to all, is seated Common Sense, slumbering.)

Honoured companions in art, one of the latest decrees of our Master commands us to further in our secret confederacy, by means of lectures, German intellect, German poetry, German music, or, to sum up all in one word, the cause of Richard Wagner himself. Obedient to this high order, and following also my own impulse, I appear before you for the purpose of saying a few words on The Master's most recent creation. Let us first stop a little to consider the title. Our Master calls the work a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*. A genial title! (*Bravo! bravo!*) I will go further and say: A title full of promise! (*Hear, hear.*) If you look through his writings, our Symbolic Books, you will find in them the avowal that he himself never really knew what he ought to call his works—that the father was always anxiously embarassed about the names he should give his children at the font; they could not well be designated *operas*, "especially on account of their dissimilarity with *Don Juan*" (*loud applause and merriment*); and *Music-Drama*—an expression which comes so pat to the more immature among us—is an unintelligible, nay, "utterly idiotic" word, altogether uncharacteristic of stage-works, which are neither dramatic in the common acceptation of the term, nor vulgarly musical. But it was *indispensable* that they should be entered under some name or other in the civil register of everyday art, if only to distinguish them from the common operatic rabble, and—I now quote The Master's own words—"in order to issue vigorously, and once for all, from the confusion hence arising, I hit, as is well known, upon the idea of the *Stage-Festival-Play*." The Master appears to have chosen the title reluctantly, simply to comply with custom; he would have preferred leaving his creation unlabelled, that it might, as "a nameless artistic fact," work in complete purity, for his art is really unnameable, an Art of the Nameless. But, thank Heaven, he changed his mind: the same thought which gave birth to the expression, "Stage-Festival-Play," created likewise the Stage for the Festival-Play, that is, the art-temple of Bayreuth, and we may well say here: The title built the temple. But I now ask, Why should not a new temple spring from a new title? (*Hear, hear.*) Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play! What is a Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play? A Festival-Play to consecrate a stage. What stage? That in Bayreuth? Impossible. The stage in Bayreuth is already consecrated, trebly consecrated; besides, it would no longer be capable of satisfying the increased demands on the machinist and the scene-painter. Then it must be another stage, which does not yet exist, and which has still to be built, must it not? Yes, my honoured companions in art, that is the secret which slumbers in one word; that is the Gospel which one word announces to us; as a coat was once composed to a button, and an opera tacked on to a funeral march, a house will in this case, believe me, be built for a title; not a common thoroughfare of a house,‡ as in Bayreuth, open to all the world and to be entered by those without a call as well as by the elect, but a carefully closed temple, thoroughly secured, a true Graal-fortress on the hill of Monsalvat, the jealously guarded hill accessible only to the true brethren, friends of the first degree, the elect of our lord and master. (*Commotion.*) In strict confidence I can inform you, gentlemen, The Master has already thought of the Kuhberg near Tumbenheim in connection with the object he has in view. (*Indescribable and long-continued storm of applause.*)

Parsifal—(*a fresh outburst of applause*)—*Parsifal*—(*Bravo,*

* It may be objected that "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" is a strange title. I reply: It is. So is "*Bühnenweihfestspiel*." It may further be objected that "Consecrative" is an odd word. Again I reply: It is. I must, however, be allowed to add that Herr Richard Wagner is an author who at times does not content himself with ordinary German, and that I am compelled, in consequence, to use occasionally extraordinary English, if I would convey any notion of his style, which is, to say the least, peculiar. Perhaps some persons would, instead of the title I have adopted, prefer "Stage-Consecratial Festival-Play." If so, let them mentally substitute the one for the other, as occasion requires. "Consecratial" is certainly somewhat more uncouth than "consecrative," besides setting the usual rules of etymology glaringly at defiance. For this reason, I cannot deny that, under the circumstances, it commands respectful consideration. To another epithet, "consecrational," however, I demur. It is formed with too great a regard for the humdrum spirit of language.—Translator.

† From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

‡ *Kein Durchhaus*.

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bravo). May I beg you to be calm, gentlemen, and to favour me with your entire attention? I have not yet got over the title of the new work. It is "Parsifal," with an "F," and not "Parcival," with a "V." The F is, philologically and æsthetically, of immense importance, and a world, or at least a fragment of a world as large as Arabia, lies between the two letters. The worthy Wolfram von Eschenbach writes "Parcival," as though he would derive the word from the French *percer* ("In truth thy name is Parcival. It means *right through the middle*"), and the French write "Percival," or, after Chrétien de Troyes, "Percheval, the Valley-Piercer." In the Italian chronicles the famous knight is called "Peredur," the All-sweetest, the All-fairest; and many other versions and interpretations of the word might be adduced, if it were worth while reviving an etymological dispute which has been definitely settled by Richard Wagner. Even Lessing—(*at this name Common Sense wakes up and listens*)—could not imagine anything more delightful for curiosity than the study of etymology, in which German philologists, and consequently The Master, have always distinguished themselves; and in connection with this point I must beg you kindly to bear in mind that he himself, the great Wagner, tells us (*Symbolische Bücher*, Vol. IX.) that his favourite teacher at the Dresden Kreuzschule did not bid him take to music, poetry, or any other art, but "pointed emphatically to philology as the subject I ought to pursue." That teacher was evidently a very clever man. Philology, like learned gout, sticks in The Master's limbs, and is transmitted, like a disease of the blood, to the offspring of his fancy. It is in an enchanted garden that Parsifal meets the beautiful Kundry; she is reposing on a flowery couch, "in lightly-veiling, fanciful garments, approximating to the Arabian style." Does she, amid billing and cooing, does she give the stranger anything for himself? Yes, an etymological hypothesis:

"*Dich nannt' ich, thör'ger Reiner,*
'Fal parsi'—
Dich, reinen Thoren: 'Parsifal.'"*

Fal parsi, Parsi fal—both expressions are in turned commas†—(*Common Sense tickles the Speaker*)—and we may perhaps inquire whether The Master will find the suitable musical expression for turned commas. The answer cannot, however, be doubtful. Fal parsi, Parsi fal—these words, as the lovely woman teaches us—come from the Arabic, and signify, Foolish Pure-One, Pure Fool. Thus the dispute as to the meaning of our knight's name is settled in a genial fashion by The Master's philology—(*Common Sense pinches the Speaker*). Ill-conditioned individuals will object that this piece of philology does not in any way belong to The Master, but to the celebrated Görres, who certainly was the first to attempt explaining by means of the Arabic the hero's name—Parsi or Parch Fal, that is, the pure, or poor Stupid-One, or *Tumbe* (the Imprudent-One, the Inexperienced-One)—in Wolfram's language. The geniality of the thing does not, however, consist in the happy etymological discovery, but in its dramatic application, and in the fact that philology now gains additional value for the German stage, since it has been included by Richard Wagner in the circle of the sister arts.

Parsifal—gentlemen, I cannot yet tear myself from the deeply significant title—Parsifal, I say, the Poor Stupid-One, is evidently not a mere name; it is a notion, a symbol, an allegory. Vilmar, who, by the by, like Gervinus, like Uhland, like San Marte, and like many others, writes "Parcival," and appears to have only a presentiment of the deep meaning of the Arabic F, teaches us that the young hero appears as a fool to the world, just as on its first appearance in the world the German mind does. Parcival is, therefore, the representative of the German mind, and of the German youth, and so, gentlemen, Wagner's Parsifal, also, strikes me as the representative of a German youth in general and the Wagnerian youth in particular. (*Bravo!*) I will go further, and say: Parsifal is Richard Wagner himself. Yes, the criminal hero, who wanders through the forest, and shoots the gently warbling birds on the branches, is none other than our Master, and, if any one doubts this, I say to him: Wagner's hero does not know what his name is, and to all questions as to who he is generally, replies with a stupid "I do not know"; he calls himself the Nameless ——; is it, therefore, not palpable, gentlemen, that in Parsifal The Master intended to personify himself and his art, the art of the Nameless? The thing appears to me as clear as day, and, when any one in future asks you the meaning of the variously interpreted word, answer boldly, Gentlemen: "Parsifal is the idiotic Wagner, and his idiotic art." (*Commotion.*)

Now to the real purport of the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play. (*Common Sense, henceforth, plagues the Speaker every instant*).

Respected companions in art, you are all aware that Richard Wagner writes no common dramas. Drama means action, and Stage-Festival-Play means a dream. *Parsifal*, like some other productions, moves in the romantically sultry, and soporific atmosphere, in which the foot forgets how to walk, and the arm how to raise itself; literally nothing happens; the dramatic element is solved by scenery, and the action by pictures; never is he who enjoys the treat rudely awakened from his dreamy devotion, nor exposed to the risk of forgetting the artist in the work of art, and, while in every other case movement is regarded as the vital principle of the stage, we are justified in declaring that principle here to be inertia. It is an uncommonly fine trait of The Master that he allows a work of such a kind, that he allows his *Parsifal*, to begin with sleeping, slumbering, and, perhaps, dreaming. A locality resembling "in character the northernly mountain ranges of Gothic Spain;" in it a forest, "shady and earnest, but not gloomy;" under the trees, Knights and Squires *asleep;* the solemn morning waking call of the trombones resounding behind the scenes. This is the first picture in *Parsifal*. Every touch of the pencil betrays the hand of The Master, and demonstrates his incredible skill in creating mood. How much I should like, on this occasion, to analyse the powerful effects The Master is accustomed to produce when he shows the spectators an empty stage (for a stage with the characters asleep must in a certain sense be denominated empty), or causes the music of invisible instruments to re-echo in the ears of the audience! Each is a morbid but effective over-irritation of our fancy, and we might deduct from it an entire art-theory, which is no other than the theory of the Empty and Invisible. But time presses, and we must hasten forward.

The Sleepers awake and prepare a medicinal bath for the sick Graal-King, Amfortas. The latter is unhappily sleepless from "*Starkem Bresten*,"‡ and his pains keep returning, each time more "*sehrend*" § than before. According to Wagner, who here differs essentially from Wolfram, the King once set out to "*beheeren*" ‖ with his spear—the same with which the side of Him upon the Cross was pierced—the magician Klingsor, but was by him entrapped, deprived of his "wond-wonderful" spear, and, with a wound which will not heal, sent home. His pain is great, but, in the bath, it is mitigated: "*staunt das Weh.*" ¶ He goes through the same thing on the day in question. Scarcely, however, has he had the bath, ere there arises a great noise; Parsifal, an unknown youth, has penetrated unobserved into the forest, and shot with his bow a swan, as it was just flying over the Sacred Lake. Hereupon, rage and indignation among the Knights and Squires. But a reconciliation speedily follows, how or wherefore I do not know, and Gurnemanz, in *Parsifal* an old Knight of the Graal, offers to conduct the Pure Fool to the Graal. A changing scene takes them up Monsalvat to the Graalsburg. You must know that, while they *seem* to be walking, the stage is gradually transformed, and unrolls the whole road from the forest to the castle in changing pictures before you. By The Master this abiding of the characters in the moving space is thus rendered evident:

PARSIFAL.—*Ich schreite kaum—doch wähn' ich mich schon weit.*
GURNEMANZ.—*Du siehst, mein Sohn, zum Raum wird hier die Zeit.***

I would, however, my respected auditors, advise you not to rack your brains about this genial inversion of two such opposite notions; it is enough to drive one crazy—(*murmurs*)—I mean, you might lose your senses with admiration. Time here becomes space.—"Hence the wearisomeness of his music," said an enemy of The Master's. (*Agitation.*)

* "Thee did I name, thou foolish Pure-One,
'Fal parsi'—
Thee, pure fool: 'Parsifal.'"

† "Turned commas;" in German: "*Gänsefüsse*," literally, "Geese's feet."

‡ "Severe bodily suffering." *Brest*, from which *Brestes* comes, is an antiquated word, rarely used at the present day.—TRANSLATOR.

§ "Hurtful," "damaging." *Sehrend* is another antiquated word, fished up out of the Past to give a colouring of the period to the text, and puzzle the less philologically accomplished among the "Master's" adherents.—TRANSLATOR.

‖ "To be-host," "to be-army," *i.e.*, I suppose, "to make war on." It strikes me that *Beheeren* is a special coinage of the Wagnerian mint.—TRANSLATOR.

¶ "The pain is motionless with astonishment," a poetic Wagnerianism, probably, for "the pain stops." With regard to the expression "wond-wonderful," a couple of lines previously, it is a faithful rendering of "*wund-wunder*," which I take to be a Wagnerism signifying "very," or "surpremely wonderful."—TRANSLATOR.

** PARSIFAL.—I scarcely step, yet I fancy I have already gone far.
GURNEMANZ.—Thou seest, my son, time here becomes space.

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Stopping still, and yet advancing, we reach then the splendid domed-hall of the Graalsburg. Again does the Invisible play a principal part. *Behind* the stage, trombones are sounding and bells pealing; *behind* the scenes, half-way up 'twixt ground and dome, are heard youths', and *behind* the scenes, from the loftiest part of the hall, boys' voices; while, lastly, *behind* the scenes, from the extreme back, comes the sepulchral voice of Titurel, who is 500 years old, admonishing his son Amfortas to perform his sacred office. The poor, sickly King has to unveil the Graal; but the sight of the wonderful vessel, in which the blood of the Redeemer was once caught, renews his vitality, and with it his sufferings. Amfortas yearns for release and death; he would fain sleep, rest, die, in order that the "heaving wave of his own sinful blood" might not continually flow back "in mad flight" to his heart, and "discharge itself with wild fear into the world of sinful passions." But the invisible Titurel commands, and Amfortas must obey. The Graal is unveiled. Suddenly we have profound twilight, spreading out thicker and thicker, and traversed by dazzling rays; the sacred goblet glowing with bright purple colour; all on their knees in pious prayer; song of the invisible boys—"Receive my blood, receive my body"; blessed sigh of joy from the invisible Titurel—"Oh holy transport, how brightly does the Lord greet us to-day!" . . . Then again daylight, pealing of bells, solemn repast of the knights, songs of the youths from the middle elevation, alternating with those of the boys of the greatest elevation—"Blessed in belief! Blessed in love!" Finally, the day again dying away, all splendour and all magnificence again sinking into twilight, while Knights and Squires, amid the strains of the trombone, quit the hall; then, night and fog, a mystic I-know-not-what, a mysterious Nothing. Such, gentlemen, is the wond-wonderful picture with which The Master terminates his first act. Nothing like it has probably ever been seen before on our stage. The most solemn ceremony of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Lord's Supper, is by Wagner degraded—I beg your pardon—elevated into a highly theatrical effect, and employed scenically so happily, that the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play might be quite as well performed in St Peter's as in the Theatre of the Future, on Monsalvat, near Tumbenheim. And the clare-obscure which The Master has diffused over the whole, the longing change, as I may term it, between light and fog, the glowing and paling, the shining and waning, the lamentation and jubilation, the "pain of most blessed enjoyment," to use his own words—how all this will please the ladies, how it will the German lady, "that monster of European civilization and Christianly-Germanic stupidity"—(*hisses*)—gentlemen, the definition belongs to the great Schopenhauer, The Master's favourite philosopher. (*Commotion*). By the way, I recollect opportunely the admonition which Gurnemanz, at the end of our first act, addresses to Parsifal to help him along on his road: "Leave for the future the swans here alone, and, being a gander, seek out for thyself a goose!" We will leave our ladies, the lovely swans, alone, and simply inquire why poor Parsifal is called a gander. Why? Just because, to the question "Dost thou know what thou sawest?" he answered by a slight shake of the head. This is a strange, though deeply significant enfeebling of the motive in the original saga. A prophetic writing once appeared before the sick Amfortas at the Graal: When a knight one day comes and, unchallenged, *asks* the reason of the King's sufferings and other things, the King will recover, but the inquirer will be Graal-King in his stead. Parsifal comes, and does *not* ask. Hence the continuance of the royal malady; hence the vexation of the Knights of the Graal; and hence the subsequent edict that the latter are not to be molested by worldly curiosity. Because the absence of a question had occasioned such extensive mischief, the putting of questions generally was to be prohibited in future. Compare with this *Lohengrin*. To render more intelligible the action of the latter opera—(*murmurs*)—of this—that—nameless work, The Master should have taken from old Wolfram the leading motive of the question. His doing so would have rendered Parsifal's fault, Gurnemanz's vexation, and the justification of the peculiar Wagnerian term of reproach, "Gander," somewhat clearer. But this, perhaps, was the very thing which, for profoundly significant reasons, had to be avoided. The Unnameable and the Invisible are properly mated with the Obscure.

Honoured brothers in belief, *Parsifal* is a mystery dripping with the oil of Catholic faith in miracles. Its purport is over-poweringly religiously-immoral. (*Oh, oh!*) Please understand me aright. I say religiously-immoral, because The Master had necessarily to oppose to the first act a second; to Gothic Spain, Arabian Spain; to the Graal, Klingsor's magic mirror; to Christianity, Paganism; and to longing religion, religious longing. All this we find done in the second act, which passes in the enchanted castle and in the enchanted garden of the necromancer, Klingsor. This is the real scene of Parsifal's heroic deeds, which, however, are of a purely negative nature. Parsifal, you must know, has to prove his coyness in a warm passage of arms with a remarkable female, the Kundry already named. If he conquers, he is to be the Graal-King. It may easily be supposed, however, that his task will not be easy. In this particular we may rely upon The Master. In the first place, a whole hell of wildly-yearning and appropriately-undressed maidens are let loose on the poor Stupid, who, however, while beholding the "beautiful Devildom," preserves a model coldness. The maidens endeavour to fascinate him, and dispute who shall have him: "Leave the boy alone! he belongs to me!—No!—No!—To me!—To me!—Come, fair boy, let me bloom for thee! My amorous efforting is meant for your ecstatic recreation!—Take me to thy breast! Let me kiss thy mouth!—No! me! I am the loveliest!—No, I! I am more sweetly fragrant! . . . . . Are you a coward with women? . . . . Wilt not trust me? . . . . Give place! See, he wants me!—No, me!—Me rather!—No, me!—Let him be ours!—No, ours!—No, mine!—And mine!—Here! Here" All this is tolerably mild; nay, it often seems as though a genuinely poetic fragrance breathed on us from out the lovely floral throng. But this is not the worst ordeal to which our hero's virtue is subjected. In the midst of the amorous chase Kundry's voice is heard, and the fair phantoms vanish. Poor Parsifal! you have now to combat with and overcome "of most fearful impulses the hellish pressure." For thy purity there is nothing more dangerous than Kundry's beauty. That extraordinary virgin merits nearer consideration. We met her in the first act, where, wonderfully hideous—staring black eyes are expressly specified—she figured as a messengeress of the Graal, that is, she was in the service of the Most Holy; while in the second act she appears, wonderfully beautiful—slightly-veiling garments are expressly specified—as the maid of the Arabian sorcerer, Klingsor, that is to say, she is in the service of the Most Unholy. Kundry the *sorcière* and Kundry the beautiful, both of whom are known to you from Wolfram's *Parcival*, seem here to be combined in one person; and from this combination there has sprung a peculiarly duplicate being, creating Good and Evil, suspended in fear between Christianity and Paganism, an angel with a devil's face, a devil with an angel's form, something in the style of a female Faust, or Faust and Mephistopheles combined, or—Heaven knows what, for it is really difficult, gentlemen, to solve this riddle by one's own unaided skill. We must wait till the key is sent us from Bayreuth. An unspeakably profound meaning strikes me as lying in the circumstance that Kundry suffers from what seems an incurable affliction of convulsive laughter. "I saw—Him—Him—and—laughed . . ." she says to the Pure Fool, to whom she laments that, since she gazed laughingly on Him (the Redeemer, as it would appear) she has been condemned to everlasting laughter. "There I laugh—laugh—and cannot weep; only scream, rave, bluster, rage, in the continually-renewed night of madness." It is to be hoped that the explanation of these significant fits of laughter also will be shortly despatched to us from Bayreuth. Ought Kundry to be regarded as the incarnation of the Wagnerian world-view, of Schopenhauerish pessimism? Or does the laughter symbolize The Master's opinion of the attacks of his enemies, or even the behaviour of his worshippers? Kundry, by the way, is called likewise the *Nameless* "prime-deviless, rose of hell!" Enough: it is certain that a profound meaning slumbers in this extraordinary and obscure double being. That it should awake and be plain to us, necessitates its receiving from above a call to do so. May The Master very soon delight us by uttering that call.

Kundry laughs, my respected friends now present, she laughs—laughs—laughs—and this laughter of hers strikes me as of the highest significance, not only in an artistically philosophical, but also in a musically dramatic sense. Laughter is a natural sound, gentlemen, and this laughter, this natural sound, is really Kundry's usual speech; she despises words formed of letters, and sentences built up of words; at least, she is mostly contented with abrupt words, emitted with difficulty, words scarcely worth more than simple natural sounds, as, for instance, in the first act, when, while *asleep*, she floats off from the Graalsburg to Klingsor's enchanted castle, and *slumbers* over (a favourite motive with Wagner) from Christianity to Paganism: "*Sleep, sleep*—I must!" or, in the second act, when to Klingsor's vain boasting that his castle is a much more agreeable habitation than the Graalsburg, she replies, roughly and disjointedly, "Ah!—ah! Deep night! Madness! Oh!—Rage!—Oh! Sorrow!—*Sleep! Sleep*—Deep *sleep!*—Death!" But, as I have already said, Kundry's favourite idiom is the natural sound, the Inarticulated, and it strikes me as extraordinarily instructive to peruse here the carefully prescribed directions of The Master, and measure by them the demands he makes upon the

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representative of Kundry. In the first act, a rough voice, a simple laugh, a dull scream, and a violent trembling suffice. The last, namely, the violent trembling, is a gradation to be particularly observed, and neither more nor less than characteristic of *Parsifal*, where it is peculiar, and, so to say, endemic to all the personages; the phenomenon generally commences with a long "Torpidity," which gradually passes into a state of intense "Agitation," and, lastly, degenerates into the said "violent trembling," just as though behind every personage there were stationed a keeper, charged, at given moments, to "seize" the patient, and shake him till all his limbs writhed and twisted with the sacred *tremor*.

In the second act, the demands made upon the representative of Kundry increase after a wonderful fashion. The simple laugh and the dull scream are no longer enough. At the very commencement of the act, Kundry utters a fearful scream; she has next to indulge in "plaintive howling" of the greatest violence, graduating down to an anxious whine; then she has to laugh again either "shrilly" or "with a weird expression," and, lastly, "to fall into a more and more ecstatic laugh, finally changing into a spasmodic cry of woe." Fancy this convulsive figure, these hysterics in human shape, struggling to overcome Parsifal's virtue. At this conjuncture, she commands, it is true, some connected words, but what words! Words of unspeakable "shame-lustful," sensual heat, as suggested by orgiastic madness, and expressed in the infernal intoxication of sin. What is otherwise feeling is here caricatured into concupiscent desire, and what is otherwise passion, to convulsions. Poor Percival does not know whether he is on his head or his heels. "Oh!—Torment of love!—How everything shudders, vibrates, and quivers in sinful yearning!" But the Devil cannot master him; he merely passes, as it were, the hot tips of his fingers over the youth's skin, awakening simultaneously with evil desire the "horribly slight" recollection of the holy vessel, the Redeemer, the Saviour, God: "the ecstasy of redemption, divinely mild, permeates far and wide all souls." What did I say, gentlemen? (*Common Sense shakes the speaker violently. Agitation among the audience.*) I characterized the mystery as religiously-immoral. Well, you see that the "ecstasy of redemption" and "the most fearful movement of hell-like impulse" here meet in the same shudder. But, gentlemen, the mingling of religion and lewdness is not enough! This Master absolutely dares to defile a feeling sacred even to brute-beasts, dares to talk of maternal love and carnal love in one and the same breath; dares to confound the endearments of a mother with the caresses of a—harlot. Ah! This Wagner is indeed a bold and daring man! (*Great applause and great hissing.*) Do you deny what I say, gentlemen? Just listen how Kundry reminds the hero, Parsifal, of the love of his father, Gamuret, for his mother, Herzeleid: "*Learn to know the love which encircled Gamuret when Herzeleid, burning with love, scorchingly inundated him. . . . She offers you to-day, as the last greeting of her maternal blessing, the first—kiss of love.*" It is true that anyone whose fancy has revelled in the spasmodic dual song of Tristan and Isolde and the incestuous scenes of *Die Walküre*—(*Increasing tumult*). . . Oh, gentlemen, your uproar will not hinder me from frankly speaking my mind—I am tired of constraint, and rejoice that my understanding is once more free—it is scandalous, I say, it is infamous, and it is shameful in us to wish to accustom our wives, sisters, and daughters to contemplate such filthy pictures without blushing crimson—nay, to regard them as the expression of the noblest poetry, while we take care anxiously to protect them from any book written with more than usual freedom, and despising the rules of drawing-room decorum. But no; you are right; *Parsifal* is indeed extremely moral; the hero's virtue withstands the pressure put upon it, and his purity is saved. You will, however, grant me that, on the modern stage, the danger at which virtue and purity have to tremble has never had so glaring a light cast upon it, and that never was so libidinous a game played with chastity. (*Immense and increasing tumult.*) Shout, rave, bawl, just as you like, gentlemen! The most you will do will be to hinder me from telling you any more about the story of *Parsifal*, and that is a matter of little consequence. Whether you now know that Kundry, repelled by Parsifal, "in wild raving beats her breast terribly," and calls the sorcerer to her aid; that Klingsor hurls at the youth the spear he has purloined, but that the spear, without hurting the youth, flies into his hand, and is moved in the air by him "with a gesture of the highest ecstasy as he traces the shape of the Cross," whereupon the enchanted castle, with all its splendour, sinks into the earth; that, in the third act, Parsifal returns to the Graal, heals Amfortas's wound with the wond-wonderful spear, becomes himself King of the Graal, and discharges the duties belonging to the guardianship of the sacred object; that, as in the first act, bells are pealed, trombones played, and the voices of invisible boys mingle with the voices of invisible youths *behind* the scenes, while on the stage light and twilight alternate, the Graal glows purple, a glorious halo spreads over everything and everybody, the dead one (Titurel) awakes, the one condemned to live (Kundry) at length expires; that the whole mystery dies away in the strains, so low as to be scarcely audible: "Wonder of the highest salvation; Redemption to the Redeemer!"——Whether you know, or do not know, all this, gentlemen, must be a subject of indifference to you and to myself. You are not here to judge reasonably, but to admire senselessly. (*Cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!"*) To me, however—("*Turn him out! turn him out!*")—to me, however, I say, it seems a most marvellous thing that a writer for the stage and operatic composer—("*Turn him out! treason! turn him out!*")—after daring to lay hands on Wolfram's *Parcifal*, could derive from that joyously-emotional poem, full of healthy love of life and beautiful actuality, nothing better for the stage than precisely the undramatic element in it—its symbolicism and mysticism. It strikes me as a more marvellous fact that a fervently Catholicising work, such as Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, should be written in our time in the native land of Luther and of Beethoven, in the Germany which battles for culture—(*all rise from their seats, and endeavour to cry down the speaker*). . . In a word, gentlemen, Art of the Nameless, Theory of the Invisible, Philosophy of the Unclear, Æsthetics of the Inarticulate—wherever you take your lord and master, you grasp a negation; his whole being—(*the noise grows more and more fearful; the speaker can no longer make himself heard above it; only isolated words are audible from time to time*) . . . a bloated Nothing . . . . Nihil . . . Nihil . . . (*The speaker is pulled down from the tribune by some young men, and turned out of the room amid indescribable tumult.*)

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS:—He is condemned!

COMMON SENSE:—He is saved!

EDUARD HANSLICK.

March, 1878.

CONCERTS.

Mr John Thomas gave some of his pupils, who are undesirous of making a public appearance, an opportunity of showing, at a private concert held at his residence on Thursday afternoon, July 20th, their artistic skill upon the harp, of which their instructor is so consummate a master. Miss Florence Chaplin and Miss Haldane opened the concert with a duet for harp and pianoforte by Steibelt; Miss Gunston and Miss Nellie Gunston assisted Mr John Thomas in the trio, "Miserere," arranged from *Il Trovatore*; while the Honourable Miss Mary Anne Maxwell undertook more exacting duties in the grand duet, in E flat minor, for two harps (John Thomas), the other performer being the composer. Two of the young ladies, Miss Maxwell and Miss Chaplin, were also heard in harp solos by Alvars and J. Thomas. Master J. Barker, a professional pupil we presume, gave "The Mandoline" (Alvars) with capital effect, bidding fair, at some future time, to approach the excellence of his accomplished master. Miss Ellicott sang, with winning simplicity of style and purity of voice, "There be none of beauty's daughters" (J. Thomas); Mdme Edith Wynne displayed her fine voice and remarkable powers of expression in a Welsh song, "Britain's Lament;" and Miss Beata Francis gave an agreeable rendering of "My home is cloud-land" (Sir J. Benedict). During the concert Lady Benedict performed with rare skill upon the pianoforte.—P. G.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN CHORAL FESTIVAL.—The annual festival of the Malvern Branch of the Worcester Diocesan Church Choral Association was held in the Priory Church, on Thursday, when there was a large congregation. The service was full choral, the choirs of the Priory, Wyche, North Malvern, Bushly, Hanley Castle, Pedmore, Evesham, Leigh, Wollaston, Wilden, and Harvington Churches, which took part in it, numbering over 289. An excellent sermon was preached by the Dean of Worcester. The Revs. E. Vine Hall, I. Gregory Smith, and T. E. Minshull took part in the services; Mr W. Haynes presided at the organ, and Mr T. J. Griffiths, organist of All Saints' Church, Wilden, Stourport, played the concluding voluntary. The clergy and choirs dined together at the Drill Hall in the afternoon. —*Malvern News.*

MANCHESTER.—At the distribution of certificates to candidates who had passed the recent examination for the Manchester centre in connection with the Royal Academy of Music, the chair was occupied by the Bishop of Manchester. Subjoined is a list, in alphabetical order, of the recipients:—

Passed with Honours (Seniors): Martin Agopian, pianoforte; Robert Thorley Brown, pianoforte; Katie Davids, pianoforte; James Dunworth, violin; James Dunworth, harmony; Emily Hill, pianoforte; Caroline

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Hithersay, pianoforte; Elizabeth Pickering, pianoforte; Annie Theresa du Pré, singing; James Buckley Thompson, organ. Passed (Seniors): Edith Jessie Arnold, pianoforte; Kate Coleby, elements of music; Katie Davids, singing; Ellen Imelda Davis, harmony; Henry Dunworth, harmony; Emily Sophia Elton, pianoforte; Willoughby Edwin Gilbert, pianoforte; Ethel Pilkington Harland, pianoforte; Emily Hill, elements of music; Lilla Hotson, pianoforte; Gertrude Holmes, pianoforte; Jonathan Edwin Houghton, singing, Louis Harold Keay, organ; Mary Lynam, pianoforte; Alfred Mayo, harmony; Sarah Lucy Neave, pianoforte; Emma Nelson, singing; Clara Plews, pianoforte; Jessie Kate Schüller, pianoforte; Alice Lee Southern, pianoforte; Edward Thornley, harmony; Florence Gertrude Waechter, pianoforte. Passed (Juniors): Florence Ambrey, pianoforte; Lucy Greeb, pianoforte; Walter Irwin, pianoforte; Hannah Thorley, pianoforte.

The successful candidates were presented to his Grace by Dr Horton Allison.

—o—

A CATCHING TUNE.

HERR GRUBEMANN (*sings and plays*).

Herr Morold zog zu Mee-re her in Kornwall zins zu ha-ben,

HERR GRUBEMANN.—Bother Kurnewal! I can't get this thing out of my head. I wont play to Moist again. Who says Wagner can't write a tune? I wish he couldn't.

—o—

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

As there seemed to be but one dissentient voice in the meeting called to hear Mr Grove on Tuesday last, I should be glad to be allowed space to explain the position of the small minority. Everybody must agree with Mr Grove, as everybody did, that it was desirable to further as much as possible music both as a science and an art; if possible, too, to build up an English school of music. If France and Germany have their recognized schools, although, speaking accurately, Germany has no unified school, there is no reason why efforts should not be made to resuscitate what, at present, we have lost in England. The labours of Purcell and Arne ought to be carried on by living representative musicians. The nucleus of such a scheme, however, already exists; and it is to the detailed portion of what Mr Grove had to urge that I should wish to take exception. Through good report and through evil report, the Royal Academy has been doing work which its worst enemies cannot fail to recognize, and which, under the most trying circumstances, has shaped and moulded whatever musical talent has come to the front in the country. Its late principal was Sterndale Bennett; its present head is Prof. Macfarren; its first Mendelssohn scholar was Mr Arthur Sullivan. Here, at any rate, we find three names, representative enough, which can testify to the teaching and to the staff of the Royal Academy. But what the Academy has sorely needed throughout its career has been money—a solid fund upon which it could fall back at any time. "The largest scholarship"—so said Mr Grove with apologetic frankness—"which the Academy possesses only reaches £40, and we must have much larger sums than these." The country, then (for this is the upshot of Mr Grove's speech), is, first of all, asked to subscribe largely to advance a scheme which inevitably must overshadow all others. We should then have some recognized standard. We should have, in a word, such a conservatoire as Frenchmen possess, and of which Frenchmen are proud. But the country is asked to go a step further, and subscribe to a National College of Music which has, to all intents and purposes, been in existence at South Kensington for some years past—a college which has failed. What amount of money the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme at South Kensington has already handled and spent, how many scholarships presented to it by the larger towns have outspent themselves during the last few years, Birmingham, Nottingham, and other towns can tell. Under whatever name the money is to be given, the thing to be secured is the establishment at South Kensington; and the establishment at South Kensington has failed. By all means, if there be the wish for a conservatoire, let us enlarge the borders of the Royal Academy—give it a new name; put new blood into it; appoint more men to the professorships who would have a recognized standing in the country. Give, too, if possible, to Mr Grove himself a fine position on the governing body, for all musicians can appreciate, and thankfully, his untiring devotion and his unselfish aims. But such a detailed scheme as Mr Grove evolves, in the name of Royalty, is a scheme that, so far, has come to hopeless grief; and no amount of fine names nor fine people should induce practical Englishmen to throw over a hard-working body of gentlemen—for this is inevitable, say what we will—in order that a rickety edifice, with a grand name, should be kept from tumbling. I could wish that some professional man had given expression to the foregoing views.

So long as the English people continue to admire self-help, so long will they support such institutions as the Royal Academy of Music, Trinity College, and other educational bodies. It remains to be seen whether the authorities of the Royal College would not do well to claim for themselves a position entirely disentangled from the formerly existing National Training School. — *Bath Evening Chronicle.*

—o—

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 444.)

For the first theatrical year, which comprises hardly eleven months, after the opening, the following was the repertory of the Théâtre de Monsieur. I do not, however, give it as absolutely complete, because I should not be astonished if two or three pieces had escaped my researches:—

January 26th. *Le Vicende amorose*, Italian opera, Tritta.—28th. *Le Marquis de Tulipano*, Paisiello (translated from the Italian); *Le Bouquet du Sentiment*, one-act comedy in prose, Laudron.—29th. *L'Oncle et le Neveu*, one-act comedy in prose, Beaugeard.—February 3rd. *Le Chevalier de Faublas*, one-act comedy in verse, Villemain d'Ablancourt.—5th. *La feinte Jardinière*, opera by Anfossi (translated from the Italian).—8th. *La Maison à vendre, ou La Nuit de Grenade*, two-act comedy in prose, Fiévée.—21st. *Il Re Teodoro*, Italian opera, Paisiello.—25th. *Le Bal et le Souper des Poètes*, one-act comedy in verse, Ronsin.—March 9th. *L'Antiquaire*, French pasticcio, with music by various Italian composers.—12th. *La Serva padrona*, Italian interlude, Paisiello; *Le Fabuliste*, two-act comedy in verse, Laudrin.—24th. *I Filosofi immaginarj*, Italian interlude, Paisiello.—26th. *Grands et Petits*, double comedy, in a double act, and on a double stage, Guillemain.—April 23rd. *La Matinée de Molière*, one-act comedy in prose.—27th. *Orgon dans la Lune, ou Le Crédule trompé*, opera by Paisiello (translated from the Italian); *Le Conseil imprudent*, two-act comedy in prose, Paillardelle.—May 6th. *L'Impresario in Angustie*, Italian opera, Cimarosa.—

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25th. *Le nouveau Don Quichotte*, two-act French opera, words by Boiset, adapted to music by Zaccharelli.* — 26th. *L'Amour et l'Intérêt*, comedy in verse, Fabre d'Eglantine.—June 15th. *La Villanella rapita*, Italian opera, Bianchi. — 22nd. *L'Infante de Zamora*, Italian opera, Paisiello (translated from the Italian).—24th. *L'Esclave de la Mode*, two-act comedy in verse, the Marquis de la Salle.—July 2nd. *Pandore*, one-act melodrama, by Daumale de Corsanville, with music by Beck. — 8th. *Les Procès*, one-act comedy in prose, Cizos-Duplessis.—22nd. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Italian opera, Paisiello.† — 28th. *Eléonore de Gonzague*, two-act comedy in prose, Dumaniant. — August 3rd. *L'Isle enchantée*, opera by Bruni (translated from the Italian).—14th. *Le Retour de Camille, ou Camille Dictateur pour la troisième Fois*, one-act heroic piece in verse, by Aude, with music by Bruni.—21st. *La Confiance trahie*, one-act comedy in prose, M. de V. . .—22nd. *L'Isola disabitata*, Italian opera, Mengozzi.—September 11th. *Les Fourberies de Marine*, opera, Piccinni (translated from the Italian).—14th. *Le Nozze di Dorina*, Italian opera, Sarti.—16th. *Le Comte de Waltron*, three-act military piece in prose, translated from the German by Ebers.—October 12th. *Le Souper de Henri IV., ou le Laboureur devenu Gentilhomme*, one-act historical fact in verse, Bouteiller and Dupré de Valmont.—28th. *L'Homme en Loterie*, two-act comedy in verse, Fiévée.—31st. *La Molinarella*, Italian opera, Paisiello.—November 27th. *Le Badinage dangereux*, one-act comedy in prose, Fiévée and Picard.—28th. *Il Fanatico burlato*, Italian opera, Cimarosa.—December 11th. *La Pastorella nobile*, Italian opera, Guglielmi.‡—23rd. Theatre in the Tuileries closed with *L'Infante di Zamora* and *Le Nozze di Dorina*.§

The reader perceives what a great enterprise the Théâtre de Monsieur was, and what important services it rendered art. Amid the incessant difficulties created for it by the political state of affairs in France, then so profoundly troubled, the theatre originated by Viotti and Léonard, and carried on by them with such gallantry, courage, and activity, assumed in Paris an exceptional rank, and succeeded in obtaining numerous and legitimate marks of sympathy. If we look at it merely from a musical point of view, the first thing we find is that in the space of three or four years it introduced to public notice, either in their original shape or in the form of translations, most of the admirable masterpieces of the contemporary Italian school, executed by a group of such incomparable artists that the like of them have never been found again; and, a few years subsequently on its becoming the Théâtre Feydeau, when the Italian singers left it, we see it always animated by the same energy, the same feeling for art, and the same desire to do things well. It was then that, gathering around it all living forces, calling to its aid all musicians of any promise or any reputation, Berton, Boieldieu, Méhul, Dalayrac, Lesueur, Steibelt, Devienne, Gaveaux, Kreutzer, Jadin, Champein, and many more, it followed up one new work with another, and began with the Théâtre Favart the brilliant and prolific struggle, so full of magnificent splendour, so profitable to the young French school, and creating an epoch in the history of our national art. In these two respects, Cherubini rendered it immense service, in the first place by assisting it to make known the great works of the Italian composers, his fellow-countrymen, to which it frequently happened that he would add some exquisite pages; and secondly, by writing for it the beautiful French scores, *Lodoïska, Médée, Les deux Journées*, &c., which contributed to the glory of its stage and established his own.

(To be continued.)

* This is a bit of trickery for which I am unable to account; the work was really a French comic opera, and the person concealed beneath the imaginary name of Zaccharelli was Champein.

† The first performance of Paisiello's *Barbiere* was delayed by the occurrences of the middle of July which brought about the capture and destruction of the Bastille. We read in the *Journal de Paris* for the 14th: "Though the performances at the theatres were announced yesterday and the day before, they never came off." In this same number for the 14th, the space usually filled with theatrical advertisements is a blank. This is the case, too, on the 15th, and the advertisements do not reappear till the number for the 21st, when they are followed by this notice: "The receipts of all to-day's performances will be handed over to the Mayor of this town to be employed for the benefit of those poor persons who have suffered most from the present state of affairs."

‡ "The Théâtre de Monsieur was the first to put the names of the actors in the bills (8th December, 1789). The Comédie Française did not imitate this example before the month of February, 1790, and the Académie Royale de Musique not till the 5th May, 1791. Even then it mentioned only the principal singers and dancers." CHARLES MAURICE: *Histoire anecdotique du théâtre et de la littérature*, vol. I., p. 16.

§ Here is the programme of this closing performance as given by the *Journal de Paris* in its issue of the 23rd December: THEATRE DE MONSIEUR. To-day, for the closing, *L'Infante de Zamora*, a French opera, parodied from the music del signor Paisiello, in which the Demoiselle Parisot will make her second *début*, and the thirteenth representation *delle Nozze di Dorina*, Italian opera, music by Sarti, a sudden indisposition of Dame Mandini preventing the performance of *La Pastorella nobile*. To commence at 5½ o'clock.

WAIFS.

Madame Jonnescu (Miss Bessie Richards) has arrived in London, with her *caro sposo*, on a short visit to her parents.

A series of operatic entertainments will begin at the Crystal Palace next month, commencing on the 15th. A new opera, *Alfred*, by Mr E. Prout, libretto by Mr Grist, is promised for September 2nd, the performance under the direction of Mr Prout himself. The leading singers engaged for the series are Mdme Blanche Cole, Mdme Rose Hersee, Miss Armstrong, Messrs William Parkinson, Faulkner Leigh, Aynsley Cook, and Temple. Mr Manns, as a matter of course, holds the position which is his prerogative (and who could sustain it more worthily?), as conductor-in-chief during the entire series.

His Majesty the King of Italy has been pleased to nominate that highly-esteemed Italian poet and dramatic author, the Chevalier G. T. Cimino, "Knight Commander of the Order of the Corona d'Italia," in recognition of the great success obtained by his most recent dramatic works.—*Morning Post.*

A new Teatro-Circo has been opened at Alicante.

Mr and Mrs Arthur O'Leary have gone to Windermere.

Mr Aguilar is passing his vacation at Brent (Devonshire).

Frontini, of Catania, has written an opera entitled *Sansone*.

The Teatro Nuovo, Verona, opens in November with *Aïda*.

Scontrino's opera, *Il Sortiligio*, has been purchased by Lucca, Milan.

C. M. Raymond, Annie Louise Cary's husband, is a New York broker.

The wife of Stoumon, one of the managers of the Monnaie, Brussels, is dead.

Miolan-Carvalho retires from the stage to devote herself to teaching.

The rebuilding of the Teatro Communale, Trieste, will be resumed next month.

The publication of *L'Arte Teatrale* will be resumed at Florence in September.

The once famous vocalist, Ugalde, and her daughter, are at Saint-Honoré-les-Bains.

The concerts in the gardens of the Buen Retiro, Madrid, have been well attended this season.

The wife of Carl Formes, the renowned German bass singer, died recently at San Francisco.

There is a talk of opening the Teatro Malibran, Venice, for opera during the bathing season.

The new opera, *Ersilia*, by Cesare Pascucci, has been courteously received at the Alhambra, Rome.

It is said that a son of the tenor, Vincentelli, also tenor, will shortly come out on the lyric stage.

It is reported that Mr Frederick Clay will have a secular cantata ready for the Leeds Festival of 1883.

Rappoldi, violinist, and A. Fischer, organist, of Dresden, have been making a concert-tour in Saxony.

Lenepveu's *Velleda* is to be performed at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.—("Glad on't."—*Loder's Aunt.*)

Christine Nilsson's first concert, after her return next October to the United States, will be given at Boston.

The theatre known as the Recreos Madrilenses, Madrid, has been burnt down, fortunately without loss of life.

A new weekly paper conducted by F. Pedrell, and entitled *Notas Musicales y Literarias*, has appeared in Barcelona.

Aymerito is appointed violin professor in the Liceo Musicale, Turin. He succeeds Ferni, who has gone to Pesaro.

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Next month, German opera will be given in Warsaw for the first time. Capellmeister Schuch, of Dresden, is conductor.

The Municipal Council of Algiers have voted the erection of a new theatre on the site of the one recently burnt down.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed the performance of *Patience* at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Alessandro Salvini, son of the great Tomasso of that name, is engaged for a series of performances in English at Chicago.

The French Chamber has authorized the Municipality of Nice to borrow 5,000,000 francs for the construction of a theatre.

Teresa Tua, the young violinist, abandoning public playing for the present, has resumed her studies under Massart, in Paris.

August Klughardt, composer of the opera *Gudrun*, enters this month on his duties as conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Dessau.

Giuseppe Pelitti, manufacturer of wind instruments, Milan, has been elected honorary member of the Musical Institute, Florence.

Emma Nevada, after her successes in Italy, has signed with Merelli for a tour in Austria and Germany, to commence in September.

At Schandau, a new Kurhaussaal, the acoustic qualities of which are said to be admirable, was recently inaugurated by a concert for charitable purposes.

The sale of seats for Mr Mapleson's next Italian season in New York has been going on for some time past. (How has it been "going on?"—Dr. Blitge.)

Two of Mdme Marchesi's Russian pupils have recently excited attention: Nadine Boulichoff in Italy, and J. de Rindine at the National Operahouse, Moscow.

The report forwarded from Mexico that Sig. Rosa, the conductor, was recently killed in a duel, by Villani, the baritone, a member of the company, is officially denied.

There is a report that Brignoli, the tenor, will ere long lead to the altar a popular contralto. (*Bravissimo, amico vecchio!* Shall I be at the christening? Cert'nly.—Dr Blitge.)

The season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, will, it is said, be inaugurated with the *Prophète*, Potentini and Fancelli sustaining the leading parts. Kuon will be conductor.

Professor Glover, of Dublin, has gone to Caen to assist at the inauguration of the statue of Auber, erected in the principal square of the celebrated French composer's birthplace.

Having declined a re-engagement at the Teatro Real, Madrid, Ordinas, the bass, has gone for a holiday to Villa Santa Margarita, Majorca.—(This is surely a vague rumour.—Dr Blitge.)

Théo, the delight of Paris, is to make her début in New York on the 11th September. (Heaven pickle the divine songstress. Jonathan, old 'oss, be on your best behaviour.—Dr Blitge.)

The St Cecilia Academy in Rome, presided over by Marchetti, composer of that remarkable opera *Ruy Blas*, has received a present of two pianos, one from Brinsmead of London, and the other from Erard of Paris.

The total receipts from the performance of *Ernani* at the Teatro Ristori, Verona, in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to Garibaldi, amounted to 10,125 lire and the expenses to 6,384, leaving a net profit of 3,741.

"It is stated," says the *Lynn Bee* (U.S.), "that Levy, the cornettist gets more salary than an editor.—He does, and it is not fair. We know lots of editors who are bigger blowers than Levy." (That is impossible.—Dr Blitge.)

Of the artists belonging to the Paris Grand Opera now enjoying a holiday, Carolina Francesca di Rimini Salla, the divine, is at Luchon; Richard is in Switzerland; and Rosita Mauri in Italy. Talazac, of the Opéra-Comique, is at Bordeaux, or in the Pyrenees. —(At both.—Dr Blitge.)

Morning prayers at St. Matthew's, Sheffield, on a recent Sunday, were—according to a local paper—marked by an incident of an extraordinary and an amusing character. Shortly before service, Mr E. Hobbis, organist, was puzzled to find some keys fastened down as though the "trackers" had been cut. Having obtained professional assistance, an examination of the organ was made, when a cat was discovered in the interior. All attempts to coax the animal from its place were unavailing. The service proceeded smoothly, but when, after the sermon, Mr Hobbis attempted to play the accompaniment to the "Amen," discordant strains were emitted from the instrument. The last hymn was sung without accompaniment. Just as the hymn finished "puss" made her escape, and, bounding along the middle aisle, gained the street.

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Galop	"Fun of the ball"	Marriott.	Valse	"An der Themse Strand"	Kéler Béla.
Polka-Mazurka	"Mignonette"	C. Godfrey.	Polka	"Butterfly's Ball"	C. Coote, Jun.
Lancers	"Ye merrie old times"	F. Godfrey.	Country Dance	"Speed the Plough"	Old English.

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Galop	"After Dark"	Montgomery.	Valse	"Kathleen Mavourneen"	Montgomery.
Polka	"Blush Rose"	C. Godfrey.	Galop	"Wind-up"	C. Godfrey.
Lancers	"Princess Louise"	C. Godfrey.	Country Dance	"Off she goes"	Old English.

FOURTH ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse	"The Language of flowers"	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische	"Nelly"	C. Godfrey.
Quadrille	"Blue Beard"	C. Coote, Jun.	Quadrille	"Patchwork"	E. M. Lott.
Galop	"Domino"	C. Coote, Jun.	Valse	"Kate Kearney"	C. Coote.
Polka	"Jolly Dogs"	Marriott.	Polka-Mazurka	"Blue Bell"	Marriott.
Lancers	"Christmas time"	W. C. Levey.	Country Dance	"The tank"	Old English.

FIFTH ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse	"Awfully Jolly"	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische	"Silver Bells"	R. Coote.
Quadrille	"Immenseikoff"	Marriott.	Quadrille	"Scotland"	Marriott.
Galop	"Escort"	C. Godfrey.	Valse	"Blush Rose"	C. Godfrey.
Polka	"Sailor Boy"	Marriott.	Galop	"Go Bang"	C. Coote, Jun.
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Galop	"Roulette"	C. Coote, Jun.	Valse	"Ours"	J. Meredith Ball.
Polka	"Kingfisher"	C. Coote, Jun.	Galop	"New Derby"	C. H. R. Marriott.
Lancers	"Prince of Wales"	C. H. R. Marriott.	Country Dance	"Voulez-vous danser"	

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LONDON: EDWIN ASHDOWN, HANOVER SQUARE.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, July* 29, 1882.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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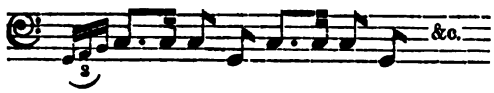
GERMAN OPERA.



The London season, now terminating, has been remarkable for the abundance of German music, that, for the time, never failed to entertain amateurs, to occupy the pens of critics, to cause bickerings between partizans and opponents, and in the end to bring heavy pecuniary losses upon all concerned in its production. But whatever misfortune may have befallen speculators and persons employed, it is certain that some portions of the public have been gratified and benefited by the manifold opportunities afforded them of making further acquaintance with Wagner's operas. Two of our largest theatres, Her Majesty's and Drury Lane, were set apart for the production of the Master's "music-dramas," while little else than German music has found place in concert programmes; so that London, as far as music is concerned, has been for the last few weeks more rabidly Teutonic than any Continental city. It would need a musical Solomon to settle the disputed claims of those who, on one side, contend that Wagner, in his compositions, is dull, ugly, and vicious; and on the other, that he is sublime and spiritual. Perhaps the majority of the public, calmly looking on, are ready to use the sneering words of the Dean of St Patrick—"Strange all this difference should be," &c.* But all who know better the earnestness of the wranglers are prepared to admit the purity of the aim of those who strive to preserve excellence attained, as well as of those who labour to extend the boundaries of musical art. On one point, the effect of these recent works upon the old style of singing, there will, perhaps, be little contention, for Wagnerites have no hesitation in saying that the school of vocalization prized by earlier composers has not been considered, and further, that it has not been deemed even worthy of preservation. If any lovers of music went to the Germans expecting to find examples of vocal facility they were disappointed, for during the entire season little or nothing of that manifestation of art has been heard. Night after night the visitor might have listened to works, in many respects, of wondrous skill, to orchestration of marvellous variety, and to combinations that exceptional power alone could form, but seldom or never could he hear phrases showing the refinement generally associated with the art of singing. Whilst passing by the embellishments furnished by the singing master, not caring for trills, shakes, turns, or scale passages, whilst willing to concede that these ornaments are after all unessential, yet the trained ear could not but be continually offended by the unevenness, harshness, and hoarseness of tone which too often marred the efforts of the performers. The principles of the singer's art, which are an unconstrained delivery of the voice, with perfect command, and a sustained beauty of tone, with modulating power; these things have been with the Germans sacrificed to strength of lung and throat. Whereby the charm of vocal inflections, and the gradations of sound that spring so naturally from ever-changing emotion, with the tenderness and persuasiveness of utterance by which one heart moves another, all seem imperilled, if not absolutely lost, by the stern demand made upon the singers for force, and force, and more force.

The German artists, however, in the performances both at Her Majesty's, and Drury Lane, have seldom failed in giving exceedingly fine examples of declamatory singing. On all occasions, and from all concerned, from those sustaining leading characters down to humble supernumeraries, that one essential attribute of declamation, earnestness, was ever present. Through husky notes, through false intonation, through the roughest tones, this earnestness lit up and imparted life to every sentence. Who, indeed, heeded blemishes of execution when the soul of the performer shone in his work? Who could stop to cavil at uncouth phrasings in a foreign language, when they were made to carry straight from one heart to another, from actor to auditor, the feelings and emotions called up by the actual scene? Yes, there was much for the English student to learn from the exponents of Wagner's operas, for before him were men and women of musical attainments, who, whether in leading or subordinate characters, whether filling the stage or occupying nooks almost out of sight, were never found to be above their work, but, sinking personality, gave to their parts for the moment the undivided efforts of their utmost being. True it is, that this very earnestness appeared to be destructive of vocal grace and polish, for, like soldiers, who, by bodily scar and hacked armour, show traces of ruinous war, so the singers gave tokens in damaged voices of the injury wrought by constant strain. Listeners, however, could not but pity them under such a hard taskmaster as Wagner, who gave them, as it were, music-bricks to make with scarce a straw of melody. How did he come to appreciate his countrymen as mere declaimers, not singers, and to feel justified in apportioning them nothing but bare, wearying, killing recitatives? In any case, the vocalist, with his art, has been sacrificed, whilst the orchestra has been elevated to the place of honour. In the orchestra Wagner finds a medium for the expression of his thoughts without let or hindrance; there always are at his command the full resources of the realm of sound; there, like an engineer relying upon science instead of manual strength for moving the forces of nature, he escapes from human constraints. How cleverly has he carried out his purpose! and how slavishly has every musical instrument fulfilled his behest! With the time came the man, and the slighted operatic orchestra bounded to the front as the honoured ambassador of Wagner's intellect.† Still, however, the singer could not altogether be put aside; he was needed upon the stage for the eye to rest upon, if not to tell the tale, while the orchestra unburthened itself of the quaint fancies and precious thoughts consigned to it by the author. Although Wagner retains the singer, for the words are still declaimed in vocal tones, the singer has really no fuller share in the melodic treasures of the orchestra than the exhibitor of the crown jewels has in the collection of precious stones he prates upon. Listeners must not, therefore, imagine that the shouts of Wagnerian singers are shouts of joy; no, watch well, and it will be seen they are conscious that all the good things have been thrown into the pit below the footlights. Yet shout they must. How can they do otherwise, for does not the band rage furiously? No one knows better than a singer of the modern school that one special quality is absolutely necessary for his work, the quality of strength to sing both high and loud, and, unfortunately, he quickly learns that the use of this force destroys all other vocal attributes. So, whatever the future outcome of Wagner's theories and practice, which, in accordance with a widespread opinion, will to a large extent militate for good, it is certain that the art of vocalization needed to adequately illustrate Handel and Mozart is in danger of becoming a thing of the past.

PENCERDD GWYFYN.

* Which were *not* "the words of the Dean of St Patrick."—Dr Blinge.

† From this we are to conclude that Mozart and Beethoven, Cherubini, &c., in their dramatic works, showing no knowledge of the orchestra, might have profited by the study of Wagner's scores. O Gemini! Wagner might do worse than, "with anxious polyscopity," peruse the score of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

A change in the *troupe* of M. Bérard has taken place. M. Leopold Ketten, Directeur du Conservatoire de Genève has taken the place of M. Idrac; and Mdlle Romi, from Lyons, has arrived, and has been singing in several operas. In the last act of *La Favorite* an incident occurred which occasioned a titter among the audience, but did not disconcert Mdlle Romi, who was equal to the occasion. As Ferdinandi assisted Leonora to rise from the foot of the cross, the skirt, worn under the monk's robe in which she is disguised, gave way, and clung affectionately round her feet; Leonora, however, did not "respond," but kicked it away with tragic energy. A serious accident happened the other day to our *première chanteuse*, Mdlle Levasseur, who fell down and broke her leg. She is, consequently, obliged to resign her engagements, which every one regrets, as she is a great favourite. M. Bérard has engaged Mdme Hasselmans to replace her. She will appear as Marguerite in *Faust* to-morrow night, and continue with us till the end of the season. M. Ketten has been singing well in *La Favorite* and *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*. Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet* is announced for Saturday.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, July 26.

Vaucorbeil, of the Grand Opera, having recovered from the effects of his recent accident, has again taken up the reins of management.

BARCELONA.—During his Italian operatic season, extending from the 21st September to about the middle of November, Ferdinand Strakosch will produce *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Die Zauberflöte*, both novelties in Barcelona.

AREZZO.—The festival to be held here from the 11th to the 15th September, in honour of Guido d'Arezzo, the famous musical Benedictine monk, will be combined with a congress of musicians and others interested in sacred music, and with an exhibition of musical instruments. A series of concerts will also be given.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 446.)

After Pizarro's song, he and Rocco speak a few words, and then the former unfolds his project of revenge against Florestan, the prisoner; and with the more emotional character of the words is a return to musical setting. Numerous different sentiments are expressed, each with its own musical idea, in a long chain. With the exception of a short piece of recitative in the middle, all these ideas are rhythmic, though in varying rhythm. Many different keys are used with the different ideas, but all are grouped in accordance with the main principle of key-form. The key of A, the main key, preponderates at the beginning, with F and C as transient modulations enclosed within A. After this many new keys are gone through, each made clear before the next is touched, and without reference to A. Then follows a portion in which A is again the predominating key, others being used within it as transient modulations, and followed by a coda in A. In what we may call the first part, that which bears relation to the main key, Pizarro is abrupt and authoritative with the gaoler,

Ex. 189.

tells him if he will be quick about it he has a chance of making his fortune, and offers him money; and, when Rocco enquires what he is to do, tells him he is to execute a State offender. All this Pizarro says with a bold front, and his assumption of boldness prevails over the different ideas and joins them in one; Rocco's enquiries, too, are simple; the music is, therefore, the continuous development of ideas in the same train of thought, and the varying keys are all in relation to the main key of A. But, after Rocco has pushed his questioning further, matters become more complicated. Pizarro is forced to avow he is to

Ex. 190.

and from that follow Pizarro's persuasions and arguments, Rocco's frequent ejaculations of disgust and dread, Pizarro's declaration that he will himself do it, Rocco's recognition that the victim is the man "who scarcely lives, who like a shadow moves,"

Ex. 191.

and Pizarro's direction to Rocco to prepare the grave, and he will then steal down into the dungeon and

Ex. 192.

All these manifold and constantly changing ideas fall into the part which we may compare to the second part or fantasia, and the musical ideas and keys rapidly change throughout—the ideas new, the keys distantly related. From this moment Rocco's scruples are silenced, he thinks that the victim is half dead already, and that death will be a release to him—the only end of despair; Pizarro is sure of the content which he cannot have while Florestan is alive—argument is over, and the thing is settled to be done. These are somewhat more restful emotions, and, therefore, fit into the third part, in which the musical ideas are less changeful, in which the keys are less changed and bear closer relation to the main key, and the rhythm is more continuous. A slight interruption to the continuity of the third part is the reiteration of Pizarro's declaration that he will steal down to the dungeon and kill Florestan, but, with the exception of one phrase (Ex. 192), it is with new music.

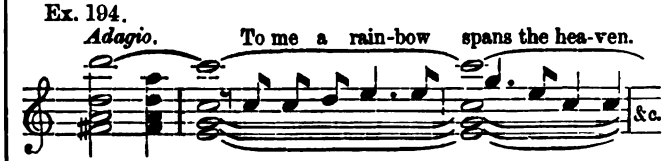
In the introduction to the overture, No. 4, in E, is a passage which seems to be a reminder of the thought above of the starving prisoner (Ex. 191).

Immediately upon the exit of Pizarro and Rocco, Leonora rushes in; she has overheard the agreement between the two, and is mad with excitement. The changing emotions of her mind find expression in a long soliloquy, set as a scena and aria with many different ideas. The scena is full of agitation; the emotions are active and rapidly changing. Leonora's first thoughts are of horror; Pizarro is a fiend, is without pity, he is a tiger. These thoughts come pouring out in accompanied recitative, with interludes of great impetuosity. At the mention of pity, there is a gentle phrase

Ex. 193.

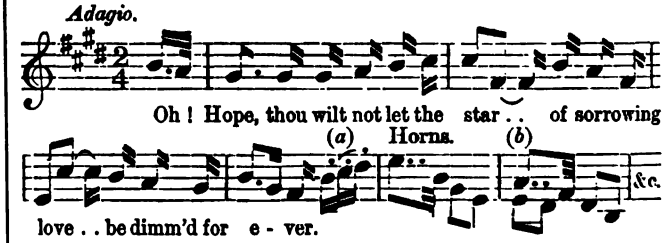
which is driven away by the thought of Pizarro's tigerish nature. Presently a thought of Hope comes, which spans and illumines Leonora's troubled mind as a rainbow over a stormy landscape, and the voice of the singer is, as it were, upheld in mid-air by the sustaining notes of the flutes and hautboys.

Ex. 194.



This suggests a new train of thought, and Leonora dreams over a prayer to Hope, dwells on the thought, and finds comfort in it; and it is expressed in music by long cantabile phrases in even continuous rhythm and regular form. This is the slow movement of the aria. The thought

Ex. 195.



is carried on for a few phrases in the main key (E), and then in the key of the dominant (B). After a full close in the latter key, the half-way rest, the main key returns for the second division of the movement with ideas which are but the carrying out of the first. The horn passages, first in the introductory bars and again in the course of the air (*a*) and (*b*), form a sort of companion strain to that of the voice. On the close of the slow movement, thoughts of confidence come into Leonora's mind. An inward guide draws her on; she will not hesitate, but will be strong with the duty of true wifely love. A quick movement expresses this, which has been already described as a modern example of the Scarlatti form.

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The beginning of the overture, No. 4, in E, bears a great resemblance to the music of this movement, and must be felt to be characteristic of the same emotion.

This scene for Leonora follows the preceding duet for Pizarro and Rocco in natural sequence, and, therefore, the keys of the two movements are closely connected. A, the main key of the duet, is the chromatic concord on the supertonic of G minor, which is the first key used in the scena; and the first group of notes in the scena belongs equally to both keys. Again, the principal key of the aria (E) is that of the dominant of A, the principal key of the duet.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

KING'S CONCERT ROOMS,
Hanover Square.

MR SALAMAN'S FIRST CONCERT,

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1833.

PART I.

Grand Sinfonia (in C minor).....*Beethoven.*
Duetto, Signor ZUCHELLI and Mr BENNETT,
"Claudio".....*(Elisa e Claudio).....Mercadante.*
Recit. and Air, Mr H. PHILLIPS, "Angel of Life".....*Callcott.*
Grand Concerto (in G minor), Piano-forte, Mr SALAMAN.
F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
Duetto, Mesdemoiselles F. and M. CORRELDI,
"Lasciami non t'ascolto".....*(Il Tancredi).....Rossini.*
Recit. ed Aria, Madame PUZZI, with Corno Obbligato, Signor PUZZI, "Se amore soltanto".....*Meyer.*
Duetto, Madame DE MERIC and Signor DONZELLI,
"A questo sen ritorna".....*(Agnese).....Paer.*
Scena, Madame SCHRŒDER DEVRIENT,
(Der Freyschütz).....C. M. von Weber.
Trio (à la Tyrolienne), Madame DE MERIC and Mesdemoiselles F. and M. CORRELDI, composed for this Concert by *M. Correldi.*
Fantasia, Violin, Mr ELIASON (sur un Air Espagnol)...*Eliason.*
Quintetto, Mesdemoiselles F. and M. CORRELDI, Signori DONZELLI and ZUCHELLI, and Mr PHILLIPS,
"Oh guardate! che accidente" *(Il Turco in Italia) Rossini.*

PART II.

Grand Overture to *Euryanthe*.....*C. M. von Weber.*
Cavatina, Madame DE MERIC, "Dio di bontà".....*Bellini.*
Grand Military Fantasia, Piano-forte, Mr SALAMAN...*Czerny.*
Polacca, Mrs H. R. BISHOP...*(Il Scompiglio)...Lord Burghersh.*
Air, Signor DONZELLI, "Quell' ardor"...*(Achille)...Nicolini.*
Duetto, Madame SCHRŒDER DEVRIENT and Herr HAITZINGER, "Schönes Mädchen"...*(Jessunda)...Spohr.*
Quartetto, Madame DE MERIC, Mademoiselle CORRELDI, Signori DONZELLI and ZUCHELLI, "Cielo il mio labbro".....*(Il Bianca Faliero).....Rossini.*
Air, Herr HAITZINGER, "Wehen mir Lüfte Buh!"
(Euryanthe).....C. M. von Weber.
Aria, Madame PASTA, "Bel raggio"...*(Semiramide)...Rossini.*
Finale (Instrumental).....*Haydn.*

Leader, Mr MORI.
Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

Decided action is now being taken by the Metropolitan Board of Works in dealing with the theatres. The Prince of Wales's, Royalty, and Vaudeville are among the houses which for practical purposes are condemned, and important alterations will have to be made in others.

MR AND MRS TAYLOR gave their annual entertainment (Music and Recitations) at their residence, Adelaide College, Shepherd's Bush, on Monday, July 24th. The progress made by the pupils must be highly satisfactory, both to parents and instructors. As a pianist Master H. Mandeville (pupil of Mr Frank Holmes) exhibited his proficiency in Clementi's pianoforte sonata, Op. 36, No. 4; and as a reciter, Master E. Mandeville (pupil of Mr Taylor), in "Le Meunier sans souci." Both Mr and Miss Taylor contributed to the gratification of the visitors, the lady by her performance on the pianoforte of a well-known *Bourrée*, and Mr Taylor by reciting several familiar and admired pieces.

ORATORIOS AFTER SUNDAY SERVICE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should be glad to see the custom introduced by Archdeacon Dunbar, of singing selections from one of the oratorios after the service on Sunday evenings, made more general. It would, doubtless, financially benefit the churches, as well as intellectually benefit the congregations. The *Hymn of Praise* is quite a sermon, while the story of Elijah is well told and vividly brought before the mind by the power of Mendelssohn's music. There is nothing of a party spirit in the singing of such music in churches and chapels. Last Sunday evening the story of Elijah was first read from the Bible, and then selections from the oratorio, *Elijah*, were rendered by the choir at St Andrew's, Tavistock Place (which still continues open). The soloists were Miss Jessie Royd (soprano); Miss J. Petersen (contralto); Mr Burgess Webb (tenor); and Mr Baines (bass). I am, sir, yours, with respect, N. W. L.

[*The more we hear of such music as that of Mendelssohn in our churches, the less chance is there of the pernicious doctrines of the Lisztites making head.*—D. T.]

Miss Rosa Kenney has been the "rage" during the past season at the réunions of the "upper ten thousand," reciting with genuine effect, among other poems, Tennyson's "Lady Godiva" and "Morte d'Arthur."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The prizes gained by the pupils who have been studying in the Academy throughout the past academical year were distributed on Saturday by Lady Goldsmid, in the concert-room of the institution, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. Prior to the distribution Professor Macfarren (the Principal) said that they had met to crown a year of anxious work and a month of the deepest interest, in which the pupils had been examined by a series of Boards of Professors in each department with great stricteness, and with the endeavour to find out, not the faults, but the merits of the candidates. There would doubtless be many heart-burnings and disappointments among those who had obtained neither medals nor commendations; yet that was a circumstance which should not discourage them, but rather stimulate them to renewe exertions in the coming year. They should also remember that, however symbolical to the world of art a medal or commendation might be, the real prize was in the endeavour they had made to deserve the prize. Young artistic talent was as watery vapour that filled our atmosphere, which, when it lighted on a leaf or a flower, became a dewdrop; the leaf was as the counsel of the experienced teacher, which condensed the water into the dewdrop, and the dewdrop was the matured genius of the artist. The memorial prizes to be distributed had been instituted by one or other generous person or by general subscription; while the annual prizes were the result of the recent special examinations. Their thanks were due first to the various professors for their almost parental interest in their pupils, and next to the eminent musicians, who, though wholly unconnected with the Academy, had superintended the examinations and made the awards, it being felt that that would have been a painful, invidious, and perhaps doubtful task to be undertaken by the professors who had prepared the pupils. Their thanks were also due to the directors of the Crystal Palace for the free tickets which they had placed at the disposal of the committee for the concerts and concert rehearsals which had taken place at that institution. Lady Goldsmid then distributed the prizes. The Charles Lucas silver medal was awarded to Mr William G. Wood, the Parepa-Rosa gold medal to Miss Hilda Wilson, the Sterndale Bennett prize (a purse of ten guineas) to Miss Lilian Munster, the Llewellyn Thomas gold medal to Miss Kate Hardy, the Evill prize (a purse of ten guineas) to Mr John G. Robertson, the Heathcote Long prize (a purse of ten guineas) to Messrs Arthur Dace and Septimus Webbe, conjointly, and the Santley prize (a purse of ten guineas) to Miss Beatrice Davenport—all of whom had won distinction. With regard to the annual prizes, in the female department, the certificate of merit (to pupils who had previously received silver medals, being the highest award of the Academy) was gained by Miss Annie Cantelo (pianoforte), Miss Annie Balfour (pianoforte) receiving a commendation. In the male department certificates of merit were awarded to Messrs Alfred Izard (pianoforte), Frank Arnold (violin), Walter Thomas Barker (harp), and George John Bennett (harmony). On the motion of Professor Macfarren a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Lady Goldsmid, who expressed her gratification at having assisted on such an important occasion in connection with their truly great and national institution. Among the professors present were Messrs H. C. Banister, C. Steggall, E. Fiori, P. Goldberg, William Shakespeare, H. R. Eyers, Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Prosper Sainton, and Sir Julius Benedict.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 470.)

But it was not without having to contend with grave and formidable obstacles that the Théâtre de Monsieur pursued a career so full of interest and so deserving of encouragement. The famous day of the 6th October, 1789, by bringing back the King and Royal Family from Versailles to Paris, ejected it from its home. After the sovereign returned to the Tuileries, the theatre could hardly remain there, and so a short time subsequently it was obliged to move. This was a disaster. Where could they go in the middle of winter, and where suddenly find shelter for so vast an undertaking? There was, it is true, some talk of building a new house, but to do so would take time, and meanwhile the management were obliged to evacuate the Tuileries, where, as we have seen, they gave their last performance on the 23rd December. It is certain that at that moment they had no notion what they should do, for they inserted the following notice in the *Journal de Paris* of the 24th: "To-day and to-morrow there will be no performance. The public will be informed by fresh bills when and where the performances will be continued." At last they succeeded in finding a temporary home; it was not, as Fétis somewhere says, a barn, but the building which the Variétés Amusantes possessed at the Foire Saint-Germain, and which, in a word, was very comfortable. But it was far removed from the centre of Paris, and singularly small for an establishment with so many persons employed in it. However, be this as it might, the Théâtre de Monsieur, after seventeen days' inactivity, was reopened on the 10th January, 1790, at the Foire Saint-Germain, where it was destined to remain a year. And this again is how, in its number of the 9th, the *Journal de Paris* announces the fact:

"Theatre de Monsieur. To morrow the provisional season will commence in the house formerly occupied by the Variétés, at the Foire Saint-Germain, with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Italian opera, mus. del sig. Paisiello.—Those persons who ought to have had their boxes from Christmas to the 31st December are informed that the performances of which they were deprived by the closing of the Theatre will be made up to them either in other performances or in money, as they may choose."

While the concern was in its temporary quarters, the management purchased at No. 19, Rue Feydau, a large plot of ground, on which Legrand and Molinos, two architects of high reputation, set about rapidly erecting a new theatre, which, even before it was opened, was thus described in a special work of the time:—

"The house will be able to contain about two thousand two hundred persons; it forms a perfect semi-circle, so that the actor when in the middle of the stage will be at an equal distance from all the spectators, the farthest of whom will not be more than thirty-two feet from the front of the stage. There are eight tiers of boxes, though only five are visible. The means of ingress and egress are roomy and commodious. The entrance is under cover of a superb vestibule. A carriage with six horses can pass under the latter, while another carriage is leaving by another issue, and, so to speak, depositing its occupants at the door of their box. Every one can, if needs be, have all his servants under his eye, without their having to fear the rain and the rigours of the season, because round the house there runs a vast circular gallery, the interior of which will be fitted up with all kinds of shops, where all tastes may be satisfied, while the eye is flattered. All the places are comfortable, and there are seats for everybody."

Despite the difficulties of all kinds caused every day by its temporary installation in a locality both defective and insufficient, the Théâtre de Monsieur continued to display at the Foire Saint-Germain the activity which constituted at the Tuileries a part of its good fortune. In this second year of its existence, it got up some forty more new works, among which there were some twenty Italian or French operas. The Italian operas were *La buona Figliuola*, by Piccinni; *La Grotta di Trofonio*, by Salieri; *Le Gelosie villane*, by Sarti; *Il Geloso in Cimento*, by Anfossi; *Le due Gemelle*, by Guglielmi; *La Frascatana*, by Paisiello; *Don Chisciotte della Mancia*, by Tarchi; *L'Italiana in Londra*, by Cimarosa; and a pasticcio entitled *I Viaggiatori Felici*. As for the French operas, they were not on this occasion all translated from the Italian, but included various works due to some of our own composers, such as *Les Roses de Frontin*, by Champein (though, like other of his works, given under the pseudonym of Zaccharelli): *Azélie*, by Rigel; *Joconde*, by Jadin; *L'Amant travesti*, by Desaugiers; and *L'Histoire universelle*, by Cousin Jacques.

At the expiration of a year, the house in the Rue Feydeau was at length ready, and the management began to think about inaugurating it. In the last days of December, 1790, the performances of the Théâtre de Monsieur at the Foire Saint-Germain were brought to a close, and, after a few days, during which there was necessarily no performance while the moving was going on and the transfer of the staff effected, the new house was opened on the 6th January, 1791, by *Le Nozze di Dorina*. The Théâtre Feydeau—such was the name it thenceforth assumed—had now a home of its own, in the very heart of all the life and elegance of Paris, and was destined again to enjoy the sympathy, only more lively than ever, which it had so promptly and so justly excited. Unfortunately, events followed one another quickly, and obliged it materially to modify the conditions of its existence. The troubles of which Paris was at this time incessantly the scene, dealt, as may be supposed, a heavy blow to the prosperity of theatrical enterprise. The Théâtre Feydeau, with its enormous expenses, was doomed to feel this prejudicial influence more than any other house, and its situation became more and more difficult, because new dramatic and lyric theatres were springing up every day in virtue of the decree of the National Assembly, which had established the most complete freedom in such matters. It was necessary, therefore, to think of economizing, and, when the theatre closed, at Easter, 1792, the comedy company was dissolved. Soon afterwards, the Italian singers discharged themselves. The day of the 10th August threw them into a state of terrible affright, so, taking advantage of a special clause in their engagements, they resumed their liberty, and fled in all possible haste. But it was fated that the disorganization should not stop here, and the management itself was, nearly all at once, thrown into confusion. Léonard, who had been mixed up in the flight to Varennes, was compelled to leave France and take refuge abroad; Viotti, who had been on affectionate terms with the Queen, and formerly been received as an intimate friend at Court, but whose ideas, though at bottom liberal, did not protect him from certain dangers, also found himself obliged to go into exile and flee to England; even Martini was reduced to hide in order to escape the perils which threatened him. In this state of things, the French singers remained in exclusive possession of the Théâtre Feydeau. Hereupon, they resolved to form themselves into a joint-stock company, and carry on the enterprise with French comic opera alone.

This rapid historical summary of the beginnings of the Théâtre Feydeau is not without its utility. Cherubini was so intimately, so closely, and so usefully mixed up with them, he was to such an extent the pivot, we may say, on which everything turned, and, a few years later, he became so vigorously one of its firmest supports, that it was not a superfluous task to describe with some minuteness the enterprise to which he owed the most solid foundation of his renown in France, and which caused his glory to flash forth its first rays.

By his engagement with Viotti, Cherubini, in return for a fixed annual salary of 4,000 francs, undertook to compose all the pieces it might be judged expedient to add to the Italian operas played at the Théâtre Feydeau, and to write two French operas every year. The salary was not large if we recollect that the French operas, belonging by agreement to the management, brought the young artist nothing in the way of author's rights; but it was a piece of good fortune for him, even under these conditions, to be able to make his works known to the French public, and get the latter to appreciate them. Besides, the obligation was not onerous, for, though engaged from 1789, he did not bring out his first work, *Lodoïska*, till 1791, and his second, *Elisa*, till 1794. He wrote, it is true, an almost complete work, *Koukourgi*, which was never played, and the first act of another, *Maryuerite d'Anjou*, never finished; but this was a very different thing to the two scores he was bound to supply every year, and on which the management never insisted, because, having doubtless too many works already at their disposal, they would have found it impossible to present them to the public.*

(To be continued.)

* The following is the informati on I find respecting this subject in the *Note relating to L. Cherubini, and drawn up by himself.* After Viotti and

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THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF *PARSIFAL*.

(From a Correspondent.)

Bayreuth, July 27th, 1882.

The first day of the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Performances has whirled noisily by with all its peculiarity and passionate aberrations. It did not succeed in reaching the dazzling physiognomy of 1876, but all the special features of that year remained, while the absurd and senseless extravagances of the Wagnerian craze—though any one would have thought such a thing impossible after the *Nibelungen* days—were greater than ever. But, despite all their blustering outside the Theatre, the Wagnerites could not convince us impartial folk that Wagner's last work was on a level with some of his previous productions, and far less that it marked a step in advance. I will not now go minutely into the first night's performance, an account of which you have doubtless received from other sources, but will content myself with sketching certain details of the kaleidoscopic scene presented yesterday on the Stage-Festival-Play-Hill. Bustle and turbulence reigned, it is true, in the surging and hurrying mass of human beings, but there was, after all, a want of the characteristically interesting element which marked the August days of the year 1876. The Wagnerites from all quarters of Germany and other countries were certainly fully represented, but whether they were able to impart a special expression to the physiognomy of the Festival is what I always doubted; after yesterday evening, I feel certain on the point. The full-blooded Wagnerites are beings like will-o'-the-wisps, without originality or independence, whom, therefore, we may pass by without more ado. We will allow them with all our heart their blind enthusiasm for Wagner and their exaggerated ecstacy at his creations, but they should have enough consideration not to weary with their skill in coarse pen-and-ink warfare persons who think differently from themselves, and do not choose to follow them in their unexampled worship of an individual. We have certainly heard nothing as yet of acts of violence and "Schopenhaueriades," but we have had sufficient and convincing proofs of the utter want of tact distinguishing the *exaltados*. The Wagner community, as already mentioned, was fully represented; the Intendants, Löe and Perfall, for instance, of some Court Theatres, and the managers, like Neumann and Förster, of private ones; journalists and authors, like Frenzel, Ehrlich, and Lindau, together with the leading representatives of the Vienna critics, conductors, stage-managers, and theatrical artists, had all been attracted by a sense of professional duty to the Stage-Festival-Play-Hill; but none of Germany's leading poets were visible, nor does it appear that the names of any other world-renowned individuals are to be recorded. The house has been subjected to no alteration inside since 1876. The view of the vast pit, rising amphitheatre-like, is thoroughly pleasing, while the whole place with its simple architecture produces a stately and noble impression; it is dedicated to the culture of the fine arts, and worthily does it prepare the audience to enjoy them. But there are two things to which the normally thinking theatre-goer can never be reconciled, the concealed orchestra, and the deep obscurity which reigns during the performance. I have known for years the Munich Orchestra and the admirable work they do, having followed, with the most lively interest, their restless energy and artistic excellence; yesterday they played in as masterly a fashion as ever, and fully bore out their reputation, but they would have achieved more, and produced a more direct effect, had not the sound of their instruments been compelled to issue from their mousetrap into the deep night of the house. The obscurity reigning in the auditorium grows at last perfectly unbearable; the attentive spectator who wishes to follow the course of the action, the frequently unintelligible utterances of the artists, and the extraordinarily complicated text, finds it scarcely possible to distinguish from each other the letters of the book. And now how about the way the work was received? The fanatical *Blätter*, for which a farce more or less does not matter, will speak of an enthusiastic success. Was this really so? With my hand on my heart, I say, ye Wagner-worshippers, no, it was not! The feeling after the first act was very friendly, although by no means enthusiastic; after the second, the dramatic animation and melodic wealth of which, with perfect justice, delighted the audience, the applause was the expression of perfect satisfaction. The third act, with its endless length, fatigued and disappointed, despite certain very beautiful passages. The physiognomy of the town had visibly changed since midday; from all quarters the trains brought visitors, and the good, worthy women of Bayreuth may have gravely shaken their heads at many an extravagant toilet which appeared to have come direct from the workshop of some Parisian tailor gone mad. Of course, with so great an influx of visitors, the lodgings-question has entered a new phase; the prices which have to be paid for rooms are simply shameful, and, making every allowance for the extraordinary circumstances of the case, the Bayreuthers should remember that there are newspapers which register such overcharges, and put the public on their guard. A praiseworthy exception is that of the respectable inns, which, though raising their ordinary prices, have by no means soared into the fantastic regions of from twenty to twenty-five marks a day, as many persons have been pleased to do. An especial song of praise should be sung to the local telegraph office. The officials have worked admirably, quickly, and reliably, having sent off two hundred telegrams with more than 14,000 words during the performance. Yesterday's *Bayreuther Blätter* contains "a fresh appeal to all our old friends" in reference to the continuation of the body of patrons, and to-morrow a special meeting will be held to consider the subject.—Nothing certain is yet known concerning the visit of the King of Bavaria, a circumstance which might have been expected, in view of the suddenness with which that Monarch is accustomed to make his arrangements; no definite information has reached either the Hermitage or the Castle here. A great many visitors already leave to-day, but will be replaced by new arrivals to-morrow.

Léonard obtained, at the end of 1788, permission to start the Théâtre de Monsieur, and to carry it on with a company of French actors, a comic opera company, and an Italian opera company, Viotti put me down for 4,000 francs a year, dating from 1790, on condition of my composing all the pieces required in the Italian works, and also two French operas. This was the first appointment I held in Paris. In 1791 I brought out, therefore, the opera of *Lodoïska* at the Théâtre Feydeau, which then bore the title of the Théâtre de Monsieur, and subsequently the opera of *Eliza, ou le Mont Saint-Bernard*. As these two works were, in consequence of my position, the property of the management, I had no author's rights. I then composed another opera entitled *Koukourgi*, according to my agreement, but it was not performed. I may observe that the above-named salary of 4,000 francs was paid me by the management in assignats at their nominal value till 1793, without my having any allowance made in proportion to their diminished worth. At last the payment of this salary stopped in 1796 or 1797 (I do not recollect the precise epoch), and, my engagement with the management of the Théâtre Feydeau being terminated, I should have been without employment if, luckily for me, the decree of the National Convention of the 18th Brumaire, Year II. of the Republic (8th November, 1793), creating the Institute of Music, and afterwards the law of the 16th Thermidor, Year III. (3rd August, 1795), changing the title of Institute into that of Conservatory of Music, had not procured me a place as inspector of studies in the establishment, to which I was appointed with a salary of 5,000 francs and a residence.

IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE.*

"In Manus Tuas, Domine," let this my last prayer be,
And ere my weary eye-lids close, yield I my soul to Thee,
Oh, guard me from all evil, keep me from peril free.

Oh, may Thine angels guard me through the dark hours of night,
Especially my Guardian who, with wings of shining white,
Doth hover o'er my couch, bright messenger of light!

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend the coming day;
Oh, lead me in the narrow path, be Thou my Guide and Stay.
'Tis Thine, O Lord, to give or take, Thy will be done alway.

"In Manus Tuas, Domine," the dying Saviour saith.
"In Manus Tuas, Domine," e'en with my failing breath:
Be this my latest prayer, ere mine eye-lids close in death.

Yon breaks the bright, eternal Day, and earth's vain shadows flee;
Awake, my soul, rouse from thy sleep, prepare thy King to see,
For Earth's dark night hath pass'd and Heav'n's morn dawns on thee.

* *Copyright.* CATHERINE MARTYR.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

SCHOPENHAUER *v.* WAGNER.*

It is well known that, in the year 1854, Richard Wagner sent copies, printed at his own expense, of his poem, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, as a "confidential communication" to certain friends, and such persons as he supposed entertained a feeling of sympathy for his project. This edition never came into the hands of the publishers. One copy was forwarded by Wagner to Arthur Schopenhauer. Many years subsequently, it was said that, in this copy, after the stage direction at the end of the first act of *Die Walküre*—"Siegmund draws Sieglinde to himself with furious and ardent passion; she sinks with a shriek on his breast; the curtain falls rapidly"—Schopenhauer had written the pungent marginal commentary, "*High time it should.*" As Wagner not merely without reserve avows his adhesion to Schopenhauer's views of music, but claims to have incorporated, poetically, Schopenhauer's philosophy in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the presumption that in his copy the great philosopher had written many a critical opinion of the Tetralogy could not fail to excite curiosity. I have at length seen the copy in question, in the possession of Herr Leo Lipmannssohn, to whose kindness I am indebted for the opportunity of examining it. On the blank page, before the title, we see written in Schopenhauer's hand: "Arthur Schopenhauer," and, under the title, in Wagner's: "In token of admiration and gratitude." The book, an octavo of 159 pages, contains all the four pieces of the *Nibelungen* Poem, but the third piece, afterwards called *Siegfried*, bears for title, *Der junge Siegfried*; while the fourth, afterwards called *Die Götterdämmerung*, is denominated *Siegfried's Tod*. Schopenhauer has enriched the book with numerous marginal notes, in pencil. The handwriting is everywhere vigorous, broad, and legible. In the first act of *Die Walküre*, in the great love scene between the sister and brother, Sieglinde and Siegmund (page 42), Sieglinde yearns for the man of her wishes. To this Schopenhauer remarks, continuing the speech by a double hyphen: "*Go and murder thy husband.*"† On the same page we find: "Sieglinde thrusts back the curls from Siegmund's brow, and, plunged in amazement, gazes on him with the words, 'How open is your brow, the temples, &c.!'" On this Schopenhauer remarks: "*It is infamous!*" With reference to the scene generally between Siegmund and Sieglinde, Schopenhauer writes across the entire margin at the top of the page: "*We may for once in a way forget morality, but we have no right to slap it in the chaps.*" Much marginal space is taken up by the philosopher's quaint remarks on the purport and inflated language of the text. The sharpest bit in this valuable autographic treasure trove is the exclamation: "*Ears! Ears!*" which Schopenhauer always employs whenever Wagner makes false and inharmonious verbal combinations. With his well-known genial roughness, Schopenhauer, at one such tortured word-formation, even says: "*He has no ears, the deaf catgut-scraper!*"‡ This literary historical discovery will cause great commotion in the Wagnerite camp.

The number of students during the past term at the Milan Conservatory was 217, of whom 101 belonged to the gentler sex. Albino Gorno, formerly pupil at the Conservatory, is appointed singing-master in the College of Music, Cincinnati, U.S. There is some talk of producing *Tannhäuser* next season at the Scala, with Sylva as the infatuate minstrel, or of re-producing *Lohengrin* with Barbacini.

* Addressed by Max Goldstein to the *Montagsblatt*.

† This addition is in English.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "*Er hat keine Ohren, der taube Musikant!*" *Musikant*, here rendered "catgut-scraper," is so frequently employed contemptuously that it may be said never to be used otherwise, and, therefore, is a very different word from *Musiker*, a "musician."—TRANSLATOR.

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.§

So we are sitting again in the pleasant little Bavarian town of Bayreuth, once rendered celebrated by worldly splendour and twice by intellectual power. Half a century ago, solitary Jean Paul enthusiasts piously sought the place, and six years since whole caravans of admiring Wagner-worshippers also made a pilgrimage thither. Yes, quite six years have elapsed since the "Stage-Festival-Playhouse" was first opened, in order to conjure up as though by magic the four days' wonders of Wagner's *Nibelungenring*. Since then the strange edifice on the hill has remained closed, and the dusty and hot road leading to it deserted. Things were planned differently, very differently. Wagner hoped to have performances every year, nay, even intimated that there was a prospect that his theatre, with a constantly enlarged field of action, would be open to every kind of dramatic creation entitled, by originality of conception and legitimately German style, to claim a specially correct representation. But no one ever believed Wagner would perform any but his own works in Bayreuth. And this is quite as it should be, for to hear a good rendering of *Fidelio* or *Don Juan* we do not require to go to Bayreuth, while still less was there any need of erecting a specially constructed theatre. More worthy of credit and more reliable appeared perhaps the other promise, namely, that the *Nibelungen Cycle* should be repeated annually in Bayreuth. This was the logical consequence of Wagner's decided and public declaration that he would not allow his *Nibelungen Trilogy* to be given on any other stage. Of the permanent nature of this prohibitory resolution, however seriously it may have been at first intended, we, however, doubted from the very outset, venturing, as far back as 1876, to prophecy that, after Europe had travelled to Bayreuth, Bayreuth would have to come to Europe. And so it has turned out—to the real advantage of the work and its originator. The prophet has come to the mountain, and, during the last six years, the *Nibelungen Trilogy* has found its way to all Court and Town Theatres of any importance in Germany. But the Wagner Temple in Bayreuth remained shut. It is only now that it again opens its portals to admit a new work, *Parsifal*, which, by the designation: "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play," Wagner invests with unusual significance.

In the choice of his subject, Wagner has ascended in a double sense: genealogically, from Lohengrin to Lohengrin's father, Parcival; and, metaphysically, from something of a mythical to something of a mystic and specially Christian purport. The soul of the entire work is the "holy Graal,"‖ the wonder-working dish or cup which was preserved on Montsalvat by the knights called after it, and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood of Him who died on the Cross. Already, as an invisible power, working from afar, it brought about the catastrophe in *Lohengrin* ("Mich ruft der Gral!"¶) In *Parsifal*, it constitutes the visible and central point, the supreme power ruling every motive in the drama. Only some one thoroughly pure, and not trying to find the road, can reach the Graal and be admitted among its knights. Such an innocent youth, a stranger to the world, is Parcival, "the pure fool," who, being selected for it, first neglects and misses, but, after severe trials and gradual moral purification, finally executes his high mission. As we are aware, the knightly poet, Wolfram von Eschenbach, taking as foundation various sagas, and especially the poem of the Frenchman, Chrétien de Troyes, celebrated Parcival at the commencement of the thirteenth century in an epic as full as it is profound and rich in colour, and in which he combines the series of sagas concerning the holy Graal with those relating to King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Wolfram von Eschenbach, who—being in this respect the direct opposite of Richard Wagner—could neither read nor write, has served as the principal if not exclusive source whence Wagner has drawn his materials. It is a happy coincidence that the latest, or Wagner's Parcival, should rise up in the same country, Bavaria, nay, in the very Franconian province, where Wolfram's home stood six hundred years ago. Eschenbach lies south-east of Anspach, and is not, therefore, very far from Bayreuth. It was in Wiedenberg, probably

§ From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

‖ By some spelt "Grail," by others "Greal." The Celtic *Graal* signifies a gray sandstone dish.—TRANSLATOR.

¶ "The Graal summons me!"

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Wehlenberg near Anspach, that Wolfram had his house, living there, poor but contented, with wife and child. He died, far advanced in the fifties, about 1220, and was buried in the Frauenkirche, Eschenberg. Thus the northern Bavarian province, which includes, among other places, Bayreuth, reminds us of the first and unsurpassed poet of Parcival—Wolfram von Eschenbach. Probably, only our learned readers, historians of literature and Germanists, have gone deeply into his poem. A far larger circle derive their information concerning him and his *Parcival* from old works on literature; more recently, perhaps, from Wilhelm Hertz's careful monography; or, lastly, from Wilhelm Scherer's admirable History of Literature, now being published in numbers. A third set consist of the respectable minority who, in all probability, know Wolfram von Eschenbach only as the melodious minstrel of the Evening Star in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. This, by the way, ought to suffice for the right comprehension of the "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play," since a properly constructed drama, whether spoken or sung, should explain itself, without learned preliminary studies.

While narrating the substance of Wagner's poem, we shall momentarily dismiss Wolfram's Parcival from our mind, and not notice till subsequently certain divergences of importance to the drama. Wagner's *Parsifal*——but hold! We must of necessity stop a moment at the hero's name, the Bayreuth mode of spelling it having already produced considerable confusion. Wolfram calls his hero "Parcival," from the French verb *percer* (Fürwahr, dein Nam' ist Parcival; "recht m i t t e n d u r c h bedeutet er").* Chrétien de Troyes calls him "Perceval" (Valley-Piercer†), which is allied to the former meaning.‡ To try and derive from the Persian and Arabic words of undoubted French origin is a learned freak in which previously only Joseph Görres delighted, and Gervinus has dealt with *his* false derivations. Wagner, who really does not require yet dearly loves to be great in trifles and original in subordinate things, violently derives the indisputably French name from the Arabic, in order to force upon it the meaning of "pure Fool." In the second act he makes the corruptress, Kundry, explain his hero philologically: "Thee did I call foolish Pure One, *Fal parsi*—thee, pure Fool: *Parsifal!*"§ It strikes us that the fact of the name Parcival having been for more than 600 years naturalized in literature by one of our greatest poets is sufficient to make us still adhere to it, and ignore any arbitrary alteration. The title of Wagner's Festival-Play must of course be quoted literally as *Parsifal*, but, in other cases, the non-Wagnerian world will continue to write "Parcival" as formerly. We will now proceed from Parcival to *Parsifal*.

The first scene represents a woodland spot in the northernly mountain ranges of Gothic Spain. We see Knights and Squires rise from their slumbers beneath the trees to prepare a medicinal bath for the sick Graal-King, Amfortas.‖ The latter is sleepless from "severe bodily suffering,"¶ and his pangs keep returning more and more "acute."** As we learn from the lips of the Knight, Gurnemanz, Amfortas sallied forth one day to "behost"†† with his lance—the same which once pierced the Redeemer's side—the wicked magician, Klingsor, but was deprived by the latter of the "wond-wonderful spear,"‡‡ and despatched home with a wound which will not close. There now comes the repellantly wild but willing Graal-servant, Kundry, who rushes "hastily," nay, almost "staggers" on the stage. She brings from Arabia a balsam to cure the sick King, and flings herself, exhausted, on the ground. Scarcely has Amfortas taken the bath, which "stems his pain,"§§ when a confused noise is heard coming nearer and nearer. A youthful stranger, Parsifal, has forced his way unobserved into the wood, and brought down with his arrow a swan that was just flying across the "Sacred Lake." The offender is conducted before Gurnemanz, who proceeds to interrogate him. To the questions: "Whence art thou? Who is thy father? Who sent thee hither? What is thy name?" the Youth always replies: "I do not know." There now arises in Gurnemanz's breast a suspicion that the Youth, a perfect stranger, who has thus unaided found his way into the wood, may be the individual selected to save the sick King, for an oracle—though certainly a very obscure one—has, to comfort the latter, said: "Through pity knowing—the pure Fool; await him—whom I chose." Gurnemanz bids the Youth follow him; the road to the Gralsburg|||| opens for them of itself, and a moving scene represents the progress of the two up steep rocks and through mountain-passes. At length, they find themselves in a hall which derives its light exclusively from an opening in the vaulted cupola. The sound of bells and the voices of invisible boys are heard. The Knights of the Graal take their places at long tables, and King Amfortas is brought in on his couch. From a niche in the background comes the voice of the venerable Titurel, who lives on in the grave, revivified every day by the miraculous power of the Graal. Titurel summons his son to perform his holy office, and uncover the latter. With bitter lamentations at his own unworthiness, Amfortas obeys, and unveils the sacred vessel, *while the boys' voices intone the formula of the Christian sacrament: "Receive My blood for our sake! Receive My body, that ye may remember Me!"* The Graal glows with purple light, the tables are seen to be now supplied with bread and wine, and the Knights sit down to the meal provided by the Graal. Parsifal remains dumb and motionless as well at the unexpected splendour as at the King's groans of pain. To Gurnemanz's question, whether he knows what he has beheld, he shakes his head; whereupon the Knight thrusts him out through a side-door, with the extremely unpoetic words: "Do thou for the future leave the swans here alone, and, gander as thou art, seek thyself out a goose." Thus ends the first act.

The second act transports us to Klingsor's magic realm "on the other side the mountains." The wicked magician calls Kundry, "Hither, Kundry, up to thy master!" On being thus summoned, Kundry, amid bluish light, springs out of the ground, uttering a "fearful scream," and then bursting into a "plaintive howling." Who is this Kundry? How comes it that she, the ever-willing servant of the Graal, is here as Klingsor's ministering demon! A riddle in the first act, she appears in the second as a fresh riddle, and that which is to give us the key to these opposite characters is only a third and still greater riddle. Kundry, it must be stated, is not only the true attendant of the Knights of the Graal, and at the same time the devilish Klingsor's pernicious accomplice, but moreover a mystic relic, a living petrifaction of the time of Christ! The wicked Herodias who laughed on seeing the gory head of St John the Baptist, and the heartless Jewess who laughed at the Redeemer on His way to death, and who was afterwards condemned, like a female Ahasuerus, to a life without end of anguish and everlasting laughter, are both Wagner's Kundry in one person. Klingsor, who has sometimes power over her, employs her in leading astray the Knights of the Graal who journey to the Fortress. At his command she, whom we beheld in the first act repellantly ugly, now appears in all the beauty of youth. She has, in time gone by, helped to seduce King Amfortas, and now she has to try her arts on Parsifal, who at that moment is approaching in "childlike ecstasy." A magic garden, full of luxuriant floral splendour, receives the "pure fool." From all sides, beautiful girls in attire "hastily flung on" rush forward. They surround him, at first reprovingly, then coaxingly, and lastly, arraying themselves in lovely garments of flowers, attack him with amorous blandishments. He endeavours to escape from them, when Kundry, young and beautiful, in "slightly veiling fanciful garments," appears and calls him by name. She talks to him about his mother, Herzeleide, telling him how that mother loved him and died. She gives him "as the last greeting of a mother's blessing—*the first kiss of love.*" With this kiss a "fearful transformation" takes place in him; out of the tumult of

* "Thy name, forsooth, is Parcival; right *through the midst* it signifies."—TRANSLATOR.

† See the great French prose-romance, *Perce-forét*, with which even Dr Hanalick seems to be unacquainted.—D. B.

‡ The French, *Perce-val*, is an imperative noun, like the German *Springinfeld*, and means "*Pierce-Valley.*" Similarly, a son of the fox, Reinhart, in the French story about animals is called *Perce-haie*, "Pierce-Hedge," and the hero of a grand romance of the fourth century, *Perceforest*, "Pierce-Forest."—W. HERZ.

§ "Dich nannt'ich, thör'ger Reiner, *Fal parsi*—dich, reinen Thoren: *Parsifal!*"

‖ The King Pelles of *Morte d'Arthur* (according to Malory).—D. B.

¶ "Starken Bresten."

** "Immer sehrender."

†† "Beheeren," meaning, probably, in Wagnerese, to "wage war on," "attack."—TRANSLATOR.

‡‡ "Wunder-wundervoll."

§§ "Sein Weh stant."

|||| "Graal Fortress."—TRANSLATOR.

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awakening and mad sensuality he falls, without any intermediate preparation, into the extreme of religious ecstasy. He suddenly thinks of Amfortas's wound, accuses himself of the deepest crime, and then violently pushes away Kundry, who presses on him with ever-increasing warmth. At her cry for assistance, Klingsor appears on the battlements, and hurls the holy spear at Parsifal. The spear, however, remains poised in the air over the "pure fool's" head. Parsifal seizes and flourishes it, describing as he does so the form of the Cross, whereupon Klingsor's magic castle disappears as though in an earthquake.

The third act plays considerably later; at least, when we see Gurnemanz again he has grown to be "a very old man," and is a hermit. The scene represents a pleasant locality in the domain of the Graal. It is Good Friday. Gurnemanz finds, in a hedge, Kundry, lifeless and stiff. He awakens her into life. In appearance, she is, as at first, ugly, but her old wildness has left her. Parsifal enters in black armour, with the sacred lance in his hand, seeking the way to Amfortas. In the highest rapture, Gurnemanz greets the promise of happiness implied by the recovery of the spear. Parsifal has appeared as deliverer at the right moment, for, on that very day, Good Friday, the Graal is to be exhibited for the last time at Titurel's funeral, and then for ever to remain concealed. The Three start for the Graalsburg, *but not till they have presented us with a surprising and vivid picture from the New Testament; the repentant Kundry washes Parsifal's feet, and dries them with her flowing hair, while Gurnemanz anoints his head with balsam, and greets him as the Graal-King. Parsifal takes water in his hand from the spring, and baptises Kundry in the Christian faith.* The moving scene of the first act soon leads them to the Gralsburg, where the Knights are standing in the greatest grief around the catafalque of the dead Titurel. Amfortas in despair tears apart his dress, exposes his open wound, and begs for death at the hands of the Knights. Parsifal now enters, and, with the words: "One weapon only avails aught—the spear alone that made the wound can close it," touches the King's wound with the sacred lance. The King beams "in holy ecstacy," and staggers with deep emotion. Parsifal, however, raises the spear high in the air, *when behold! holy blood flows from the point.* The Graal is uncovered, and glows with light. The dead Titurel rises to pronounce a blessing in his coffin, while a white dove, the symbol of the Holy Trinity, flies down from the dome and alights on Parsifal's head. Kundry sinks inanimate to the ground, while Amfortas and Gurnemanz, kneeling, pay homage to the new Graal-King, and we hear the subdued tones of the mystic final chorus:—

"Wonder of the highest Salvation!
Redemption to the Redeemer!" *

(To be continued.)

FROM BAYREUTH 22 OF JULY *(From our Teutonic Correspondent).*—It is reported that the "Meister" (Wagner) has given the "Parole" that *he* and his artists want to be alone, as so it is that the gates of Stage Festivalhouse, are closed *to every* one who has not to do direct with the "Gral." The fear, the coming —— might be too soon, before *profane* eyes, is the cause, that not only to the rehearsals no one is admitted, but the aproach to the theatre outside is forbitten — — — Many visitors, coming from distant lands, for the first time, coming, were at the gates of the theatre refused. The porter discover in the light suited dress, an Englishman or an American the harmless Englishman and the Jungler American reporter, and a reporter is the most despicable enemy at a rehearsal. Not a week ago an American reporter succeeded to get behind the pillow of the royal bolt, in spite of watchmen and the managercounsel, he was however discovered, and set out quickly in the open air. Since then the safety police are on their guard. And why all this—The Meister wished it—The Meister who had a bridge expressly built from the stage to the orchestra and the house, is very much irritated, he scolds everyone, even his best artists. These, artists, who kneel down, before the autority of the meister take these scoldings very Calmly only the profan ears of the *reporter* must not hear his corections and advices. Through these strange proceedings no one knows, what is going on and the advance of the Festivalplay. Every storry comes out through third hand, disfigured and no one knows realy the truth of the proceedings. Tuesday the 25th being the end of all stage rehearsal, Wagner gives a Garden Fete for all his artists and Liszt will be amongst them. It is very uncertain wether Vogl will appear. The King of Bavaria has his Separat-Performance on the 27th. * * * *

BAYREUTH JULY 25.—The last stage rehearsal in full costume of Parsifal, took place on Monday the 24 and lasted from 4 till 9.52, and went off most successfully. All the artists did their best. The scenery of Herr Brandt worked wonderfully. Astounding was the wandering scene from the lovely forest scene to the Gral sanctuary (Gralls-Lisligthum). At the end the Orchestra gave Wagner an ovation. He spoke—He thanked the members for their devotion and said "Parsifal is the *last* word I have spoken." Kappelmeister Levy conducted. Bayreuth is full with celebrities and Reporters, amongst the many foreign Princes is the Duke of Edinburgh.—L.

[*This interesting communication reached us too late for last number of the* M. W.—O. S.]

* * * * * * * * *

I have had a hard struggle, but I have fought against all difficulties. I have conquered, I have created "Parsifal" and you will judge my work, I have not forgotten the *one* friend that enabled me to write and I thank you for your zeal and ardour—Banquir Feustel proposed Wagners health Also Liszt's health was proposed and Wagner said, he has taken me in hand when I still was a poor "Mosje" but since we are friends his praise is my satisfaction. After waiting one hour for the second course the Dinner was over—At the end Wagner said—To morrow, the Devil is loose "Morgen geht der Teufel los" if you don't all get mad, zerückt—I have not had a successful day Of course the whole Chorus screemed of delight and promised to do so—

The first performance of Parsifal is over—what we know of it by the Pianoforte score and the book has now gone over the stage—Wagner has made a grip at the catholic church and has reveeled the secret of the sacriment, and made the penittence (Entsagung) a stage piece, With a bold hand he has seized a few persons of the Old proenealish myth, of the Parzival, taken a vizion and images from the christian revelations, and so composed a plot for his new work.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

CONCERTS.

THE London Conservatoire of Music, under the direction of its principal (Mr Lansdowne Cottell), gave a grand concert at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, July 22, before a large and appreciative audience, who enjoyed the admirable selection of music performed by the clever students. The Conservatoire, the only institution in this country where training is conducted upon the Continental system, affords amateur and professional alike the opportunity of obtaining at nominal terms a thorough and practical musical education from the most eminent London and Continental teachers, and affords direct facilities to young artistes studying for the profession. The Continental system is well known to be essentially practical, and we wish the institution every success. Judging from the performance and the applause on Saturday, we have no doubt that its operations at the present time are doing a great deal of good.—*The Citizen.*

M. DE NEVERS, a Russian pianist of ability, gave a *matinée* at the residence of Colonel Elrington, Princes Gate, on Tuesday afternoon, July 18, playing with considerable effect arrangements of Russian and Bohemian airs, added to a pianoforte duet, in which his fellow-pianist was Signor Samuelli. Mrs Elrington, an amateur of high attainments, gave Oberthür's fantasia on airs from *Robert le Diable*; and Miss Elrington selected the fifth Polonaise of Chopin. The singers were Mdme Barri and Mdlle Desvignes; MM. Odoardo Barri, Gandy, Zamboni, &c. The concert was fashionably attended, and gave general satisfaction.

A "RECITAL" of Mr Nicholas Mori's new comic opera, *The Shipwright's Love* (libretto by Mr Wellington Guernsey), was given at Chichester Place, on Wednesday, the 26th ult., before a large and appreciative audience, whose favourable verdict may not improbably lead to its production at one of the numerous theatres devoted to this now popular style of composition. The music, thoroughly English in character, was effectively rendered by Misses Foresta

* "Höchsten Heiles Wunder!
Erlösung dem Erlöser!"

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and Cossford, Messrs Broughton, Roney, Birch, Quick, and Ainsworth, the composer (Mr Nicholas Mori) presiding at the pianoforte. The scene is laid at Falmouth, and the plot was found highly amusing. Author and composer were called for at the end and warmly applauded.

Mr Sanders gave his Evening Concert at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on the 27th July. The celebrated Trumpet player, Mr T. Harper, performed in his usually splendid style—The "Exile's Lament" (Albert) is a lovely composition—Mr Harper played it as only Mr Harper can—such glorious Tone, so finished, breathing such a spirit of Music—Englishmen have to be proud of such a Man. The new song (M.S.) "The Brave Old Victory"—Words and Music by Mr Sanders, sung by Mr Frank Holmes, and accompanied by Mr W. H. Holmes—told remarkably well it was rapturously encored.—It is thoroughly English—which is saying a great deal—highly dramatic and truthful—Mr Frank Holmes sang the song with great attention to light and shade—and gave great satisfaction—Mr W. H. Holmes (who has not appeared in Public for some time) was *twice* encored—once—in "Bitter Sweet"—a Fragment by Miss Sydney Gardiner—It is a lovely Composition—and was rapturously encored—Mr W. H. Holmes played his Caprice "Auld lang syne," and on being encored gave his "Scottish Chimes." Miss Edith Collins quite charmed by her performance of Polonaise, Chopin, and solo, "Storm Rondo" Steibelt and in a beautiful duet by Walter Macfarren played by Miss Edith Collins and R. W. Buttery, with great effect. There was some charming Vocal Music by Miss Grace Woodward, Miss Jessie Royd; also by Mr Dison. The concert seemed to give general satisfaction.—*(From an occasional contributor.)*

PROVINCIAL.

Abergavenny.—At the Musical Eisteddfod to be held on Monday, August 7th, a prize of £100 is awarded for the best choral singing, and prizes of £25 for madrigal and part-song, Mr Brinley Richards being "Principal Adjudicator." The Eisteddfod is under the patronage of the Marquis of Abergavenny, Lord Aberdare, the High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, &c. Each of the choirs must consist of at least 150 voices, and eight have already declared themselves competitors. The meeting has created much excitement in South Wales, and a large attendance is expected.

Hereford.—The preliminary programme of the 159th "Festival of the Three Choirs" of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester is out. The principal artists engaged are Mesdames Albani and Patey, Misses Marian Fenner, Anna Williams, and Hilda Wilson, Messrs Edward Lloyd, C. W. Fredericks, Boyle, King, and Santley. Mr J. T. Carrodus is leader of the band. The Festival begins on the 11th prox. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, Beethoven's symphony No. 4, the 137th psalm by Goetz, Bach's *Magnificat* in D, Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, G. M. Garrett's new oratorio *The Shunammite* (conducted by the composer), Beethoven's Mass in C, a selection from Molique's *Abraham*, and Handel's *Messiah* are among the leading features of a rich and varied programme. There will be secular concerts at the Shire Hall on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, chiefly of a miscellaneous character, but including, among other interesting items, an *Ode to the Passions*, by Mrs Meadows White, and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

Norwich.—The last for the present season of the St Andrew's Hall Organ Recitals was given on Saturday afternoon, July 29, by Dr Bunnett, in the presence of a large audience—the hall being well nigh filled. When we mention the organist's name, it is needless to say that the varied programme was carried out effectively, and proved a real musical treat. At the conclusion the Sheriff (J. J. Winter, Esq.) moved a resolution expressing to Dr Bunnett the great pleasure and enjoyment which had been afforded by these recitals, and in doing so the speaker alluded with satisfaction to the fact that above 5,000 persons had attended them during the series. The worthy doctor's arrangement of the programmes, his selection of music of the highest order, by which the popular taste must be elevated, and his masterly performances on this noble instrument deserved their sincere and hearty recognition. The proposition was warmly seconded by E. K. Harvey, Esq., and agreed to with acclamation.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Birmingham Festival.—The performance of the new cantata, *Psyche*, by the Danish composer, Niels Gade, of which the Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication, is fixed for August 31st. A London performance is fixed for December 12 at St James's Hall. Mdme Marie Roze has been specially engaged by the committees to sing the part of "Psyche" on each occasion, and it is expected that the Prince and Princess of Wales will honour both by their presence, in compliment to the Danish composer, who will conduct his work in person.—*(Communicated.)*

Leeds.—"The Town Council and Dr Spark have, after many years' perseverance, brought the Town Hall Concerts to a successful issue. On Saturday night, July 29, the Victoria Hall was crowded, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the excellent programme which had been provided. The following remarks were appended to the programme by Dr. Spark:—'The Corporation regard these Free Organ Recitals from an educational point of view, and the great personal interest the Corporate Property Committee take in their realization and success is a matter of great gratification to us all—musicians and people. It is calculated that not fewer than sixty thousand persons have attended the performances just ended, to listen—and listen the audience always does most attentively—to nearly four hundred pieces I have had the honour to play during this session. I hope to resume the recitals early in September, of which due notice will be given.'"—*Leeds Express, July* 31.

A SOP FOR THE "ADVANCED."

"Avancé Hercule!"
(*Avance et recule.*)
(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—The programme of the Hereford Festival this year is varied and good. Nevertheless, members of the "Advanced" will be shocked at finding not only Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, but Mendelssohn's *St Paul* set down. "Are you going to ——?"—said (in my hearing) an honest, straightforward every-day "Musiker" (not "*Musikant*") to one of the most advanced among the too tooer tooest apostles of the Weimarian and Bayreuthian teachings. "What?"—retorted the fiercely placid Weimar-Bayreuthian—"go all that way to hear *Elijah*?—not if I know it!"

The *Shunammite*, however, of Dr Garrett, a red-hot Wagnerian, will, on Thursday, prove an irresistible temptation to the "Advanced," who will swallow it with extreme relish, and leave the Cathedral time enough to escape Beethoven's Mass in C. Of course, after "the interval of one hour," they will return for the selections from Molique's *Abraham*, and in the evening rush impetuously to Shire Hall, where an exceptional programme of music, vocal and instrumental, awaits them, every item of which they will hungrily and thirstily consume. With drawn swords they will then set out *zu fuss* for Bayreuth, lest, in their absence, Kundry, prevailing over *Parsifal*, should help to establish Klingsor as "King of the Graal."—I am, Sir, with courtesy,

Your Special Fanatic.

Colney Hatch, Aug. 3, 1892.

THE GITANA'S SONG.*

(*From Operetta, "A Story of Seville."*)

In Seville doth the story go
('Tis said 'tis not so long ago)
A count, a high grandee of Spain,
And one who ne'er had wooed in vain,
In wedlock sought a gipsy maid.
"Noble Sir," she laughing said,
"What sort of countess should I be?
I lose the tent, the greenwood free,
The moon, the starlit heaven above,
Gitana's song, and Julio's love.

"Your palace I should prison find,
Your jewels chains my feet to bind,
My simple ways your friends would scorn,
I in my grandeur be forlorn.
You'd learn to hate some day, I fear,
The Buane girl you once held dear.
Choose one, Sir Count, of your degree,
The greenwood mine, and liberty;
Yes, give me the blue heaven above,
Gitana's song and Julio's love."

* *Copyright.* Carleon.

Mr Boucicault's address upon acting at the Lyceum Theatre dealt with few topics upon which criticism has not already spoken. His technical illustrations were amusing, and belonged, of course, to a province outside the domain of criticism. In what was of most importance, however, in the protest against the "vanity-sickness" that impedes an actor, against the indifference and inattention with which the spectators of a supposed action regard what should curdle their blood, and in other kindred matters, he lent the weight of his name and talent to views that have found constant advocacy in the *Athenæum*. For such support we are naturally thankful. It is possible that the conditions under which Mr Boucicault spoke may lend weight to his words, and that the fact that a large portion of his audience was made up of actors may render his speech profitable. Mr Boucicault's method is, at least, perfect, and his lecture was an artistic as well as an intellectual treat.—J. K.

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A True Prophecy.

GERMAN INVASION OF OLD DRURY.

OLD CROW (*at lunch*).—Don't go there—don't go there!
YOUNG CROW.—Why not?—why not?
OLD CROW.—You'll get shot—you'll get shot.
YOUNG CROW.—I don't care—I don't care (*bang!—Young Crow falls*).
OLD CROW.—I told you so!—I told you so! (*resumes meal*).

COUNT CAVOUR.—The publishing firm of Roux & Favale, of Turin, are about to issue a series of 900 letters by Count Cavour, many of which have not been published. The work will be in three volumes, the first to be issued towards the end of August. The series comprises a number of letters written between the years 1821 and 1861, each volume marking an epoch in his political career. The work will be edited by the variously accomplished *homme de lettres*, the Capitano Luigi Chiala.—*Morning Post*.

MR IRVING'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

Lyceum, Saturday, July 29.

The curtain has fallen upon *Romeo and Juliet* for the 130th time, and I hope you will permit it on September 2nd, this day five weeks, to rise again upon the play presented to-night. I am told sometimes that I do wrong to inflict on you the tediousness of Shakspere, an author whose works some of the wise judges of dramatic art assure us are rather dull and tiresome to a nineteenth-century audience. Perhaps Shakspere would find some of us a little dull and tiresome, too; but, be that as it may, I fear I shall continue in my misguided course as I shall meet with your support to warrant my perseverance, and, for those who find his works dull and tedious, we shall be happy to put them on the free list when you are kind enough to leave room for them. I am glad to tell you that the season just past has realized nothing but success. We began with *The Two Roses*, which you received with great favour, and which was played until the production of *Romeo and Juliet*. *Romeo and Juliet* was no light undertaking, and it is, perhaps, worth recording that, out of twenty characters, more or less, in the play, not one of them had ever been attempted by any of us before; so that to each actor in the cast it was a first night's representation. This, in a Shakspere play, is somewhat remarkable, and difficult beyond belief to all who know the difficulties under which actors labour on their first appearances in what are called legitimate parts. Every part has been acted before—hundreds and, perhaps, thousands of times before—and various standards of opinions have been formed and volumes probably written upon them. It is a common thing to hear an actor say, "Ah, give me an original part," meaning a part that cannot be judged by precedent. It was thought by some, I remember, that I had overdone our play with scenery and trappings, and that I had spent too much upon its production. That I don't dispute, but that it was overdone—I do. Nothing, to my mind, can be overdone upon the stage that is beautiful—I mean correct and harmonious, and that heightens, not dwarfs, the imagination and reality. I took no less comparative pains in producing *The Captain of the Watch* or *The Two Roses*. The next play—and I must again inflict upon you the tediousness of Shakspere*—the next play which we shall have the honour of presenting will be *Much Ado about Nothing*, the cast of which will be the best I can by every possibility command. What our next venture may be after that I can hardly now say, for, like a good skipper, I must closely watch the breeze of your desire, and trim my sails accordingly. On behalf of the Lyceum company I must thank you for the manifold kindnesses you have shown, and I must especially thank you on behalf of Mrs Stirling, whose performance of the Nurse will, I am sure, be long remembered by you, and on behalf of Miss Ellen Terry. To play the part of Juliet 130 consecutive times, and never to have faltered, is an effort calling forth an energy both of brain and soul—a feat of physical endurance not often accomplished, and seldom, I am glad to say, if ever, required of an artist. You will perhaps say, "Then why require it?" Ladies and gentlemen, "Those who live to please must please to live." Success cannot be commanded in theatrical matters. If you like the presentment of a play you will come and see it; if you don't like it you will stay away, and if you do come and see it in goodly numbers it is a manager's duty to continue it. "While you have success keep it," should be the motto of the manager of a big theatre, for sympathy without success will soon shut up his theatre. For myself, whilst thanking you for the brilliant attendance with which you have honoured me to-night (another proof of your favour), I have a confession to make which lies heavy upon my breast, for if I am to credit a certain authority I have grievously offended you. It seems I have been guilty of sanctioning a custom more honoured in the breach that the observance—the custom of what is called taking a "benefit." Benefits, it appears, should never be taken, should be forgot, at least by actors whom your favour has cherished with prosperity and honour. Now, I beg to differ from this view, and having the respect and honour of my calling

* Who, as Dogberry expresses it, is "as tedious as a king."

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thoroughly and seriously at heart, would not forget the old custom. Ladies and gentlemen, few of you, I daresay, have come here to-night with the impression that your money will be welcome to an impoverished treasury. It is not to put money in my purse or to take it out of yours that I cling to the old custom. But I cannot deny myself at the end of each season the gratification of reading in your kindly faces that approbation which I deserve so imperfectly, but which, believe me, I value so highly. Thanks for your generous favour, every night is a benefit or otherwise to me as a manager, but on occasions like this I come forward—and I am not ashamed to do so, as many great masters of my art have done so before me—to take a special benefit, the benefit of seeing around me many of my best and well-tried friends—best and well-tried because throughout my career, through all my struggles, through my failures and successes, they have succoured me with their hearty sympathy and cheered me with their ungrudging encouragement. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart, and wish you but for a little time "Good-bye," and I hope I shall never be guilty of worse taste or greater vulgarity than in appearing before you as I do to-night; and whether it may be called a benefit or by any other name, I shall be proud of the occasion which can gather together such a distinguished assembly as have honoured me with their presence to-night.

—o—

SOME HINTS FOR MUSICAL NOTEBOOKISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Halévy's family name was Lévy. Wagner knew this full well, and whenever he fell over the composer of *La Juive*, at the corner of Louis-le-grand Street (which was seldom), he escaped without injury. He used to say, "Ha, Lévy!"—and Halévy let him pass, with a "Pardon, Monsieur." I speak of 1840, or thereabouts, when, at the request of Maurice Schlésinger, Wagner arranged *Guido et Genevra* for five flutes and three shawms, which latter he would playfully designate as "Shem, Ham, and Japhet" (before his treatise, *Judaism in Music*, had seen the light of day), and for the same spirited, though a thought lymphatic, undertaker, wrote puffs extraordinary on the operas of Meyerbeer and Halévy in general. These puffs are extant. If you like, I will send them, under cover, to Dr Septimus Wind, who will blow them open and reveal their contents.

In 1851, I should add that Mr Shaver Silver fell over both Halévy and Wagner at the same corner of Louis-le-grand Street, but, happily, with no loss to life or even limb. Mr Silver was then writing his first *Life of Rossini*, suggested to him by Charles Lamb Kenney and Pierre Dupont. This was the year of the *Coup d'Etat* (State-blow), which Shaver was sent specially to witness, after it was over—accompanied by Gus Mayhew and Bob Brough, who, Vivier and Taxile Delord, the Charivarist, notwithstanding, had no more to do with that Coup than Clement White (an Irish minstrel of their gang). But residing in the "Quartier Latin," over and athwart the Pont Neuf, they were suspected of Jules Janin, who lived at No. 22, Rue Vaugirard (Vau-Girard! Hence "Whoa-Emma!"), and was not easily put out of his conceit. "All this gorgeous company of wits" (*Childe Harold*—no, Leveson Gower) are gone! except Eugène Vivier and the writer of this lame epistle, your faithless and obedient, SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.

[It is long since Mr Table has honoured us with a communication. May his shadow grow bigger and his *corpus* never shrivel. —Otto Beard.]

—o—

DEVONSHIRE MUSIC.

The following are extracts from notices of recent musical doings at Taunton, which the spirited example set by its foremost professor, Mr Dudeney, is fast creating another musical town.

* * * * * * *

The principal added that he was particularly pleased with the progress the scholars had made in music, and passed a warm tribute of praise to Mr Dudeney. The prizes were then distributed.

* * * * * * * *

Music prizes (given by Mr Dudeney):—1st, R. Sommerville; 2nd, H. Sommerville; 3rd, Radermacher; certificates, H. Marsden, F. Clements, A. Glanvill, and Gorton.

The concert was quite a success, the room being crowded. The programme, a somewhat lengthy one, was very well sustained throughout, the audience evincing its appreciation by repeated encores, which were not, however, responded to. The choir, with Mr Dudeney as conductor, has very much improved. Part I. opened with Sterndale Bennett's part-song, "Of all the Arts," by the choir, given in capital time. A quintet in D for flute, violins, viola, and violoncello, admirably played by Messrs M. Rowe (whose manipulation of the flute was perfect), Allen, H. Radermacher, Dudeney, and R. Somerville, and was very deservedly applauded. A decidedly clever composition, entitled "The events of the year," by "an old boy and a young girl," was given by A. Gorton. The feature of the first part was the Greek drama, *Antigone*, by Sophocles, the vocal parts by W. P. Balfern, A. Cornish, A. Griffith, and R. Savery. This was very creditably carried out. The incidental* music by Mendelssohn was given with effect by the choir and orchestra. The air, "I will love thee," from Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, was given by T. R. Glanvill, who possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness.

* * * * * * * *

Macfarren's "The Brothers," given by T. R. Glanvill and F. Stevens, was vociferously encored, but was not repeated. The concert concluded with an epilogue, delivered by a small boy, named B. Colthurst, who was warmly applauded. The concert passed off in a satisfactory manner, and too great praise cannot be given to Mr Dudeney for his excellent management.

[More in our next.—D. B.]

—o—

SOME NOT IRRELEVANT QUERIES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will some one of your numerous readers kindly enlighten me on the following questions?

1. Why should not the munificently inclined endow the Royal Academy of Music with the means for granting free instruction and maintenance to those whose abundance of talent and lack of means appear to entitle them to it?

2. Why is it to be supposed that musical genius should only be sought for among the most impecunious classes?

3. Is musical genius a lower sort of gift than literary or poetic inspiration? Quite as many great writers and poets have belonged to the higher and wealthier classes as to the poorer.

4. Why should not the wealthier classes spend more intelligence on the study of music, and thereby have some judgment of their own, instead of deafly following any prevalent craze.

5. Why should not musical distinction be as much attained by the self-devotion of those who can pay for instruction as of those who cannot? Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer belonged to wealthy families, and yet were not content to remain merely amateurs.

Yours faithfully, ENQUIRER.

Mdlle Nordica is Miss Lilian Norton.

Carl Rosa begins his tour on Monday in Dublin—conductor, M. Goosens, of the Gaiety, when Mr Hollingshead gave French opera with Santley.

BAYREUTH *(correspondence)*.—The first performance of *Parsifal* took place on the 25th ult. The leading characters were sustained by Materna (Kundry), Winkelmann (Parsifal), Scaria (Gurnemanz), Reichmann (Amfortas), Hill (Klingsor), and Kindermann (Titurel). Herr Levy of the Theatre Royal, Munich, conducted. The curtain rose for the first act at 4 p.m. and fell at 5.30. The second act commenced at 7 and terminated at 8.15. After the third act, there was a call for Wagner, who made a short speech, in which he particularly thanked all who had taken part in the performance. The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince of Hesse were among the audience. The French contingent included MM. Saint-Saëns, Délibes, Salvayre, Charles Lamoureux, Francis Planté, Fischer the violoncellist, and many others.—The papers supply some financial details respecting the *Parsifal* performances. King Ludwig of Bavaria will satisfy the claims of the vocal artists, orchestra, and other persons from the Theatre Royal, Munich; he will pay 60,000 marks to the dancers alone. But the large additions which had to be made to the numerical strength of the company—for the orchestra has been increased from 70 to 110 members, and a grand total of some 300 persons is engaged in the performance—necessitates an extra sum of 84,000 marks for the singers, which the managing committee will have to provide. Only Marianne Brandt sings without pecuniary remuneration. Mdme Materna receives 6,000 marks, and Herr Scaria 6,300.

* If the music to *Antigone* be "incidental," let all music henceforth be incidental.—Otto Beard.

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WAIFS.

Mdme Christine Nilsson seems to benefit materially by the air and waters of Harrowgate, where she intends remaining till professional engagements compel her to leave that pleasant and healthful spot. She has no intention of going either to the Lake of Geneva (Lake Leman) or to the South of France, but will remain in England, with the interval of two or three days in Paris, until she leaves for America.

Herr Schuberth has left town for his country residence, near St Leonard's-on-Sea, to pass vacation with his family previous to fulfilling his Continental engagements. The indefatigable director of the Schubert Society has arranged, conducted, and played at no fewer than 287 concerts, *soirées*, and "At Homes," during the past season, from March till July—a veritable "labour of Hercules."

Teresa Singer is at Messina.

Emma Turolla is at Rimini, taking the baths.

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* has been performed at Melbourne.

Kaschmann, the well-known baritone, has been lately at Milan.

Mdlle Sangalli, will appear for a few nights, in *Sylvia*, at St Petersburgh.

Albert Becker is appointed professor of singing in the Falk-Realschule, Berlin.

G. Molinari has taken a five years' lease of the Teatro Mercadante, Naples.

D'Oyley Carte has acquired the American acting right of *Les Manteaux Noirs*.

Theodore Thomas has been giving concerts in the Exposition Building, Chicago.

Joseffy, the brilliant *virtuoso*-pianist, is taking a holiday amid the Catskill Mountains.

Sangiorgi has been promoted to the grade of officer of the Order of the Italian Crown.

A revival of Carafa's *Masaniello* is promised at the Theâtre du Château d'Eau, Paris.

Emilia Tagliana, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, recently paid a short visit to Milan.

Franz Servais has nearly completed the third and last act of an opera entitled *Apollonide*.

The bass, Vidal, is said to be engaged for the autumn at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

The new Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, will be inaugurated with Boieldieu's *Dame blanche*.

Manzotti has superintended the getting up of his ballet *Excelsior* at the Eden-Théâtre, Paris.

Gallmayer, the well-known Viennese soubrette, is engaged at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

Pasdeloup has gone, with his orchestra, to Bordeaux, where he will give twelve grand concerts.

Frederick Archer is engaged as solo organist at Worcester Festival, Mass. (U. S.), in September.

Tamberlik, with an Italian operatic company, will inaugurate next October the new Theatre at Vigo.

Capellmeister Jean Bott intends visiting the United States next season in his capacity of violin-virtuoso.

The buffo-opera company of the Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, have been performing in Nuremberg.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* is announced at Montevideo. (Are we never to hear it in London, Mr Gye?—Dr Blitge.)

Xaver Scharwenka, after attending the Zurich Musical Festival, has gone for a holiday to the Lake of Lucerne.

The "Inaugural Hymn," written by Sig. Buono, for the Exhibition at Trieste, will be set to music by Zingerle.

Oreste Bimboni has been commissioned to write an opera on a Roumanian subject for the Theatre at Bucharest.

The attraction of the approaching season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will be Delibes's *Jean de Nivelle*.

According to report, Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* will be given in the forthcoming season at the Filarmonico, Verona.

Another well-known artist who intends opening a school for singing is Marie Sass, the original Selika of the *Africaine*.

HAMBURGH.—The conductors of the Singers' Festival will be Von Bernuth of Hamburgh (professor) and Schmid of Munich.

The Milan *Illustrazione Populare* has published a minuet composed by Mozart when only four years old, his father writing it down.

In consequence of a difference about terms, Santa-Athoe, the barytone, has declined a re-engagement at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has conferred the cross of the Saxe-Ernest House Order on J. C. Engel, manager of Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

Lamperti is taking a holiday on the banks of the Lake of Como, and Marie Vanzandt has gone there to profit once more by his advice.

The band of the 1st Bavarian Regiment of the Line, which carried off the prize in Paris, will give a series of concerts in Vienna.

A new spectacular buffo-opera, *La Mille et deuxième Nuit*, music by M. Lucien Poujade, is in preparation at the Grand-Théâtre, Rheims.

Heinrich Schradieck resigns his post as leader of the Town-Orchestra, Leipsic, but remains on the professional staff of the Conservatory.

The repertory during Carneval at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, will includes *Le Prophète*, *Lucia*, or *La Sonnambula* (with Etelka Gerster), and Terziani's new opera.

Mr C. Oberthür has gone on a tour in Germany, and will play at Kissengen on August 9th, Schwalbach, August 15, and afterwards at Ems and Wiesbaden, &c.

Alban Förster, teacher in the Royal Conservatory and director of the Liedertafel, Dresden, succeeds August Klughardt as Court-*Capellmeister* at Neustrelitz.

By a recent ministerial order, all musical works scattered about in the public libraries of Rome are henceforth to be kept in the library of the St Cecilia Society.

After singing seven times in *Faust* at the Teatro Sannazaro, Naples, Nadine Boulichoff, the young Russian *prima donna*, was engaged for three extra performances.

At Buenos Ayres, *Lucrezia Borgia* was selected for the first appearance of Pappenheim, as the Duchess, and Serbolini, of the National Theatre, as the Duke of Ferrara.

A new opera, *Yole di Svevia*, by T. Giribaldi, was to be produced for the first time at the Teatro Solis, Montevideo, on the occasion of the gala performance in connection with the national fêtes.

Mdlle Adler, a young Russian, who has been singing in Italy, is negotiating with Calabresi, who wishes her to sustain the part of Arlette, in *Jean de Nivelle*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

It is said that Fischoff has engaged the young violinist, Teresina Tua, for two years at an annual salary of 120,000 francs (?). He intends touring with her in Sweden, England, Russia, and America.

Early in 1883, Auguste Neumann will give *Nibelungen* performances in America. He has already a guarantee of 100,000 dollars.—(Will Theodore Thomas conduct these performances?—Dr Blitge.)

Miss Rosa Kenney has been the "rage" during the past season at the réunions of the "upper ten thousand," reciting with genuine effect, among other poems, Tennyson's "Lady Godiva" and "Morte d'Arthur."

Aimée (*l'aimée*) is to open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on the 18th September, in what opera is not stated—or, as the "liners" say, "has not transpired." (Why "transpired?"—Dr Blitge.)

Ida Lewis lately saved two members of a brass band from drowning. "The mitigating circumstance," observes an American contemporary, "is that she did not know what they were till she had yanked them out."

The buffo-opera composers, Strauss, Suppé, Millöcker, Genée, Zell, Ziehrer, Hopp, and Gothov-Grüneke, have signed an agreement giving Conried of New York the acting right of their operas for America and England.

It is said that a chorus-singer named Erti, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, went suddenly mad during a performance of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. (If this be true, a convenience on the opposite hill was easy of access.—Dr Blitge.)

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LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET.

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, August* 5, 1882.

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 60.—No. 32. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Bayreuth, Aug. 2.

After six years, I am again resting—no, not exactly resting—beneath the shadow of Richard Wagner's *Wohnhaus*, and within an easy march, along a road less dusty now than I have known it, of his Festival Theatre. The musical pilgrim, whatever his creed and favourite shrine, must needs set his face towards Bayreuth at the present moment. Curiosity, if nothing else, drags him thither, or, it may be, hope of cause for the good, hearty anathema which, despite a familiar Latin quotation, continues to relieve even celestial minds. Whatever the feeling in my own case, it must be a strong one, since my recollections of Bayreuth in 1876 are not among those that I occasionally "scour," as do the Berkshire folk their White Horse, in order to keep the outline clear. I would fain forget the hunger and the heat, the worry and the work of a time when "all the world," in the French sense of the expression, descended upon a quiet, sleepy, out-of-the-way Bavarian town, and found a bovine population utterly unable to supply its wants. Yet, I left London the other day prepared to go through the ordeal again—though, let me confess, scarcely expectant of having to do so. "Why not expectant?" may be the query of some simple believer in what he reads of the march of Wagnerism. I admit the propriety of the question from his point of view. Six years have passed since the *Nibelung's Ring* was produced, and in the interval there has been much beating-up for Wagnerian recruits throughout all regions of the musical world. Take London, for example. We have scarcely got the thud of the Wagnerian drum out of our ears, and our minds are yet exercised by the harangues of here and there a Sergeant Kite. All things considered, an astonishing example of centripetal force should just now be presented at Bayreuth, wherefore our simple believer was quite justified in interrupting me with his question. But deductions and facts do not always coincide here; indeed, they are at exceeding variance. On my way to this place I found the minds of men remarkably free from pre-occupation regarding Wagner and his new work; nor was the name of *Parsifal* mentioned in my hearing till I encountered a German journalist at Bamberg, and he, having sworn by Beethoven and *Fidelio*, vowed eternal brotherhood with myself as a fellow-believer. *Apropos*, let me say that musical practices sufficiently unsatisfactory seemed to have established themselves along the road. While waiting for the train at Cologne I did not lounge with grooms and porters on the bridge, but, as most others, strolled into the adjacent cathedral—that marvellous monument which a thousand years have not finished, the noise of mallet and chisel breaking in even now upon chant and prayer. Some kind of service, I know not what, was going on; the priests were singing, and the organ accompanying. Let me never hear such cacophony again. The reverend fathers insisted upon a *tempo rubato* of the freest kind. The poor organist, high up in a gallery round a corner, had to guess at what was being done in front of the altar; and the recurring note upon which an indefinite pause came was one that half the voices failed to reach. But when the boys struck in, I was driven to think of some wounded creature in agony, since nothing more harsh and painful could be conceived. Such a service would not be tolerated for a week in an English cathedral—our "unmusical nation" having still an old-fashioned love of that which pleases the ear. I waited for the train again in the fine old city of Wurzburg, found the place *en fête*, and the cathedral crowded by assistants at some special religious function. Far out along the Dom Strasse came the sound of many voices, assuring me an opportunity of hearing the German *chorale* in a place where its traditions have certainly been preserved. If such a chance is never more mine I shall not grieve. The singing was congregational, no doubt. Every man, woman, and child joined in a mighty unison, the only fault being that the vocal pitch fell in each verse at least a semitone below that of the organ. Not a bit did this trouble the good people, they went serenely on their way, having apparently no ears to hear that which drove at least one person out of the place. A little later, the same congregation descended into the streets, accompanying with pious hymns the Host, as it was borne along under a gorgeous canopy. Curious results were produced by this itinerant and open-air song, inasmuch as the procession divided itself into sections, each singing in its own time and key. Thus was heard, for example, a melody progressing simultaneously in the keys of D and G, while, to fill up the gap, a brass band blared forth the tune in F. The remarkable thing was that the people sang on, undisturbed by the extraordinary clash of sounds; and now I do not wonder that Germany provides Wagnerian vocalists, to whom it is a matter of perfect indifference what goes on in the Wagnerian orchestra.

Bavarian trains, not excepting those humorously called "schnell," move slowly, in accord with the habits of the people, and from Wurzburg to Bayreuth was a weary journey, timed to end in the small hours of the morning. Anxiety about a lodging, however, did not survive the halt at Bamberg. The guard of the train effected a little business in the way of touting for particular hotels, and the refreshment people at the stations attempted more. Clearly, Bayreuth in 1882 was not as Bayreuth in 1876, and so I found it. What a contrast the town presented on the following dark and dreary morning to its gay and lightsome aspect during the sunny days of the "Nibelung's Ring!" Then Bayreuth put on its best and bravest; "flagged" its houses in a style that would rejoice the Mayor of Windsor's heart what time a Royal marriage happens; stripped the neighbouring fir woods of their greenery, and made an astonishing display of paper flowers. Now, one may scour the place for a visible flag—even the Master's painted villa, "Wahnfried," stands under bare poles; the fir trees moan in the melancholy wind undisturbed; while not the semblance of a bud or bloom makes mock of the sombre scene. The streets are forsaken. Vainly one looks for the eager throngs of 1876, and the inhabitants stand at their doors expecting lodgers who never come. Thus but a few features in Bayreuth remind me of the "Nibelung" days. Accommodation is indifferent and food bad, as a matter of course. That supplies one connecting link, and another is the appearance—in diminished numbers, truly—of flapping head-gear, long hair, spectacled faces, and the mysterious look which has been happily described as gazing "intensely nowhere." These are signs of devotion to Wagnerian culture, and I always regard them with the interest due to genuine enthusiasm in our somewhat flabby days. Only, as it is sometimes my fate to sit at table near an enthusiast, I wish that Wagnerian culture included clean finger-nails, and forbade using the knife where, as a rule, we "Philistines" make the fork serve. That, however, is a detail.

Another bond of union between the time present and the time six years past may be observed in the shop windows, which again remind lookers-on that they are in the vicinity of a shrine. Bayreuth appears to assume that every visitor will take home with him an effigy of the Master. You can have the Master in various sorts of base metal; he is to be purchased, medallion or bust, in plaster; and it would be quite easy to obtain him in marble, with, perhaps, the real laurel-wreath thrown in that now adorns his brow. Photography is prodigal of the Master and all his belongings. It showers him upon us in unnumbered styles and positions, enables us to penetrate the walls of "Wahnfried," and even to peep into the laboratory where the wizard, in wonderful attire, weaves his spells and compounds his nostrums. Nor is this all, by much. You can wear Parsifal shawls, and put round your neck a Kundry cravat, while as for Wagnerian books it would be possible to fill with them an ordinary library. All the Master's *littérateurs*, from Hans von Wolzogen downwards, have fastened upon *Parsifal*. One can fancy how they waited, pen in hand, for this new utterance of their oracle; some to expound the enigmatical; others to follow the trace of the finished work back to its primitive sources; others to analyse and classify; others to do the safer and less troublesome trumpeting. Truly, if we do not understand Wagner, it can hardly be for lack of interpreters, and the only question that arises is whether a composer should need such a jabber of explanatory tongues. Admitting this question as pertinent, a philanthropic mind can discover consolation in the fact that Wagner gives a good deal of employment. He has

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created not only a "new art" but a new industry, and "Wagner-expounder" should have a distinct place in the directory under the head "Trades and professions."

After what I have said regarding the Festival town it will surprise no one to learn that yesterday morning I had a choice of places in the Festival theatre. An obliging ticket clerk made various graceful curves with his pencil upon the plan, and intimated that all seats within their scope were at my disposal. This, it should be remembered, was for only the second public performance, the first representations having been restricted to those faithful disciples who deserved a place at the Master's table, instead of hanging about to pick up fallen crumbs. Altogether I concluded that there was no great run upon the crumbs, and the fact turned out to be even so, the sides of the theatre presenting last night a disquieting array of empty benches. We were a melancholy band as we wended along the well-remembered road leading to the scene of operations. Overhead, dense clouds promised another downpour to deepen the mud under foot, and they kept their word; across the reeking country blew a dank and moaning wind; there was a chill around everything, and a depression that seemed to creep into the soul through the channel of each sense. I did not then realize to the fullest extent the fitness of this as prelude to one of the most painful dramas ever put upon the stage; but I estimated completely the characteristic course pursued by Herr Wagner in making access to his temple an almost certain matter of discomfort and difficulty. He doubtless had his reasons, and may have recognized a personal triumph last night, as between the acts he saw damp devotees and the rest trying to cheer themselves with Bavarian beer and Bayreuthian victuals. Wagner was present, of course, and had a seat in the Princes' Gallery—not a conspicuous seat, nor one altogether obscure, for the audience soon found him out, and turned upon him the admiring glare of a thousand spectacles. This personal homage became more demonstrative after the second act. There were loud shouts of "Hoch" and "Bravo" till the Master, who is never more than prudently coy on such occasions, came to the front of his box, and amid dead silence spoke a few words which, to the majority present, were inaudible. By his side was the ever faithful Liszt, looking much aged since 1876, but no less picturesque and striking than of yore; while around him fluttered a bevy of fair young women eager for a smile or a word. So far, certainly, the great virtuoso was Parsifal in Klingsor's "rose-garden of girls," and, after his courtly fashion, may have said, with that hero, "I've seen nowhere yet beings so bright." The performance was attended by the usual Wagnerian conditions—semi-darkness and complete silence in the auditorium. Hardly a sound disturbed the music; no one came in late, and no one departed early. More than this, after the first act, which closes with an observance of the Lord's Supper by the Knights of the Holy Grail, all rose and left the theatre as silently as though the place were a church, the only sounds heard being those of imperfectly suppressed emotion. Every true lover of lyric drama must rejoice in such demonstrations of a thoroughly earnest, artistic spirit. Here we rise above the conflict of schools and the clash of opposing convictions into a serener region, like the peaceful woods around the Castle of the Grail, where no weapon was ever drawn, and there we are all of one mind in desiring that the magnificent form of art known as opera might as a form of art be regarded, and not as a frivolous function, whose divinity is a *prima donna*, and whose end is pastime. The performance of *Parsifal*, generally speaking, was very excellent, the only serious drawbacks being such as were almost inevitable under the conditions imposed by Wagner. On this matter, however, remark will be more opportunely made when I come to consider the work itself. Let me now pay a deserved tribute to the highly artistic labours of Fräulein Brandt (Kundry) and Herr Hill (Klingsor)—both well known in London, and also to the admirable services of Herr Reichmann (Amfortas) and Herr Sehr (Gurnemanz). The orchestra, if not quite up to the standard of that in 1876, fell very little short of it, while the chorus, which had to sing under unusual difficulties, only failed where censure could be unjust. But no merit in execution can change the nature of *Parsifal*, which nature is painful indeed; not least so in that the noble lesson of the story is degraded by circumstances, some of which are as unworthy as they are gratuitous, while others approach dangerously near to downright blasphemy, if it be blasphemy to caricature sacred things.

Aug. 4.

After Richard Wagner had written *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and when contemplating *The Nibelung's Ring*, a discovery was announced in the pages of *Opera and Drama*. "The primitive myth," said, in effect, the author of that remarkable work, "shows us the ideal man—the purely human, free from all conventionality, whereas the Christian myth is but an adulteration, the consequence of a re-action against the religious influence which sought to annihilate the myth entirely." Wagner was, thereupon, understood by superficial judges of his character to have wholly set aside the Christian myth, this opinion being afterwards supported by the production of *The Nibelung's Ring* and *Tristan and Isolde* in a Pagan form. But when the Bayreuth master declares himself in one sense, it may be expected that he will sooner or later act in another. He is like the "untutored African," who sacrifices to his idol one day, and flogs it the next. Not a few examples were cited in these columns *apropos* to the recent London production of *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*, but the climax has been reached in *Parsifal*, which, taken from a Christian myth, is made more Christian than its source. I do not say this by way of censure. Inconsistency is worthy of praise when it implies the abandonment of false principles. At the same time, Wagner's "backing and filling" scarcely become the founder of a new faith. He compromises his advocates by it, and makes them doubtful what to preach. I may be told not to trouble myself, since I am not his advocate. But his opponents are also vexed. They shoot their arrows from afar against mistaken teaching, and before the missile can reach its mark the target has turned over and presents a friendly face.

To understand aright the legend of *Parsifal*, it becomes necessary to go behind Wagner and look at the myth as presented by Wolfram of Eschenbach, from whose thirteenth-century poem, *Parsival and Titurel*, the Bayreuth master has avowedly taken most of his materials. It is said that Wagner consulted also Christian of Troyes and the *Mort d'Arthur*, but so far into details I need not enter, Wolfram's mystical work answering every necessary purpose. First, however, concerning the Holy Grail, which plays so conspicuous a part in both myth and drama.

As Lucifer fell from Heaven a jasper dropped out of his crown, was caught by angels, and supported in the air till Christ appeared, when it descended to the earth, and, in the form of a cup, came into the possession of Joseph of Arimathea. The cup was not only used at the institution of the Last Supper, but in it Joseph caught the blood which flowed from the Saviour's wounded side. Thenceforth it became sacred, and had the power of sustaining life. According to one tradition, no man, after the death of Christ, was found worthy to possess the holy vessel, which returned to the custody of angels, till Titurel, the son of a French king, obtained the honour by reason of humility and purity. Under divine direction Titurel built a temple for the Grail and a castle for its guardians, on Montsalvat in Biscay, and there founded an order of knights, who for their chivalry and chastity were deemed fit to protect and be sustained by the miraculous cup. Around the castle were woods impenetrable to all save those in the service of the Grail. The story of Parcival opens after Titurel, become old, has resigned the Grail Kingship into the hands of his son, Amfortas. According to Wolfram, Parcival's father was a knight-errant named Gamuhret, who died in Arabia before the boy was born. His mother, Herzeleide, thinking to keep him to herself, brought him up in a forest, quite apart from the world of men. But one day, seeing some knights in armour, the lad determined to go to King Arthur's court, and be made a knight likewise. Then, his mother, to discourage him, by buffeting and mocking, dressed him as a fool, and sent him forth on a sorry jade. After many adventures Parcival

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became a knight-errant, and, as he wandered about, happened on a splendid castle, where he was ushered into a great hall, and saw the lord of the place sitting in a chair, weak and ill. Presently a man entered bearing a bloody spear, which he carried round the hall, and after him came virgins with a table and two silver knives, followed by a queen, in whose hands was a lustrous cup. Thereupon the attendant knights sat down and ate, whatever they desired being furnished by the cup. Parcival was astonished at all this, but, having once been warned against inquisitiveness by an old knight named Gurnemanz, he asked no questions, and soon took his departure, meeting, on the way, his foster-sister Ligune, who informed him that the castle was the stronghold of the Grail, that the sick man was King Amfortas, and that he who asked the King about his illness, the bloody spear, and so on, would for ever be rich and blessed. Kundry, a learned woman, servant of the Grail, having told him to the same effect, Parcival waxed angry with himself and with Providence on account of the lost opportunity. He reviled God and became desperate, yet longing ever to see the Grail again. At last he met with his uncle, Trevrezent, once a Grail Knight, now a recluse, and from him learned that Amfortas had received a wound in combat for the honour of a lady whom, against the laws of the Grail, he was weak enough to love. That wound nothing could heal, nor could anything give relief, save the head of the spear which had caused it. Only when a knight accidentally came and asked about the hurt would Amfortas be whole again, but to that Knight he must then resign his crown. Such a Knight, said Trevrezent, had once appeared, but he kept silence. Parcival stayed long with his uncle, receiving instruction and rising into a higher and better life; after which he again set forth in search of the Grail. Five years went by, and he found it not. Then Kundry came to him once more with the news that he had been divinely appointed the Grail lord. With her he set out, entered the castle, healed Amfortas, and succeeded him on the throne.

Thus Wolfram of Eschenbach, whose allegory—such the poem of *Titurel and Parcival* is—amply deserves consideration for itself alone. But the *Parsifal* of Wagner awaits notice, and a comparison readily shows in what spirit its author approached his work. The new Bayreuth drama is one of "sensation" from first to last. It could be nothing else with chance of success; for the course that Wagner has taken admits of no going back. He must astonish more and more, or meet the fate described by himself as the fate of Berlioz, and lie "irretrievably buried beneath the ruins of his own machines." In *Parsifal* Wagner is equal to this position; but at what price has a sensational success been gained? Let the reader answer who perseveres to the end of my letter.

Day breaks in the forest around Montsalvat, and finds old Gurnemanz and two young esquires asleep under a tree. It is not clear why they choose a bed on the ground, but before they wake let me say that Wagner has made Wolfram's Gurnemanz a Knight of the Grail, and presently gives him the functions discharged in the poem by the recluse, Trevrezent. He has made him, also, an extremely garrulous person—the Wotan of the drama in the matter of long stories. The sleepers having risen, two knights enter and talk with Gurnemanz about the King's incurable wound. They are followed by Kundry, whom Wagner has transformed from a mere messenger and servant of the Grail into one of the most extraordinary and complex characters ever put upon a stage. At present she looks like a mediæval Meg Merrilies—wild, unkempt, and apparently vicious. But the woman is not vicious, only peculiar. She has been to Arabia after a balsam for the King's hurt, and, handing this to Gurnemanz, proceeds to roll about on the ground in a highly eccentric and somewhat indecorous fashion. The King, Amfortas, now enters, borne on a litter. He goes to assuage his pain by bathing in a lake close at hand, but stops to thank Kundry for procuring the balsam. That remarkable person answers, "No thanks! Ha, ha!" and resumes her writhing as the King is carried away. Now is the time for one of Gurnemanz's long stories. Defending Kundry from the harsh words of the esquires, the aged Knight hints that she is seeking shrift by Grail service for grave sins in the past. From this he glides into the subject of Amfortas, telling how the King went out to fight with the magician Klingsor, carrying the sacred spear which had pierced the side of our Lord, how "a maid of fearful beauty" enticed him to her embraces, and how Klingsor, snatching the spear, gave him the incurable wound. In the magician's hands the holy weapon still remains. Gurnemanz then proceeds to sketch the history of the Grail, but we are chiefly concerned to know that Klingsor has raised a castle hard by, whose enchanted gardens are filled with beautiful women luring knights to destruction and to the shameful service of their master. Thus in time Klingsor hopes to obtain possession of the Grail. We are further told that, according to Divine intimation, Amfortas can only be healed by a pitying "guileless Fool." The long story ended, cries of alarm are heard and a wild swan falls dead upon the ground. Knights and esquires rush in horror-stricken, bringing with them a rudely-clad youth, whose bow and arrows proclaim him the murderer. The esquires demand his punishment, and Gurnemanz reproaches him for disturbing the peace of the sacred forest, working so upon his feelings that the culprit breaks his arrows on the spot. Questioned as to his name and parentage, the lad knows nothing, but Kundry, still writhing on the ground, knows all, and between her revelations and the youth's recollections, the story of Parsifal's birth and bringing up, as told by Wolfram, is substantially reproduced. From this Gurnemanz draws such conclusions that when Kundry, after painful nervous symptoms and interjectional remarks, has fallen asleep behind a bush, and Amfortas has been carried back to the castle, he invites the stranger to go with him and see the Grail. Parsifal accepts, and the two seem to walk through the forest, but really "mark time," as the scenery moves from left to right. The device is not unknown in England at Christmas time, and seems rather puerile in a serious work, especially when, as on Tuesday last, a hitch occurs, and the curtain has to be ignominiously lowered. However, thus they arrive at the castle and enter a large hall, under the dome of which tables are arranged in horseshoe form before a kind of raised altar. Here Parsifal stands in a corner and waits. Presently the Knights of the Grail, clad in blue, with blood-red mantles, slowly enter, singing as they come, and trains of youths and boys cross the stage. The knights take their places at the tables while the invisible boys and youths sing hymns referring to the sacrifice of Christ and the efficacy of His blood. Amfortas next appears on his litter, the Holy Grail carried in its shrine before him. Esquires also bear flagons for the wine and baskets for the bread. The Grail being on the altar and the King reclining behind it a mysterious voice issues from a niche. It is that of the old King, Titurel, who, though entombed, lives still by virtue of the Grail, and is impatient for its uncovering. Amfortas, on the other hand, dreads to see the sacred vessel. It causes him intolerable anguish, and renews the bleeding of his wound. Nevertheless, duty must be done. He gives the order; the esquires uncover the cup, and all kneel while the boys in the dome sing the words of the Saviour, "Take my body and eat," &c. As they chant the hall darkens, but the cup becomes radiant and seems filled with blood. Amfortas raises it above his head, then replaces it on the altar; its splendour fades, the hall is re-illuminated, and lo! the baskets are seen to contain bread and the flagons wine. A love-feast follows, to the solemn hymns of the concealed choir, and when it is ended the several processions retire as they came. Meanwhile, Parsifal has remained stedfastly gazing, only moving to clutch his heart as Amfortas cried out in the agony of the bleeding wound. Now comes a remarkable illustration of Wagner's Gothic fancy; a fancy of the kind which was wont, in mediæval times, to carve hideous monsters and fantastic horrors upon the walls of sacred places. Gurnemanz approaches Parsifal, and says, "Wist thou what thou saw'st?" Receiving for answer only a shake of the head, he opens a side door, and pushes the youth without, exclaiming, "Let then our swans for the future alone, and seek thyself, gander, a goose." Then the act ends, leaving us strangely moved by a solemnity that led up only to a frivolous, and under the circumstances almost ribald, attempt at humour.

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I need hardly point out how Wagner has dealt in this act with his mythical materials. His aim was—always in the direction of sensationalism—to heighten the mysticism of the story, to give it a deeper religious significance, and to bring it into close connection with the form of sin which he has used so much, and, apparently, found to pay. For the heightened mysticism we have the spear that wounded Christ, not that of the Saracen with whom, according to Wolfram, Amfortas fought. For the deeper religious significance stands a ceremony that elevates the ordinary meal of the Grail knights into a celebration of the Eucharist, while the reference to Klingsor's seductive maidens, and the fault of Amfortas, foreshadows one of those lust-orgies without which a Wagner opera does not now seem to be complete. Adding to this the phenomenon of the entombed yet living Titurel, and the dark mystery of the wild woman, Kundry, we see a supreme illustration of Wagner's present tendencies. Can drama find a parallel to an act in which the characters are a king who in death is yet alive; another king who in life is as good as dead; a "pure Fool," and a woman to all appearance only fit for a madhouse? Touching the scene of the Supper, let me admit that Wagner treats it with much solemnity and beauty. He has, beyond dispute, risen to the occasion, and produced that which deeply impresses. No one, having looked on the moving spectacle, can ever forget it. The thing remains photographed on the brain—crystallized in the memory. A question, of course, arises whether the profoundest mysteries of religion should be made into a theatrical spectacle, but the point hardly admits of argument. It is a matter of feeling and taste as to which, I fancy, all English people are like minded. They, at any rate, will never admit *Parsifal* among them. Turning to the music of the act, Wagner is found still true to his theory of representative themes. There are no fewer than fourteen such *motives* in this part of the work, the more important being the "Love Feast," an archaic strain having in it a strong Gregorian element; the "Grail," which is simply the church theme used by Mendelssohn in his "Reformation" symphony; the "Faith," an extended and hymn-like melody, largely employed in the religious episodes; the "Amfortas," expressive of the wounded King's condition; the "Kundry," which, appropriately enough, is a sort of indiscriminate tumble down the chromatic scale; the "Parsifal," having a character of the chase, and suggesting the hero's forest origin and occupation; and the "Bell," a short subject of eight notes supposed to be played by the chimes of the Castle during the Grail ceremonial. Three of these are found in the orchestral introduction, which is simply a piece of musical patchwork intended to exhibit them. For an idea of the general treatment of themes and dialogue inquirers may be referred to almost any of Wagner's later operas, whose modes and mannerisms, dodges and devices, *Parsifal* faithfully reproduces. Indeed, it would seem that the master has nothing new to tell us; at any rate in this fashion. Knowing the *motives* and the story, it is easy to guess what the orchestra will be doing at a given moment, and, with interest thus discounted, the patchy, disjointed, flighty music, never in the same key or rhythm for many bars together, becomes singularly wearisome and unsatisfactory. Clever it is always, and at times singularly beautiful, but one has no time to admire before the kaleidoscope turns and another combination, probably offensive, invites notice. From this criticism, however, the music of the Supper scene must be exempt. Not that it is less Wagnerian than the rest. No other master could have written it. But here the verbal text, apart from the monologue of Amfortas, is almost entirely lyrical, and music properly becomes its end and aim. Moreover, it admits of broad and impressive treatment. In such circumstances Wagner is rarely or never found wanting. His peculiar genius expands when free from the trammels of an artificial theory, and appears in native majesty. Hence the Supper, with its processional music and sacred hymns, is a splendid artistic creation, before which criticism yields place to praise. Nothing in opera was ever more cunningly devised. The noble hall, with its radiant dome, the glowing, blood-red cup; the mantled knights; the King reclining at the altar-table in the attitude of his Lord; the choruses of the adoring devotees, now blending with, now detached from, the invisible choirs, whose voices fall from the height of the dome—all these make up a wonderful whole. No marvel that the spectators here let the curtain fall in silence, and tread softly as they retire. But this is only one scene; how as to the remaining acts? I shall answer the question in another letter.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."—Impartial opinion with regard to the merits of this last *Bühnenweihfestspiel* can in no way be influenced by the *dicta* of "patrons" and uncompromising worshippers who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of witnessing the first two performances, in the house that Richard Wagner built upon a hill commanding the "City of the Margravine" and the residence of Jean Paul. As might have been expected, their verdict, loudly enunciated, is one of unanimous approval, and, if we adhere to the letter—not the spirit—of the word, unanimously enthusiastic. Happily, the "Second Bayreuthiad" is not destined for such barren results. It will find historiographers in critics and connoisseurs of more or less repute from foreign countries, who, debarred from the exclusively aristocratic manifestations with which that Bayreuthiad was inaugurated, may, like sturdy Plebeians, conscious of their social inferiority, take eager advantage of what is to follow. These, by the payment of thirty marks—ten marks less than the value of the "seal-ring of my grandfather," stolen from the pocket of Sir John Falstaff, while taking his ease at his inn—may have opportunity enough for testing the Patronic decision. *Parsifal* is to be given three times weekly up to the end of the current month; and it is well that it should be so, Wagner peremptorily opposing its being played anywhere outside Bayreuth. Thus, whoever desires to hear it, must travel to the small and by no means inviting Franconian town. True, the poet-musician, after the first Bayreuthiad, prohibited with equal sternness the reproduction of his complete Tetralogy elsewhere; but circumstances, to which even Wagner is as much a slave as the most uninitiated, altered his resolution, and the sympathetic Herr Neumann obtained leave to farm out the *Ring des Nibelungen* in its integrity, when, where, and however he might find it expedient. The issue is that Wagner grows rich on the profits derived from public representations of this erst forbidden masterpiece. Such also may be the destiny of *Parsifal;* in which case, freshly converted neophytes, trembling at the threshold of the temple, and shy catechumens, who, though anxious for admission, have not yet mastered the simple rudiments of Wagnerism, will stand some chance of making acquaintance with it nearer home. It requires a full purse and much leisure for amateurs living far off to undertake a pilgrimage to the Shrine—a fact which many of the Knights of the Round Table, who followed in the quest of the "Sancgreall" (as Malory sometimes spells the word), discovered to their cost. The plan and character of the drama, which Wagner has built out of materials derived from more than one version of the *Parsifal* (or as Wolfram von Eschenbach, the mediæval poet, styles it, *Perceval) saga*, have been frequently referred to. Its poetical distinction, notwithstanding violations of good taste that materially weaken the impression it might otherwise create, has been cheerfully recognized. On the other hand, its immoral tendency, as demonstrated in the second act, where the maiden virtue of the hero is exposed to so trying an ordeal, and the free use of ceremonies sacred to the Catholic Christian Church, employed for the purposes of theatrical effect, so as to fit in with the development of a fantastic and ridiculous legend, have been as frankly condemned. The scene in the last act, where Kundry, Magdalen-like, washes Parsifal's feet, and dries them with her hair (in return for which Parsifal baptizes her), and the Sacramental feast in the scene following, out-Wagners Wagner himself, who seems to regard all themes, sacred or secular, as his rightful prerogative, when he has a mind to appropriate them. These passages, however, are insurmountable obstacles to the production of his last dramatic work—his *magnum opus*, as it is already pronounced by fanatical advocates *quand même*—from ever being heard in England, which, while causing regret to some, will afford unqualified satisfaction to the many who would not willingly see music deprived of its legitimate position as an independent art, and formlessness substituted for form. The first public representation of *Parsifal* took place on Tuesday, when they with wistful eyes and parched ears, until now outside the Temple, after long draughts from the Wagnerianly-shaped "hanap," doubtless adjudged the work on its merits, and will make their impressions generally known. Until then we reserve future remarks. The vocal score of the new opera-drama is published, and he who runs may "rede."—*Graphic, Aug. 5.*

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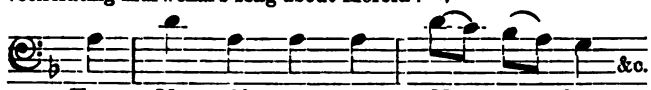
TO SAGRAMORE.

DEAR SAG.—Teach your grandmother to suck eggs.

Frisch weht der Wind der Hei - mat zu.

After the second performance of *Tristan und* (as F. C. B. has it) "*He sold her*," this same tune (Wagner is famous for sailor's tunes*) was running in my head for hours, so that I could not sleep. Luckily, I had my "fretful" close by, and (happy thought) with much effort succeeded in brushing it out. But before I tried again to sleep the tune came back, with its unclean harmony on the dominant pedal of E flat, and this I could not drive away, however desperately I used my "fretful." There was no alternative but to get up, have a plunge, and take a walk. Near Hampstead Heath I spied Herr Grubemann, who, with half-uttered maledictions, was, in spite of himself, vociferating Kurwenal's song about Morold :—†



Herr Mo - rold zog zu Mee - re her.

"I can't," said Herr Grubemann, "get rid of this infernal tune. Will you help me?" I knew the "fretful" would be useless, so we took off our hats, and made these "Leit-motives" sound together as a two-part song, at which, one of these days, you shall look and wonder. Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs—at any rate by the mere interchanging of keys; pronounce Gawaine, Gäwäine; and believe me, old 'oss, your always attached and loving

DODINAS.

P.S.—I write this hoving under an oak, having been smitten down of a Cornish knight, by name Tristram, who had the temerity to encounter me in the open meadow with sharp spears, and the insolence (for a Cornishman) to come best out of the encounter.

—o—

PROFESSOR WYLDE ON THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM.

In reply to remarks made by Mr Curwen at the June meeting of the Tonic Sol-fa Institution in Exeter Hall, as well as to an article headed "Dr Wylde on Musical Systems," which appeared last month in the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*, the Gresham Professor has written the following letter to the editor of that journal. A better illustration of a "Roland for an Oliver" could scarcely be desired :—

"SIR,—My attention has been called to the June number of your paper, and the report of a speech of yours at Exeter Hall, in which you make a volume of my Gresham lectures the subject of certain remarks, which I claim the privilege of answering through the columns of the journal in which those remarks appear. In respect to my quotation of Sir John Herschel's opinion on the Tonic Sol-fa system, you attribute to me the words, 'This Tonic Sol-fa system is the greatest retrograde step ever taken.' Permit me to say you misquote me by omitting the two words '*this practice*,' which precedes the sentence. As Sir John Herschel's opinions are sufficiently well-known, I deemed it unnecessary to publish his language *in extenso*. My allusion referred to the innovations which he strongly deprecated upon what he called 'the good old system of representing by Do, Re, Mi,' &c.—'the scale of natural notes in any key whatever,' &c., &c. Now when you accuse me of perverting Sir John Herschel's opinions concerning the Tonic Sol-fa system you forget that the present mode in which it is taught is not the system that Sir John Herschel endorsed. In Mr John Curwen's *Tonic Sol-fa Primer*, page 12, he acknowledges that the mode of teaching, in a certain instance there illustrated, departs from the true Tonic principle, that is to say, when 'the change of key is short,' and he defends the departure on the ground that it is 'for the convenience of the singers.' If compromises of this character are to be made whenever 'the convenience of the singers' seems to demand it, the sooner you cease to use Sir John Herschel's name as the advocate of your system the better.

"I do not propose in this place to reiterate the arguments adduced in my lectures, complain of you for defending the system which it is your interest to maintain, nor enter into any further analysis concerning it, but I do protest against your appropriating the eulogies of a great authority to sanction that system, when it has been perverted from the simplicity of the very principle for which he commended it. That the disregard of the 'Tonic principle' lays Mr Curwen's Tonic Sol-fa system open to criticism in more directions than one, when judged by the rules of science, may be affirmed by reference to page 54, part 2, of Mr John Curwen's *Standard Course of Lessons and Exercises;* there the notation, at the commencement of the sixth bar, indicates that the interval of the fourth, between the tenor and alto parts, should be that which occurs between *la* and *re*, whereas, according to true Tonic principles, it should indicate that interval of a fourth which occurs between *sol* and *do*. Sir John Herschel shows that the difference between the two kinds of 'fourths' amounts to the value of a comma.

"In this instance again I must remark that so long as Mr Curwen's Tonic Sol-fa system ignores this difference, he has no right to claim Sir John Herschel as its champion; whilst I have a prefect right to infer that the eminent musical mathematician intended his reproof, 'the greatest retrograde step ever taken,' &c., to apply to Mr John Curwen, and all departures from 'the good old system.'

"As to the 'state of muddle' which you are pleased to attribute to me because I call the Tonic Sol-fa system that of 'fixed syllables,' I beg to say the 'muddle' is all on your own side, and belongs to your own treatment of the system in question. Whilst the syllable *do* is representative of the key-note or tonic of any key, the succession of syllables that follow it *are fixed*, at any rate, they should be so, to conform to the method commended by Sir John Herschel, and if they are not, they come under that category of new departures 'for the convenience of the singers' which would make 'retrograde steps,' in the Tonic Sol-fa system, something more than a mere figure of speech. Meantime, the original Tonic Sol-fa system consists of a succession of 'fixed syllables' following the key-note, irrespective of pitch. In that sense I used the words, and shall continue to do so, even at the risk of violating the technical phraseology of the Tonic Sol-fa Institution.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"H. WYLDE."

HYMN.

(From an unpublished Cantata, entitled "Ethelbert.")

Almighty God, sustained by Thee,
In grace alone we stand,
With confidence we nestle in
The hollow of Thy hand.
Though Hell should muster all its force,
Its power Thou wilt disarm;
Who dare dispute Thy sovereign sway?
Or stay Thy mighty arm?

O Christ, our Leader in the strife,
Our living, loving Head,
May we Thy glorious image bear,
And in Thy footsteps tread.
With consecrated noble deed
May we our lives adorn,
Prepared to brave the world's abuse,
Its malice and its scorn.

O Spirit of the Mighty God,
Thou blessèd Heavenly Guest,
When wrestling with the storms of life,
Its turmoil and unrest,
Breathe o'er our hearts Thy deep, deep calm,
And grant that we may know
The heights and depths of love divine
With all Thy saints below.

WETSTAR.

BERLIN (*Correspondence*).—The alterations for the security of the public from fire are being actively carried out at the Royal Opera-house. Massive walls are being run up between the stage and the auditorium from the foundations to the roof, and there will be an iron curtain to close, if necessary, the proscenium opening.—The new Directory of the Royal School of Music is thus constituted :—Professor Joseph Joachim, chief of the instrumental section; Professor Kiel, chief of the composition section; Professor Ernst Rudorff, chief of the pianoforte section; and Professor Ad. Schulz, chief of the vocal section. Professor Spitta acts as general manager without belonging to any particular section.

* The *Fliegende Holländer*, to wit.—Dr Blidge.

† The Marhaus of Sir Thomas Malory, who, with deference to Herr Ritter von Beattie and Sir Clement Scott, was never Isolde's lover, but always her mother's brother.—Dr Blidge.

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MARRIAGE.

On August 5th, at St Matthew's Church, Bayswater, by the Rev. Henry Dening, ERNST AUGUSTUS STOEGER, of Dorset House, No. 16, Ledbury Road, Bayswater, to LOUISA B. S. LANE, grand-daughter of the late James Lane, M.R.C.S., Grosmont.

DEATHS.

On August 5th, at 1, Campden House Road, Kensington, W., WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, younger son of John Wall Callcott, Mus. D. Oxon, and nephew of Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A., aged 74.

On August 7th, at Southend, Mdme GERARD COVENTRY (Miss Harriet Prytherch), aged 33.

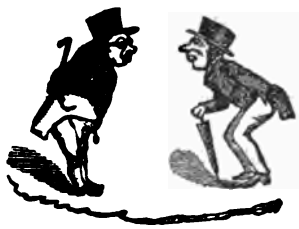
On August 8th, at 32, Rue Bosquet, Brussels, LILY, third daughter of Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, aged 11 years.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882.

THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.



On Change.

DR QUINCE.—From Bayreuth?
DR SHIPPING.—From Bayreuth.
DR QUINCE.—Parsifal?
DR SHIPPING.—Parsifal.
DR QUINCE.—Judaism?
DR SHIPPING.—Pseudo-Christianism.
DR QUINCE.—Logical?
DR SHIPPING.—Neological.
DR QUINCE.—Pessimism?
DR SHIPPING.—Mytho-mysticism.
DR QUINCE.—Hyberbolic?
DR SHIPPING.—Diabolic.
DR QUINCE.—I shan't go.
DR SHIPPING.—Don't say so!

[*Exeunt severally.*

—o—

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.*

(*Continued from page* 482.)

II.

Everyone familiar with Wagner's genial theatrical talent will derive from the perusal of this book the impression that it must be highly effective on the stage. A drama put together with extraordinary skill and containing both new and dazzling situations is built up boldly before us. With regard to form, it possesses brilliant excellences, in intelligible construction, closer treatment than usual, and effective gradation, surpasses the poem of the *Nibelungen Trilogy*. It marks, moreover, a gratifying advance (or healthy retrogression) in the diction. True, even in this work there is no want of forced verbal combinations, tortured sentences of intentional obscurity, and bombastic ornamentation; but we are spared at least the childish jingle of stave-lines and alliteration. Compared with the linguistically murderous style of *Siegfried* and *Tristan*, the language in *Parsifal* is simple and natural—as far, at least, as Richard Wagner is capable of speaking simply and naturally. Though—as we shall soon see—he has, to the prejudice of the motives of action, changed essential details in the narrative of Wolfram von Eschenbach, he has, with practical good sense, rejected everything which could disturb the unity of *his* plan. Thus he cuts out the knightly figure of Gawain, who, as an enamoured adventurer, forms the counterpart of Parsival, as also King Arthur's Round Table, that secular contrast to the hyper-spiritual band of the Knights of the Graal. By this omission of everything episodical, he has gained a sober and continuously progressive plot,† which in three well constructed acts displays six artistic pictures. The born theatrical composer stands revealed in every scene, so vividly does he perceive and forsee everything as it must infallibly work on the stage. And what a rich store of new and striking effects is exhibited to us in *Parsifal!* The moving panorama and the celebration of the sacrament in the first act; the animated flowers, the miracle of the Lance, and the sinking of the magic castle, in the second; Titurel's funeral, and the concluding scene of the third, are fresh proofs of Wagner's inexhaustible dramatic fancy. In this strange plot, enigmatically shining with an intermittent light, marvel follows marvel. He who, with naïvely contented mind, will and can regard Wagner's *Parsifal* as a superior kind of fairy opera, as an unlimited play of fancy rejoicing in the Wondrous, looks at it in the best light and derives from it unalloyed enjoyment. All he will have to do will be to disassociate from the magic of this Festival Play the false pretension, that at the bottom of the whole there lies an unfathomably deep and sacred meaning, a philosophical and religious revelation. Unfortunately, it is upon this pretended deep and moral significance, of the Christian-Mystic element in the poem, that the greatest importance is laid.‡ On such ground we entertain serious objections to this new "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" and its dramatic purport.

It is precisely in their dramatic core, no matter how brilliant its outward envelope, that most of Wagner's works§ are morbid and defective, because the characters act less from their own free will than from compulsion exerted by some transcendental power. This applies to *Parsifal* in a much higher degree than to any of Wagner's previous efforts. Not a single personage reveals the first condition of a legitimately dramatic character: free self-guidance in good and evil. Good or bad in this sense, that is: dramatically good or bad, is neither that virtuous hero, Parsifal, nor his diabolical counterpart, Klingsor, nor Kundry, who, also without any will of her own, oscillates between two irreconcilable postulates, nor the shadowy company of the Graal. In the first place, Parcival himself, with his crime and subsequent moral purification, is, as represented by Wagner, unintelligible. An inexperienced, good-natured simpleton. In mediæval romance he is a favourite character, interpreted by Wolfram von Eschenbach through a deeper conception of his qualities. In the first act he is treated by Wagner with perfect consistency; a sort of Siegfried, only tamer. Impelled by youthful love of sport and without intending any harm, he shoots a swan; answers every question with "I do not know;" and, possessing no will of his own, allows himself to be taken to the Gralsburg, where he gazes in dumb astonishment at its strange paraphernalia and surroundings. Quite incomprehensible, on the contrary, is it, how, in the second act, the same "pure fool" can suddenly see in himself one who has to atone for deep and fearful sin. Here vengeance follows the alteration made by Wagner in the Parcival *saga* and Wolfram's narrative — an alteration which quite nullifies the psychological motives actuating the hero and the logical development of the plot. The *Saga* and Wolfram tell us that the sick Amfortas, according to a declaration of the Graal, shall be delivered by a pure youth who, unintentionally finding his way to the Gralsburg, asks the King, *of his own free*

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

† See Dr Hanslick further on, when speaking of the music.—D. T.

‡ In order to obtain an approximate notion of the standard by which *Parsifal* is measured, and by which we, too, are expected to measure it, let the reader peruse any passage relating to that work in Wagner's official organ, the *Bayreuther Blätter*. We there find for instance: "He who believes in *Bayreuth*, in the spirit of the Wagnerian belief, belongs to the true body of Bayreuth Patrons. We shall endeavour in our *Blätter* to change into knowledge for the new readers of that paper, this lofty *belief* which inspires us, and, when knowledge must be dumb before the sacredness of the divine secret, *Parsifal*, with its consecrative strains, will announce to us all alike the joyous news: *Belief lives!*" We refrain from comment.

§ Say *all*.—D. T.

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will, "What is the matter?" By this question alone Amfortas is to be cured and the questioner appointed King in his place. But, it having been impressed on him as a rule of life that he is not to ask many questions, he omits putting this one where and when he might be expected to do so—at the moment of beholding the suffering Amfortas. He quits the Gralsburg unconscious of having committed any crime. It is not till Kundry, the messenger of the Graal, with fearful maledictions, accuses him, at Arthur's Round Table, of being a traitor, because by *his silence he has neglected* to effect the cure of Amfortas, which was in his hands, that he is conscious of his error and rails against Heaven for permitting it. Fallen out with himself, and in despair, he meets, in his wanderings, with an old hermit, Trevrezent, who, becoming his teacher and deliverer, reveals all about the Graal and interprets the state of Parcival's own mind. Repentant and reconciled to God, after long wanderings and heavy trials, Parcival, finding his way once more to the Graal, appears before Amfortas with the question: *"Uncle, what is the matter with you?"* The sick King rises cured, and delivers up his crown to Parcival. Thus Wolfram tells the story, the solution of which is poetical and intelligible. By omitting the motive of the *question*, Wagner, however, makes it impossible to divine what wrong Parcival has committed and what he ought properly to have done in order to bring about the cure of Amfortas, in conformity with the oracle. In Wolfram, the utterance of the Graal is perfectly clear; in Wagner, it is more obscure than anything to which we are accustomed, even from oracles: *"Through pity knowing, the pure fool:—Await him, whom I chose."* We do not understand this. It is in vain we ask, and again and again, how it comes to pass that Wagner's Parsifal, who has not heard from anyone about his neglect, and is conscious of no wrong, suddenly, and, moreover, during the love-scene in the second act, collapsing in repentance and completely broken down with grief, from a perfect fool becomes a perfect saint. Without a single thought of the sick King, and without the shadow of conscious guilt, Parsifal, "with childish ecstacy," rides forth in the second act to seek adventures, and meets with the seductive maidens* in Klingsor's gardens. Kundry, changed into a bewitching fairy, gives him "the first kiss of love," when he springs up with the cry: "Amfortas! the wound, the wound!" and then, sinking on his knees, says: *"Redeemer, Saviour, Lord of Grace! How shall I, sinner that I am, atone for such guilt?"*†

Let him who can understand this. Kundry herself asks him, "So, then, it was my kiss which made you all-clear-sighted?" As in the third act dogmatic, so, in the second, psychological wonders are piled up on each other. Among the latter there is a very odious example—that of the picture of Parsifal's dying mother being used to drive him into sensual ecstacy. This commixture of the holy with the unholy is the more repulsive because unnecessary and unnatural. After the deciding kiss, he who has become all-clear-seeing tears himself from Kundry and sets out on the road to Amfortas armed with the miraculous spear, which he has not won in combat, but which has dropped of its own accord, as it were, into his hand. This far-fetched old fable-like motive of the sacred Lance which alone can cure the wounds it has made—the incident does not occur in Wolfram—has been probably introduced by Wagner in his *Parsifal* for the sake of a miracle the more, and a sensational climax to the act. It is precisely in this same lance, however, that Wagner's expositors, who are frequently more profound and more unintelligible than Wagner himself, revere "the saving act of pity, become endowed with knowledge."‡ To our mind, Wagner with this miraculous spear stabs his own drama to the heart. It strikes us, not as something miraculous, but as something strange, that we are unable to perceive a single trait of heroism, intellectual or material, in Parsifal, unless it be the purely negative one of resistance to sensual temptation. We observe with ever-increasing astonishment that in the course of the piece a greater and greater halo keeps forming around the head of the pure fool, until, in Wagner's hands, the latter absolutely grows up to be the Redeemer of mankind. In the scene where Kundry, as the penitent Magdalene, washes his feet and dries them with her hair, Parsifal glides bodily into the form of Christ. Nay, at the end, even a white dove, as symbol of the Holy Ghost, settles on his head, while invisible singers chant, *"Wonder of the highest Salvation! Redemption to the Redeemer!"* What Wagner's Parsifal has done to justify his being thus covertly identified with the Saviour must be explained by others, who may also decide whether the spirit of true Christianity is promoted or degraded by such scenes. Seeing in *Parsifal* events thus lightly disguised from the life of Jesus, we may fairly ask why Wagner did not prefer glorifying Jesus himself in a "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play." We say this in perfect seriousness. After all, something of the conditions belonging to the Oberammergau Passion Play—its exclusiveness and rare periodical repetition—seems to have been floating before the mind of him who established the Festival Performances at Bayreuth. The person and life of our Saviour are in the highest degree dramatic, and we cannot see why a poet, with a vocation for the task, should not undertake such a drama in the same pious spirit as that in which, for instance, Munkacsy undertook a modern and realistic treatment of the historical Christ. Friedrich Hebbel long entertained the project of writing a "Christ-drama," "the most powerful of all tragedies," but died without putting pen to paper. Wagner is assuredly not inferior to Hebbel in artistic courage; he may, too, venture farther than Hebbel could, or than anyone can at the present day. "Christ's Last Supper with his Disciples," grouped after Leonardo da Vinci's painting, would assuredly be a thousand times a more moving if less pompous picture than the love-feast in *Parsifal* of the Knights of the Graal, which is merely a transparent masquerade of the Last Supper. The original would probably shock truly Christian minds less than the most earnest parody.

Just as Parsifal is governed only by transcendental powers and unexpectedly raised from a mere good-natured empty-headed youth to be the "Redeemer of the Redeemer," Kundry is a mere tool, without any will of her own, now in the hands of the Graal, and now in Klingsor's. In Wolfram von Eschenbach, Kundry, the wild messenger of the Graal, and Parsifal's beautiful corruptress (Orgeluse) are wholly different personages. Wagner, however, blends the two opposites into one in the person of Kundry. People may call the character new and interesting, but humanly intelligible it is not, and what is meant by all this hysterical confusion scarcely any one without a learned commentary can say. A kindred figure is Klingsor, a peculiar fallen angel, who, thrust forth as self-mutilator from the Graal, has become a wicked magician. He, too, is a bloodless abstraction, like Kundry, confusing us by the numerous contradictions and riddles in his utterances. The sick Amfortas remains a purely suffering personage, of whose "acute pains,"* bleeding wounds, baths, and medicaments, so much is said that we feel for him a clinico-pathological rather than tragic pity. The further the action progresses the more arbitrary, mystical, and symbolical does it become. Human nature in us at last loses all interest in these events circling exclusively amid holy miracles, and abnormal, supernatural beings and monsters, set in motion before us as though by some divine marionette-wire. To which of them can we cling with genuine human sympathy? It is, after all, only in the last scene that Lohengrin is the transcendental Knight, the seraphic soldier who must blindly follow his commander, the Graal, and abandon Elsa.——Throughout the other parts of the piece he acts and feels like a human being, and so do those around him. In *Parsifal*, on the contrary, it is the Holy Graal which is everything, signifies everything, and determines everything. What to us is the Graal? A legendary curiosity utterly unfamiliar to the feelings, whether of the common people or the educated classes, a long-since forgotten relic of fanciful superstition. The hysterical exaltation which in Wagner incessantly environs the Holy Cup, and the Holy Lance, and the Holy Blood, finds no echo at the present day, and never will find one, in German minds and German hearts. Even Calderon, who wrote for the Catholic Spaniards of the 16th century, never lost himself in such heights of the Mystically-Religious, to say nothing of the romantically-Catholic enthusiast, Zacharias Werner. Herr von Wolzogen, Wagner's official interpreter, asserts that out of Wolfram von Eschenbach's epic, "Wagner has taken and invested with additional profundity the general, human, fundamental

* Entrancing syrens would be apter.—D. T.

† *Erlöser, Heiland, Herr der Huld!*
Wie büss' ich Sünder s o l ch e S ch u l d?

‡ "*Die Heilsthat des wissend gewordenen Mitleids.*"

* "*Sehrenden Schmerzen.*"

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thought;" but it strikes us that the reverse of this holds true. What Wagner has taken, and taken in a magnifying mirror, is the Mystical and Religiously-Symbolical, while it is precisely the genuinely human element in the animated and richly varied poem which he has suppressed. How beautiful and touching in Wolfram is Parcival's constant thought of his wife! This true love and the uninterrupted yearning for the happiness of home, the Graal is not able to crush in him. Immediately after addressing to Amfortas the question he had previously forgotten, and assuming the regal authority, Parcival rejoins his wife, the lovely Conduiramur, and his two sons, Lohengrin and Kardeiz. Of all this there is no trace in Wagner, whose Christian ideal evidently demands celibacy. It is admiringly cited as Wagner's greatest deed that "he has glorified the Graal, the highest Christianly religious ideal." But for whom among us is the Graal a religious ideal? For whom was it ever such an ideal? The Christianity of our time is a very different thing to the wonder-seeking Christianity of the Knights of the Holy Graal, and perhaps not worse than the latter. It has been aptly said of Shakspere that he is never and yet always religious. The Christian ecstacy in *Parsifal* is the direct opposite of Shakspere's poetic healthfulness, and not unfrequently reminds us of the rhymed devotional convulsions of the German pietists.

Is that really Wagner, it will be asked, the same Richard Wagner, who, in his famous book: *Art and Religion* * (1850) combatted so energetically against the "*lamentable influence of Christianity*."†

At that period Wagner regarded Christianity as the hostile opposite of true art and the only desirable development of man—to-day he appears, going to the other extreme, to find the salvation of art exclusively in the mysteries of Christianity. If, on the threshold of his seventieth year, Wagner has turned pious, it would not be the first example of such a change and would concern no one but himself. "Religiosity is the vinous fermentation of a mind when in process of formation, and the putrefactive fermentation of a mind in a state of decomposition," says Grillparzer. We almost suspect the mind is in the course of decomposition when a great artist sees in Graal relics and saintly miracles the mission of German art, and would therewith effect the "regeneration of the human race."‡ Wagner's own utterances, and still more those of his fellow-workers and disciples, are in favour of such a generalization of his newest ideal, just as Wagner's entire theory raises into a general and exclusive law in art that only which corresponds to his own peculiar talent. Despite the efforts of a hundred Wagner Associations to greet the redeeming future in Christian mysticism, the present age will hardly find it necessary seriously to take up again Göthe's campaign against "new German religiously-patriotic art." We will—as Scherer exclaimed in reference to Wagner's *Nibelungen*—live and work on in Göthe's spirit, "not troubling ourselves about the barbarous nonsense of a half understood northern mythology, which some are attempting to force upon us as a new gospel." The most recent art-gospel of all, that of Christian mysticism, will, too, remain isolated probably in *Parsifal*, despite the most striking embodiment. It would, like the resurrection of the extinct world of the gods, bring about only intellectual retrogression and lead art to absolute poverty.

We know that injustice is done to every Wagnerian opera by considering the text-book apart from the music and all the apparatus of the stage. If we have done so in the present instance, we have only complied with Wagner's own utterances, inasmuch as he claims for his text-books the value and importance of independent poems, and, therefore, publishes them, as such, in book form, a considerable time before the appearance of the scores. Wagner's pretension, too, was the more certain of being gratified, because the book of *Parsifal* was received with a tumult of admiration in the great Wagnerian camp. In all Wagner's operas the *music* has softened the faults and greatly enhanced the excellences of the book. The same thing will, no doubt, be repeated with *Parsifal*, and we anxiously look forward to the first performance.

(To be continued.)

CONCERT.

THE first of a series of Promenade Concerts was given at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday night before a numerous audience. The stage has been converted into the market-place of a Spanish town, and the theatre is lighted by electric lamps on the Brush system. An efficient band, comprising Mr Carrodus (leader), Mr Val Nicholson, Mr Howell, Mr Radcliff, Mr Dubrucq, and other excellent artists, has been secured, Mr W. G. Crowe acting as conductor. The programme, consisting, as usual, of a mixture of "classical" and extremely popular pieces, does not call for notice, but it fully satisfied the audience, which applauded Mr Carrodus, Miss Florence Waud, and other soloists, to the echo.—*Times, Aug.* 8.

PROVINCIAL.

SWANSEA.—A grand Eisteddfod was held in the Albert Hall on Monday afternoon, August 8th, when seven choirs, numbering about 1,500 voices, competed for various money-prizes, the highest (£33) being gained by the Pembroke Dock choir. The Mayor of Swansea (Alderman Davies) presided. Mr John Thomas, Llanwrtyd, was adjudicator; the Rev E. Edwards, conductor; and Miss B. Williams, Swansea, accompanist.

WIGAN.—To-day, at the County Court, before Judge Ffoulkes, George Wood, trading as J. B. Cramer & Co., of 201, Regent Street, London, music publishers and proprietor, who has the sole liberty of representing, or causing to be represented, the opera entitled *La Fille du Tambour Major*, claimed from Barry Stuart, manager of the Theatre Royal, Wigan, the sum of £15, as damages, for representing, or causing it to be represented, at his theatre in the week ending May 13th. The defendant did not dispute that plaintiff owned the copyright of the opera. His defence to the action was that he did not represent or cause the piece to be represented, but that the performance was given by Mr R. South and his company, who, in his agreement, undertook to pay author's fees. Mr. South, it was admitted by Mr Paraday, witness for the plaintiff, had originally some sort of arrangement with plaintiff as regards the performance of this opera, but that he had not paid the fees, and had been written to discontinue representing it. His Honour gave judgment for defendant.

OTLEY.—The sixteenth annual concert of the Otley Choral Union was celebrated in the Parish Church at Otley on Saturday, July 29. Regarded from a musical point of view the proceedings were a success, but the congregation was not so large as usual, and the amount realized by the offertory was trifling. The choirs comprising the Union and the number of choristers from each were as follows:—Esholt 13, Guiseley 19, Horsforth 28, Leathley 1, Otley 33, Pool 18, Kirkstall 43, Woodside 29; total 174, divided as follows:—Soprano 100, Alto 17, tenor 30, bass 27. The service, which commenced at three o'clock, was full choral. The choristers, robed in white surplices, entered the sacred edifice at the north door, singing the processional, "Rejoice, ye pure in heart," to a tune by the Rev. A. L. Lewington. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. H. J. Wilkinson. The proper psalms for the occasion were the 90th, 91st, and 92nd, sung with great effect to double chants by Soaper and Sir John Goss. The Rev. W. Goodall read the first, and the Rev. T. R. W. Pearson the second lesson. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were sung to Dr. Stainer's setting of the Parisian Tone. The anthem, "Send out Thy light," adapted to music by Gounod, though well given, was not calculated to demonstrate the full power of so large a body of voices. The hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" preceding the sermon, a composition of Professor Hullah's, and the hymn at the close of the sermon, set to music by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, "Hark, the sound of holy voices," were effectively rendered.

* *Die Kunst und die Religion.*

† We will quote some passages from this old profession of faith of Wagner's:—"What the loyal poet sees at the first glance is that Christianity was neither art nor able in any way to bring from out itself really living art.‡ . . . . *Hypocrisy* is the most prominent feature, the proper physiognomy, of all *Christian* ages down to our own days, and this vice became more glaring and shameless in exact proportion as mankind refreshed themselves anew from their inward inexhaustible spring, and *in despite of Christianity*, were maturing for the performance of their real task. . . . . The artistic expression of this new world could never assert itself save as in opposition to and *battling against the spirit of Christianity*. . . . . Knightly poetry was the honourable hypocrisy of fanaticism. The Christian art-ideal could, in truth, manifest itself only as a fixed idea as the creation of a fever paroxysm, because it was precisely from *beyond human nature* that it was compelled to take its purpose and aim, and, consequently, must find in that nature its negation and end. The human art of the Future will strike firm root in the ever fresh and verdant soil of *Nature*."

‡ Thus Christianity, according to the Book of Wagner, is no better than Judaism.—D. B.

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The Rev. J. Myddleton-Evans preached an appropriate sermon. Perhaps the most striking vocal display was in the concluding "Amen," of Dr. Stainer. The recessional, "Glorious things of Thee are spoken," was sung to music by J. Schop. Mr. A. Longfield presided at the organ, and Mr Stables, of Kirkstall, conducted.

BRIGHTON.—At the "fashionable concert" given in the Royal Aquarium on Saturday morning last, Madame Antoinette Sterling was the attraction, singing with her accustomed charm "Quando a te lieta," (*Dinorah*), "The Star and the Child," and Hullah's setting of the "Three Fishers." At the theatre *Les Cloches de Corneville* has been played, but did not attract particular attention. Mdme Sarah Bernhardt is coming next week and will play on Monday and Wednesday in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and on Tuesday in *La Dame aux Camelias*. On Thursday Mr and Mrs German Reed gave their entertainment in the Royal Pavilion with success.

MISS PRYTHERCK.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Harriet Prytherck (Madame Gerard Coventry), which occurred at Southend on Monday last. She was the daughter of Dr Prytherck, an eminent physician of Ruthen (North Wales), and at an early age exhibited great musical capacity, obtaining the silver medal prize for the best performance on the pianoforte at an Eisteddfod held in her native town, having received instructions from Mr Charles Hallé and other esteemed professors. Miss Prytherck played successfully at M. Riviere's concerts at Covent Garden, at Sir Julius Benedict's at the Royal Aquarium, and for some years was pianist at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. Her loss is deeply felt by her husband (the well-known vocalist), as well as by numerous friends to whom she had endeared herself by her amiable and unassuming manners.

PARK MUSIC.

Many thousands of people were to be seen, last Monday evening, clustered around the music platform in Regent's Park, listening to the performance of a band striving, and that not unsuccessfully, to enliven a Londoner's holiday. Their efforts certainly were not unappreciated by those present, who, unfortunately, found it inconvenient or impossible to spend the Bank holiday in the country—for does not the boon, associated with Sir John Lubbock's name, need the pebbly beach, breezy down, or rural lane for full realization? Those forced to stay at home are glad, however, to leave, if only for an hour or two, the cheerless house and deserted street, and roam in the Parks, where still, though autumn is so near, green grass, bright flowers, and leafy trees keep up some kind of summer state. It would be interesting to know how many trudged along the Broad walk in Regent's Park on Monday last. Certain it is that if each had taken a twig away, the trees would now be as bare as if unrobing winter had come weeks before its time, and in a single clutch had stript them of their dress. The band, forming the nucleus of this vast crowd, was perched upon a stand, erected in a corner of the ground near the enclosure allotted to the Zoological Gardens, and from that eminence discoursed to man and neighbouring beast, music which poets say is good for both. Is it not a far-seeing policy, as well as a delicate compliment, on the part of the Park Ranger to place the musicians' stand so near the lions and tigers? If, however, the caged "wild fowl" in the near Zoo were as mild under the influence of sweet sounds as the multitude at large on the green, then assuredly the lion may lie down with the lamb; for no flock, soothed by shepherd pipe, was ever gentler than the listening crowd on Monday.

The one characteristic of the audience was placidity. But the holiday fixed in the van of autumn is perhaps the most sober of the four observed in the year. Christmas is avowedly the season for Bacchanalian revels, whilst Easter-tide is not so free as it should be from the taint of drunkenness which mars English festivals, but in the August holiday, without taking into account the agressive force at present felt of "blue ribbon" men, more sobriety is observed. It is noteworthy that no brawling men and women were in Regent's Park on Monday evening; neither did the hysterical ravings of the "Salvation Army" break the harmony of the orchestra. Only the cry, "Run it out! run it out!" of the cricketer in the distance was heard during the pauses in the music. Dance strains even did not move nimble feet to foot it on the grass. True, now and again the child in arms rocked its head and beat its tiny hands, when the mother would sway her lively burden to and fro to the measure; and sprightly boys and girls betrayed giddiness in awkward gambols; but youths and maidens were constrained by the sobriety of the scene to forego the levity of the waltz. Men, tired with toil, stretched themselves upon the ground, whilst their little ones clambered over their brawny chests; and here and there matrons, not a few with the sad look of care upon their brows, unbent to the hour and romped with their offspring as though they themselves felt young again; but the great mass of the throng sat, or stood, listening to the music without excitement, and apparently without emotion.

No sound of applause was heard at the close of any of the pieces; every number of the programme was received with a silence worthy of concerts of the nobility. Why, the Regent's Park audience felt no more impulse to clap hands at the music than they did to cheer the sinking sun, who, by the way, was going down behind trees, at the western part of the grounds, in right kingly fashion. His majesty seemed to be flooding the foliage with molten gold, as if making a cast of the scene to take with him on his ocean voyage. He mantled near clouds with robes of crimson and orange, and in wantonness of wealth threw rubies upon the skirts of the high cloud that stretched like a lace curtain across the heavens. Now, it is almost beyond belief, the holiday folk seemed as indifferent to the sight as a rich man to his servants' liveries. Why, it may be asked by some fanatic, did they not all leap to their feet and shout Haydn's hymn, "The heavens are telling"? Alas, such vocal utterance is not given them. Still, possibly, feelings of pleasure and joy might have been hidden somewhere behind the stolid appearance, dumb tongue, and unkindled eye—nay, it is certain that both sight and sound were in some measure enjoyed by the people in the undemonstrative manner of their class and race.

The Band upon the whole was fairly good, especially when it is considered that the funds come chiefly from two sources, the sale of penny programmes, and the penny charge for a seat. Indeed, under these circumstances, it is suprising to find the music so well performed. Still, the orchestra might easily be enlarged and enriched, and choral forces could then be added. No doubt it is useless to address the Legislature to attend to such a want, for they are too much engaged in party wranglings and scramblings to spare a moment upon music, the want of which they themselves rarely feel. Neither can aid be expected from the leaders of society. True, they are at this moment busily engaged in working out plans for the better education of music professors, whose occupation will be teaching the upper and middle classes. It must be long, however, before such teachings reach the lower orders, who need first of all to become familiar with, and then gradually to know the use and value of, music. At present they stand in need of plain music well done, and free from "music-hall" taint; the academical or collegiate class-room can affect them now as little as the South Kensington School of Cookery does their daily meal. Who, watching the sober, orderly, and self-contained holiday folk in Regent's Park on Monday last, can doubt their capacity, when aroused into activity, of working out their own musical history? Let the labouring classes be but really in earnest in the pursuit of music, and they will most assuredly do better without, than with, state guidance or aristocratic patronage.

PENCERDD GWEFFYN.

VIENNA.—The Society of the Friends of Music at Vienna have issued the report of their Conservatory, founded in 1817, for the scholastic year, 1881–82. The professorial staff consisted of 50 ordinary and 4 extraordinary members. The school for music was attended by 694 (ordinary) native and 53 foreign (extraordinary) students; the school for acting by 31 native (ordinary) and 4 foreign (extraordinary) students, making a total of 782 (extraordinary and ordinary).* Of these, 80 simply completed their course of study, 50 (ordinary) received diplomas, and 14 (extraordinary) gained the Society's medal. Although not extraordinary, this result cannot fairly be set down as ordinary.

* This is more than ordinarily extraordinary.—Dr Blidge.

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GZPZPBGLMNPJHRQZ.

(From our Teutonic Correspondent.)

EXOTIC MUSICPLANT (Musikpflanzen) a corespondant of the "Evening post" writes, Liszt has brought a few new startling pupils to Bayreuth—the first a Turc he is Christian altough son of a Pasha of Constaninopil, a real Turkish face with a bold nose —2nd a still more interesting young man of 27 an Alto of colossal dimension, he sings in the Chorus in Parcifal—He is the son of a Railway Manager of Paris, he is beardless and looks like a female, but his speech is that of a man—His feet are small like a ladys foot, he is very small, but well made and very neat and gracefull looking His face is pretty, a bold nose and long curled hair, combed back—He sings Handel's Lascia che io pianga a forth lower but with perfect pure Alto tone and voice—The wonder is a follower of the Liszt train and suite, and will *he* or *she* be the Lion of the season—

Extracts from the Frankfurt Gazzette Wednesday July 26 Bayreuth has put on a festivity garement, flags and garements are flying fom all the houses, the population are in the favour of the great event of the Festival of a new work Wagner's Percifal —No more adversaries of the new shool, all are for *him* and the oponers are *silent*.—

The Evenings are spend at Angermans public place, where the circle of artists drink beer and discuss the words that cam from the masters lips, and the elite of Solists and patrons assemble at the "Sonne" and the Meister is the topic of all praise.

Wagner gave a garden fete and a Banquet, to which were 600 guests invited. Wagner spoke first in a toast to his artists he said—"It is six years since we met here."

[*A capital speech, but uncommonly brief.*—Mr Bludge.]

PARSIVAL.

(From the same.)

Bayreuth, Aug. 8.

Here, even more than in the "Niebelungen has Wagner steped over the border of all art, and this step has taken in the performance, its revenge—Form too widely spread, and he *would* but *canot*, and leves a *blank*. We want in art see *humans* and no Gods, and mystic unnatural element of the action, which Wagner already tried in Tristan, has proved his *faintness*. To make a subject of religion in music, is a desperate attempt, for musical art has only one object, which is beauty—A union of both is only *posibel* in its simple form. As long as this is the case a special religious christian art can exist as in Raphael or Palestrina— Those grand times are gone bye—art and religion go since long *their own* way and the artist does not look upon both with the same eyes as in those times He who will bring religion on the stage—and Bayreuth theatre is the stage will naturally have to fight against prejudicious dificulties.

Who likes his religion will look at this profanisation, with stage scenery and effects, many romantic experimentals have been made, ever without sucsess. The old masters have told us the real truth, what Wagner tries to say in *Parcifal*.

The text to Parsifal, comes from Wolfram v Eshenbach Epos, but is changed in word and action, already the name Parzival— old provencial, translated Reine Thor, pure inocent.

Parzival is a melange of a Siegfried or Christus,—Kundry is a less happy combination a litle Orgeluse, Herodias or Walkure— The Conjuror Klingsor plays here a prominent part, and is a kind of proprietor of a "Venusberg." Gurnamenz has become from a knight a Gralsritter,—and King Amfortas, has had several changes of his character. The whole opera is written in Leitmotive, which are instrumenttaly beautifully arranged—but of melody no trace—We find now and then a blossom of melody which is soon overtaken by the clever combination of instruments in the Orchestre. Admirers of the Meister, will find this to be the style of the Opera, requires it so, if this to be a style, I *prefere none* than a *tedious one*.

An Adagio movement of great effect opens the Opera, and when the curtain rises, the Scene represents a very pretty forest-scene. In the foreground is Gurnemanz and his 2 Pages and the Morningcall sounds from 2 Trumpets. Gurnemenz wakes and calls his 2 attendants, 2 Knights appear and say that Amfortis wound will not heal untill the holly spear is found, with which Kundry had wounded him—this weapon can only be discovered by a holly Knight, through pitty knowing the pure inocent, Reine Thor, when Parcifal appears, in similar style as in *Lohengrin* he had killed a Swan, most likely the grandfather of the one that brings Lohengrin, and when he is told of his wrong he breaks his arrows and spear—Kundry tells him from whence he came. Meanwhile the King Amfortas returns from his bath, and Gurnemenz and Parcifal go off to the Gralsburg. Here the wandering scenery comenses through forest Hills the 2 Knights come to the Gralstower.

Solemn bells are heard first soft than louder and louder with an Instrumentel acompanment of grand power, and ends in a Chorus, Teum litzten Liebesmakl beginng by Basses followed by the Tenor, Altos and Boys ending Der Glaube libt, die Taube steubt Amfortas is brought in the holly Gral put down and Titurell the invisibel. With painfull cries from Amfortas the holly shrine is opened where the blood of Christ is preserved. Then the Chorus of the Knights in thre parts "Selig im Glauben which ends in the distance by Juvenil voice is of musical beauty and Gurnemanz pushes Parcifal out of the room with the words, leave in future the swan alone and hunt the goos—which ends the first act, after some lengthened recitatives.

The second act opens with Klingsor Enchanting Castle, the Orchestra playes the Enchanting Motif, Klingsor seas in his mirror Parcifal approaching and summons Kundry, to try her art with him. In a blue light she come up, crying. The laughing Motif is played. The Knights are called to fight the laughing Parcifal. The whole fight passes behind the scene acompanied by the Orchestra with the Reit motif. Parcifal is the victor, Kundry and Klingsor Sink in the ground.

The scene changes to the enchanting garden Flower girls appear at the garden wall Parsifal looks at the enchanting scene the crowd trie to seduce him in the midst of a Ballet and an acomponent of the Minnemotif, Parsifal keeps firm, and Kundry this time young and beautifull comes and sings of his mother's love and her own and tries her seductif art but *she* also fails, untill Kundry calls Klingsor and the holly speer, which lances at him, but oh wonder, it remains over his head and Percifal seazes it and then with a crush and cry the enchanting garden disappears in the Ground—This second act is full of beautifull Chorus—but the duett between Parsifal and Kundry lacks the freshness of the similar seductiv freshness of the Tannhäuser.

The third act again opens with the Graltemple—it is Good Friday—a lovely springscenry. Gurnemenz as an old man comes from his house, and listens to the screems of Kundry. He wakes her with the beautifull springmotif. She is again attired as in the first act. She wakes and is now again the penitence feeling Parsifal appears in black harness, Gurnemanz meets him and Parsifal takes his helmet off Gurnemanz recognizes the holly speer and calls "Heil, heil"—he tells how all knights are in morning and Titurell had died, that the Gral had not been seen —Parsifal falls fainting, Kundry brings him to the Hill and washes his feet Parsifal baptises her and then with Gurnemanz goes to the Gralsburg.

The wandering scenery does not take place here as in the first act, the curtain falls and the Orchestre plays the wandering motif. Again the Gral knights appear with the dying Amfortas Titurel's coffin is placed on the Highalter. All make room now for Parcifal who touches the King with the holly Speer, Amfortas is beeming with a heavenly light, and Parcifal orders the Gral to be opened, it becomes glowing, from the roof appears a pigeon; all knights bow to the new King, and the Chorus with a pp sing the "Hochsten Heiles Wunder Erlösung dem Erleser." The whole act bears a peacfull aspect and melodious strains. At the end scene we are in church again, but it is curious to see all painted and roushed in such a holly scene. MAX SCHÖNAN.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

The grand concert at the Brussels Waux-Hall, at which several of Massenet's new works, conducted by the composer himself, were announced for performance, was fixed for Tuesday, the 8th inst.

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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

These entertainments, which for a good many years have constituted an essential feature of the summer and early autumn season, were resumed on Saturday under precisely the same conditions as last year. A new decoration was, of course, a *sine quâ non*, and it must be admitted that the set-scene behind the orchestra, representing a Spanish town, its Moorish gates and picturesque surroundings, not to enter into further details which have already been described at length, says much for the taste of Messrs Jones & Barber, who, with the artistic aid of Mr Bruce Smith and the co-operation of Mr C. Tod Pullen, have effected the whole transformation in the brief lapse of time between the last performance of Italian opera and the first Promenade Concert. That the Floral Hall is again appropriated as a lounge, where smoking is the rule rather than the exception—whatever may in strict conscience be said against the desecration of a place which, ever and anon during the operatic season, is the cherished home of rare unfeathered singing-birds and fashionable assemblies—will be taken for granted. Those, however, who go to the theatre neither to while away an hour in the Floral Hall, nor to chat with the ladies behind the counters of the restaurant (all, by the way, clad in appropriate Iberian costume), but simply to hear the music, have little cause for disappointment. There is, as before, a numerous and highly efficient orchestra, almost exclusively consisting of English players, with Mr Carrodus, whose name is a tower of strength, as leading violin, and professors of well-earned eminence at the head of each separate department—Messrs Doyle, Howell, Ould, Radcliff, Barrett, Egerton, Standen, Hughes, Cheshire, passing necessarily over many others, for example. Mr A. Gwyllym Crowe, again musical director and conductor, bids fair to confirm the favourable impression created by his exertions a twelvemonth since. Without any pretence of *finesse* or intellectually "new readings," he handles the *bâton* firmly and discreetly, and his orchestra goes well accordingly, as was shown, among other things, by the excellent performance of Rossini's ever fresh and brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, and the *andante*, in A flat, from Beethoven's great C minor Symphony, in the first part of the concert. It was also demonstrated in the *andante* and *rondo* from Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, played with spirit by Miss Florence Waud, and the more trying accompaniments to the opening movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, magnificently executed by our great English violinist, Mr Carrodus, who introduced the elaborate and difficult *cadenza* of his friend and preceptor, the late Bernhard Molique. Other proofs of the efficiency of the orchestra were given in the ballet-music from Gounod's *Faust*, and a "grand selection" from Wagner's *Tannhaüser*; and it was agreeable for genuine lovers of music to observe how attentively these pieces were listened to by a majority of the overflowing audience, and how loudly they were applauded. The second part began with a *pot-pourri* on familiar English melodies, well selected and cleverly put together by Mr Fred Godfrey, in which solos for the cornet-à-pistons (Mr Howard Reynolds, the Koenig of the period), ophicleide (Mr S. Hughes, who, not for the first time, showed what music could be got out of that seemingly intractable instrument, when ably and judiciously handled), piccolo (Mr W. L. Barrett, as consummate a master of the little flute as his constant associate, Mr Radcliff, is of the big one), and trombone (Mr Hadfield), were prominent features, the pompous march from Gounod's *Reine de Saba* bringing the concert to a close. The vocalists were Mdlle Elly Warnots (late of the Royal Italian Opera), Mdme Enriquez, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Thurley Beale, a thoroughly competent quartet, from whom a part-song by Mendelssohn, or our own regretted Henry Smart, would have been thrice welcome. As it chanced, however, their exertions were limited to solos. Mdlle Warnots sang the air, with violin *obbligato*, from Hérold's *Près aux Clercs* (so often heard from the mellifluous lips of Albani), in such finished style, and was so admirably accompanied by Mr Carrodus, that an "encore" became inevitable. A similar compliment was paid to Mr Vernon Rigby, who gave the ballad, "Anita" (Brinley Richards), with genuine expression, but instead of repeating it when called back to the orchestra substituted "La donna e mobile," from Verdi's *Rigoletto*; Madame Enriquez, too, was equally and as deservedly successful with Ciro Pinsuti's "Heaven and Earth," which, in obedience to the unanimous wish of the audience, she was compelled to sing again. Into further particulars it is needless to enter. The concert, unexceptionable of its kind throughout and giving unqualified satisfaction augured favourably for the performances to come. On Wednesday, the first "Classical Night," the orchestral symphony chosen for the occasion was Mozart's incomparable C major, with the fugued *finale*, which the famous pianist and composer J. B. Cramer (not Mozart) christened "Jupiter," a name long been accepted as gospel, and likely to stick to it for ever.—*Graphic.*

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. Ketten has been singing in *Le Trouvère*, *Rigoletto*, &c., since my last communication, and *Giroflé-Girofla*, *La fille du Tambour Majeur*, and other opera-bouffes, &c., have been given with fair success: but Mdme Hasselmans as Léonore in the *Trouvère*, and Ophélie in *Hamlet*, carried off the palm. Our afternoon concerts have improved under M. Etesse, who has become more accustomed to conduct chamber music. The fair is in full swing, wild beasts, theatres, fat parties and lean parties being in great force. The lion's wife, hight Sultania, gave birth to twins on her way here, but they died at the age of seven and nine days respectively, and have been given to Dr Chater to place in the local Museum. The learned doctor has the superintendence of the Anatomical Human and Comparative Department, and, no doubt, will have the skins stuffed and the skeletons prepared for the Comparative Anatomy Section of the Museum.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 8, 1882.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The most successful opera season in this city for years past was brought to a close on the evening of the 3rd inst. at the Bijou Theatre. Since I wrote last the company has produced (in English) the *Rose of Castile*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Martha*, *Maritana*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and, for the first time in Melbourne, Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*. Mr Edward Farley, principal bass, having seceded, was replaced by Mr J. Barrington. In all the operas the leading parts were taken by Miss Annis Montague and Mr Charles Turner, Signora Venosta, Miss Josephine Deakin, and Mr J. Gordon being valuable coadjutors. The theatre was closed on the 18th ult. owing to the indisposition of Miss Montague, and on the two following nights Miss Deakin assumed the part of Maritana. *Mignon* was produced on the 22nd ult. with Miss Montague as the heroine, Mr Turner as Wilhelm Meister, Miss Deakin as Filina, Signora Venosta as Federic, and Mr Gainor as Lotario. The performance was effective, particularly as regards the impersonation of Mignon. On the 3rd inst. Miss Montague took a farewell benefit, appearing in two acts of *Lucia* and two acts of *Faust*. Between the selections a bracelet set with diamonds and sapphires was presented to her on behalf of the company. The season, which opened with the *Bohemian Girl* on the 27th March, closed with *Mignon*. The success achieved is due, in a great measure, to the exertions of the *impressario*, Signor D. De Vivo. The company will now perform at Sandhurst, Ballarat, and Geelong, and, after a week at the Melbourne Operahouse, proceed to Queensland.—A concert was given in the Melbourne Town Hall on the 13th ult., in aid of the persecuted Jews in Southern Russia. The vocalists were Mdme. Simonsen, Misses Hill, F. Leon, and Christian, Signor Paladini, Messrs S. Lamble, B. T. Moroney, W. A. Staker, and A. Brennir; the instrumentalists were Mdme Tasca, Mr M. Simonsen, Miss King, Mr David Lee, and the Melbourne Quartet Company (Messrs Curtis, Jäger, P. and A. Montague); the accompanists were Messrs A. Moul, W. Hunter, and C. Sykes. The orchestra, led by Mr G. Weston, was conducted by Signor A. Zelmoni; Mr A. Plumpton superintending the whole.—The Toorak Harmonic Society, on the 16th ult., performed Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* at the Town Hall, Prahenn, near Melbourne, with full chorus and orchestra. The vocalists were Miss Louise Siedl, Mrs Forster, Messrs W. A. Staker, Bede Walsh, and B. T. Moroney.—On the evening of the Queen's birthday, Tennyson's "Hands all round" was sung by 4,000 State school children, under the direction of Mr J. Summers, before a very large audience. The performance was by "command" of the Minister of Education; but neither the poetry nor the music made any great impression.—The third concert of the Melbourne School of Music, Mr C. W. Russell, Principal, was given in the Athenæum Hall on the 24th ult. The performers were Miss Rosina Carandini, vocalist; Mr Curtis (violin); Mr Hart (violoncello); Misses A. King, C. Atchison, and F. Hay (piano).—The first of a series of Popular Concerts, inaugurated by Mr T. E. Guenett, was held in the Athenæum on the 31st ult. The programme included Schumann's

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pianoforte quartet in E flat (Messrs O. Linden, G. Weston, Cope, tenor, and Hart). Mr Linden played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, which was followed by Schubert's octet, Op. 116, for stringed instruments, combined with clarionet, horn, and trombone, played by Messrs Weston, P. Montague, Wiedemann, Harte, Hore, Lundberg, White, and Berg. Miss Rosina contributed songs by Mendelssohn and Schubert.—The Hewett Musettes opened at St George's Hall, on the 3rd inst., with the operetta of *Rain*. The principals of the company are Miss Eva Pear, a cornet soloist, and Mr Hewett, who plays eight instruments.

The bi-weekly recitals at the Town Hall, by Mr D. Lee, city organist, continue to be well patronised.—A new oratorio, by the Rev. G. W. Torrance, Mus.Doc., T.C.D., incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Balaclava, near Melbourne, is in active rehearsal.—A benefit concert was given in the Town Hall, on the 3rd inst., to Signora Agnes Palma, the contralto who first came to Australia, in 1879, with the late Mr Lyster's opera company, which included Mdme Rose Hersee. The vocalists at the concert were Signora Palma, Misses Rosina Carandini, Nellie Stuart, J. O'Brien, Mr B. T. Moroney, and several amateurs.

J. L. T. F.

Melbourne, June 5, 1882.

[If our correspondent wishes his communications to appear henceforth in the *Musical World*, he is earnestly requested to write only upon one side of the paper; otherwise we are compelled to say, with much regret, that we cannot answer for their being published.—D. B.]

Arezzo.—The statue of Guido Monaco, due to the chisel of Sig. Salvini, the sculptor, arrived from Bologna some time since, and, together with the bas-reliefs from Florence which were to follow, was to be erected on the chosen site by the 15th inst. During the Festival there will be eight performances of Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*, and three grand orchestral concerts, all under the direction of Luigi Mancinelli.

St Petersburgh.—According to a correspondent of the *Schlesische Zeitung*, the Emperor of Russia, who is extremely fond of music, has given orders for the formation of a regular Court Band. Hitherto, the best bands of the Guard Regiments have officiated at the Imperial Court, but this arrangement was attended by all kinds of inconvenience for the military service of the bands and by other drawbacks. In order, however, not to incur too heavy an expenditure, the band of the Chevalier (Garde-du-Corps) Regiment will be done away with, and most of its members drafted into the new band. Strict orders have been issued that none but Russians shall be members. In all the bands of the Guard Regiments there are many German and Austrian subjects, the bandmasters being almost exclusively Germans. In contradiction to the orders above mentioned is the fact that a former Austrian bandmaster, who now holds a similar position in a Guard Regiment here, has been appointed conductor of the Court Band. As the members will not be allowed to give private concerts, and will thus have to sacrifice a lucrative source of income, the pay will, measured by a Russian standard, be exceptionally high. The conductor, it is said, will receive 5,000 roubles a year. A post of Chief Director of the Imperial Court Band will also be created, and Herr von Beers, till now captain in a Guard Regiment, appointed to it.

Sydney.—A complimentary concert, under distinguished patronage, given to the renowned violinist, August Wilhelmj, last evening, was attended by one of the largest and most fashionable audiences ever assembled in the Masonic Hall. The programme opened with a piano solo, "Forest Scenes," by Mr Max Vogrich, and followed by Cowen's "The Better Land," for which Miss Marie Conron received an encore. The *bénéficiaire* next appeared, and was received with enthusiastic applause. His first number was one of his own compositions, *In Memory of Vieuxtemps*, in which his wonderful mastery over the instrument was well displayed, an encore being vociferously demanded and responded to. The second part of the concert began with Wilhelmj's German song, "Das Vöglein," sung by Miss Conron, who again secured an encore. Herr Wilhelmj's second performance—Wieniawski's *Grande Polonaise*—marked by marvellous vigour, combined with delicacy of touch and refinement of phrasing, was heard by the whole assembly with rapt attention, and was succeeded by another unanimous encore. He then gave the well-known air of Hans Sachs, from the *Meistersinger* of Wagner, to which, the audience being still unsatisfied, the distinguished fiddler added his own transcription of a beautiful *aria* by J. S. Bach. The concert was in every sense a marked success.—*Sydney "Daily Telegraph," May* 23.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

The subjoined letter was addressed to *The Times* not long since:—

Sir,—Wagner's opera suggests the question, "What is the meaning of the Sangreal?" Mr Tennyson has translated it into Holy Grail, and Wagner has the Castle of the Grail, and his hero is crowned King of the Grail. The true explanation I believe to be this—the Legend of the Sudarium, which is one of the mysteries of the Rosary, makes St Veronica present a handkerchief to our Lord, on which the *Virtus Sanctus* remained imprinted. This portraiture was called "Vera Eikon," or true image, and thence the name of Veronica was derived, the name of the woman being Berenice. In the same way the Sang-reel, or Sang-real, the real blood, became *Sangreal*. It was in the cup preserved by Joseph of Arimathæa, and which was used in the Last Supper, or *Cœna Domini*. A corruption of the word Sangreal made Grail and Holy Grail. The key to the story of the quest of the Sangreal is in the Sermon on the Mount, which says, "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." The quest was for the Real Presence in the holy sacrifice and the true blood preserved by Joseph of Arimathæa. But Sir Percival was disqualified. He was not pure of heart, on account of his intrigue with Queen Guinevere. Those who know anything of mystical theology will easily understand the obscure passages in the original legend.

George Bowyer.

What does Sir George mean by Percival's "intrigue with Queen Guinevere"? Percival has nothing to say to that Queen. Sir George confounds him (confound him!) with Launcelot. In other respects his letter did not remain unanswered, as will be seen by what follows:—

Sir,—The letter of Sir G. Bowyer on the subject of the Holy Grail induces me to send you an extract from two of the late Bishop Thirlwall's "Letters to a Friend" upon the same subject. I think they can hardly have come under the notice of Sir G. Bowyer, or he would not have retained such confidence in his own interpretation:—

Abergwili Palace, Jan., 25, 1870.

". . . . . Sir George Bowyer apparently believes that real is common to French and English in the same sense. Real might mean royal, only that it is not the French and Provençal, but the Spanish and Italian form. Of the meaning of the variously-spelt Grail Sir George Bowyer appears never to have heard. Or of the Sacro Catino. I have a guide to Genoa which accurately describes the emerald vase shown in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo, and gives a plate of it. It is an hexagonal open vessel, very narrow at the base. When Sir George says that the 'vessel' of the legend 'was undoubtedly the chalice' he contradicts himself, for, according to his etymology, no vessel at all is 'alluded to' in the name. Among scholars there is, I believe, perfect unanimity on this question. The authority of Littré would, to those who know his work, be sufficient; but it is confirmed by that of Diez, who devotes a page of his 'Lexicon of the Romance Languages' to the word Graal, which he explains in the same way as Littré. He observes (I translate his German), 'Saint Graal, the origin of which from Sang Royal is refuted by the Provençal forms, is in the epic poems the dish out of which Christ partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. . . .'

"*Jan.*, 1870.

". . . . . The only reason that at present occurs to me as one which may have governed Tennyson's spelling of Holy Grail is that he wished to mark the pronunciation. It is, however, possible that he meant to warn the reader against the false etymology into which, I see, you have fallen. Nothing, I believe, is more certain than that the name has nothing to do with *sang*, either real or royal. Indeed, if you only reflect for a moment on the wildness of a quest after a liquid, I think you will see that this etymology is out of the question. Littré gives the true one—'Provenc., grasal, grazal, grazans; anc. Catal., gresal; anc. Espagn., grial; bas Latin, gradalis, gradalus—sorte de vase, origine inconnue.' There never has been any doubt that it was the name of a vessel. Did not you know that it was brought from the Holy Land to Genoa, where it is still shown under the name of 'il sacro catino' and by persons not in the secret believed to be a single emerald, being, in fact, a piece of green glass?"

P. D. B.

The Municipal Council of Paris have expressed a wish that one of the leading thoroughfares of that capital shall bear the name of Berlioz.—(Why not? We have the Rues Méhul, Boieldieu, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, &c., &c.—Dr Blitze.)

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WAIFS.

MAD. ESSIPOFF "of the fairy fingers" has made arrangements for another tour in Germany, which will begin at her favourite town of Breslau, during the current month.

In obedience to the unwritten law which has for many past years prescribed that the Wednesday nights of the Covent Garden Promenade Concert season shall be devoted to "classical" music, the first of the current season was given last night, and attracted a very large audience. The programme included (in the classical Part I.) Schubert's overture to *Rosamunde*, Reinecke's prelude to *King Manfred*, Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, played without abridgment, the *andante* and *rondo* from Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, the *andante* and *rondo finale* from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and an orchestral selection from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, arranged by Mr W. Gwyllym Crowe. The orchestral selections above-named were admirably played, and Mr Crowe's *Zauberflöte* selection, although open to criticism in some respects, merited the applause it received. The young lady who attempted the extracts from Beethoven's concerto was greatly overtasked. Happily it was a musician of the highest rank, Mr J. T. Carrodus, to whom Mendelssohn's violin concerto was entrusted. He played the lovely *andante* exquisitely, and his perfect mechanism in the *rondo* elicited well-merited and prolonged applause. The second part of the concert was "miscellaneous."

Bevignani is drinking waters at Recoaro.

Gaetano Braga, the violoncellist, is at Giulianuova.

Mr Aguilar and family are at Noland Park, Brent, Devonshire.

Mr William Dorrell has left town for one of his residences in Sussex.

Mr T. A. Wallworth and his *cara sposa* are passing their holidays at Malvern.

Mrs E. A. Osgood has been visiting some friends at Garden City, Minnesota, U.S.

Bellini's monument at Catania is to be inaugurated in the early part of next month.

The, in her way, incomparable Théo lately fulfilled a short engagement at the Theatre, Spa.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has made Talazac, the tenor, "Officier d'Académie."

The *Nibelungen* performances at Brussels will probably be given in November at the Alhambra Theatre.

M. François Heugel, brother of M. J. L. Heugel, director of the *Ménestrel*, has died at Nantes, in his 69th year.

Mdlles Victoria and Felicia de Bunsen have been invited by Lady Yardley to pass their vacation at Hardlow Park.

Luigi Mancinelli is in Florence. Having completed his march for the Arezzo Festival, he is now finishing his opera.

A concert was given not long since at Pampeluna by Sarasate, the violinist, and Gayarre, the operatic tenor (both Spaniards).

Schomburg, clarinet player in the Court Band, Sondershausen, has been created Chamber Virtuoso by the reigning Prince.

Ferdinand Strakosch opens his campaign at Barcelona with Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, Bianca Donadio being the Ophelia.

The Señorita Doña Natividad Martinez has sung with much success in *Aïda*, *Faust*, and *Ernani*, at the Theatre Royal, Athens.

The tenor Nouvelli has become a general favourite at the Teatro Nacional, Buenos-Ayres.—(Why did Mr Gye let him go?—Dr Bluge.)

After leaving Bayreuth, Marie Brandt, the Kundry *par excellence*, will sing during September in Austria, and in October at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

A new tenor, Tobia Bertini, will make his *début* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, during the Carnival season, singing first in *Le Prophète* and then in Mercadante's *Vestale*.

From Italy Emma Nevada has gone to Prague, where she has appeared with success in *La Sonnambula*. She was announced to sing also in *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, and *Mignon*.

The ballet of *Yedda*, with Sangalli in the leading part, is in rehearsal at St Petersburgh, under the superintendence of Olivier Métra himself, who will conduct on the first night.

Miss Ella Lemmens, having been detained at Brussels, by the grave indisposition of her youngest sister (since dead), will be unable for some time to appear at the Covent Garden Concerts.

Mdme Damala (Sarah Bernhardt) has purchased for her son, who will be 18 in six months, the lease of the Ambigu Théâtre. She gives 85,000 fr., with 40,000 fr. as half a year's rent in advance, all stage properties being included, and the lease having five years to run. Mdme Damala is also said to be one of the proprietors of the Théâtre des Nations, where she will play in the winter of 1883, the Vaudeville having secured her services for next winter.—*Globe.*

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, August* 12, 1882.

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A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 494.)

Bayreuth, Aug. 7.

At the end of the first act of *Parsifal*, the "pure fool" is ignominiously thrust out of the Grail Castle, because he has nothing to say to the wonders of the mystic cup and the feasting knights. How long an interval elapses before we see him again, in the second act, the poem sayeth not. He may have wandered far and long, but now his time of trial has come. Before him lies the choice of Hercules in a particularly embarrassing form, and it has to be seen whether, while retaining his character as fool, he is doomed to change the qualifying adjective from "pure" to "impure." Let me remark here upon the nature of Parsifal's temptation, as showing that Meyerbeer never went farther after sensationalism than does Wagner in this instance. The offence of Amfortas lay, according to Wolfram von Eschenbach, in simply giving to a woman the love that should have been bestowed upon things Divine. Wagner, as we have seen, makes him yield to the promptings of lust. So in Parsifal's case. The hero might have been tried in ways free from offence, while suggesting high and noble lessons. But this course did not suit our sensation-monger, who preferred the magician Klingsor, with his enchanted gardens and beautiful she-devils. No surprise need be felt thereat. Wagner is a professor in the school of artistic carnality, and he knows what the rules of the institution exact. If a pure art be dragged through the dirt so much the worse for the art, but not for Wagner, who has already found shameless adultery and foul incest none too strong for his disciples and admirers.

The second act opens in Klingsor's castle, where we see the magician surrounded by the conventional apparatus of his craft, including a mirror which reflects all that is passing. By its aid he notes the approach of Parsifal, whom he would tempt to ruin. "Up then, to work." Causing a blue vapour to rise from the depths, he invokes the presence of a "nameless woman," politely termed "She-Lucifer," "Rose of Hades," and "Herodias." The call is answered, and along with the blue vapour, uplifts itself the form of our old acquaintance, Kundry; servant of the Grail in the first act; servant of Klingsor here. Kundry screams as she comes up; screams again as Klingsor intimates that there is work for her to do, and remains inarticulate or interjectional to the end of the interview. Here is the longest of her speeches: "Ah! ah! Dismal night—frenzy—Oh!—Fear!—Oh anguish!—Sleep, sleep—Deepest sleep!—Death!" When, however, Klingsor looks from the rampart and describes how Parsifal makes havoc of the knights sent to resist his entrance, Kundry begins to take an active interest in the business. The demoniacal part of her complex nature gets the upper hand. First she "laughs gloomily;" then goes off into "more and more ecstatic laughter;" then gives "a spasmodic cry of anguish," and disappears. She has gone to work, and, as she lured Amfortas to ruin, so will she seek to decoy Parsifal. Klingsor is pleased, and already anticipates the coming into his power of this "babyish sprig"—who, we remember, has just driven the garrison before him like a flock of sheep. Here a change of scene occurs. By a masterly stage contrivance, the castle sinks with startling suddenness into the ground, revealing the enchanted gardens. The painter of this picture has committed an artistic offence. Its violent colours shock the eye, and its ill-arranged groups of gigantic flowers—roses bigger than prize pumpkins, and fuchsias vying in size with Great Paul—would hardly be admitted on the stage of a second-rate English theatre at Christmas time. On one side the abutments of the castle are visible, and on a terrace at the back stands Parsifal, sword in hand, still wearing his forest-dress, and looking down in astonishment as a number of loosely dressed and lovely damsels run about in alarm and dismay. They lament their dead and wounded knights, and rail at Parsifal, cursing him, and demanding "Why hast thou slaughtered our lovers?" The "pure fool" now shows himself anything but a fool in the matter of gallant speeches. "Was not I bound to slay them when they barred the way to your charms?" This pretty question alters the case. The damsels forget their knights, and resolve to catch the new hero. Some run away and decorate themselves, "appearing like flowers," according to the libretto, but really put on flapping, ungraceful and "loud" head-dresses. The rest do the same, and then ensues a competition, with Parsifal as the prize. All the damsels swarm around the youth, stroking his beardless chin. "Unto thy bosom take me," says one; "Turn thy fair cheek that I may smooth it," cries a second; "Thy mouth give to my kisses," pleads a third. "Do be quiet," remonstrates the embarrassed hero. The damsels continue, "Back with you. See, he wants me;" "No, me;" "Me, rather;" "No, me;" and so on till the object of their desire, more and more embarrassed, turns to run away. Then a voice is heard calling "Parsifal!" and commanding the "frivolous wantons" to go and attend to their bleeding knights. Parsifal remains; the damsels reluctantly depart; the foliage concealing a bower moves aside, and a "female of exquisite beauty, clad in light drapery," is seen reclining on a flowery couch. This is Kundry, changed by magic art to play the temptress, as erst she did with Amfortas. Of course, her assault on the young man's virtue takes the, to us, most offensive form possible. After telling him his name, and kindly giving its etymology, Kundry talks of his mother, describing her grief at the loss of him, and her speedy death. Parsifal, in an agony of remorse, sinks down at Kundry's feet, while the temptress wreaths her arms around his neck, whispering "Seek consolation in love." But the climax is reached when Kundry, exclaiming "Now thy mother sends benediction from above in this first kiss of Love," presses her lips ardently to his. Can anything more horrible be conceived than such an abuse of the name of love and the name of mother? It is vain to urge that the woman plays a devil's part. That is a poor reason why devilry should be exhibited, for no adequate purpose, on an artistic or any other stage; above all, immediately after a scene wherein the sacred mysteries of religion are displayed. Here, surely, we have the consummation of Wagner's Mephistophelian cynicism, and that which should make his new work hateful to all right-minded men. Kundry's kiss lasts long, but eventually Parsifal starts up in anguish and terror, exclaiming, "The spear wound! the spear wound!" Mark how he, the redeemer to be of Amfortas, endures that sinner's pain. Then he cries out in stress of struggle with carnal desires; then sees again, in fancy, the sacred Grail, and reproaches himself, like Wolfram's Parcival, for neglecting to use the opportunity afforded him. Next, his thoughts turn to the sin of Amfortas, and, as Kundry embraces and kisses him, recognizes the King's temptress and spurns her from him. Kundry now changes the nature of her assault. She appeals to his pity, and describes herself as a kind of wandering Jewess, condemned to live on in remorse because she laughed at the Saviour in His suffering. Here we get an explanation of her uncouth noises and peculiar manners. "Weep I cannot; But only shriek And rage and wallow In night and madness never slaked." Her prayer is "Let me lie sobbing upon thy breast for an hour and I shall be saved." Against this and all other entreaties Parsifal remains proof, till at last Kundry falls to shrieking and summons help to prevent the hero's escape. At her cry, Klingsor appears on the castle wall, with the sacred spear in his hand. This he hurls at Parsifal, who, catching it, makes with its point the sign of the cross in the air. Straightway the castle tumbles into ruin, and the foliage shrivels and falls, while from the "flies" rain the head-dresses of the damsels—this being the stage equivalent for changing those ravishing creatures into flowers. Kundry lies prostrate among the *débris* as Parsifal goes away with the spear, saying, "Thou knowest where only we shall meet again." The curtain falls. *Apropos* to the entire act I will only ask, "Is this healthy or unhealthy drama? Can any possible excuse be found for putting on the stage a series of unblushing appeals to lust? Is it tolerable that mixed up with such a scene should be sacred names and things?" Surely the triple "No" of the English public will settle the fate of *Parsifal*, as far, at least, as they are concerned, for ever and a day.

If, in the second act, Wagner has carried out his notion of dramatic propriety to the bitter end, the same act shows him pushing no less

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far his peculiar theory as to the functions of dramatic music. His work in this respect may here be sharply divided, so as to have on one side the choruses of the damsels with some portions of Kundry's first address to Parsifal, and on the other all the rest. To the right lies coherence and more or less of charm; to the left is found ugliness well-nigh unredeemed. The choruses, occasionally written in twelve parts—of course for female voices—are put together with the master's undoubted skill; they are all dramatic, and one especially, "Come, lovely stripling," is of real beauty, enhanced, like the grace of a desert flower, by its sterile surroundings. Wagner is happy, moreover, in treating the lines which refer to the sorrow and death of Parsifal's mother. Under such circumstances he may always be depended on, for when verses really demand music he cannot keep from giving them that which is music indeed. But I stand amazed at the hardihood which imposes such chaotic stuff as the rest of the act upon a long-suffering public. This is worse than "Midsummer madness," and brings the Bayreuth Theatre into a closer relationship than that of contiguity with the Bayreuth Lunatic Asylum, whither a poor demented chorus singer was the other day conducted. Such melodic and harmonic progressions as are here, such laborious interweaving of stubborn themes, such extravagance and distortion, were never before dreamed of even by Wagner. It is music in an epileptic fit. Alas, poor music! What crimes have been committed, not in thy name, but upon thee. And yet, if good taste, and common sense, and even religion are violated, why should the Divine art escape?

Between the second and third acts a long interval is supposed to elapse, during which time Gurnemanz has grown feeble and retired to a hermitage, near Montsalvat. When the curtain rises we see him looking for the cause of a groaning noise, and discovering our incoherent friend, Kundry, who apparently has been sleeping the years away in her original uncanny form. No wonder the ancient man exclaims, "Ha! she—here again! However, he revives her, and Kundry, tying up her hair, meekly goes "charing" in the hermitage without a word, greatly to the amazement of the hermit. Presently a knight enters in black armour, and bearing a spear. It is Parsifal, whose woe-begone look tells of many trials and sufferings. The two knights recognize each other, and have much to say. Parsifal describes his weary wanderings in search of the Grail Castle, and Gurnemanz speaks of the resolve of Amfortas not to uncover the Holy Cup, hoping thus to find relief in death. Left unsupported by Divine food, old Titurel has expired, and the knights, a melancholy band, subsist like ordinary men. Again stricken with remorse, Parsifal faints. In this condition he remains while Gurnemanz and Kundry remove his armour, leaving him dressed in white, with the flowing hair and short beard of the Grail's Divine Lord. Now the religious mysticism of the scene deepens. Kundry, like Mary Magdalene, pours ointment upon Parsifal's feet and wipes them with the hair of her head; while Gurnemanz, who had previously sprinkled him with water, anoints his head as King of the Grail, and speaks these lines: "Thou—pure one—all-pitying sufferer, All-knowing rescuer! Thou who the sinner's sorrows thus hast suffered, Assist his soul to cast one burden more." Parsifal then baptises Kundry, who is at last able to find relief in tears. The dialogue that ensues is, both as regards idea and expression, of exquisite beauty. Parsifal, looking round, remarks the loveliness of the fields and flowers. "It is the spell of Good Friday," explains Gurnemanz, and is answered that on such a day all things should mourn. The old knight replies that tears of repentance have watered the fields, and that on such a day Nature rejoices because of rest and peace. Now distant bells are heard, as in the first act, and the two knights set out for the Grail Castle, Kundry following humbly behind. According to the book the scenery should again move panorama-wise, but in performance the curtain comes down while a change to the great hall is effected. The tables are gone; the trains of choristers do not pass to their places; the rites of Montsalvat are "maimed." But the brethren appear in their usual order, while, as the body of Titurel is borne in at one door, the Grail, followed by Amfortas in his litter, enters at another, the two processions singing antiphonally. Then, the body having been uncovered, Amfortas, in highest anguish, prays that the revelation of the Holy vessel, while giving life to others, may bring to him death. Yet he shrinks from giving the order, and, when the knights urge him to duty, bares his breast, and entreats them to strike home. Meanwhile, Parsifal has entered, carrying the sacred spear, and now, stepping forward, touches the King's wound with the point. Immediately the hurt is healed, while Parsifal, claiming the royalty of the Grail, holds aloft the spear, from the head of which streams a blood-red light. All do glad homage to their new king; the Grail is uncovered; Parsifal holds it aloft; it glows with crimson radiance; Kundry falls dead, gone to rest at last; a white dove flutters above Parsifal; and, as the curtain descends, voices are heard singing, "Wondrous work of mercy: Salvation to the Saviour!" The third act, even more than the first, raises the question whether, in this age, the public are to be entertained with miracle plays and religious symbolism. In the first place, is such a course useful? in the second, is it right? I do not suppose that Wagner troubled himself with either query, because to do so is to leave the second act utterly unaccountable. No man with a religious purpose or feeling would ally such scenes as those in Klingsor's garden with the profoundly solemn ceremonies of the Grail. No; Wagner sought to astonish at any cost, and he has succeeded. None the less, however, does the question of propriety remain for the public, whose reverence for sacred things will be shocked, wherever it exists, by the audacious handling they here receive; most of all by the blasphemous parallelism sought to be established between the hero of this strange story and the Saviour of the World.

The music to the third act, while it does not equal that of the first, far surpasses that of the second both in interest and beauty. Much of it, I need hardly say, is tortured and twisted out of all resemblance to what most men recognize as art. This comes now to my memory, like a bad dream—something to wonder at as an inexplicable phenomenon of creative force. But Wagner's work is ever like the image in the Book of Daniel. There may be a good deal of clay in its composition, but there is always some sterling metal. So here, at any rate. I am bound to admire much of the music illustrating the reference of the knights to the peace and loveliness of nature, and some portions of that to the final scene. The funeral march, for example, though not equal to the one in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, has a very impressive effect. Yet, the peroration, as a whole, is disappointing. Neither in interest nor beauty does it approach the *finale* to the first act, with which a comparison is inevitable. Of the work in its entirety it is difficult to speak with patience and good temper, so much does it assert an enormous talent wasted in the vain carrying out of an artificial theory which will disappear with its originator and arch-advocate. Concerning this matter, however, enough has recently been said. It is more to the purpose to note that Wagner has taken another step towards the intolerable in extravagance, audacity, and cynicism. He is driving the chariot of "sensation," and for him there is no stopping short of the point where that vehicle inevitably shatters itself, to the ruin or the ridicule of its occupants.

* * * * * * * *

Leipsic, Aug. 10.

I have escaped from Bayreuth, and put between myself and that melancholy Franconian borough as much distance as is required for a calm and comprehensive retrospect. Truly, when looked at from afar, Wagnerian Bayreuth appears a singular phenomenon. Why it should be Wagnerian at all is a puzzle, to begin with, especially when we consider that consequences in this world are not altogether the creations of chance. Yet where is the affinity between the town and the creed of which it is the Mecca? Bayreuth belongs to the past; Wagnerism, we are told, is the inheritance of the future. Bayreuth is slow and decorous; Wagnerism is fast and often "improper." The light of Bayreuth, if it have one, burns under a bushel; Wagnerism is a candle set on a hill. The town resembles the deliberate ox that draws burdens through its streets; the creed may be likened to a roaring lion attended by many jackals. But a

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truce to such marshalling of opposites. In the fact of their opposition lies, perhaps, their *raison d'être*. Wagner, let it be granted him, is no hum-drum prophet. He loves signs and wonders, and to astonish the minds of men. Among the traditions of Dresden is one which tells that when revolution broke out in the Saxon capital Richard had charge of the alarm-bells and rang so wild a peal that even now its terrible sounds haunt the ears of memory. In one sense he has always been up in a tower, hurling through the air attention-compelling clangour. Wagner is no believer in the "still small voice." 'Tis a busy and a noisy world, and the man who would keep himself in evidence must be busier and noisier than his neighbours. So, promulgate new doctrines; sneer at the prophets of the ancient faith; pose as a martyr persecuted by an entire people; put on the dress of a buffoon and make jokes at the expense of a fallen city; serve up on the stage the most highly-spiced dialogues and situations and, without restriction to camels'-hair, shirts, locusts, and wild honey, go into the wilderness that people may value the oracle according to the length and pains of the pilgrimage to its temple. Undoubtedly these things have paid. Many believe that the man in the tower thunders from heaven; that the voice in the wilderness is inspired; and that he who swears not by Wagner is heathen and excommunicate. Seriously, the phenomenon now on view at Bayreuth excites both sorrow and rejoicing. It calls forth regret that so much genius should be allied to clap-trap procedure, sectarian narrowness, and pure Phariseeism of spirit. And it makes one glad because not thus does the abiding in art spring up and grow. The great masters of music who, like our Shakspere, were "for all time," had no such dreams as those of Wagner, and no such lines of action. They were content to labour and to let their work take its chance of the reward that never, in the long run, faileth merit. So, for example, laboured and waited the gifted man whose name is indissolubly connected with the old church of St Thomas over yonder. He and the rest, though dead, are now a living power, more enduring than monuments of brass. Beethoven built no temple and formulated no order of worship, with himself as god. Yet Beethoven is so mighty that even Wagner cannot ignore him, but bends down so much in homage as to point out his faults and amend his mistakes. Granted that extremes sometimes meet, will the aggressive and pretentious cult centered at Bayreuth also command everlasting reverence? As well might one expect the gourd of a night to afford a shade no less abiding than that of the oak which was an acorn centuries ago. But, while regarding the principles and practice of this "new art" as inimical to the interests of the art which is old—and true—the fact should not be overlooked that, whatever the intentions of Wagner, the Bayreuth Festival Theatre is in effect a protest against a degraded lyric stage. The music-drama of the Dresden revolutionist may perish with its founder; not so the serious interest with which he has invested opera. That will survive all remembrance of his vanity and self-seeking, and be his worthiest memorial.—*D. T.*

—o—

Wagneriana.

The subjoined, from "*Our Teutonic Correspondent*," must be taken *cum grano salis*, and *sous toutes reserves*. "Our Teutonic Correspondent" is (more or less) a confirmed Wagnerite, a spectre of one of that remarkable confederacy immortalized by Henri De Balzac, in his *Histoire des Treize*.

Frankfurt.—At the operahouse a very fine and creditable performance of Wagner's Walküre was played before a brillant audience. All the parts were played by the members of the theatre. The only "Gast" was Madame Scubert Hausen from the town theatre of Mannheim a most acomplished dramatic singer, of great and high aspiration whith such clear and good intonation to take the audience by storm, after each act a perfect ovation followed her splendid performance.

Bayruth.—The 5th and 6th performance of Parcifal took place by a crowded house, all seats sold. Herr Jäger the celebrated Siegfried performer took Parcifal this time, Malten Kundry and Fuchs München Klingsor. All these artists gave a new version to the music, which was by Wagner and house highly appreciated. The whole expense is covered, and a surplus is destined for future works of Wagner Operas.

Wagner and his Patronatsherrn.—In the Wagner camp is great excitement—The Meister hereby makes known to the Patrons that they have done their duty and gives them leave to go. The Patronat is disolved for a fund for poor Wagner's scholars. The 400 patronats holder protest with a 1 or 400 voiced "Hallo" motif —"Oho." The said 400 Patronatsherrn have collected a sum of 225000 marks for the foundation of a School and the performance of Parcifal. The school has not come up the holly Gral has swallowed up the money. In future the gentlemen are to pay without any right whatever to any visit performance. Wagner will not be patronized by anyone who pays 15 marks a year. This resolution is found arbitrary. Musicians without means are to be brought to Bayruth—By what means? This resolution has cooled down the rather hot Wagner Enthusiasts who on previous day drank the new baptised Champain Klingsor Enchantingdrink—and drink now comun Seltzer Water drink.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

* * * * * *

To the same learned and multifariously instructed correspondent we are indebted for the following various scraps of information:—

Berlin.—Several important changes at the royal academie High school of music have taken place. Professor Kiel as master for Composition and Managing Director, Joseph Joachim Director of the Orchestral music Professor Schulze Director for Singing Professor Rudorff for Piano and Organ Examinaters Hof Kapelmeister Taubert—Grell, Kiel and Bargiel.—A report came yestesday of the death of Madame Clara Schumann but it was contradicted, another lady with the same name died in the same town—a lucky change.—At the Kurhaus Artist Concert on the 8 August—Herr Nachbauer sung an Aria from Aida—Herr Bürger, Vialoncello. The Concert was visit by many English residents, and the Directors were to be congratulate on the sucses.—L.

—o—

MEETING OF WAGNER AND WILHELMJ AT BAYREUTH.

The following account of this touchingly interesting event is translated from the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* of Aug. 12th. No worshipper at the Shrine of Bayreuth is likely to read it without emotion.

BAYREUTH (August 8th).—August Wilhelmj, the accomplished master of the violin, has been stopping here for some days. He once more forms, as during the memorable *Nibelungen* period of 1876, the central topic of conversation. Now, as then, his witty and caustic remarks are circulated about. It is well known that Wilhelmj is no less admired for his jokes and quickness of repartee than for his talent as an artist. His four years' voyage round the world, as far as it is possible to judge, has not in the least affected him; on the contrary, many declare that he looks more youthful and vigorous than six years ago. At the *Parsifal* performance he sits between Richard and Mdme Wagner, both of whom are extremely partial to him. His first meeting with Wagner is described by an eye-witness as very cordial. Hurrying up to him with the words: "Why, there is Wilhelmj"—Wagner held him in his embrace a long time. Tears stood in the eyes of both. "How could you stop away so long?" "There was nothing I neglected in Europe, my dear Master!" replied Wilhelmj. "Nothing of importance was going on; the first *artistic event* has brought me back, and I have hastened hither to you." "That was very, very kind," observed the poet-composer—"I cannot tell you how happy I feel to have you near me!—I am anxious to hear how you like *Parsifal;* I took great pains with it."—"Dare *I* venture to pronounce an opinion?" answered Wilhelmj.—"Yes, yes, yes, you must—I attach much value to your judgment"—said Wagner. According to report, Wilhelmj was enthusiastic about the new revelation, describing it to his friends as "the most perfect wonder of our time!" "Germany," he remarked, "could not be sufficiently proud of an artist who followed up his object with such unexampled earnestness and dignity."—The meeting of Mdme Cosima Wagner and Wilhelmj was equally cordial. The Countess von Schleinitz having invited Wilhelmj to visit her at Berlin, he announced his intention of passing the winter in that capital.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 477.)

After Fidelio's soliloquy, there is a period of rest from emotional excitement. There is more chattering between Jacquino and Marcellina, and this, as well as some conversation between Fidelio and Rocco, is spoken. Towards the end, Fidelio asks and receives permission to let out the prisoners for a short time into the court-yard, and presently they all emerge from their cells and are in joy at the sight of the outside world. From this point up to the end of the first act the music is continuous, and events and music both constitute a *finale*, that is, a series of connected movements working up to a climax at the close of an act.

While the men are coming out of their cells a very quiet symphony is played which introduces the chorus in which they express their thoughts. These thoughts are solemnly quiet, and, therefore, the form in which the music is laid, as well as the musical ideas themselves, is regular and smooth. The whole chorus is in the form of a large Rondo, with a tranquil undercurrent in the accompaniment (as *a* in the next example) which befits the restrained joy of the prisoners. Their first thought, joy at the sunshine and fresh air, is allotted to the principal subject of the Rondo; this is a complete miniature sonata, with tonic section beginning

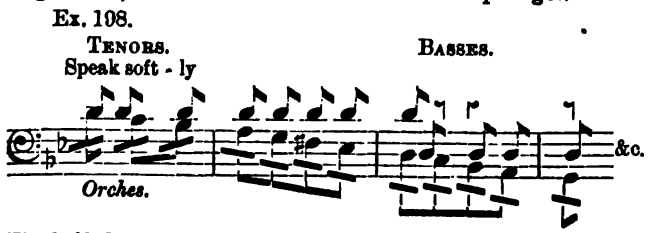
Ex. 196.

and dominant section, each corresponding to divisions in the verbal idea, and followed by a recapitulation in which the ideas are thought over again in a new light. At the close of this a single prisoner gives expression to a hope that help is near and soon they will be free. This, the beginning of the episode of the Rondo, is a simple ballad-like strain in the same time, with half cadence and full cadence,

Ex. 197.

its key (G) is also closely connected with the key of the principal subject by the note D, which is fifth of the one and third of the other tonic. After the solo strain the chorus of the prisoners cry to Freedom to shine on their night, and under their broken utterances the band repeats part of the solo strain, as if to express more clearly that which is the cause of their emotion. This section does not close in its own key but modulates to the next idea. Now one of their number warns them that they are watched still and that they must speak softly. This is in recitative, and the thought is taken up by the rest of the prisoners; and, as it is a terrible check upon their happiness in the fresh air, so the two ideas are alternated in music up to the close of the movement. The "speak softly" of the chorus is little more than repetition of single notes, while the band has more melodious passages.

Ex. 198.

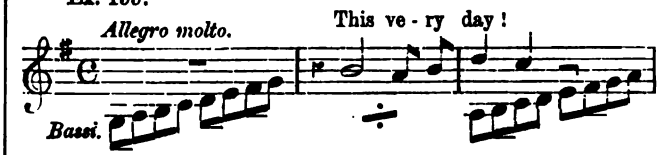


The half close of this section is the end of the episode. After it follows a repetition of the principal subject (Ex. 196), complete, but shortened, and all in the main key, B flat. Immediately after that is a repetition in B flat of a portion of the episode (Ex. 198), which is worked as a coda and so ends the movement. In this chorus the long sustained musical ideas of the principal subject and its recapitulation correspond with the joy of the prisoners at seeing light and breathing fresh air, which is the most sustained verbal idea of the piece; and the broken changeful ideas of the episode and its repetition as coda correspond with the cries for Freedom, broken and interrupted by the recollection of their bondage. During the singing of the chorus Fidelio has been walking about the stage, anxiously looking at each man without uttering a word; she has a lingering hope that the man whom she seeks may be one of these prisoners, and not that solitary sufferer whom she has heard Pizarro planning to destroy. It was for this that she asked the temporary freedom of the men.

Immediately on the close of the prisoners' chorus, Rocco comes to Fidelio, and tells her that Pizarro consents to the marriage and to her assisting him in attending to the prisoners, and that to-day they will go together to the lower dungeons. Fidelio cries, with excitement, "To-day?" All this is in accompanied recitative, for the interest of the situation is deepening, and, therefore, a deeper expression is needed in these dialogues than was given to those which were simply spoken.

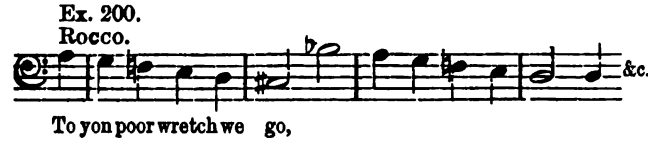
From this grows a short movement founded on the dialogue of Fidelio and Rocco; the vocal ideas often change, and some of them are little more than exclamations, but the whole is welded together by consistency of key and by the continuity of the accompaniment. It begins with Fidelio's cry of joy at the thought of, perhaps, so soon meeting her husband, and with Rocco's sympathy with what he deems the lad's excitement in a new work. This, a continuous idea of joy, is all in the principal key, G.

Ex. 199.



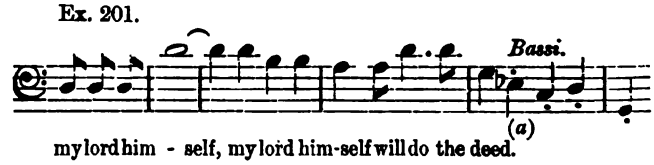
When Rocco speaks of the melancholy state of the man to whom they are to go, and constant question and answer follow between the two, the modulating part ensues.

Ex. 200.



When Rocco asserts confidently that the governor himself will kill the prisoner, that they are but to dig his grave and it is all settled, the main key returns and remains some time.

Ex. 201.



The last four notes (*a*) which are allotted to the orchestral basses after the close of the vocal phrase must be noticed as an example of *leit-motiv*. They form the most pointed part of the phrase in which Pizarro, in the duet with Rocco, uttered his determination to kill Florestan (Ex. 192). The repetition of the same expression recalls the passage to the minds of the audience, and connects the two occasions by lighting up the latter with the lamp of the former. Sadder thoughts in the same direction bring the present duet into the minor form of the key: Rocco thinking of the starving state of the prisoner, and Fidelio thinking "Perhaps it is my husband's grave." This movement does not close in its own key, but, by a half-close in E flat, leads to the next movement, which is in E flat.

The movement in E flat is a rondo with a modulating episode; but the return to the key is with a fresh idea, followed by

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another new idea as coda. Rocco and Fidelio speak, in alternation, of their errand to the dungeon, he, at times, doubting her strength of mind, and she eager and in anxiety to see the prisoner. The musical phrases follow one another in their places in the design as naturally as do the verbal phrases from one speaker to the other. In the coda, the verbal idea is the same for both characters, and they, therefore, sing it together.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

A SCAMPER THROUGH THE DAMS.

Most persons visiting the town of Haarlem make at once for the *Groote Kerk*. They don't go there to say their prayers, although it is an imposing and lofty cruciform church; their object is to see the organ, and, if possible, to hear it played. It is decidedly one of the largest and most powerful instruments in the world, and is also, externally, handsome. At the base is a group in marble, representing ecclesiastical poetry and music, expressing gratitude to Haarlem for the erection of the organ, without doubt one of the finest toned instruments in existence. Its 60 stops and 4,088 pipes are not, however, much used, although some of them are 15 inches in diameter and 32 feet long. Truth is, the service on a Sunday is free from every kind of musical display, two single chants alone being sung by a congregation devoid of taste or musical culture. Indeed, the coldness of the whole affair contrasts unfavourably even with the English churches. The congregation on Sundays appear to be neither numerous nor devout at the *Groote Kerk*. Whether it is the orthodox thing not to pay attention to the outward forms of religion I am unable to decide. Most of the worshippers sat through the whole service lounging in a manner anything but devotional. During week days, the uncovering of the head is not demanded, nor do the officials cease from smoking while exhibiting the edifice. Indeed, most of the shops remain open on a Sunday throughout Holland, and, as far as I could judge, the provision dealers on that day do a good stroke of business.

The true capabilities of the organ appear to be reserved for recitals to be paid for, and even then "overwhelming thunderstorm" performances are left out, from a fear that the sacred edifice might tumble about the visitor's ears. Another very fine organ is in the church of St Lawrence, at Rotterdam. This I had an opportunity of hearing to greater advantage, and certainly its 72 stops and 4,762 pipes, the largest of which is 32 feet long and 17 inches in diameter, made the brick edifice echo alarmingly. The summer is not the season of the year to hear concerts indoors, but in the open air several very good bands, principally composed of wind instruments, can be listened to with pleasure. At Scheveningen the visitors to the hotels are charged a certain sum per week for music; and in the evening, after dinner, a concert is provided that would not disgrace the promenades of London or Paris. Through the courtesy of a friend at the Hague, I was able to attend a select musical tea party in the "Bosch." This is a reserved part of the park, with grand avenues of trees and handsome orchestra. On the present occasion, the Literary Society of the Hague gave an instrumental concert, under the direction of Herr C. Coenen, and it is impossible to imagine anything more pleasurable. The situation is beautiful, the lofty trees forming a shade of the most grateful character, and the primitive condition of the ground adding to the charm of the surrounding prospect. As the evening advances, lamps of opaque glass are dotted about in every direction, and the company seat themselves at little round tables, most of them occupied in making and drinking tea. This is conducted with undeviating serenity, for the Dutch have not only the finest tea in the world but brew their agreeable decoction with a tender solicitude that would astonish an English matron. First of all, the waiter brings a little bronze vessel like a pail, in which there is a charcoal fire, and on this fire the tea-kettle is put; he then arranges the cups and saucers and brings a suitable tea-pot and caddy, so that the visitor may help himself. The water boiling, the tea is made, and then the skilful handmaid takes off the lid of the kettle and replaces it with the base of the tea-pot, so that a cup hot and strong can be enjoyed. Throughout the whole of Holland I did not see a cup of tea made until the water was boiling. Housewives in England, kindly remember!

The music was all instrumental, and the orchestra numbered about eighty performers, composed principally of wind instruments. Their playing of the overture to *Egmont* did not disgrace Beethoven, and the performance of an air from Handel's opera, *Rinaldo*, was most effective, the wooden wind instruments taking the solo with excellent precision. They have an operatic composer here whose name is hardly known in England—Mynheer Dunkler—a selection from whose opera, *Lalla Roukh*, was particularly effective. The daylight was gradually dying away when the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn began, and whether it was the time of evening or the effect of the music I will not pretend to say, but the nightingales burst out into an accompaniment of song I have never heard equalled, and I must say the opening movements of this heart-stirring symphony never sounded to me more devotional. With the resources at his command, Herr Coenen did wonders, but, when he concluded, the applause seemed to disperse the nightingales, or it may have been that they did not care to take part in a less distinguished work; be this as it may, they never sang another note that evening, but took Mendelssohn's music off to bed with them. The conductor, Herr Coenen, introduced a *menuetto*, *adagio*, and *serenade* of his own composing, well worthy being played by a string band in a concert room. Although the concert was in the open air, the utmost stillness reigned throughout. Tea-drinking is not a noisy operation, nor are the Dutch given to boisterous behaviour, whatever they may have been in the days of Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen, who seemed to glory in representations of drunken roysterers and frantic gamblers. The inhabitants of the Hague are evidently a sober, refined, and educated class, and when the audience dispersed to the music of Sahan's military march, the half-mile of walk through the wood was not the least agreeable part of the entertainment, for the evening was delightfully warm and the smell of the pine trees wonderfully refreshing.

It will surprise the visitor to the various museums and picture galleries of Holland to find so few works by the artists of other nations, but this surprise will disappear when he comes to enquire into the histories of these galleries. They have mostly belonged to rich and enthusiastic Dutchmen, who took but little interest in art away from home. Throughout the whole of the picture exhibitions in Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam, I did not see one English work. At a first glance, this might cause some dissatisfaction, but recalling the immense price that all the high-class English works command, that surprise must disappear. A few hundred pounds would be considered a large sum to the authorities of these places, and it is well known that thousands are paid for the works of English artists the moment they become famous. In the Fodor museum of Amsterdam I saw one French work, some horses by Rosa Bonheur, and in the private collections a few foreign works may be found, but our greatest enjoyment will be an examination of the Dutch school, of which the best specimens have not been allowed to leave the country.

PHOSPHOR (*Brighton Guardian*).

NICE.—Benjamin Godard has completed an opera, *L'Alcalde di Zalamea*, which will be played this winter at the new Italian Theatre, Mdlle Griswold sustaining the principal part. The libretto is by Détroyat and Silvestre; the translation, by de Lauzières.

STRASSBURGH.—Walking in the outskirts of this city, Sellier, the tenor, slipped down a ravine, disfiguring his face, and severely bruising his right side. "When"—Auber used to say—"will our artists understand that they should be content with excursions on the stage, or in photographic albums? I never travel otherwise."

VIENNA (*Correspondence*).—The Imperial Opera re-opened on the 1st inst. with Gounod's *Faust*. Mdlle Braga was the Margaret; Mdme Papier, Siebel; Wiegand, Mephisto; and Labatt, Faust.—The Society of the Friends of Music appealed to the "Statthalterei" (Lord Lieutenancy) some time ago against the stringent orders issued by the civic authorities with reference to precautionary alterations against fire, to be carried out in the Society's large concert-room and theatre. The decision recently pronounced by the superior court is in so far favourable to the Society that the orders of the civic authorities have been considerably modified.—Herr Hans Makart, the well-known painter, lately married, at Hitzing, a village not far from here, Berthe Linda, formerly a star of the ballet at the Imperial Opera. After the ceremony, the newly-married couple set out for Italy.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Lover of Welsh Melody and Welsh Minstrels.—Music at Abergavenny and Llandrindod Wells, next week. Mr Brinley Richards presided at *both* meetings.

Mr Harry Wall. Our correspondent should address us directly on the subject—in other words, state his case in his own way. The decisions of the law-courts having already appeared in all the influential papers, a reproduction of them would, if news can be stale, be stale news.

Bird (M. D.).—Dr Snail is *not* going to Bayreuth. So Bird (M. D.) had better ask Dr Slug to accompany him. Dr Slug is just now at the Belvoir Hotel, North Malvern, where good cheer is a rule, and fast-days don't count.

Amateur.—Molique's oratorio was composed for and produced at the Norwich Festival (not at Birmingham).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

TO GUY OF THE GLACIERS.

Why, dear old Guy,
So often apply
Thy plume against my
Decided opinion?
I don't attach thine,
Then don't attach mine,
Or around thee I'll twine
Another guess pinion.

Aliduke.

Castle of Seven Bridges.

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL.**

(*Continued from page* 498.)

III.

The first performance of *Parsifal* took place yesterday (the 25th of July), with full and unalloyed success. In endeavouring to describe to our readers the effect upon myself as a purely individual one, I do so with all the becoming reservation which is, so to speak, a matter of course in dealing with a new art-work of such magnitude. In its grand plan as well as in its smallest detail, *Parsifal* loudly proclaims the originality of him to whom we owe it. Just as the Babylonian sovereign had his name burnt into every one of the tiles used in the new and mighty edifices he erected, as a testimony for thousands of years to come, so has the author of *Parsifal* stamped, as it were, upon each bar an invisible "R. W." The very latest labourers in the field of research will certainly recognize every page torn out of this score. The various parts of the extensive work act upon us in turns favourably and unfavourably; now producing a strong and elevating effect, and then a sensation of indifference or oppression. Still, we always feel we are in the power of a mighty individuality of the most peculiar and unshakably firm convictions. The energy of a strong and never-doubting will works at all times imposingly in art as in life. It compels respect and admiration—but not invariably sympathy. Such are the principal features which the Bayreuth Festival Performances of 1882 have in common with the first ones of 1876. Compared with the *Nibelungen Cycle*, *Parsifal* proves the advantage of an independent definite form and the homogeneous impression thereby obtained. The very fact that Wagner has now abandoned the dramatically false and unfortunate form of the trilogy or tetralogy which rendered all enjoyment in 1876 an effort, secures for *Parsifal*, of which the theatres will one day doubtless take possession, a purer effect.

The method of musical composition is now, as then, consistently the same. The style is that determined by the "endless orchestral melody" which Wagner began by strictly carrying out in *Tristan*, which he then brightened up in *Die Meistersinger* with blooming oases of melodic and multi-part song, and finally in the *Nibelungen* worked into an imposingly rigid law. This method, by which opera is to be raised to real drama, has for result, as we know, the old forms of the air, the duet, the trio, the chorus, in short, the organic form, and therefore the independence of the musical thought are put on one side, and the principal part is assigned to an incessantly active orchestra, while the voices declaim rather than sing. The materials out of which the orchestra spins its ever-changing and endless web are the "leading" or "guiding motives," * as they are termed. In *Parsifal*, also, every character has its appointed leading-motive, or, rather, according to the various dramatic circumstances, several such motives. Wolfzogen's *Key*† contains 26 such motives; another by Heintz, 66; while a third by Eichberg (there is already a small library of such little Bayreuth manuals) only 23. But these 23, as the author emphatically says, "are intended for nothing more nor less than to be learned by heart." This express intimation is characteristic. The spectator, if he wishes to understand and enjoy *Parsifal*, must begin by learning these guiding motives by heart; then during his audition of the work it is incumbent on him to employ his intellect and memory in the task of restless comparison.‡ Out of the breakers of a heaving orchestra we have to recognize, whenever it is heard, the "Graal motive proper," the "love-feast motive," the "belief motive," the "promise motive," &c. All these are guiding-motives relating to the Graal. Besides them, there are naturally several motives for Kundry ("Kundry's wild ride-motive," "Kundry's love-motive," "Kundry's laugh-motive"), as well as others for Parsifal, Klingsor, and the rest. These guiding-motives, always combined afresh, varied afresh, and scored afresh, supply the orchestra with a continuous symphonic web. Any one not knowing the fact from the composer's intimate friends, would guess for himself that Wagner first sketched in the orchestral-accompaniment, and did not write the vocal portion till afterwards.§ The connected and connecting whole is the symphonic, independent orchestral part; what is sung to it are fragments, the sense of which lies in the words and not in the notes. With a few exceptions, shining forth in strong relief, of melodious song, intelligible of itself, *Parsifal*, also, exhibits an instance of an orchestral composition, full of allusions and working on exclusively in "significance," with the bits of excited conversational song swimming about in it. A second essential characteristic of the later Wagnerian style is the unbounded freedom of the modulations. In *Parsifal*, as in former works, we have, properly speaking, no longer modulations, but only a modulating, a ceaselessly surging modulating, in which the listener loses every idea of tonality. We feel as if out at sea with no firm ground under our feet. Wagner has got into a chromatically enharmonic train of thoughts quite peculiar to himself, which is constantly intertwining and then untwining the most remote keys. As in the *Nibelungen*, so in *Parsifal* there are passages of more reposeful tonality, pleasing, and, sometimes, charming exceptions, but exceptions only, and, as a rule, flitting rapidly by. We feel that the tyrannic sway of the guiding-motives in the orchestra, and the limitless freedom of modulation,‖ are serious drawbacks in operatic music; but Wagner and his adherents value them as a test of the most advanced progress. These, however, are strongly marked, fundamental differences of opinion, which it is no longer of any use to discuss.

A lengthy and simply treated prelude, which, with its solemn wearisomeness, has evidently but one object, namely, to produce a proper "frame of mind,"¶ serves as introduction to the first act and at once gives us the three most important "Graal motives." In the different guiding-motives of *Parsifal* I fail to perceive either any great musical charm or especially characterising force and pregnancy. In *Lohengrin* Wagner gave us the model of a guiding-motive and its application. "*Never shalt thou question me!*"** Proclaimed as a dogma by Lohengrin himself, this theme is presented to us at the very first in all its significance. It does not require to be sought out and divined, but, whenever employed, cuts into the score like a sharp sword. The guiding-motives in the *Nibelungen* and those in *Parsifal* are far from

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

* "Leitmotive."
† "*Leitfaden*."
‡ A pleasant look-out for the "swells."—D. T.
§ He who doubts this must be an ostrich.—D. T.
‖ Which is not really modulation at all.—D. T.
¶ "Stimmung."
** "Nie sollst du mich fragen."

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possessing the same distinctly marked physiognomy, or the same strong power, if only because there are too many of them. When *each* short series of notes is to serve as a guide full of significance, not one serves the purpose. The Graal motives of the prelude blend as orchestral accompaniment with the opening scenes which are treated in rather a conversational tone and a more natural style of expression, contrasting advantageously with the dialogue of the *Nibelungen*. Gurnemanz, the bass, is, despite his long-windedness, an amiable old man compared to Wotan. With the declamation, which is made the most important element in Wagnerian characters, he takes, it is true, strange liberties. We perceive he is acquainted with *Die Meistersinger*. He repeatedly utters words like "Linderung," "lindern," "schaden," "hämisch," with an emphatically false stress on the *last* syllables which ascend now a sixth and now an octave. The scenes before Parsifal appears do not contain much that is musically striking, unless we accept as such some isolated effects of sonority in the orchestral accompaniment, which, by the way, are not wanting in any page of the score. After these monotonously spun out scenes, we see the wounded swan (a magnificent piece of stage mechanism, the appearance of which is a most welcome relief) fly across the stage, the knights and squires rushing on in great excitement with the offender, Parsifal, and making a picture full of stirring life. It is a dramatically contrived scene, in which we greet a pleasing reminiscence of the "Swan motive" in *Lohengrin*. Parsifal's entrance at once creates sympathy, the "sadness" of the inexperienced youth being represented naturally and without strained pathos. It is a psychologically proved fact that we are accustomed to admire most in others virtues of which we are not ourselves possessed. Wagner, a reflective artist, of such subtle intellect, is fond of glorifying *naif* ingeniousness (*simplicitas*), though with him even the Unconscious is somewhat too conscious. Let the reader call to mind the Sailor's Song in *Tristan*,* the Cobbler's Song in *Die Meistersinger*, and the Forge Song of Siegfried, that most unnatural of all the vocal children of nature. It is different with Parsifal in his early scenes; he is there what he should be. But Kundry! It is true that Kundry is what she should be according to the author's intention—something unnatural and full of contradictions. A psychological and physiological hermaphrodite, she sings or rather cries and stammers disjointedly in a way to make one's hair stand on end, while at the same time she has continually to do the most unheard of things histrionically. We may as well at once state that only an artist possessing Mad. Materna's extraordinary powers and passionate temperament could succeed in rendering this part†—the most difficult and fatiguing perhaps in existence—so as to make it all probable and impressive. Now comes the great effect of the moving panorama, a masterpiece of scenic art, supported in a somewhat step-motherly fashion by the composer. Parsifal and Gurnemanz march along to heavy and fatiguingly monotonous chords until they reach the Graal Temple. From this point the music, supported by the peculiar scenic effect,‡ culminates in a highly impressive manner. Very striking are the vocal unison of the Knights, the chorus of Youths, and, lastly, the promise floating down from above: "*Through pity knowing, the pure fool.*" In this combination of pure high voices the "promise motive" creates all the intended impression; though, of itself, the somewhat empty theme, ascending in fifths, will scarcely be found particularly original or interesting. The solemn supper of the Knights of the Graal in the magnificent Moorish hall, with the three different groups of singers, Knights, Youths, and Boys (up in the dome), the heavy pealing of the bells, the strange and picturesque costumes, the solemn uncovering of the Graal—unite in making up a grandiose picture. The *finale* belongs indisputably to those dazzling musically-scenic effects in which Wagner has no rival. It may be my fault, the fault of expectations pitched too high, but I did *not* find the result so powerful as I had imagined it from the book and the score. I had anticipated an extraordinary brilliancy in the orchestra and something overpowering from the chorus—an effect of sonority, in short, uninterruptedly rising to the climax. The reader of Wagnerian scores ordinarily finds his expectations surpassed in the actual representation; but here, at least to my mind, hope is not completely fulfilled, the continuous slow *tempi* in a very long first act, together with the structure of the Bayreuth orchestra, which, sunk underground and covered, materially impedes if not deadens the sonority, contributing doubtless to the result.* Nevertheless after the first half of the act, thus declamatorily sung and swallowed up by the instrumental accompaniment, the second was a musical boon, containing rhythmical and independent song-melody, not only solo, but in harmoniously combined parts. One thing only detracts from the boon; the fact of scene after scene being so interminably spun out. This inability to bring to an end scenes that stop the progress of the action is no less remarkable in *Parsifal* than in the *Nibelungen*. Everything from great to small, from the solemn Love-feast to Kundry's impossible kiss, is hopelessly so long as at times to pass the limits of endurance.

The second act is opened by the wicked magician, Klingsor, summoning Kundry to his presence. The demoniacal element is expressed musically by not unusual but striking means; the vocal portion is again hurried, jerky declamation; the orchestra, a witches' cauldron of bubbling guiding-motives; and Kundry, a dramatic musical convulsion. Did Wagner, perhaps, here purposely employ his whole stock of sulphurous vapours in order to render us more susceptible to the perfume of the flowers in the following scene? If so, he has thoroughly succeeded. True, the "poetry" of the lovely Flower-Maidens sinks occasionally down to very questionable rhyming: "*Willst du auf Trost uns sinnen, —Solltest den abgewinnen! Dir zur wonnigen Labe gilt mein minniges Mühen.—Kannst du uns nicht lieben und minnen,—Wir welken und sterben d a h i n n e n*, &c." But who cares about the words, when they flow charmingly from the lips of thirty young and beautiful girls! The mere confusion in which these rush on amid a swarm of dainty triplet figures for the violins, is full of dramatic life. And then the second half of the scene, when the girls appear as flowers! their "motive" in A flat, "Come, O beauteous Boy," somewhat in the time of a slow waltz, melodious, piquant, and simply harmonized, is one of Wagner's happiest inspirations. And how admirably is everything arranged! with what delicate calculation are the thirty voices parcelled out in groups, now alternating, now singing together, and some occasionally making room for short solo passages! One must see and hear this himself; words fail to picture it. Among the scenes in *Parsifal*, I am inclined to rank this *musically* the highest. It achieves the purest and most certain effect simply by the aid of a charming and expressive melody. In all we know of Wagner, this girls' chorus is absolutely unique, the one scene carried out from first to last in a brightly graceful style. It is indeed an inspiration and a masterpiece.

When the Flower-Girls, or Girl-Flowers, laughingly vanish, Kundry, now young and seductively beautiful, calls Parsifal by name. Upon this follows the great scene in which she first tells him about his Mother and then attacks him with ever increasing lustful ardour. The commencement of her narrative: "I saw the child"—thank goodness, this time not "the sucking child"†—begins in a natural and singable manner; it is one of the promising buds of melody not seldom found in Wagner, only to be too soon snapped off before they can blossom. From this point, the music is lost in greater and greater depths of sham pathos. Every moment we are afraid lest the composer should be stopped for want of breath. Any one who does not know his guiding-motives by heart stands confounded before the blustering fermentation of the orchestra, and, if he does know them, he is not much better off. It is rather hard upon us to be expected to go through all the motiveless and fearful changes of feeling in which Parsifal and Kundry are hurled through the whole of this long scene: from wearisome narratives into sensual ardour, and from sensual ardour into religious ecstasy, but always fleeing from what is musically beautiful and moderate. For such scenes of passionate expression have grown up in Wagner's music certain standing phrases which are now solidified almost into mannerisms. I know that sworn Wagnerites regard these standing phrases, these mannerisms, as natural utterances of the deepest feeling and will extol the scene between Kundry and Parsifal as the finest the composer has ever conceived. The question turns on

* Eh, Sagramore?—D. T.

† Many prefer Marian Brandt.—D. T.

‡ A "scenic effect" as old as our Grandmother's Edda.—D. T.

* We cannot agree with Dr Hanslick on this point, being persuaded that in the majority of instances the further off a Wagnerian orchestra the better for musically sensitive ears.—D. T.

† "Das sullende Kind."

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the standpoint from which it is considered. To me the whole scene appears in the highest degree false, and the music outwardly glowing while inwardly cold—baked ice. We already begin to grow tired and absent amid the tumult of this fruitless passion when Parsifal's hand grasps the sacred Lance and we are saved by this palpable climax. Under the power of some wonderful earthquake music, the magic castle falls crashingly to the ground, and the curtain closes on the events in Klingsor's domain.

The third act commences with a sort of religious idyll, treated by Wagner with great love but with the utmost prolixity. We have a poetical and tranquilly agreeable picture, when Parsifal in snow-white, Christ-like garments, sits near the holy spring and praises the beauty of the "flowery mead," while Kundry washes his feet and the old man, Gurnemanz, anoints his flowing locks. The whole belongs to one of those scenes peculiar to Wagner, which fascinate as might a *picture* full of feeling. But we are able to contemplate a painted picture for a longer time than the most beautiful *tableau* without movement in drama, where the action should press forward to its culminating point. It seems as if the author could not have enough of the plastic repose distinguishing this scene of the third act. The music stretches out like a dreary waste in suggestive monotony. Parsifal's lyrical outburst about the beauty of the flowery mead takes us by surprise as a fragrant blossom; but even that soon withers in the arid soil of instrumental "endlessness."

At last, Parsifal, Gurnemanz, and Kundry start off for the Gralsburg. According to the directions in the book and the score, another moving scene, like that in the first act, should here magically transport the stationary travellers through all kinds of country to their destination. Technical doubts, however, severally expressed at the rehearsals, induced Wagner to abandon this effect, and so at the performance, instead of the moving panorama, we witness a mere occasional curtain close upon the three Graal pilgrims, as they are about to depart. This is certainly preferable to the original direction. The repetition of the same bit of scenic enchantment, reminding one of fairy pieces, pantomimes, &c., for children, struck me from the beginning as open to objection, being a confessed poverty of invention on the part of the author. A second and equally praiseworthy deviation from the directions in the text also occurs in the third act: the dead Titurel "newly endowed for the moment with life," had to raise himself in his coffin, but now remains a respectable corpse, quietly recumbent. The introductory funeral music is, I think, too much spread out. How much the story, after long lyrical contemplation, requires something energetically dramatic, we see by the great effect when Amfortas passionately springs up against the knights of the Gaaal who are pressing him hard. From the words: "My Father," we are moved by what he sings (on a very expressive figure, first for the violoncellos and then for the violins, in the accompaniment).

The final scene is another instance of the employment of extraordinarily brilliant resources—the same, by the way, which served for the Graal scene in the first act. The solemn sounds of the harp, the Boys' voices wafted from the dome, the Graal glowing into brightness, the appearance of the white dove—all work up together into a grand picture similar to the first finale.

The third act may be regarded as the most homogeneous and tone-giving, but it is not the richest musically.

And how about Wagner's creative power? For a man of Wagner's age and with——Wagner's system, it strikes me as being in *Parsifal* still wonderful. He who can create music with the fascinating melodic charm of the Flower Maidens and the energy of the *finale* has yet at command a power which the youngest among us might envy. True, so voluminous a work as *Parsifal* does not consist exclusively of corruscations of light. It would be "purely foolish" to assert that Wagner's fancy and in particular his specifically musical invention has preserved untouched the freshness and lightness of former days. It is impossible not to see in *Parsifal* a certain sterility and flatness side by side with increasing prolixity. Are not the irresistible Kundry's attempts at seduction almost stiff and cool compared with the similar scene in *Tannhäuser*? Then the prelude to *Parsifal*. Was it not dictated by the same frame of mind and with the same intention as the prelude to *Lohengrin*? It is the same tree, but first in full bloom and then stripped of its leaves and trembling in the autumn breeze. Let the reader further compare what Gurnemanz sings about "the magic of Good Friday" (third act) with the description, nearly related to it melodically, of The Festival of John the Baptist in *Die Meistersinger*. Pogner's spirited song appears to have floated before Wagner's mind during the composition of "the magic of Good Friday"—but where was the inward strength, the vocal soul of the model? The most powerful numbers, too, in the *Nibelungen*, considered by themselves, would scarcely find in *Parsifal* their match, always excepting the thoroughly isolated chorus of the Flower-Girls. It is true that when we reflect that the brilliant pieces in the *Nibelungen Ring*—pieces separated from each other by absolute musical deserts—are distributed over four whole evenings, the needle of the balance will perhaps remain even between the two scales. Compared with the *Nibelungen*, *Parsifal* enjoys the advantage of a more effective book. Though perfectly indefensible as a "dramatic poem," *Parsifal* is a better operatic text than the four-membered *Nibelungen Ring*. In short, it is more musical, both as regards the subject as a whole and the decisive situations. If we regard *Parsifal* as a festival and magic opera, ignoring, as under all circumstances we must frequently do, its logical and psychological impossibilities and false religiously-philosophical pretentions, we shall find in it many instances of significant artistic suggestiveness, of the most dazzling effect, and many occasions for sincere admiration.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT-AND-DAY-MARE.

DEAR SIR DODINAS,—Something of this kind keeps on running slowly in my head:—

Please explain the phenomenon and thereby oblige yours most solicitously, SAGRAMORE THE DESIROUS.

Take my counsel of last Saturday. The Mare will flee incontinent and vanish into space. DODINAS.

Castle Sauvage.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON will sing, next season, in New Orleans for the first time.

Forty thousand dollars are said to be already subscribed for the Patti Italian operatic season at the New York Academy of Music. —(Good!—Dr Bridge.)

DR HANS VON BÜLOW was married recently at Meiningen to Mdlle Schawzer, an actress at the Ducal Theatre. The lady will remain on the stage, her marriage notwithstanding.

THE *Western Mail* of August 12th states that the announcement made in Friday's impression, that Mdme Patti, with other distinguished artists, would give a morning concert at the Albert Hall on Thursday, the 14th of September, in aid of the Swansea Hospital, has been confirmed.

SINCE Gounod's *Faust* was produced in 1859 at the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the Boulevard du Temple, twenty-one different ladies have appeared successively as Marguerite in the French capital. They are Miolan-Carvalho, Vandenheuvel-Duprez, Schrœder, Christine Nilsson, Hisson, Marie Roze, Berthe Thibault, Fidès Devriès, Arnaud, Derivis, Fouquet, Adelina Patti, Fursch-Madi, De Reszké, Daram, Heilbron, Marie Vachot, Baldi, Griswold, Krauss, and Nordica.

BLACKHEATH CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—The following examinations were held last month:—Free Scholarship for Singing, given by the hon. sec., W. Webster, junr.; examiner—Mr J. B. Welch; successful candidate—Miss Langley (pupil of Signor Garcia). Free Scholarship for Pianoforte: examiner—Mr Walter Macfarren; successful candidate—Miss Andrews (pupil of Mr C. Gardiner). Harmony Prize, given by the president, H. Hersee, Esq.; examiner—Dr Bridge; successful candidate—Miss Sadler (pupil of Mr J. T. Field.)

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PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—SIR,—As reported in your columns, the choral festival held at Carmarthen on the 8th inst. by the Choral Union of the Carmarthen Archdeaconry, was a grand success. Taking everything into account, it was decidedly the best yet held in this archdeaconry. But, while heartily rejoicing in this fact, I cannot help feeling that the success was due in a large measure to the noble effort and great sacrifice made by the country choirs to attend in the midst of the hay harvest. And perhaps I may be permitted to suggest to the committee that the festival in future be held about the end of May. July, August, and September find the farmers plenty to do, and if their convenience is to be studied they must not be called upon to leave their farms during those months. In May they have very little to do, and I do not see why the festival should not be held about the end of that month. The books ought to be ready about Christmas time, and the training to commence early in January. This is the best time of the year to secure good attendances at the practices, and May is certainly the most convenient time for all to attend the festival.—I am, &c., N. THOMAS, Vicar of Llanddarog, *Aug.* 11.

[The above letter was addressed to the *Western Mail*, and published in its columns on Saturday, Aug. 12.]

BUXTON.—At the "Special Concert" given in the Gardens on the evening of August 10th, the singers were Mdme Enriquez and Mr Henry Pyatt; the instrumentalists, M. Victor Buziau (violin), and Mdlle Nina Buziau (pianoforte). The orchestra played, among other things, the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, and *Fidelio*. The ripe and mellow contralto voice of Mdme Enriquez found ample room for display in "Voi che sapete," which she rendered with irreproachable taste. Later in the evening she gave Pinsuti's always popular "Heaven and Earth," being encored in which, she substituted "Robin Adair;" and, later still, a new song entitled, "Lord Mayor Whittington." This being also encored, brought forth "The Minstrel Boy." Mr Pyatt gave the "Two Grenadiers" and "The Village Blacksmith" (both encored). M. Buziau played with his accustomed skill a polonaise by Vieuxtemps, and variations on the "Carnival of Venice," and Mdlle Buziau selected Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" for her solo, winning merited applause. The concert was highly appreciated by a large audience.

EASTBOURNE.—A special Orchestral Saturday Concert was given on the 12th inst., the programme of which contained some compositions of interest finely executed by Mr Julian Adams' famous band, including Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*, Schubert's overture to *Rosamunda*, and a new "Song of Welcome," for voice, flute and piano, by Charles Salaman; sung for the first time by Miss Catherine Penna, and admirably accompanied by Mr Charles Lax the eminent flautist. Miss Penna, who is deservedly advancing in public estimation, was enthusiastically applauded—alike in Mr Salaman's new song, and Gounod's brilliant *Valse* from *Faust*. Mr Julian Adams conducted throughout.

TEIGNMOUTH.—An attractive concert was given here by Miss C. E. Linter on Tuesday, August 8th. One of the most striking features of the programme was the singing of Fraulein von Schwedler, this young lady has studied in both Paris and Rome under the best masters, and certainly her performance of the two songs set down for her, "Serenade" (Braga), and "Ave, Maria" (Luzzi); and her two "encores" "Frühlingslied" (Fesca), and "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*), proved her to be a really finished artist. Miss Ida Meynell (of the National Training School) also took part, her first song being "Deh vieni" (Mozart). Local talent was well represented by Mr Wills, Misses M. Parson and Berthon, the audience frequently shewing their appreciation in the shape of bouquets. The instrumental part was entirely "classical," and also much appreciated. Miss Linter played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor "Pathétique," Mr V. V. Williams, Handel's Sonata in D for the violin, and Miss Cleminshaw, Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor. The concert was opened by Misses Linter and Grant with an "arrangement" from *Tannhäuser* as a duet. The chorus-singing, under the direction of the Rev. H. C. Hylton, (Precentor of Chester Cathedral)—who also in Scuderi's "Dormi pur," especially proved himself the possessor of a well-cultivated voice of excellent quality—was throughout commendable.

MADRID.—The Italian-opera company next season at the Teatro Real will be thus constituted:—Sopranos—Elena Theodorini, Fursch-Madi, Marcella Sembrich (two months), Matilde Rodriguez, A. Gini, Carlotta Leria; Mezzo-soprano-contraltos—Tremelli, Adele Borghi; Tenors—Angelo Masini, Lestellier, Giannini, Antonio Bianchini; Baritones—Pandolfini, Dufriche; Basses—Nannetti, Bopp, Gaetano Roveri; Comic Bass—Aristide Fiorini; Conductor—Giovanni Goula.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The Prince of Wales has, through the honorary secretary of the Royal College of Music, sent a circular to the beneficed clergy of England and Wales, in which he says:—

"His Royal Highness is fully aware of the large demands on clergymen which often make it impossible for them to give pecuniary aid even in the best cause. On the other hand, they have peculiar opportunities for bringing subjects requiring such support before their parishioners, and, by forming committees, can obtain small subscriptions from those who, though not wealthy, are willing to assist a worthy object. The Prince of Wales desires me, therefore, to ask your aid by bringing the subject of the Royal College of Music under the notice of your parishioners and acquaintances, and by inviting them to contribute to it. I am also to express the hope that you will be able to form a committee in the parish with the view of collecting smaller contributions towards this national object. Music increases the sum of harmless and elevating pleasures, binds families together, alleviates the sorrows and quickens the joys of life, and not only enlivens the social meetings, but is the best accompaniment to the worship of Almighty God. All this the Royal College of Music will assist. The foundation scholarships of the college may, it is hoped, often be the means of evoking talent in quarters where otherwise it would have lain dormant. On these grounds, his Royal Highness commends the college to your early and best attention, and I shall be glad to hear for his information whether, and if so in which way, it will be in your power to assist the object in view."

Meetings in support of the college have been held in various towns of Devonshire; Mr Grove, at the desire of H.R.H., attending on each occasion to explain and comment on the object and character of the proposed institution.

[It might, perhaps, have been as well (certainly it would have been only fair), at the meeting held lately in Exeter, to make public and discuss the letter addressed to the authorities by Professor Macfarren, who so worthily fills the musical chair at Cambridge University, and is, moreover, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.—D. T.]

SONG.*

(*From the Operetta*, "*A Story of Seville.*")

How fondly as the years fleet by
Mem'ry recalls the time
When life held not a sigh or tear,
And love was in its prime.

When each high impulse of our heart
Nor doubt or danger knew,
But in the fray bore well its part—
To faith and honour true.

Oh! could we keep our hearts still young
Time's course we might defy;
The roselight o'er our lives be flung
Of love's eternity.

* *Copyright.* CARLEON.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN is taking some well-earned repose at Woodnesboro', near Sandwich.

SIG. SCHIRA is still at Milan, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* under the bright skies of his native land.

MAD. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY, the opal-amethyst-emerald-pearl-and-diamond (crowned Empress, in short) of French pianists (*pace* M. Planté), has been created by the Ministre des Beaux Arts "Officier de L'Academie"—a distinction very rarely awarded to artists of her sex. She was first named. *Salut bel' Officier!* Mad. Rémaury is engaged to play at the Baden-Baden Festival early in September, and then visits other German towns, at every one of which she may count upon a hearty welcome. Such purely "classical" talent as hers, is, just now, by no means superabundant.

MONTE CARLO.—The promised operas for the approaching season are: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Marie Vanzandt, Heilbron, Maurel, and Dufriche; *Dinorah*, with Vanzandt and Maurel; *Faust*, with Vanzandt, Talazac, Maurel, and Dufriche; *La Traviata*, with Heilbron, Talazac, and Maurel; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Heilbron; the *Domino Noir* and *Les Dragons de Villars*.

MILAN.—According to the *Pungolo*, the ballets next season at the Scala will be Danesi's *Arduino d'Ivrea* and *Excelsior*. The idea of giving *Hamlet* or *La Juive* has been abandoned. *Tannhäuser*, it is said, will be performed if Gayarre agrees to play the leading part. There is, also, some talk of Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, and of *Dejanice*, a new opera by Catalani.

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Parsifal, the King, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—His Majesty of Bavaria is still alive, and yet has not enjoyed the foreshadowed private and peculiar audition of the latest offspring of Wagner's genius. How is this? All that surrounds *Parsifal* assumes a mystical aspect. All is more or less Kundryfied. I heard the first performance, was utterly bewildered, and left by post-chaise for Bamberg the same night. I dreamt I had attended two solemn services of the Roman Catholic Church, with an Alhambra ballet of the most *déchevelé* and *décollété* separating one from another. But I was suddenly awakened by the shrieking, tumble-down-the-ladder "Kundrymotiv:"—

This at once dispersed my dream, and "took me from my error."* Thenceforward sleep eschewed me. I could not close my eyes, or even get forty winks with my eyes wide open. Such was my hoped-for repose at Bamberg. So I went next day to Wurzburg and had the same dream, the same *lever de rideau*, due to the same "Kundrymotiv." "Kundry, my she-devil"—said I, inwardly—"were I a man you should have none of me." Next day I went to the Hotel de Russie, Frankfort, where I was well treated by the incomparable Drexels, pearls of landlords. There I had a pleasant dream—a dream of Kundry-Orgeluse in the fairy gardens of Klingsor. Thought I to myself—were I a man I should say "Booby, Parsifal." Thereupon I woke and found myself still at that dreary Bayreuth, with the sun just peeping into my chamber. It had been all a dream—Bamberg, Wurzburg, Frankfort and all!

Parsifal goes on, and I am going off. I have seen three Parsifals and three Kundrys (Marian Brandt by far the subtlest). I don't want any more. I don't want any more of such an out-of-the-way drama, or any more such go-a-tail music. *Parsifal* is not by any means a financial success, say what they will. The house is but rarely crowded now. In another sense—except by some enthusiasts, who think that Wagner cannot step backward if he would, or his invention wane, however years may creep upon him—*Parsifal* is not considered equal to preceding works by that master. I am of the same opinion. By the way, there is some dispute between Wagner and his patrons, about which, not knowing the particulars, I can tell you nothing that would make you wiser than you are already.

Please when I send you another telegram (which is unlikely) don't garble it by leaving out whole sentences that explain the context and are necessary to the sense of my observations. But where is the King of Bavaria?

Your American Correspondent at Bayreuth.

[Our fair correspondent accuses us of a fault that is virtually her own. She must have forgotten or mislaid several slips of her telegram, the loss of which we were compelled to supply by asterisks. *Voilà tout.* Meanwhile, from wherever she pleases to address us her communications will always be welcome.—D. T.]

Leipsic.—The Stadttheater opened on the 1st inst., under its new manager, Stägemann, with Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, preceded by a Prologue by Wilhelm Henzen, for which Richard Kleinmichel had written appropriate music. The Prologue was followed by Beethoven's overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, under the direction of Nikisch.

Bayreuth.—The *Parsifal* performances are said to be still numerously attended, despite the wretched weather. The first success is confirmed; the more the work is heard and the more familiar the public become with it, the more do they learn to appreciate it. The day before yesterday, Fischer, of Munich, conducted for the first time. The singers on this occasion were Gudehus (Parsifal), Malten (Kundry), and Siehr (Gurnemanz). On the Friday following, Jäger, as Parsifal, created a favourable impression especially by his acting. The character, however, would be very different, were Albert Niemann to undertake it.†—*Berliner Fremdenblatt, Aug. 8th.*

* Manfredo Maggioni.—Dr Blidge.

† Why then was this veteran Wagnerite, Tannhäuser of Tannhäusers, Lohengrin of Lohengrins, Tristan of Tristans, Siegmund of Siegmunds, not present to declare himself also Parsifal of Parsifals?—Dr Blidge.

UNSOLICITED FAVOUR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—I beg you to allow me to protest, through the columns of your journal, against the imposition practised by Chinese and Japanese publishers, in voluntarily sending musical newspapers without paying postage? This day my servant paid elevenpence for the postal delivery of some undesired periodical transmitted from the far Pacific. I withhold the name, as I have no wish to supply a gratuitous advertisement of the work in your columns, apologizing for troubling you, I am, Sir, A Constant Reader.

Pimlico, August 14.

[I am also troubled with such complimentary sheets. My way, however, is to tell the postman—who knows me—to call again. After perusing their contents I return them *re*gummed, with the intimation, "Not for me." My last were from Sumatra, Formosa, the Corea and North Borneo.—Dr Blidge.]

FROM AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—As I know you like to know where your wandering sheep are straying, I just send you a few lines. Aix, I am told, is the best place to get rid of one's pains—not that I am troubled with any (thank goodness). I fear I have nothing very interesting to communicate in the musical way, for since hearing Wagner's operas in London nothing astonishes me, not even A sharp against B flat, which are supposed to be the same by some folks, but are not. The Operahouse is not open. Burnart's Theatre is for opera-bouffe—*Boccaccio, Der Lustige Krieg, Madame Favart*, &c., &c. There are plenty of bands in the various gardens, and some "classical" music at the Kurhaus. The weather is very cold and wet, and people are going about with thick overcoats; I would do the same, but I brought only light clothing with me, for I have always found it very hot in Germany at this time of year. I expect to leave here early in the next week; for what place I am not decided—perhaps to Frankfort.* I hope to take Paris or Brussels on my way back. In any case, if anything is going on at either place worth your notice, you shall hear from me. H. G.

August 9, 1882.

MUSIC *v.* DRAWING OF CORKS.

In a communication published by the *Brighton Guardian*, *apropos* to the Covent Garden Concerts, our frequent and valued contributor, "Phosphor," says:—

"Now that the Floral Hall has been converted into a smoking lounge and promenade, there can be no excuse for noise in the theatre, and it behoves the conductor to do all in his power to enforce silence. In no country in Europe is so little attention paid to these matters, and if the officials and musical director allow loud talk to continue unchecked, the public will at last come to regard Messrs Jones and Barber's refreshments as the main consideration, enlivened by a little music as at ordinary dining saloons. I have had an opportunity of seeing more than one strict conductor, and can remember a memorable occasion when M. Jullien stopped the orchestra in the middle of a slow movement because there was unseemly talking in a private box. I have seen Mr Alfred Mellon and Mr Weist Hill do the same thing, rewarded by loudly expressed approval from the general audience. As I have said, let talkers and bottle openers go to the Floral Hall, for I can assert that, abroad, even the open air concerts are conducted with more propriety than those instituted in this country for the advancement of "classical" art in a theatre or music hall. Let every waiter be made to understand that it is as much as his place is worth to open a bottle *noisily* during the performance of a piece of music; between the pieces he can do what he likes. Inattention begets inattention, and frivolous chatter in the few encourages it in the many. I know that the answer to all this has been given by Dr Johnson, '*For we that live to please must please to live.*' But if a director of concerts considers that the encouragement of noise increases his receipts he is mistaken. The frivolous element is, at all times, too conspicuous, but it should not be allowed to intrude itself to the destruction of rational amusement, and music has now taken so firm a hold in England that its culture can only be advanced by making it respected by all those who enter its concert rooms."

Phosphor has more than once broached this argument on the spit of his intelligence; but he handles it with such extreme delicacy that he may broach again whenever he is in the "humour of it." D. T.

* Hotel de Russie, of course?—Dr Blidge.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 478.)

But, if not called on at the outset to fulfil his obligation as regards the composition of French operas, Cherubini was not so situated with respect to the Italian scores produced at the Théâtre de Monsieur. We know that the Italian public was never as exacting as ours about the structure and conduct of opera-librettos; they care little for the book which for them serves as a simple pretext for the music, while among us great and just importance is set upon the dramatic subject and the manner in which it is developed. These considerations did not escape the notice of the managers of the Théâtre de Monsieur, who, when they presented Italian works to their audiences, had those works, for the above reason, considerably altered. The modifications effected in the book naturally involved others in the music, and it was for this, as the composers were not present, that Cherubini was specially engaged to remodel, when requisite, the scores.* In this respect it may be said that his place was no sinecure, because, independently of the careful vigilance he devoted to the artists' study, and of the attentive way in which he superintended the rehearsals,† he wrote, in the space of three years and a half, no less than forty-three dramatic pieces or fragments. These detached compositions, which cannot have failed to be attended by certain peculiar difficulties, from the fact of their requiring great suppleness on his part, as it was necessary for him in some degree to adopt the tone of each composer and approximate to his individual style, gained him great applause and at once rendered him popular.

"M. Cherubini," said a contemporary, "already so celebrated at an age when others do not yet even think of becoming so, has remodelled several pieces of music in most of the Italian operas we have just mentioned. To the music of Paisiello, Sarti, and Cimarosa, he adds pieces which revive the vigour of those great masters, and the first composers of Italy pay homage to a genius whose superiority they acknowledge. In *L'Italiana in Londra* he has written several numbers such as, by the confession of every one, have never before been heard on any stage in Europe. Fears are entertained lest any excess of work and the fire of genius should prove injurious to his health, which is already delicate."‡

In his Memorandum-Book, Cherubini has drawn up in the most precise manner a special list of the pieces thus composed by him for the Bouffes. This list is more complete than that to be derived from the Catalogue of his works, exactly published by Bottée de Toulmon, but in which some are wanting; I think therefore, it will not be uninteresting to reproduce it here, absolutely as the master wrote it:

Catalogue of the airs and concerted pieces of my composition which I have added to different buffo operas performed at the Théâtre Feydeau from the month of November, 1789, to the month of October, 1792, when the Bouffons left Paris:—*La Molinarella* (Paisiello). Two airs for Mdme Raffanelli; two airs for M. Mandini; an air for M. Viganoni; an air for Mdme Mandini; an air for M. Scalzi; and the final chorus.—*Il Fanatico burlato* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Galli.—*La Pastorella nobile* (Guglielmi). An air for Mdme Mandini.—*La Grotta di Trofonio* (Salieri). A duet; an air for Mdlle Balletti.—*Le Gelosie villane* (Sarti). The allegro of an air for Mdlle Balletti.—*Le Due Gemelle* (Guglielmi). An air for M. Viganoni; an air for Mdme Barchielli.—*La Frascatana* (Paisiello). An air for M. Mengozzi; an air for Mdlle Nebel.—*I Viaggiatori Felici* (by different authors).—A quartet; an air for M. Viganoni; the end of the last finale; the allegro of an air for Mdme Morichelli.—*L'Italiana in Londra* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Mandini; three airs for M. Viganoni; a trio; an obbligato recitative.—*La bella Pescatrice* (Guglielmi). The allegro of an air for Mdlle Balletti.—*Il Tamburo notturno* (Paisiello). An air for Mdme Mandini; an air for M. Mandini.—*Il Burbero di buon cuore* (Martini). An air for M. Scalzi.—*Le Vendemmie* (Gazzaniga). The end of a sestet.—*Il finto Cieco* (Gazzaniga). The end of a duet.—*Don Giovanni* (Gazzaniga). A quartet.—*La Cosa rara* (Martini). An obbligato recitative and air for M. Simoni.—*La Locandiera* (Salieri). A duet; a trio; four airs for M. Viganoni.—*Giannina e Bernadone* (Cimarosa). An air for Mdme Morichelli.*

Cherubini did not, therefore, waste his time at the Théâtre de Monsieur. He found means to distinguish himself and gain applause there, and, by the successes which he shared with the masters of the Grand Italian School whose collaborator he became, led up to those that he was soon to achieve alone, when, transforming his talent, he applied it to works written in the French language. We must here emphasize the breadth and suppleness of his artistic aims and the rectitude of his judgment at the same time as the flexibility he could, when circumstances required it, impart to his style and inspiration. Purely Italian with Italians, he saw that, directly he resolved to write again for the French stage, he must adopt once more the ideas which served to guide him in his first attempt with *Démophon* and follow principles which, if they did not make him seek a system of æsthetics absolutely new as regards the lyric drama, caused him at any rate to establish a close, logical, and intimate connection between the dramatic subject and the character of the music intended to support it. We find no small matter for astonishment in this remarkable work of the intellect, in this double object on the part of a young artist, who, following in the same order of production two distinct currents, exerts himself to manifest his individuality in two different manners and succeeds in bending his genius to the exigencies of both. Raoul Rochette has characterised very clearly the effect of this intellectual process on Cherubini.

". . . . The Bouffons, as people then termed them, were installed in a kind of hole called the Théâtre de la Foire Saint-Germain, and also gave some performances at the Court Theatre in the Tuileries.† It was there that, aided by such accomplished singers as Viganoni, Mandini, and Mdme Morichelli, as well as by that excellent actor, Raffanelli, and thanks to the care bestowed on everything connected with the chorus and the accompaniment, M. Cherubini rendered France familiar with the best operas of Anfossi, Paisiello, Guglielmi, and Cimarosa, adding in most instances pieces of his own composition, which, bearing the stamp of superior talent, excited general admiration. People still recollect in Paris the enthusiasm excited by the delicious quartet, 'Cara, da voi dipende,' inserted in the *Viaggiatori felici;* by another quartet, equally meritorious but of a different character, interpolated in Gazzaniga's *Don Juan;* and by the charming trio, 'Son tre, sei, nove,' added to Cimarosa's *Italiana in Londra*. Thus, at the same time that he was working on a grand French opera, *Marguerite d'Anjou*, in the new style he wanted to introduce on our stage, M. Cherubini proved himself a worthy rival of the masters of the Italian theatre on their ground; he contended with Cimarosa, Paisiello, and Guglielmi, in the special style of each, and, while exhibiting the melodic wealth and vocal abundance which characterized their school, and which in him were combined with a purity of superior style, he was distinguished from them by a larger employment of harmonic resources and instrumental effects, which announced a thorough musical revolution. In all the history of the art, there is not, perhaps, another example of a composer's writing, at one and the same time, in two different manners and passing with equal success from one theatre to another, an Italian at the Foire Saint-Germain and a Frenchman at the Tuileries, an emulator of Cimarosa in a corner of Paris and the creator of French opera at the Feydeau."‡

For the space of two years and a half Cherubini went on familiarizing himself with the French public and rendering his name very advantageously known by pieces which he wrote for Italian operas, and which, always received with the greatest favour,

* An Italian poet named Andrei was specially attached to the Théâtre de Monsieur with a view to make these alterations in the librettos just as Cherubini was engaged to touch up and complete the scores.

† "M. Cherubini himself superintended the getting up of the works, and it is as much to his advice and wise severity as to the talent of the virtuosos that we owe the perfect execution distinguishing this incomparable company, of whom only an imperfect idea has been given by aught afterwards." (Choron and Fayolle: *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens.* Paris, 1810.)

‡ *Almanach général des Spectacles*, 1791.

* This last work was not performed.

† This is an error, for these two houses figured as the Théâtre de Monsieur only successively, and not simultaneously.

‡ *Notice historique sur la vie et les ouvrages de M. Cherubini*, by Raoul Rochette, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts.—The last phrase, evidently written with the object of giving a little movement and picturesqueness to the narrative, repeats the error contained in the opening lines. The fact is that, at this period, Cherubini worked exclusively for the Théâtre de Monsieur, which he followed to the three houses where it was in turn located. Having said thus much, I must remark that Raoul Rochette, who was not, to my knowledge, a musician, must have been assisted by the opinion of some competent person, characterizing as he does the double tendencies of Cherubini at this moment of his career. I am very much mistaken if Halévy was completely a stranger to this interesting passage in Raoul Rochette's notice.

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were sometimes, as we have seen, greeted with absolute enthusiasm. We will now judge of the effect of his first steps on the French style at the Théâtre de Monsieur, where he had previously written only in the Italian style.

(To be continued.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD ON INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"I have a passion for instrumental music. A grand orchestra fills my mind with ideas; I forget everything in the stream of invention. The effect of music upon the faculty of invention is a subject on which I have long curiously observed and deeply meditated. It is a finer prelude to creation than to execution. It is well to meditate upon a subject under the influence of music, but to execute we should be alone, and supported only by our essential and internal strength. Were I writing, music would produce the same effect upon me as wine. I should for a moment feel an unnatural energy and fire, but, in a few minutes, I should discover that I shadowed forth only phantoms; my power of expression would die away, and my pen would fall upon the insipid and lifeless page. The greatest advantage that a writer can derive from music is, that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development. It is in remarking the varying recurrence of a great composer to the same theme that a poet may learn how to dwell upon the phases of a passion, how to exhibit a mood of mind under all its alternations, and gradually to pour forth the full tide of feeling.—(*Contarini Fleming*, Part 3rd, Chap. 8th. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. 1831-2.)

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In Pencerdd Gwffyn's admirable article on "Park Music," in the *Musical World* of August 12th, the following occurs:—"They (the leaders of the society) are at this moment busily engaged in working out plans for the better education of music professors, whose occupation will be teaching the upper and middle classes." Is this to be understood as irony?* If not, may I be informed since when is it that the "upper and middle classes" have exhausted the stock of teaching supplied by the present race of music professors?—Yours faithfully,

ENQUIRER.

[* It has been a stringent rule of long standing with the *Musical World* that no writer can be engaged as a member of its staff unless, among other endowments, he possesses that of irony. The purely satirical gift is not indispensable.—D. T.]

BAVENO (Lago Maggiore).—A correspondent from Milan writes:—"Being at Milan I took a short trip to Baveno, and there I found at the hotel a goodly company, including Mr and Mrs Maas, Mr Ball (brother to Mrs Maas), Mr Santley, with his son Michael, and, last not least, Mr Charles Lyall. I was just in time for a *matinée musicale* at the Villa Clara (Henfrey's—where Queen Victoria was residing when the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany paid Her Majesty a visit). The performers were Santley, Maas, and Lyall, Mrs Lyall holding, with great ability, the position of accompanist and solo player on the pianoforte. This display of exclusively English talent appeared somewhat to astonish the natives; the artists were applauded without stint. The *matinée* was a great success, and I was well repaid for my trip. I only wish the Commendatore Francesco Schira had been with me, instead of sunning himself in the day and mooning himself in the night, day after day and night after night, at the café near the Cathedral, or the hotel of the Anchor. By the way, the Lago Maggiore resounds with the preparations for the approaching Birmingham Festival.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The forthcoming festival promises to be of more than ordinary interest. The committee have wisely determined to revive the oratorio *Abraham*, by Bernard Molique, which, when produced at Birmingham some twenty years ago, was received with great favour, both on account of the brightness of its melodies and the cleverness of its orchestration. They have also done well in according a place in the programme to Dr Garrett's sacred cantata, *The Shunamite*. The effective representation of all the music is secured by the engagement of a fine band, led by Mr Carrodus; by a chorus the nucleus of which is formed by the choir from Bradford; and by a staff of vocalists comprising Mesdames Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs Boyle, F. King, and Santley.—*Times, August 18th.*

WAIFS.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred on Mdme Pauline Lucca the Gold Cross for Merit with the Crown, and Baron von Hofmann, Intendant-General, himself presented it to her.

BALFE'S POSTHUMOUS SACRED WORK.—The movements from a sacred composition left unfinished by Michael William Balfe, which are to be performed at Westminster Abbey on the 20th October, when the tablet erected to his memory is uncovered, comprises a "Gratias agimus," in the key of B flat; a "Sanctus," in the minor of the same key; and an "Agnus Dei," in F major. Having had an opportunity of perusing the score of each, we can testify to the genuine merits of these excerpts left us by our popular countryman, and only regret that a work promising so well should not have been completed. They have been adapted and edited by Mr W. A. Barrett, who in the cause of Balfe is indefatigable.—*Graphic.*

Joachim has been appointed *Capellmeister* of the Royal Academy of Arts, Berlin.

Emma Thursby and her director, Maurice Strakosch, have returned from Mont Dore, Puy-de-Dôme. The charming young American lady, "la Patti des concerts," as she is frequently styled, will, on no consideration, go on the stage.

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.—Mr Hugh Brooksbank, Mus. B., Oxon., has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Llandaff organist and choirmaster of the Cathedral, in succession to Mr C. L. Williams, now organist of Gloucester Cathedral. Mr Brooksbank was trained under Sir George Elvey at St George's Chapel, Windsor, and was afterwards assistant to Dr Keeton, organist of Peterborough Cathedral. He is now organist and choirmaster at St Alban's, Birmingham, and has been chosen by the authorities of Llandaff Cathedral out of about a hundred candidates.

Mad. Théo embarked on the 12th inst. for America.

Mrs F. B. Jewson and family are at St Leonard's-on-Sea.

How to serve a dinner.—Eat it.—(O Jupiter!—Dr Blitge.)

Mad. Galli-Marié is taking a holiday at Bourbonne-les-Bains.

Gialdino Gialdini is writing an opera entitled *Le Metamorfosi.*

The Teatro Nicolini, Florence, will be opened in October for opera.

A new theatre, the Arena Garibaldi, has been erected in Parma.

Carlo Gomez is writing the music of a new opera, *Leona*, book by Paravicini.

The project of having German opera in Warsaw has been abandoned.

Terese Singer is said to be engaged for the approaching season at the Scala, Milan.

Mr F. B. Jewson has gone to pass the vacation at his favourite resort, Ramsgate.

The Theatre Royal, Dresden, reopened on the 30th ult. with Goldmark's *Königin von Saba.*

The proprietors of the Liceo, Barcelona, have voted, by a large majority, the closing of that theatre.

Twenty musical bands took part in the civic procession got up at Buenos-Ayres in honour of Garibaldi.

Mierzwinsky, the tenor, is engaged for America, for the consideration, it is said, of 4,000 dollars a month.

Anton Rubinstein will direct the concerts of the Imperial Russian Society of Music this year at St Petersburgh.

Luigi Ravelli, the tenor, returned from America, is staying at Consdorff, in the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.

Carl Davidoff, the well-known Russian violoncellist, is projecting an extended autumn concert-tour in Germany and Austria.

A new comico-romantic opera, *Manon*, by Richard Kleinmichel, is to be produced in Hamburgh at the beginning of next year.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will re-open with *Robert le Diable*, to be followed at no very distant date by *Jean de Nivelle.*

The Emperor of Germany has conferred the Order of the Crown (third class) on Herr Chronegk, of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen.

M. Nicot, the "tenorino," and his wife, *née* Bilbaut-Vauchelet, have returned from Switzerland, where they spent the month of July.

A bust of Lassalle, in *Guillaume Tell*, will shortly be placed in the Museum of the Grand Opera, Paris. The sculptor is M. Le Quesne.

The "Patrons" and "Patronesses" of the Bayreuth performances number 1,368, among them being thirty-one Englishmen and seven Italians. (Total of these contingencies, thirty-eight. Add one Scotchman—thirty-nine.—Dr Blitge.)

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Lanardini is translating the book of Wagner's *Parsifal* into Italian. (Arrigo Boïto should have been entrusted with the task.—Dr Blinge.)

Theodor Wachtel begins on the 16th a long engagement at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. (With the *Postillon de Longjumeau?* Dr Blinge.)

Mrs Langtry will appear on the 30th October at the Park Theatre, New York, and on the 4th December at the Globe Theatre, Boston, U.S.

The Musical Congress which was to have been held this summer in Bologna has been postponed till 1884, when the centenary of Father Martini will be celebrated.

The Teatro Santa Radegonda, Milan, has been purchased by the Electric Light Company, who will turn it into workshops for the generation and distribution of electricity.—*Graphic.*

Franz Abt, who has been ill, intends ere long going to Paris. After a short stay there, he will return to Brunswick, and late in the autumn, take up his permanent abode at Wiesbaden.

The Prefect of the Seine has, in the name of the Municipal Council, presented M. Jules Cohen with a large gold medal, in recognition of the manner in which he organized and directed the musical festival at the Paris Hôtel de Ville on the 13th ult.

Marcella Sembrich is at Anextein, near the Lake of Lucerne, studying Ophelia, Mignon, and Francesca de Rimini. She will next month visit Paris, for the purpose of profiting by M. Ambroise Thomas's suggestions as to her rendering of the three characters.

CARDIGAN.—The triennial musical festival, under the auspices of the Cardigan Archdeaconry Church Choral Union, was held at St Mary's Church on Wednesday, August 9th, and proved a decided success, the proficiency of the singing being considered fully equal to the days when the same choirs were "*bâtoned*" by "Eos Llechyd." On this occasion the conductorship was entrusted to the Rev Henry Jones, rector of Manordeifi, the last time (owing to advance of age) he was likely to undertake that responsible task. The choirs (over 450 voices) comprised those of St Mary's (Cardigan), St Dogmael's, Cilgerran, Llandugwydd, Llangoodmore, Moylgrove, Newquay, Aberporth, Blaenporth, Tremain, Eglwyswrw, Newport, Nevern, Manordeifi, Llechryd, Capel Colman, Mount, Ferwig, Llanfihangel-Pembedw, Whitechurch, &c. Some thirty clergymen were present.—*Western Mail, Aug.* 12.

THE NEW LAW ON MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.—The Act to amend the law of copyright relating to musical compositions, and to protect the public from vexatious proceedings for the recovery of penalties for the unauthorised performance of the same, has just been issued. On and after the passing of the Act the proprietor of the copyright in any musical composition, or his assignee, who shall be entitled and desirous to retain in his own hands exclusively the right of public representation or performance of the same, shall print or cause to be printed upon the title-page of every published copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved. There is a provision, when the right of performance and when the copyright are vested in different owners, but a penalty of £20 to be recovered from the owner of the copyright for non-compliance with notice from the owner of the right of performance. By a special provision as to costs, where not more than 40s. are recovered, the same is to vest in the discretion of the Court.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, August* 19, 1882.

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VOL. 60.—No. 34. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 509.)

I cannot say that Wagner has been forced upon me since I crossed the German frontier. In England the notion is popular that the Bayreuth master bestrides his fatherland like a Colossus, and that other composers merely creep in and out his huge legs on sufferance. The street bands, my countrymen suppose, would play Wagner, if the Germans tolerated amongst themselves the sort of performance they inflict so plentifully upon us; while *café* concerts, garden concerts, and theatres of all kinds minister to the rage for "future-music." Let me assure my countrymen that they are quite in the wrong. I have made it my business to hunt Wagner in all sorts of likely places, and have not once run him down. At the Frankfort Opera House they were playing *Carmen*, at Dresden the *Rigoletto* of Verdi, with the *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini for a change. Imagine these Italians in a centre of Teutonic sweetness and light! Yet, there they were, and nobody flung mud at them, nobody quoted *Opera and Drama* to show that the whole thing was detestable, or rushed away with stopped ears and voluble protest. On the contrary, Verdi never had a more attentive and seemingly gratified audience than the Dresdeners, who crowded their beautiful new theatre and applauded his melodious strains. *Rigoletto* was performed carefully and well, there being in the representation nothing whatever of a slipshod character. The orchestra did its work capitally; the chorus deserved admiration from first to last, and the *mise-en-scène* could scarcely have been more complete in its details. *Àpropos*, the interior of the Duke of Mantua's palace did not suggest that the broker had recently been in and swept away all but a table and two chairs. The saloon in which Rigoletto met his daughter after her abduction was actually a furnished apartment, made splendid by a show of plate that would do honour to a London guild. It may be said that the Dresden theatre is a Court establishment. That is so; but if a subventioned house can furnish its stage properly, charging no more than three shillings for an orchestra stall, a house without subvention, but charging eight times three shillings, might, by an effort, succeed in keeping the broker out of one's thoughts. The leading artists in *Rigoletto* were all better than tolerable; some were even excellent, notably Herr Bulos, whose impersonation of the Jester lacked nothing of rugged power and pathos. This gentleman has a fine baritone voice, extensive in range and pure in quality. He should be heard in England, where appreciation certainly awaits him. A word might be said, also, for Frau Schuch (Gilda) and Herr Reise (Duke); but of individual talent we know enough at home. The distinctive merit of this Italian-opera performance lay in its artistic spirit and thorough completeness. Nothing was "scamped"; no character seemed to be played under protest by an injured artist, nor was the smallest detail sacrificed to personal considerations. Moreover, the stage appeared well disciplined. Applause while the curtain remained up passed utterly unnoticed; nor from first to last did the performers betray a consciousness that they had an audience across the footlights. Under these conditions, my old friend *Rigoletto* put on a new face, and I found myself regarding it with more than the intermitting attention which is all that the work can command at home. For those who do not care to spend summer evenings in a theatre, but who, nevertheless, demand music, Dresden provides a nightly concert at the Belvedere Restaurant, a pleasant place overlooking the Elbe. The good Saxon burghers affect the Belvedere greatly, and take out in sweet sounds quite the worth of the sixpence they pay for admission. Such an opportunity of cheap and decorous enjoyment Londoners will never have till the English capital is more strictly policed, but Dresden finds no difficulty in controlling the objectionable elements of society and protecting the comfort of respectable people. That the frequenters of the Belvedere go to hear music as well as to eat and drink, their silent attention proves. It is an unwritten law of the place that the tap of the conductor's stick hushes all sounds among the audience. On the other hand, the music is worth hearing and fairly well rendered by a complete orchestra.

Vocal pieces do not enter into the programme, but a moderate allowance of dance music gratifies lighter tastes, while more solid wants are supplied by overtures and even symphonies. The Belvedere selections may, no doubt, be taken as showing which way the musical wind blows in Dresden. On this evidence, France has reason to congratulate herself, since French composers, with their easy grace and ready tunefulness are well to the front. On a recent occasion, for example, Bizet, Thomas, Saint-Säens, and Adolphe Adam, delighted the citizens, who as may be supposed, heard their own Handel, Beethoven, and Weber, with profound attention. And Wagner? The Bayreuth master was nowhere. Dresden, it appears, is not one of his strongholds; indeed, something like a condition of war exists between his Majesty of Saxony and his Potentiality of Bayreuth. Wagner, it is said, will not permit his later works to be produced in the Hoftheater until royalty has been paid on the performances of his earlier operas. The King on his part, finding that the Hoftheater can exist without Wagner, refuses to come to terms; hence there is a permanent rupture of diplomatic relations between the two powers. Dresden, I am bound to say, appears quite content. It was rushing like one man to hear *Carmen* the other night, untroubled by separation from the sweet simplicity of the *Nibelung's Ring*, and the delightful innocence of *Tristan und Isolde*, while from the height of his pedestal the composer of *Der Freyschütz* looked approvingly on.

Weber, as every amateur of his music knows, lies in the Catholic cemetery of Dresden, whither his body was removed from the vaults of the pro-Cathedral, Moorfields, some years after his death. A musical pilgrim must needs visit the grave of so renowned a master, and finds it unworthy of his fame. The burial-ground lies at the back of some mean-looking houses in a suburban street, and is as ill-kept as though no one ever cared for its tenants. Rank grass grows long on and about the graves, smothering the flowers planted by loving hands, while the general appearance of the place is that of gross neglect. It will be "secularised," I am told, and probably built over in a few years, the families of the dead having already received notice to secure space for the remains, if they so please, in a new cemetery. Another removal, therefore, awaits Weber, who meanwhile reposes, like Beethoven and Schubert at Währing, close to the boundary wall. A small enclosure, with a heavy vault stone and a tablet bearing a simple record of name and date, marks the spot. With him rest his wife and son, and over all three droop the branches of a willow. Very little care seems to be taken of the grave. Not a flower blooms near it, and when I visited the spot a few decayed wreaths were all the signs of homage that appeared. Not far from Weber rests Kapellmeister Krebs, father of Marie Krebs, the eminent pianist, himself eminent by position and acquirements. In his case all that love and admiration can do has been done to honour departed worth.

Here in Leipsic the musical wanderer finds little to prolong his stay. The Conservatorium is shut, and its pupils scattered; the doors of the Gewandhaus are closed, and only an occasional opera at the Stadttheather supports the musical character of the place. Wagner has again evaded me, even the mild display that *Lohengrin* makes being denied through the illness of an artist. Instead of *Lohengrin* the management put up *Die Zauberflöte*, and the town filled the house with Mozart's admirers, who sat open-mouthed at the feet of the great Master. Here was, indeed, the triumph of music and of executive skill that, as far as concerned the orchestra, left nothing to wish for. Listening to *Die Zauberflöte*, in the city of Sebastian Bach and Felix Mendelssohn, was like looking at the Pyramids as they rise from among shifting sand hillocks. It conveyed a sense of abidingness and solidity as well as loftiness and grandeur. This art will not pass away, though there may be raging and the imagining of vain things against it.—*D. T.*

TRIESTE.—The Politeama-Rossetti opens with Verdi's *Nabucco*. There are to be sixty performances during the season, the repertory including ten operas and the ballet *Excelsior*. Mdme Wilt will be a member of the company.

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THE MEETING OF CHOIRS AT HAMBURG.

Hamburg, August 13th.

Our typical John Bull, arrving here on any one of the last three days, had a sight to see and a problem to solve. The sight was Hamburg in holiday dress—flags everywhere, inscriptions of welcome by the hundred, streets gay with evergreens, Venetian masts and banners, on all hands brightness and colour. The problem was—What does it mean? And if Mr Bull troubled himself to guess at a solution he no doubt thought of Royalty, or, perhaps, the opening of some new docks. It certainly never occurred to his mind that art had anything to do with so much popular rejoicing. Imagine the Englishman's contemptuous snort at the idea of the thing. "What! all this time, trouble, and expense devoted to the celebration of a mere musical festival. Has Hamburg gone mad?" At any rate, the madness of the place is not likely to affect Mr Bull. His seaports do not concern themselves about musical festivals, as was proved a few years ago when enthusiastic souls made an experiment at Liverpool, and saw no reason to repeat it. But the Englishman's astonishment at the present aspect of the North German town has a measure of reason on its side. It is natural that a melancholy place like Bayreuth should welcome any chance of brightening itself up a little, and one cannot suppose that the citizens of a deadly lively town such as Würzburg make much sacrifice when they devote some hours to dressing their streets. Hamburg, on the contrary, is a busy place that puts a heavy strain on life and regards time as money. Yet the festival demonstrations are universal. The stateliest places of business take part in them; the houses of merchant princes are bright with flags; the dwellers in the poorest streets contrive at least a festoon of greenery. There is no smoke without fire, and at the bottom of all this must be some sentiment which we English do not possess. The desirableness of making it ours, unfortunately, lies beyond the range of practical questions. "The old order changeth," we are told, "and giveth place to new," but English popular enthusiasm about a matter of art is not likely to appear yet awhile.

This is the third occasion on which the "German Singers' Union"—a comparatively youthful body—has kept festival in Hamburg, the choice of place being determined, no doubt, by its power of accommodating a large gathering, and by the possession of a suitable hall. The Union itself is made up of a number of affiliated societies, no fewer than fifty of which are represented here at the present moment. These have come from Berlin, Bavaria, Bohemia, Franconia, Frankfort, Saxony, Mecklenburg, Lower Austria, Thuringia, the Rhine, Schleswig, and, indeed, from nearly every important section of the Empire, as well as from neighbouring countries in which Germans abound. The members, I need hardly say, are all males, Germany not yet having emancipated woman so far as to allow her to be heard on these occasions and in such association. Obviously, the restriction to men's voices lessens the value of the musical work done, not only because it limits the available repertory, but makes inevitable a monotony of effect. The question is one, however, into which other considerations enter than those of an artistic nature, and the German societies must be taken as the national feeling chooses to present them. Into the details of their organization I need not enter. Enough that, in view of the periodical gathering, a programme is determined upon; prepared by the societies separately, under the general direction of the Bundeschormeister, Herr Franz Schmid, Munich, and finally rehearsed *en masse* at the place of meeting. In this manner the works performed by 7,000 singers last Friday and yesterday were prepared.

The first day of the Festival (Thursday) was devoted to receiving the visiting societies at the railway stations, and to business arrangements of all kinds, but on the following morning real work began with a rehearsal for the concert which took place in the evening. As to what was done I am able to speak from the general programme, but with regard to the manner of its doing I am perforce silent, every ticket having been sold before my arrival in the town. The selection, which opened with Beethoven's rarely-heard chorus for voices and orchestra, "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur," continued, as to its first part, with the overture to *Euryanthe*, arranged for wind instruments, and a number of vocal pieces, some unaccompanied, by Lachner, Kreutzer, Marschner, Schumann, and Reinthaler. In the second part were Max Bruch's *Salamis*, Schubert's *Night Song in the Forest*, a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Œdipus*, and the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*. The character of these pieces has a significance which the thoughtful reader will not overlook. It shows that the artistic range of the societies is a high one, and that, even when mustered in overwhelming and, as might be supposed, unmanageable numbers, classical music of some difficulty is not thought beyond their means. Hereupon, more presently, when I come to speak of the second concert. Meanwhile, attention is due to the extraordinary scene around the Festival Hall, a huge cruciform edifice of brick, iron, and glass, situated in an open space near the Zoological Gardens. The whole of the ground is roughly enclosed for the occasion, and accessible only to those who pay for the privilege. An enormous crowd having done this, are satisfied to do no more, since the noise of the 7,000 voices inside the building spreads far and wide. Quite as numerous as the audience proper are the outer-court worshippers, and quite as hearty as the applause within is that which rises unimpeded to the "welkin." But it must be said that the devotees of music on the cheap find economy not free from drawbacks. Alas for them! the enclosure is fringed with gigantic refreshment booths, and beer-drinking goes on all the time with a full measure of the earnestness and steady application that distinguish Germans. It may be doubted whether a man, not actually bent upon the deed, could evolve boisterousness from such liquid as is served out here. But doubt cannot exist in view of Teutonic capacity for imbibing. We all remember the aged female to whose tea-drinking achievements the attention of Mr Weller, senior, was drawn at the famous Brick Lane meeting. Said that alarmed gentleman to his son, "She is swellin' wisibly afore my werry eyes." Here there must be a general "swellin' wisibly," and a curious investigator might calculate, upon the basis of so much beer consumed, the increase in the cubic human contents of the enclosure. But we find it more to the purpose that the convivial souls take to cheering, and, when a German crowd does this, it is, in a figurative sense, "all up." Englishmen are not backward wish the national "Hurrah," but their Teutonic cousins—under certain provocation more sentimental and effusive—seem possessed by the very demon of noise. At the same time, those who try to hear the music and those who try to drown it are alike wonderfully good humoured, and the hours run merrily on. The hours are many, by the way. German custom in the matter of "early to bed" yields to the joyousness of such an occasion, and everybody makes a night of it. Will it be credited that there is an instrumental concert in the enclosure after the vocal performance in the hall has ended? and that it is one o'clock a.m. before the officials clear the place and shut the gates? At what hour Hamburg streets become decorously silent I am afraid to say.

Yesterday was the great day of the feast, because of the procession, without which no such gathering as this would be complete. The morning was brilliant, and the noon-tide blazing; all Hamburg was full of colour, and multitudes of people crowded the streets in the route laid down. A more animated spectacle cannot be imagined, but the English eye missed certain features familiar to it on like occasions at home. For instance, hardly any police were visible. From my place of 'vantage, I saw but one helmeted minion of the law, and he seemed bored at having to play such an obviously superfluous part. The real matter was that the "rough"—who exists in Hamburg, I suppose, as elsewhere—did not find the ceremony to his taste, and preferred hanging about the docks. In good sooth, the crowd was over-decorous; wanting life and humour, and having too much patience. It might have been waiting for a funeral. Meanwhile the huge procession was getting itself into order—that is to say, into four columns, which, assembling at as many different points, marched to the general rendezvous. The military training of the men may have been of service in this process, but assuredly they were handled well, the vast parade being formed without let or hindrance of any kind. An idea of the defile will be conveyed when I state that it took an hour and three-quarters to pass in fours. The first column comprised ten societies; the second, thirteen; the third, twenty-three; and the last, five; while fourteen "musikkorps" gave the step to the marching throng. Here, indeed, was the apotheosis of the German band, which rent the air with its noises, and was altogether worthy of the exported article so painfully familiar in the "quiet" streets of London. But the procession did not depend solely upon brass instruments for music. Now and then a society burst into song, while at the slightest demonstration from the onlookers a roar of responsive cheers would pass down the line. That the sight was picturesque cannot be denied; above all in the quaint Steinstrasse, that relic of old Hamburg, with its curiously-gabled houses. The venerable street had been profusely decorated, and as the countless banners of the societies passed down between the throngs of onlookers the scene was charming. Want of variety in the procession itself made the defile monotonous after an hour or so, and, I am sorry to say, the behaviour of many who took part infused into it an element that was both ridiculous and degrading. There is no essential connection between a musical festival and "tomfoolery;" yet not a few of the processionists might have been returning from the Derby, judging by their silly conduct. Some sported Japanese umbrellas and fans; others carried umbrellas of the ordinary size, but blazing with crimson and yellow stripes; others had decorated their persons with a profusion of evergreen wreaths;

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here and there a fancy costume was visible; while nine out of ten of the singers gave more or less absurd yet convincing proof that the whole affair was one *pour rire*. I could not possibly recognize these shouting, gesticulating, bedizened processionists in the earnest and musical throng which assembled on the orchestra later in the day. But there is a strong element of childishness in the German nature, and it will come out when occasion offers.

The march of the 7,000 ended at the Festival Hall, or, rather, at the refreshment booths around it; and when the array broke up wonderful was the consumption of beer; for the route had been long, the sun brilliant, and the heat tremendous. I am afraid that some of the weary ones never reached the platform that evening; nevertheless, a multitude answered the call of the trumpets, taking their places in front of an audience that crammed the building and must have numbered many thousands. The arrangements for the singers and orchestra (wind instruments only) were not of the best, much effect being lost both to ear and eye through placing them on a level instead of in a raised gallery. However, with 7,000 voices one can afford to sacrifice something for the sake of convenience or economy. After a long delay, borne with exemplary patience even by those upon whom the sun blazed through unshaded windows, Professor von Bernuth, of Hamburg, ascended the conductor's rostrum—it was high enough to deserve the name of tower—and conducted the performance of a hymn, "Dem Hernn," by Fischer. The plain and simple composition exactly suited so large a choir, and was given with grand and sonorous effect, the voices of the first tenors and second basses thus early distinguishing themselves by excellence of tone. A long speech by the chosen orator of the visiting societies followed, in recognition of Hamburg's hospitality, then a telegram of congratulation and good wishes from Kaiser Wilhelm was read amid enthusiastic applause, and then the musical performance began in good earnest. It included some distinctive compositions of the modern German type, and hardly an example of the melodious part-song once in favour on such occasions. National ruggedness and force seem to be asserting themselves even in this comparatively humble branch of art, and were certainly instanced yesterday by Brahms' "Gebt Acht," and Max Bruch's "Lied der Stadt." Into these compositions what we know by the name of melody hardly enters as an element of effect, reliance being placed upon bold harmonies, and a certain characteristic harshness of outline. This may be profoundly German, and, if so, Germans cannot be blamed for loving it. At the same time, national feeling must take care not to insist upon a form of musical "protection." We all know what the importation of Italian art did for German music in the eighteenth century. Is its softening and refining influence to be altogether destroyed by modern Germanism? If so, so much the worse for Teutonic music, already dominated by idealism rather than feeling, and verging upon the unintelligible. With the pieces above named were given Kreutzer's "An das Vaterland," two over-elaborated choral songs from Hiller's *Edda*, Attenhofer's "Abendfeier," Rietz's "Im grünen Wald," and Mendelssohn's "Wasserfahrt." The last-mentioned was about the best sung, and its grace and tenderness stood out in charming relief against the prevailing ruggedness of style. A beautiful Finnish *volkslied*, "Suomi's Song," should also be mentioned with warm approval as a fine example of plaintive northern melody. With regard to the execution of these pieces I can only speak in terms of modified praise, while making all allowance for the dimensions of the choir and its want of opportunities for general rehearsal. As a rule, the singers kept together well, but their intonation was sometimes anything save agreeable. In one instance certain sections of the chorus had got into a different key, and, unable to hear the rest, persevered to the end of the verse with an effect of the most original, if not the most pleasing character. At another time a breakdown occurred and a fresh attempt had to be made. As a matter of fact, many of the selections were too difficult for the singers under the circumstances in which they found themselves placed, notwithstanding the support derived from a powerful orchestra. Simpler pieces are required, and only such can serve for a full display of the vocal resources at command. This fact had ample demonstration yesterday; the less elaborate compositions giving confidence to the performers and coming out with amazing grandeur. On the whole, I felt disappointed with what I heard. In no respect was the singing better than that of our own choirs when assembled in large masses, while as a demonstration of amateur culture and executive ability it could not be named in the same day with a Handel Festival performance at the Crystal Palace. I should add that the wind band played Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* capitally.

To-day the societies have made excursions on the Elbe, and at the moment of writing a concert is being given in the Festival enclosure. To-morrow the singers return to their homes.—*D. T.*

SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.

(From the Edinburgh "Evening Express.")

Scotland was declared by Beethoven to possess exquisite ballad music; and, charmed by piquant rhythm and plaintive harmonies, Mendelssohn modelled his admirable *Scotch Symphony* and his *Isles of Fingal* in imitation of the vagaries of our national lyrics. And yet, despite what is but the outcome of our fervent nature, the critics and musicians of all lands mingle their voices in one cry: "Scotland is essentially unmusical; neither encouragement nor aid is given to its native artists; and when a star arises in their midst, his brilliance soon perishes beneath frigidity of welcome, nay, even by neglect." It would be invidious for any writer, possessed of the smallest amount of knowledge on the subject, to attempt to deny what is only too true an indictment of the characteristic failing, not only of Scotland, but of Great Britain itself. "The English," says a writer on latter-day music in England, "are not a musical people, and the English are not an artistic people. But the English are more artistic than musical; that is to say, they have produced better painters than musicians. A country is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves composers and painters." And again, we have pointed out to us the cure of our mental blindness. "This will be so until music is felt here, as it is felt in Germany, to be a kind of necessity—to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither—a need as of light, and air, and fire." London, indeed, revels in a wealth of harmony, of which we only catch the refrain, dispensed by fragments of alien orchestras or by wandering musicians, who are listened to in the provinces by crowded audiences, less from any innate love of music in the listener than because the amusement is fashionable. Nor do we indite so grave a charge without having weighed it well. Provincial fashion deserted Mdme Sophie Menter in her recent tour through the principal cities of the kingdom, and it was only after the performance of Liszt's pupil had become an absorbing topic of conversation in artistic circles that her concerts were flooded by brilliant audiences. The delightful orchestral feasts which Mr Manns spreads before us each winter have proved factors in the propagation of a love for music in Scotland, but perhaps the most direct incentive to the study was given by the foundation of the Reid Chair in the University of Edinburgh, which alone, out of our four academic seats, possesses a Professor of Music. The death of Donaldson in 1865 deprived our University of an eminent professor, and the breach thus caused in the academic circle was well filled when Mr Oakeley, then scarcely known to fame, was summoned from the congenial haunts of the art-student in Germany to the more rugged and less musical Scotland. The influence which he has shed throughout artistic circles in this country is shown by the golden fruit which his teachings and admonitions have succeeded in ripening. In school and college, at home and abroad, the sunshine of his presence is felt, and some struggling musicians have been ushered by his aid over the threshold of fame.

In the pleasant village of Ealing, situated about five miles from London, and near Brentford,—where Japhet set out on his historic search after a parent,—Herbert S. Oakeley was born. Sprung from an ancient English house, his father being Sir Herbert Oakeley, Bart., he yet had the purest Scottish blood in his veins, for his mother was a daughter of Lord Charles Murray, son of the third Duke of Athole. Childhood seems to have revealed unusual aural gifts in our hero, young Oakeley being declared to possess a musical notation within his brain. A favourite amusement consisted in his standing with eyes turned from a musical instrument while some one in sudden surprise would touch a note, the vibrations of which had scarcely ceased ere its name was pronounced by the child. Later, amidst the shadows of the Old Church the boy would linger for many an hour, throwing all his soul and passion into the divine harmonies of those great masters of his art whom he has followed with faithful footsteps during his life. On being sent to Rugby, where stern realities of life now commenced to open before him, young Oakeley had to yield the delightful visions of earlier days, and perforce had to devote his energies to a systematic acquisition of knowledge. And yet many an opportunity was found for playing on piano and organ, and he was at once the wonder and boast of his schoolmates and friends. A host in himself, he aroused a love for music which grew with every year he remained at school. It would be with many regrets that he left the famous school, with its memories and traditions, but he was now destined to enter as a student the classic halls of Oxford. Christ Church, where he graduated in 1854, was a kindly mother to the young artist, furnishing him with a band of congenial spirits, in whose company he was accustomed to while away many an hour in the practice of his favourite art. What share Mr Oakeley took in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of the Amateur Musical Society of Oxford University may be

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gleaned from the universal admission of his student friends that he left them, perhaps, the most brilliant pianist they had within their ranks.

Shortly after his leaving the University of Oxford, Mr Oakeley, following the example of many young English musicians, proceeded to Germany, where he found scope for the exercise of his musical talents. The Conservatoire at Leipzig during these years was guided by the most eminent artists, and, under Plaidy and Moscheles, his skill as an executive musician was much aided. Papperitz, whose powers as an organist attracted enthusiastic students, took the young Englishman under his kindly care, and the "king of instruments" became at once to Oakeley a delight and an absorbing study. Quitting Leipzig for Dresden, he met in Dr Johann Schneider a musician and friend. Though thus devoting his whole soul to the ripening of his talents as an executive artist, our hero did not linger throughout each successive year in one or other of these old university towns. Like the troubadour of another age, he would roam far afield, hearing in one place a magnificent orchestra, or charming his acquaintances and friends by his own performances. Oakeley's pen seems about this time to have been as facile as his fingers in the service of his art. A London journal now received a new attraction in his contributions, which were piquant in their descriptions of these German concerts. During a period of ten years he continued contributing critical papers, and the favour with which they were universally received spoke eloquently of the now prominent position which the musician had attained. He had ere this spent some time with Professor Breidenstein at the University of Bonn, and his mind seemed determined as to his adoption of the musical profession. In 1865, when Donaldson, the Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, died after occupying the chair during twenty years, it was, perhaps, with misgivings that Oakeley entered upon the candidature for the vacant Edinburgh Chair, for his opponents were numerous and pre-eminent in the musical world. The young artist, however, had claims such as few would fail to recognize; music had been his favourite study from his youth; a member of the artistic Quirites of Rome and a graduate of Oxford, he was a composer and executive musician. The many who knew Mr Oakeley's spirit and genius were loud in their assurances that no obstacle would be met in the path to success, and that their prophecies were fully realized is now a matter of history. Seventeen years have now passed away since Sir Herbert entered the circle of Edinburgh academic life, and his popularity, both with his students and with the general public, has been on the increase with every year. He attracts to his camp during the dreary winter session the cream of University talent—professors and students alike. His recitals, which are among the few delightful oases in the sandy desert of six months' study, crowd his class-room, and the enthusiasm with which they are heard must give satisfaction. The University Musical Society owes the spirit which animates it to the skill with which Sir Herbert Oakeley uses the somewhat heterogeneous material at his command, and their March concert displays to what excellence the students can attain under the direction of their conductor. Each of the four Universities of Scotland now possesses a musical society, and this great advance in the dissemination of a love for music is due to the unwearied exertions of the Edinburgh Professor. Aberdeen, recognizing the perennial delight conferred upon its students by the establishment of the musical society, a year ago conferred upon Sir Herbert the degree of LL.D. Laurels had already been lavished upon him; in 1871 the Archbishop of Canterbury had awarded him *ex officio* the degree Mus. Doc. Cantuar., and in 1879, in company with the eminent Macfarren and Sullivan, he received from Oxford University a similar degree *honoris causâ*. The golden spurs were won by Oakeley in recognition of his services for music in Scotland, and of his participation in the inauguration ceremony of the Prince Consort Memorial; and it was with universal pleasure that the large circle of his admirers heard the announcement in the September of last year that he had been appointed "Composer to her Majesty in Scotland." With the February of each recurring year comes the Reid Festival, with the delightful feast of orchestral music lavishly dispensed. To Sir Herbert Oakeley is due the swelling out of one important concert into an all-important series which is effecting an immense influence, and pervading many a breast with a hitherto unknown passion for music.

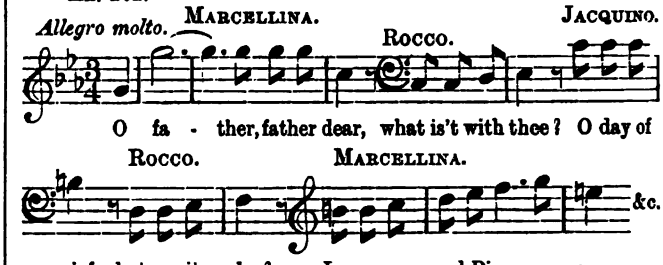
BRUSSELS.—Three characters in Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* are definitely cast at the Monnaie, and the composer declares himself perfectly satisfied. Rodier will impersonate Jean de Nivelle; Soulacroix, Charolais; and Blanche Deschamps, Simonne. The Arlette will probably be Mdlle Maurel, a young Genevese, pupil of Henri Ketten, at the Geneva Conservatory, and—no relation to Maurel of the Paris Grand Opera.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 511.)

The duet is no sooner ended than the calmness of their resolve is interrupted by the agitated entry of Marcellina and Jacquino; and the greater unity of key and length of ideas of the last section is exchanged for modulation and short ideas, of the nature of the second part of a sonata. Though constructed of the dialogue of short sentences and ejaculations, the phrases are fitted to one another so as to be continuous, the accompaniment taking its share in the continuity.

Ex. 202.



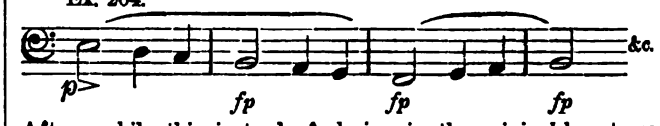
After several phrases of this kind, three of the voices sing together, each expressing different thoughts on a similar subject; this brings all to an interrupted cadence, and the storm culminates with the entry of Pizarro and his fierce cry, "Presumptuous villain!" His expressions of anger at Rocco for daring to loose the prisoners, even for a short time; Rocco's excuses, one, aloud: "It is the King's birthday," and the other, aside: "Below he dies"; Pizarro's direction to him, aside, to go prepare the grave, and, aloud, to send back the prisoners to their cells—all these are contained in the modulating part which began with Marcellina's entry. The keys and musical ideas constantly change, and the rhythm varies so much as to make it of the nature of recitative in time.

After this section, we return to settled idea, when all express their different thoughts of the present occasion in conjunction. The first thought of the prisoners—

Ex. 203.

is after a few bars repeated by the two sopranos, with words of sympathy, the prisoners' ejaculations making an accompaniment. Pizarro, bidding Rocco go to his dungeon-work, and Rocco consenting, fill up the breaks between the phrases of the two sopranos. Jacquino, also sympathizing with the prisoners, takes a similar part in filling up the continuity of the whole; and all parts are drawn up to a half close. New thoughts come then into the minds of all, and are expressed by the second strain of the music, still in the same key. The prisoners already feel the gloom of night coming over them, a night which is ended by no dawn; Rocco's limbs tremble under him at the thought of what he has to do; Pizarro urges him to it; Jacquino is jealous at Rocco's favour to Fidelio; Fidelio is indignant that Pizarro is free to do such terrible things; Marcellina feels more pity for the prisoners. All these separate thoughts, with separate portions of melody, are woven in and out on the basis of a decided but solemn melody given out by the bass instruments.

Ex. 204.



After a while, this, instead of closing in the original key, turns off into D flat, and the first strain (Ex. 203), with the first verbal idea, is given in that key, of D. The old thoughts of all are seen in a new light. The strain is introduced by the quotation from Pizarro's duet with Rocco: "And he is dumb" (Ex. 192

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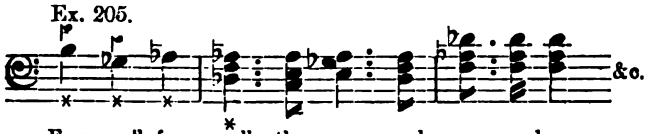
and 201), as a terrible suggestion of the living death to which the prisoners are to return.

Ex. 205.



Very soon the second strain (Ex. 204) occurs again, and, instead of modulating to D flat, grows into a coda, an extension of the same ideas in the main key of B flat. This gradually draws to a close the whole finale, and, with it, the whole first act of the opera.

It was Logroscino, a Neapolitan composer of comic opera, in the first half of the last century, who first collected all the performers together in a chain of concerted pieces at the end of an act; and this, the finale, has been since considered of the greatest importance in expressing the climax of feeling and action which is required at that point in a drama. It must be felt, in this finale that we have just gone through, how the interest is drawn on from one scene to another; how the connection of key, with the alternation between settled key and modulating portions, draws on the movements one from another; and how the concentration of all the performers in the final section with fixed key is the crown of the whole.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I notice in a letter from the Irish Correspondent of the *Standard*, relative to the Dublin Exhibition, that he has been credibly informed that the non-performance of the National Anthem at the opening is an exaggeration. I trust that his informants may turn out right; but, if they prove so, the decision of the Committee to perform it is of very recent date. I venture to give you my experience in the matter, as it is in itself a sad proof of the present condition of feeling in the country.

Two months ago I received an invitation to compose an Orchestral March for the opening of this Exhibition. Having been invited to do so as an Irishman, and the invitation coming through a personal friend, I accepted—not, however, without some qualms, owing to the well-known opinions of the promoters. I heard shortly afterwards that the National Anthem was not included in the programme. As I did not wish to take upon myself the responsibility of refusing on political grounds, which might have been erroneously represented, I took the course of writing a March on an old Irish melody, introducing "God Save the Queen" on the brass instruments, *fortissimo*, at the close. The result of this step was a polite letter to say that the March could not be performed, as the introduction of the National Anthem might bring about an unpleasant demonstration.

This episode speaks for itself. It is possible that the musical arrangements with regard to the National Anthem have been suddenly altered without my being informed of it; and I trust, for the sake of what was once a truly loyal town, that the latter supposition is the correct one.

C. V. STANFORD.

Trinity College, Cambridge, August 14.

RICHARD WAGNER AND THE COMIC PAPERS OF VIENNA.—Under the heading: "Differences between two celebrated Composers," the *Kikeriki* makes the following malicious remark:—"Mozart, who played the piano alone and without remuneration, was applauded by hundreds; Richard Wagner requires hundreds of singers and instrumentalists as well as thousands, who pay for their places——and applauds alone." (Give it up; cant see the malice.—Dr Blidge.)—The *Floh*, referring to the shortness of the speech Wagner made to the public, has this dig at him:—"Do not applaud, my children, lest you should awaken the critics." (Can't see the "dig," for the life of me.—Dr Blidge.)

TO BURNAND, ESQ.

DEAR F. C. B.,—"Ozanna le ever hardy," is a Caxtonian, or Wynkin-de-Wordeian misprint for *Ozanna le cœur hardi*, just as "Griflet fise de Dieu" is a misprint for *Griflet fils du Duc*. "Tor le fils vascher" is son of King Pellinore (see Milton—"Launcelot, Pelleas, *Pellinore*") by the wife of Aries the Cowherd, who said, "I suppose, nay." The late Thomas Wright was somewhat superficial in his editing of Malory, and at times injudicious in the choice of texts. Southey lost breath with his reprint of Caxton before he had even got under weigh. Jarvis, who gave us the most literal and careful (though by no means spiciest) translation of *Don Quixote*, was, in his period, the man for the task; in our own period, William Chappell before all. *He* would at least have found out whence came the beautiful and pathetic story of *Balin and Balan*, which perplexed Southey, sticking half-way in the first volume of *Tristan* (or *Tristram*), composed a romance called *The Life of Nelson*, and did into English both *Amadis of Gaul* and *Palmerin* of England. The Laureate in the quick, who has wholly misconceived the story of Pelleas, should take revenge by another "Idyll," with Balin and Balan for theme, bearing in mind the fact that King Ryence of North Wales purfeled his mantle with Kings' beards, "cleane flayne of as much as there was," that he already had overcome eleven Kings and appropriated their beards, that he wanted King Arthur's beard to make up the round dozen, and that King Arthur, being recalcitrant, he of North Wales threatened invasion of the realm of Logris, but being set upon and taken prisoner by Balin, the Knight of the two pummels, aided by his brother Balan, was straightway delivered up unto King Arthur, who let bet the Lady de Vance.

Your obedient servant,

THEOPHILUS QUEER.

MARDI 20 MARS, 1820, à sept heures et demie,

Salon de M. PFEIFFER, *rue Montmartre, No.* 18, *Paris.*

Le jeune HYPPOLITE LARSONNEUR, *Virtuose sur le Violon*, âgé de 10 ans, et Mlle. COLOMBELLE, *qui a remporté le* 1er. *prix de chant* à l'École Royale de Musique (classe de Mr. *Garaudé*), donneront une dernière

SOIRÉE MUSICALE,

Pour laquelle on trouvera des Billets d'avance à raison de cinq fr., chez M. *Larsonneur*, rue du Faubourg-Saint-Denis, No. 90; au Bureau du *journal d'Euterpe*, rue Saint-Honoré, No. 108; et chez les Marchands de Musique ci-après: MM. *Petit*, passage Feydeau; *Janet*, rue Saint-Honoré, No. 125; *Jouve*, Palais-Royal, passage du Perron; *Carli*, boulevard Montmartre; *Boieldieu*, rue de Richelieu, No 90.

PROGRAMME:

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.

1°. OUVERTURE en quatuor de LALYRE ENCHANTÉE, Musique de M. *Garaudé*,
2°. DUO de *Guglielmi*, chanté par Mlle. COLOMBELLE et Mr. CONSUL, de la Musique partjculière et de la Chapelle du Roi.
3°. FANTAISIE de *Ries* pour le piano, exécutée par Mlle. LETOURNEUR, 1er. prix de l'École Royale (classe de Mr. *Adam*).
4°. AIR de JEANNOT ET COLIN, Musique de *Nicolo;* chanté par Mlle. COLOMBELLE.
5°. 7me. CONCERTO de *Rode*, exécuté par le jeune HYPPOLITE LARSONNEUR.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.

FANTAISIE pour clarinette et piano sur une cavatine de *Rossini*, par Mr. *Iwan Muller*, 1re. Clarinette de S. M. l'Empereur de Russie, exécutée par l'Auteur et Mlle. LE TOURNEUR.
7°. *Air Italien*, chanté par Mr. CONSUL.
8°. AIR VARIÉ de *Lafont*, exécuté par le jeune HYPPOLITE LARSONNEUR.
9°. DUO de *Pavesi*, chanté par Mlle. COLOMBELLE et Mr. CONSUL.
10°. ROMANCES composées et chantées par Mlle. COLOMBELLE.

ALBERT NIEMANN has received a telegraphic message from August Wilhelmj at Bayreuth, enquiring, for Richard Wagner, whether Niemann would not sing Parsifal a few times. Great anxiety is evinced to learn the answer of one who, still Germany's greatest heroic tenor, is better qualified for the task than any other.

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DEATHS.

On August 25, 1881, CHARLES LAMB KENNEY, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, son of the late James Kenney, Dramatic Author, deeply regretted by his widow, children, and friends. (In loving memory.)

On August 3, 1882, at 26, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, MARIA, widow of HENRY JOHN TRUST, Professor of the Harp, aged 75 years.

On August 22, at 50, Upper Bedford Place, ELIZABETH, wife of SIGISMUND ROSENTHAL (of Red Lion Square), aged 64 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DILETTANTE.—Tivadar Nachez - Velmi - Bisaccia - Delamontagne-escarpé.

FOIN.—See the German irregular verb, "stoszen," and collate regularly. "Then answered a knight that hight Naram," &c.

SIGURD.—Unquestionably. Wagner *has* peopled the "terrestial ball"—as Sir Richard Blackmore calls it in his dull poem, *The Creation*—with new images and phantasmagoria; but what has become of our fierce iconoclasts and subtile spectre quellers? Have they achieved the nimbus?—Or are they mere dust and ashes—symbols of nonentity. Where is Cornelius Agrippa? Sigurd ought to know.

SAGRAMORE LE DESIROUS.—By all means. Hail to the man who wrote about Haydn, Mozart, and Rossini!

Henry Beyle
All heyle!

We have ere now perused *L'Abbesse*, and shall peruse it again, *de castro*, if only to chace away those nightmares, the Duchesse de Langeais and her moon-smitten fanatic lover, Montriveau. After you have read the discourses of St Idiot, and Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres* (but not before) read Honoré de Balzac's *History of the Thirteen*.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF AUGUST.

YESTERDAY was the first anniversary of the death of Charles Lamb Kenney, one of the most genial humourists and brilliant wits of our day. He is not forgotten yet. Nay, he can never be forgotten by those who knew him intimately and gathered wisdom from his lips, whence it flowed in unchecked exuberance, clothed in words as eloquent as the thoughts were subtle and refined. Kenney was one of the most seductive of talkers, but whatever he said, even in his smartest epigrams, was tempered by an indefinable something which showed the heart to be as warm as the brain was lucid. An example of this may be cited in one of those masterly five-line epigrams in verse of which he was so happily prolific. We remember it as it came spontaneously from his mouth, and, though it was never published, are able to quote it from memory. The theme was our own great musician, Sterndale Bennett, who had for some time given little to the world of art of which the world of art could never have too much. Were we not convinced that the friends of Bennett would appreciate the tender grace of the sentiment that inspired it, and that the friends of Kenney would at once accept from the same standpoint, we should not give it publicity, as we do now for the first time with a clear conscience.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

There was a composer called Bennett,
Whose career it won't take long to tell it:
In his youth, like a lark,
Up to Mendelssohn's mark
He rose, since when, silent is Bennett.

What followed? The enchanting concert-overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, and that gem of all sacred cantatas, *The Woman of Samaria*. It were well if Kenney were living to make more such epigrams, and Bennett living to profit by them so felicitously. Both these genuine poets, however, have departed from among us, and their vacant places are not easy to fill up.

ORCHESTRA FOR THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

CONDUCTOR:—SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

First Violins.—Messrs P. Sainton (*Principal*), F. Arnold, J. Brie, E. Campione, V. Collins, A. W. Easton, C. Ersfield, A. Gibson, J. W. Gunniss, E. Jones, C. Jung, M. Klein, V. Nicholson, J. Niedzielski, G. Palmer, W. F. Parker, F. Ralph, J. H. Reed, J. W. Rendell, L. Ries, E. Roberts, C. Snewing, A. Streather, W. Sutton, M. Vogel, F. M. Wallace, T. Watson, and W. Wiener.

Second Violins.—Messrs J. B. Zerbini (*Principal*), V. V. Akeroyd, H. Bailey, A. Beck, R. B. Belcher, L. Diehl, H. Gibson, E. E. Halfpenny, E. H. Hann, C. Hayes, S. F. Heath, F. W. Humphreys, H. S. Jones, W. H. Levey, H. Morley, T. Oldaker, A. W. Payne, R. Phillipsborn, A. Reynolds, L. Szczepanowsky, L. Silberberg, J. Syers, H. Synyer, J. B. W. Thirlwall, A. Villin, and E. G. Woodward.

Violas.—Messrs C. W. Doyle (*Principal*), G. Baird, W. R. Bowie, J. Broedelet, J. O. Brooke, H. Channel, C. Colchester, G. W. Cubit, W. Egerton, G. Grimmett, W. H. Hann, T. Kirby, W. Klippe, T. Lawrence, T. Reynolds, G. Roberts, J. Schreurs, A. Stehling, W. W. Waud, and S. B. Webb.

Violoncellos.—Messrs J. Lasserre (*Principal*), J. Boatwright, C. Brie, J. A. Brousil, J. R. Gough, W. C. Hann, G. W. Hill, G. Libotton, J. Lloyd, C. Ould, J. Owen, W. F. Reed, H. T. Trust, G. Van de Velde, E. Vieuxtemps, A. W. Waite, and E. Woolhouse.

Double Basses.—Messrs A. C. Whyte (*Principal*), J. Bishop, A. Collins, W. Griffiths, C. Harper, J. J. Heath, S. J. Jakeway, H. Moreton, F. Neuwirth, E. Ould, H. Progatzky, C. Severn, W. J. Strugnell, F. Tyler, J. P. Waud, J. H. Waud, and C. Winterbottom.

Flutes.—Messrs O. Svendsen, W. L. Barrett, W. Langston, and A. Martin.

Oboes.—Messrs A. Dubrucq, G. Horton, A. Peisel, and G. W. Roberts.

Clarionets.—Messrs H. Lazarus, H. J. Snelling, T. E. Pountney, and J. Roxbee.

Bassoons.—Messrs W. B. Wotton, J. Haveron, A. Edwin, and A. Roberts.

Trumpets.—Messrs T. Harper and P. W. Neuzerling.

Cornets and Trumpets.—Messrs F. McGrath and S. West.

Horns.—Messrs T. E. Mann, R. Keevill, J. W. Standen, and T. Reynolds.

Trombones.—Messrs W. Webster, C. Geard, and J. Harvey.

Ophicleide.—Mr G. Hughes.

Contra Fagotto.—Mr J. W. Hawes.

Double Drums.—Mr J. A. Smith.

Side Drum and Triangle.—Mr P. Calkin, Jun.

Bass Drum and Cymbals.—Mr F. Middleditch.

Harps.—Messrs J. Cheshire and D. F. Davis.

Librarians.—Messrs J. Peck, A. Mapleson, and W. Thompson.

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON has returned to London from Harrogate, in which pleasant spot she has passed her entire vacation. It is, therefore, puzzling to read in the pages of our excellent contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, that she had been slily sojourning at Divonne—"*au fond de l'Aine*"—where Mr Abbey, her *impresario*, found her out, and signed an engagement with her, which, having been signed already, wanted no signing at all.

BIRMINGHAM.—All the new works for the Festival which begins on Tuesday have been rehearsed during the week in St George's Hall, Sir Michael Costa presiding on every occasion and affording inestimable aid to the several composers. At the rehearsal of *The Redemption* one might have imagined it the joint production of Gounod and Costa, for it was not easy to guess which of the two took the greatest interest in its well-going.

Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen has gone on a short visit to Boulogne-sur-Mer.

After a brief sojourn in Paris, Miss Thursby has gone with Maurice Strakosch to Norway, where she was so successful last winter. (And will be just as successful now.—Dr Blitge.)

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WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.

(From "The Theatre.")

Although circumstances prevented me from attending any of the *Parsifal* performances at Bayreuth last month, I propose to tell the readers of *The Theatre* something about that work and its recent renderings. It will be my privilege, for once in a way, to address them, not in my own words, but in those of my gifted friend, Paul Lindau, from whose inimitable chronicle of the "Festal-Consecration-Stage-Play," I have selected a few paragraphs of general interest. Those who, like myself, revelled six years ago in his *Nuechterne Briefe aus Bayreuth*—which may be freely paraphrased, "Letters from Bayreuth, written on an empty stomach"—will rejoice to hear from him again upon the congenial subject of a Wagnerian novelty. Many others, who may never hitherto have heard of him (for few German lights of contemporary literature cast their rays as far as this "brumous isle"), will, I am sure, be delighted to make his acquaintance. For the information of these latter I may premise that Paul Lindau is not a specialist in musical criticism, but a feuilletonist of the first water. He is to Berlin what Albert Wolff is to Paris and Spitzer to Vienna. The idiosyncratic force and charm of his style cannot be conveyed in translation, which is a pity, for they have placed him at the head of all living German light essayists. Be it my task to reproduce the matter of his thought, if not the manner of his expression.

* * * * * *

"He whose mission it is to report upon a new creation of Richard Wagner finds himself in much such a fix as that of Faust when the latter desires to render the first chapter of the Gospel of St John into his beloved German: he gets stuck at the very first word. The foremost question: 'What sort of an impression did it make as a whole?'—which his far distant reader has a right to put to him—cannot fail to perplex him inconveniently, and he will find, after pondering over it vainly for some time, that he can only answer by the counter question it naturally suggests: 'Impression upon whom?' Upon the unbiassed public? My goodness gracious! who is unbiassed hereabouts? And how on earth is it possible here to recognise what is the sentence of the majority, seeing that a blathering handkerchief-waving partisan makes more noise than a dozen quiet people who delight in art without grovelling in one-sided hero-worship, whose artistic faith does not prompt them to bow down before the idol of an inflexible Monotheism, and who esteem other musicians besides Richard Wagner—aye, living musicians, even Johannes Brahms! At Bayreuth, vehement rejoicings do not mean very much, and when people talk about 'an enthusiastic reception,' it is simply a meaningless *façon de parler*. It is a natural necessity that a new work by Richard Wagner, produced here in Bayreuth before the most faithful and energetic admirers of his genius, should be greeted with tempestuous acclamations. When Wagner lightens, it thunders in the Festal-playhouse! Under such circumstances, the best thing the reporter can do is simply to state what he himself has felt and thought, without making any pretension to pronounce a conclusive judgment.

* * * * * *

"In the first scene, a wood by a lake, we are introduced to good old Gurnemanz, who has never a *leitmotiv* to his name. It seems possible, therefore, to get on in life and even to become tolerably advanced in years without a 'guiding phrase.' In the score of *Parsifal*, however (with this solitary exception), Wagner has faithfully adhered to his method of musical identification by means of special rhythmic and melodic signs and tokens (*leitmotiv*), a method timidly suggested in his earlier operas, and developed to its utmost availabilities in his later 'Music-Dramas.' Every one of his characters keeps a musical passport, so to speak, in the orchestra, with which voucher he or she may not part, under heavy penalties, and must invariably also produce when about to put in an appearance. These 'guiding phrases' are of different sorts, not exclusively descriptive of the human being they announce, but of certain occurrences in that person's physical or psychical life as well. . . . ."

* * * * * *

"A stormy passage in the orchestra signals to us the approach of an uncomfortable personage. It is Kundry—a wild terrible woman, the principal cause of all the calamities that have befallen the Brethren of the Grail, and who would fain help them out of their trouble, but that she is subject to the will of Klingsor, a wicked magician, the pious fraternity's inveterate foe. This Kundry is not always so ugly as she now looks; there are days when she is 'in beauty,' and it was upon one of these occasions that she foregathered with Amfortas, the Grail-King and keeper of the sacred chalice containing the Blood of Christ, as well as of the holy spear thrust into the Saviour's side by a Roman mercenary. Amfortas, it seems, could not withstand the charms of this seductive female, and vile Klingsor profited by the King's moment of weakness to snatch from him the wonder-working lance and with it to wound him. Since that mishap, affliction and want have prevailed in the Grail Castle; for the King's hurt will not heal, and, so long as the relic shall remain in the heathen's possession, the Brethren will have to do without supernatural nourishment. Moreover, the arrogant Klingsor takes advantage of the Grail-Knights' embarrassment in an altogether inexcusable manner. In close contiguity to the Grail estate he establishes a magnificent garden, which he peoples with extremely good-looking females of doubtful morality, for the sole purpose of diverting the Grail-Knights from the path of virtue. And it would really appear that a good many of the Brethren are so weak as to prefer the society of these highly-perfumed flower-girls to that of their incessantly sighing and groaning monarch. Not very nice of them, perhaps, but essentially human! Amfortas, whose acquaintance we make on his sick-bed, grunts and wails without intermission; and everybody knows that people who will talk of nothing but their ailments are not the most entertaining companions in the world. Now Amfortas has nought to say that does not refer to his wound or other physical infirmities; and we have scarcely met him for the first time when we begin to wish most earnestly for the fulfilment of the prophecy, to the effect that a 'pure fool' will turn up, capable of healing the King's wound. We hope this fool will come soon."

* * * * * *

In due time Parsifal arrives, shoots a swan, and is lectured at some length for his wanton destructiveness by Gurnemanz, who moreover, volunteers to take him up to the Grail Castle. This he does by a cycloramic road and to orchestral accompaniments of great beauty. Having reached the Burg, Parsifal witnesses a dismal ceremony performed there daily in connection with Amfortas' wound, fails to understand what it is all about, and is sent about his business by Gurnemanz, because he turns out an even greater fool than that gentleman expected, or, it may be said, hoped. This anti-climax is of Wagner's invention, and differs entirely from the Gralsburg incident as originally narrated in verse by Wolfram von Eschenbach.

* * * * * *

"The second act," continues Lindau, "offers the strongest imaginable contrast to the first; indeed, it is a laborious combination of contrasts, as, for instance, hell-fire against holy-water, heathen enchantments against Christian miracles, unchanged sensuality against ascetic continence. The assertion that in *Parsifal* Wagner has fallen back upon his *Lohengrin* method and manner, is as incorrect as can be. What resemblances exist between the two music-dramas are quite superficial. Both Parsifal and Lohengrin are 'Knights of the Swan'; and, perhaps, the very swan pierced by Parsifal's bolt is the sire or grandsire of the bird that tows Lohengrin across the Scheldt to extricate Elsa from her embarrassments. Lohengrin is Parsifal's son, so says the legend, and so he himself tells us at the most solemn and distressing moment of his life. But that the Wagnerian Parsifal is Lohengrin's father appears doubtful to me. He looks by no means the sort of person to give up the independence of bachelorhood for the restraints of matrimony. The mere fact that Wagner notifies the slaying of the swan in *Parsifal* by the same chords with which he announces the advent of the swan in *Lohengrin* is not at all significant of any community of character in the two plays. Like Figaro's song hummed by Leporello in the banquet-scene of *Don Juan*, it is nothing more than a composer's self-quotation."

(To be continued.)

A DISCOVERY.—According to the *Dresdener Nachrichten*, the "Graal Motive" in *Parsifal* is neither more nor less than the "Dresden Amen," as it is called, composed by old Johann Gottlieb Naumann, and still sung at numerous churches in Saxony.—(We did not want the *Dresdener Nachrichten* to tell us that.—Dr Blidge.)

MDME TREBELLI, returned from her highly successful tour in Denmark, has left London for Birmingham, to fulfil an engagement at the forthcoming Musical Festival. On her way home, Mdme Trebelli stopped at Cologne, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were there, *en route* for Wiesbaden. Their Royal Highnesses honoured the accomplished artist by an invitation to visit them in their private apartments, and expressed to her the pleasure they felt on hearing of the cordial reception with which she had everywhere been greeted. Scandinavia seems to agree with Mdme Trebelli. Every time she returns from the Baltic she looks ten years younger.

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PROVINCIAL.

ABERGAVENNY.—There were excursions from all parts of the country to the recent Abergavenny Musical Eisteddfod. The town, peraunter, was never so full of people. Nine choirs and a much larger number of glee parties, made a total of nearly 3,000 competitors, exclusive of the legion of solists and pianists, who had to be first subjected to a "weeding" process before Mr Brinley Richards. Over 8,000 persons were brought to the town by the London and North Western Railway from the mining districts. The market-hall, the largest covered space in the county, was crammed during the choral competition. The Eisteddfod commenced at 11 o'clock, the adjudicators being Messrs Brinley Richards, R. Bartholomew, and Emlyn Evans; accompanists, Messrs H. Tomkins and G. Howells; conductor, Rev. Theophilus Rees, Pentyrch. For the best performance on the piano of Haydn's *Gipsy Rondo*, candidates not to exceed 17 years of age, there were several. Misses Walker, of Grawen Terrace, Merthyr; Polly Williams, Blaenavon (eight years of age) and Edith Bunting, being selected for the ultimate decision. Mr Brinley Richards was agreeably surprised at the great progress of pianoforte playing in South Wales during the last two or three years. He had gained much experience of late, the Royal Academy of Music having appointed him as one of their examiners, and he was led to the conclusion that the standard of music in Wales is rising rapidly. Not many years ago—he would tell them plainly—their music and playing, and everything else was childish; but now like sensible people they were going to work to educate the country. In this competition the playing was very good, but the music was too easy. He was bound to award the prize to the best performer, and that was Miss Edith Bunting, of London; though the little girl only 8 years of age (Polly Williams, Blaenavon) played in a most remarkably clever manner for her age. The committee, on his recommendation, awarded her a second prize. The competition for the prize of £100 for the best performance of Handel's chorus, "The many rend the skies," was awarded to the Dowlais Harmonic Society.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS.—On Friday evening week Mr Brinley Richards (acting in place of Mr Stephen Evans) presided at a concert and competition, held on behalf of the building fund of the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel. Mr Richards spoke in eulogistic terms of Mr Evans, referring to the interest he showed in Wales and the education movement, which had taken him away that day to Aberystwith. Mr Richards specially alluded to the discreditable way in which the funds of the Welsh Charity School, London, had been appropriated, and nothing could better show the abuses than the election of children, who, instead of being, as was intended, children of the Welsh poor, were children of people in a good position in life. He hoped that all present would exercise their influence throughout Wales to institute an inquiry into the management of this charity. Wales could hold its own with any nation, and particularly if granted facilities for superior education. He thought the Welsh language superior to the German for singing, only that the latter was fashionable, and the Welsh looked down upon by too many. The Welsh language would yet become more popular, and not die out as some people thought. Some years ago, when in ill-health, a lady recommended him to go to Llandrindod Wells. He had never even heard of the place, and had much difficulty in ascertaining its whereabouts. Arriving late in the evening, he was not prepossessed in its favour, and, if he could have obtained a "Hansom" cab to take him home, he would have gone as quickly as possibie. But, next morning viewing the rising sun and the panorama presented to his gaze, a revolution was effected in his mind, and he was delighted. Every year he visited the place it was with greater appreciation of the pleasure and benefits derived. Several visitors and others took part in the programme. The glee party (led by Mr W. Thomas) having given "Hail, smiling morn," Mr Richards remarked that he must congratulate the singers upon their rendering of this piece, the excellence of their intonation, and the taste displayed in regard to light and shade. With such voices he had no doubt but that a successful choral festival may be held at Llandrindod Wells in the future. In reply to a cordial vote of thanks, the chairman said that although a member of the Church of England, he had yet to learn that an act for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen should be limited to any particular church. He was always anxious to assist his Welsh friends, and was very pleased to be present. He had filled similar positions before, and hoped this would not be the last time. He concluded with a tribute of praise to the general performances.—*South Wales Daily News, August 15th.*

LIVERPOOL.—A choral concert was given on Saturday evening at Hengler's Cirque, by the Cambrian Choral Society and the Liverpool Vocalists' Union, assisted by Mdme Billinie Porter and Mr George Barton. There was a very large audience, who, loud in their applause throughout, were vociferous in encores as their favourites each in turn appeared. Both societies are to appear at the Denbigh National Eisteddfod. The programme included the competitive pieces, "How the giant winds do wrestle" (Stephens), and "The Prayer" (Dr J. Parry), and Benedict's part song "The Wreath," Pinsuti's "Tell me, Flora," and Mendelssohn's chorus "Judge me, O God." All were done full justice to by the well-trained societies, under the baton of Mr T. C. Jones, who conducted. Mdme Billinie Porter had two solos apportioned to her, "Who knows," by Cowen, and "Should he upbraid," by Bishop, both well received. Mr George Barton so delighted the audience with his rendering of the "Maid of Athens" that he was re-called, and good-naturedly added another song. For one of the pieces set down for him—"Bonny Kate" (Balfe)—another had to be substituted, as the former was found to be copyright; but the one chosen called "Sweet love, good night to thee," was received with great favour and an irresistible "encore." Mr Barton also gave with great feeling "I am dreaming of thee, sweet Madeline." Miss Maggie Evans played a pianoforte solo, Thalberg's "Masaniello," as well as accompanying throughout the evening. The last verse of several part songs had to be repeated, which prolonged the concert to a later hour than usual.—*Liverpool Daily Post, Aug. 21.*

—o—

NEW ORGAN FOR RHYL.

Subjoined is the specification of a new organ built for the Wesleyan Chapel, Rhyl, at this, one of the healthiest and most delightful spots in North Wales:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.—Double Stopped Diapason, 16 feet, 56 pipes: Open Diapason (large scale), 8, 56; Clarabella, 8, 56; Keraulophon, 8, 56: Principal, 4, 56; Twelfth, 2⅔, 56; Fifteenth, 2, 56; Mixture, 4 ranks, 224; Trumpet, 8 feet, 56.

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.—Lieblich Bourdon, 16 feet, 56 pipes; Open Diapason, 8, 56; Stopped Diapason, 8, 56; Principal, 4, 56; Salcional, 8, 56; Fifteenth, 2, 56; Mixture, 2 ranks, 112; Horn, 8 feet, 56; Oboe, 8, 56; Clarion, 4, 56.

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.—Viola-di-Gamba, 8 feet, 56 pipes; Flauto Traverso, 4, 56; Piccolo, 2, 56; Dulciana, 8, 44; Clarionet, 8, 44.

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC TO F.—Open Diapason, 16 feet, 30 pipes; Violon (small scale), 16, 30.

COUPLERS.—Swell to Great; Great to Pedals; Swell to Pedals; Choir to Pedals; Choir to Great; Swell to Choir; Swell Sub-Octave—on its own Keyboard; Swell Super-Octave—on its own Keyboard.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.—Double-acting Pedals to Great Organ; Double-acting Pedals to Swell Organ.

The organ was opened on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., by our justly-renowned countryman, Mr W. T. Best, who gave both morning and evening "Recitals," of which the respective programmes were as under:—

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23rd:—

Overture, *Die Letzen Dinge*	*Spohr.*
Andante, in G minor	*E. Silas.*
Toccato, with Pedal Solo, F major	*Bach.*
Scherzo-Symphonique	*Alex. Guilmant.*
Selection from the "Water Music"	*Handel.*
(Andante maestoso, Minuetto, Allegro, Allegretto giocoso, Finale.)	
The National Anthem, with Variations and Finale	*W. T. Best.*

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23rd:—

Festival Prelude on the Lutheran Chorale, "Ein feste Burg" ("A strong fortress is our God")	*G. A. Thomas.*
Allegro Cantabile, F minor	*C. M. Widor.*
Festal March	*W. T. Best.*
Siciliana and Fugue, G minor	*Bach.*
Scherzo-Symphonique	*Alex. Guilmant.*
Selection from the "Water Music"	*Handel.*
The National Anthem, with Variations and Finale	*W. T. Best.*

The selections were varied and interesting, the performance irreproachable, and the result in the highest degree satisfactory.

MR E. J. HOPKINS.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has recently conferred on this distinguished musician the degree of Doctor of Music. In thus recognizing eminent services rendered to the cause of Church Music, his Grace has given spontaneous expression to the esteem and admiration of the musical profession, and the general public, towards one who has spent many years in unostentatious and successful labours in the art. Mr Hopkins' friends heartily congratulate him upon the attainment of an honour—thought, perhaps, by some, long-deferred—and wish him many years of health to enjoy the well-won distinction.

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"MUSIC: IN RELIGION AND IN LIFE."*

"Singing and making melody," was, in part, the text of an eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. Canon Farrar, at the "Festival Service of the Choir Benevolent Fund" recently held in Westminster Abbey. The renowned pulpit orator evidently intended his discourse on this occasion to represent more particularly the melody of language; and if he so desired to show that English prose could, with the aid of a silvery-toned voice, sound really like music, then the result must be pronounced most convincing. For were not the periods—now ringing clear and high like a trumpet, now modulating into gentler strains—ever held in as close relation to each other as strains of music flowing without break or fall? From the starting point, when the key-note was pitched in the brightest of keys, to the end, the long-sustained theme was never allowed to lapse into flatness or dulness. Indeed, had any foreigner been present who understood not the meaning of the words, their simple utterance would have held him in spell; or had any listener shut up his mind to the subject-matter, the ear alone would have felt charm by the procession of rhetorical devices. Need it be said, then, that with music for the subject, such an orator as Canon Farrar could not fail to make "the sound an echo to the sense," nor fall far short of rivalling, by his art, the more ethereal strains upon which he dwelt. The nervous language of the preacher was illumined here and there by the recital of lines of exceeding splendour; verses sung in ages past, that still are, and perhaps ever will be, the groundwork of praise and thanksgiving. The song of Miriam and the Psalms of David, with fervid strains by other members of the mighty Hebrew choir, were laid under contribution; neither were the pæans of classic lore overlooked; while outbursts of our own Anglo-Saxon poets, in celebration of music, shed a dazzling lustre upon the discourse. Whilst, however, attention was called to the high estimation in which music was held by poets secular and divine, the speaker could give no clue as to what the music was, originally set to the glowing words. Unhappily no vestige of it has come down to us. Speech and language remain, but the tune of the singer, to the sound of lute and harp, is no longer heard. Were the musical signs still extant, even then occupants of the pulpit, by the practice of placing music outside their necessary attainments, would be called upon in vain to unfold the meaning of the written characters, for to most of our clergy the construction of the "Grand Chant" is as much a mystery as that of "the music of the spheres."

It need not be said that the reverend orator fully availed himself of the opportunity the occasion afforded of illustrating life and religion by the qualities and capacities of music.† For has not the combination of sweet sounds ever been—alike to poet, sage, and priest—a favourite emblem of things good and pure? Truly, life, with its mystery, changefulness, and brevity, is like, as the preacher indicated, to the tune, falling and rising, but ever speeding on to its final cadence. And, surely, the broken time, false passage, discordant scale, halting theme, with the clear melody and jubilant song, image forth the several states, phases, and characteristics of human life. Music, besides being the natural expression of personal joy and grief, is also in certain forms a kind of shibboleth of party and race. Each nation has its anthem, and most sects and societies have some code of vocal signals. The *Marseillaise* is now the tune of France, as "God Save the Queen" is that of England. It is unfortunate, therefore, that Canon Farrar should have selected the former for special contempt. Neighbourly goodwill, if not Christian charity, should have kept the preacher from calling the *Marseillaise* a song of "sombre ferocity." True it is, the air was begotten in tumult, and, after becoming the cry of freedom, became the shriek for vengeance; but it is, at present, the symbol of a great nationality, and, in that capacity, claims respect. Would it not be well for us to remember that the ancient strain, in which Englishmen delight to vent their loyalty, has often been, nay, at this very moment may be, mingled with groans of the vanquished?

It is not a matter of surprise that the reverend speaker should have had some difficulty in estimating the value of music as a pastime. To his appreciation the music-hall and Italian opera run somewhat in the same groove, and, consequently, must be considered deserving of like condemnation. Now this is scarcely just. That Italian opera music is far, very far, removed from music-hall strains is obvious to impartial and unprejudiced minds. True it is that opera music is often associated with words and scenes of impurity; true, that dramatic composers often purposely select *libretti* with "strong situations" for the exercise of their descriptive and emotional powers; true, that "the luxurious classes and gilded youth" who delight in opera have the moral taint common to human nature; it is not, at the same time, true that the vulgarity, obscenity, viciousness, and unspeakable degradation of the "gaff" or music-hall are found on the Italian opera stage. Moreover, the preacher in this matter is hardly consistent; for, later on in his discourse, Handel, who spent the greater part of his life in Italian opera; Beethoven, who wrote *Fidelio*; and Mozart, who enriched the repertoire of the lyric stage with several master-pieces—each of these operatic composers receives laudatory recognition. If Italian opera music is essentially "spurious, effeminate, loose, false, and immoral," how came those good and great men to expend their genius upon so vicious an art? But criticism upon music and musicians can scarcely be expected from the pulpit. The reader, however, will find in Canon Farrar's eloquent sermon a glowing eulogy on that branch of the "divine art" associated with the exercises of religion.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

* A sermon preached by the Rev. Canon Farrar; published by W. Henry Robinson.

† Why then say it!—Dr Bridge.

TO MARIAN FROM GENERAL MITE.

You, my maid Marian, greatest of your kind,
Beating most others in the way of height—
In sporting phrase—by nearly half a length,
Whom, when the people gaze upon, they say,
With wide-mouthed wonder, "How is that for high?"
You whose fair "presence" is magnificent—
I only know your absence, which is not—
You are a woman with some weight about you,
You are a woman with extended views,
And I, a person of some nine pounds odd, adore you.
'Tis true I'm only eighteen inches high,
While you attain nigh half that sum in feet;
Still I adore you, for, of consequence,
You must be, love, large-hearted.
You are my goddess. There are many maids
I could look up to, none set up like thee.
Return my passion—hardly in the way
MSS. are returned, "Declined with thanks."
Reciprocate it, dearest; do not deem
That my ambition soars a bit too high;
But hold me up (you can) as your ideal;
Wed me, and think what houses we shall draw
Throughout the world, when "agent in advance"
Can advertise, in gaudy-lettered bills,
"The Mightiest Anomaly E'er Known
Is coming upon such and such a day.—
Namely, A Giant and a Dwarf in One!"
Marian, in your own interest, become
My—well—considerably better half.
Woman must have a master, but she likes
One as less masterful as she can get;
Take me. —*Fun.*

SONDERSHAUSEN.—A Conservatory of Music, with the patronage of the reigning Prince, is to be opened next Easter, under Carl Schröder, its chief object being the training of orchestral performers.

NICE.—Sophie Cruvelli, the once popular *prima donna*, who married Count Vigier, and lived here for years in grand style, has lost all her property. Even her splendid mansion in this town will be sold.—(At the same time she is organizing her accustomed concert for the benefit of the poor at Nice!—Dr Bridge.)

WÜRZBURG.—According to the seventh annual report of the Royal School of Music, the staff consists of 16 professors besides the director, Dr Carl Kliebert. The number of students last year was 604, of whom only 148 belonged to the gentler sex, an exception to the rule that at such institutions the females outnumber the males. Six Subscription Concerts were given by the professors. There was, also, a performance of *The Messiah* as well as various concerts at the anniversary of the University.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 518.)

VI.

At the beginning of 1790, Cherubini set about the composition of a French comic opera, and finished an entire act. I am ignorant of his reason for not completing the work, which was entitled *Marguerite d'Anjou.** But he soon turned his attention to another opera, *Lodoïska*, the libretto of which, taken from Louvet's celebrated romance, *Le Chevalier de Faublas*, had been entrusted to him by Fillette-Loraux. Two months, however, before the work was brought out, several numbers composed by Cherubini to French words, and introduced in a short occasional drama where music played only a subsidiary part, were executed at the Salle Feydeau; but this was simply an act of complaisance on his part, and he could not have attached much importance to the experiment. The following is how, under the date of 1791, his Catalogue mentions the numbers in question:—"Three choruses placed in a piece entitled *La Mort de Mirabeau*, and given at Feydeau." The title as thus written is not entirely correct; the piece, described as "a historical fact in one act," had Pujoulx for its author, and was entitled *Mirabeau à son lit de mort;* it seems to have been a very moving little drama, and was performed for the first time on the 24th May, 1791.

With *Lodoïska* we enter regularly on Cherubini's real French career, and we have, at the outset, to set down a brilliant success to his credit. It was on the 18th July, 1791, that the work was acted for the first time at the Salle Feydeau, and its production made so deep an impression on the public that Cherubini's name became at once celebrated. It is true that, apart from the talent displayed by him in the work, he was exceptionally well served by a combination of favourable circumstances with regard to it. In the first place, the popularity enjoyed by Louvet's pleasing novel could not fail to excite the sympathy and curiosity of the public and impel them beforehand to go and see a piece taken from it; secondly, the management had got the piece up with an amount of magnificence quite unusual at a second-class theatre, and such as till then had been seen only at the Opera; the costumes and scenery were gorgeous; the masses, considerably augmented, produced an effect hitherto unknown, and the last scene, which represented the burning and destruction of a palace, drew, by its power and truth, cries of admiration from the spectators; lastly, an excellent interpretation on the part of the singers, and the co-operation of a marvellous orchestra, whose superiority stood out the more strongly because the work was treated musically with profound knowledge and an exceptional utilization of symphonic resources, helped to complete the elements of a success, which, for brilliancy, was striking and prolonged.

Lodoïska was in three acts, the principal parts being sustained by Mdme de Justal, Martin, Châteaufort, and Gaveaux. It was one of the first essays in the way of the grand lyric drama which was about being implanted on the two secondary stages of Favart and of Feydeau, and which till then had been seen only at the Opera; the experiment was as successful as it possibly could be, and the public received the new work with a sort of enthusiasm. Contemporary chroniclers—I say chroniclers, for at that period true criticism did not exist—were unanimous in recording the immense success achieved by the composer. One of them said: "It is certain that the splendour of the piece, the richness and variety of the costumes, the magnificence of the scenery, and the conflagration seen at the end, contributed not a little to its success; it is certain, too, that M. Cherubini's music is comparable to nothing less than the sublimest efforts of the greatest masters. . . . M. Cherubini has surpassed himself. Never did French ears listen to more expressive and characteristic music."† Another, though more concise, is no less laudatory: "A grandiose subject, a frightful conflagration, and enchanting music."‡ A third expresses himself as follows: "The music is entrancing, sublime; a broad style, admirable treatment of the masses, profound orchestration, astonishing dash, surprising originality, and grand touches in a word—this is what it offers us and which justifies the enthusiasm of the public, who, during the performances, rose at every piece and applauded the immortal author."§ As for the *Journal de Paris*, then a highly influential paper, the opinions of which carried great weight, this is how it spoke: ". . . . The style of the words is beneath mediocrity. Just the contrary must be stated of the music, which is that of a great master. The public were informed whose it was, and it was only natural for them to expect a very great deal from the young composer. Despite of this, they were none the less astonished at the brilliant effects with which he has profusely adorned his work. It would be difficult to mention specially all the pieces of different kinds which were applauded. They are nearly all concerted pieces. We scarcely know an instance of more vigorous and more fertile talent. We are compelled sometimes to think it is too much so; if there is anything we could wish in the music, it is a trifle more melody, which would enable the audience to rest after the exceedingly numerous orchestral effects."‖

By the new forms he adopted in his score of *Lodoïska*, by the vigour displayed in its general conception, by the power he succeeded in giving to his orchestra, and by the truly architectural structure of this virile production of his genius, Cherubini came forward as the determined champion of the evolution which comic opera, that style of composition so eminently French, was about to go through. Dramatic truth, the study of grand situations, and the portrayal of character, which Gluck had so successfully introduced among us in lyric drama properly so called, were all things Cherubini determined to transport to the stage of the Théâtre Feydeau, and endow with them our musical comedy, which, with a few exceptions, had hardly been distinguished for delicacy or wit, grace, or tenderness, and which was pretty generally deficient in breadth and emotion. However, it is not correct to say, as far at least as regards the priority of the results obtained, that Cherubini was the originator of the evolution; with respect to this point Denne-Baron was mistaken in his notice of him, as was, subsequently, the German authoress, who, under the pseudonym of Mad. Mara, published a rapid study, full of interest and overflowing with ingenious views, on the composer. It must be stated that, on the 4th September, 1790, that is to say, about a year previous to the production of *Lodoïska*, Méhul brought out at the Théâtre Feydeau his first work, *Euphrosine et Coradin*, and that in this work, so new and daring in character, he laid the foundations of the reform about to be carried out. A pupil of Gluck's, he followed in his master's footsteps, and we must not refuse him the benefit of anteriority, because Cherubini had the intelligence to take the same course and follow it with him. As Fétis has very justly observed in his *Curiosités historiques de la Musique*, when speaking of Cherubini's first steps on the stage of the Théâtre de Monsieur, and of the score of *Lodoïska:*

"M. Cherubini, whose name was already celebrated when he settled in France in 1788, and who added to his reputation by the beautiful detached pieces he wrote for the Bouffons at the Théâtre de Monsieur, M. Cherubini, I say, perceived the remarkable character of the path which Méhul had just traced out in his *Euphrosine;* he abandoned the Italian manner, which he had followed until then, adopted the new one offered him, and, bringing to the task his profound knowledge and the sweet strains of his native land, produced his opera of *Lodoïska*. An air, a trio, and the finale of the second act are sufficient to place the work in the first rank of masterpieces of the French school, to which by its style it belongs."¶

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* This is how Cherubini mentions in his Catalogue the work in question, which was never finished: "The eight following pieces from the first act of *Marguerite d'Anjou*, an opera I began for the Thuilleries Theatre, but did not complete: *Respires tu?* air; *Tout doucement*, trio; *O Reine infortunée!* air and couplets; *Non, n'est ce pas?* air; *Princes et rois*, air; *Ne jugez pas*, chorus and finale."

† *Almanach général de tous les Spectacles*, 1792, pp. 82, 83.

‡ *Les Spectacles de Paris*, 1792, p. 248.

§ Babault's *Annales Dramatiques.*

‖ *Journal de Paris*, 20th July, 1791.

¶ *Curiosités historiques de la Musique*, p. 124.—As we see, it is not quite correct to say, as the writer who signs: Mdme Mara, does: "The event which marked a new era, and in which we recognize the revolution of French lyric drama, was the appearance of Cherubini's opera, *Lodoïska.*"

Those who would like to read Mdme Mara's notice of Cherubini will find it in the second volume which she wrote under the title of *Musikalische Studienköpfe*, and which was published at Leipsic in 1876. An Italian translation of the notice was given by the *Rivista Europea* (Florence) in its number for the 1st May, 1877.

Mdme Mara has, in a historical sense, followed rather too servilely Denne-Baron, and, like him, makes a mistake in asserting that it was Mdme Scio

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The success of *Lodoïska* in France was spontaneous, brilliant, and uncontested. Nor was it less so in Germany, where the work was soon afterwards performed and quickly considered a masterpiece. Its popularity, indeed, lasted much longer on the other side of the Rhine than it did among ourselves, for, in 1817, Weber produced it in Dresden, having previously, according to a custom he had adopted, published a long analysis in the *Dresdener Zeitung*, while, in 1818, it was played in Berlin. It was for its performance in this town that Cherubini was requested to write a new air, the one originally written not suiting the voice of Mdme Milder, the lady charged with the principal part; and it is he himself who informs us the second air was not sung by her, for it is in these terms that he mentions it in his Catalogue under the date of 1817: "A new air, not executed, for the opera of *Lodoïska*."

A fortnight to a day, after the production of Cherubini's work at the Théâtre Feydeau, the Théâtre Favart brought out another with the same title and on the same subject. The second *Lodoïska*, first performed on the 1st August, 1791, was less fortunate than its predecessor. It was the work of Dejaure for the words, while the music was due to Rudolphe Kreutzer, the admirable violinist. But the latter was not strong enough as a composer to compete with Cherubini, and his score could not bear comparison with the latter's. An annalist puts the case thus:

"There is a great distance between M. Kreutzer and M. Cherubini, and we cannot, without doing him a wrong, even suspect M. Kreutzer of ever entertaining the notion of rivalling the former. The more we hear the music of M. Cherubini's *Lodoïska*, the more we regret M. Kreutzer should have written the music of another version." **

It is certain that we do not find in the latter a single piece which comes up to the fine pages of Cherubini's *Lodoïska*, among which pages we must especially mention, besides the overture and Lodoïska's air, the superb trio in the second act and the famous chorus: "Concertons notre vengeance!" a piece so remarkable for its great power and splendid sonorousness.

(To be continued.)

Mr William Hutchins Callcott died on Saturday, Aug. 5th, at his residence in Kensington. The deceased composer, born in the year 1807, was the son of Dr John Wall Callcott and nephew of Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A. Mr Callcott's chief compositions are a baritone song, "The Last Man," words by the poet Campbell, and two anthems frequently used in our cathedrals—"Give peace in our time, O Lord," and "In my Father's house are many mansions." His remaining published works are not numerous, but display a cultivated and refined taste. Owing to failing health, Mr Callcott had long retired from active work in his profession. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the 9th inst., at 10 a.m., in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Bayreuth, *9th August* (*Correspondence*).—At yesterday's performance (the seventh) of *Parsifal* every seat was filled. There were a great many foreigners, French, American, and English; Italy, also, supplying a strong contingent. Conspicuous among the celebrities present was Dr Helmholz, of Berlin. Wagner, who sat in his box by the side of August Wilhelmj, the Bayreuth violin-king, was called for at the end with "hurrahs" and "Hochs." Herr Levi, the conductor, returned thanks in his stead, saying that "the Master had been compelled by slight indisposition to leave the theatre." Before the last act, there was a supper, to which his Excellency, Count von Schleinitz, member of the Prussian Ministry, escorted Mdme Wagner, and Professor August Wilhelmj the Countess von Schleinitz. The weather is more favourable; yesterday, the evening sun illumined the pleasant landscape between the first and second acts as if by magic.

Every theatre in Milan is shut except the Dal Verme, transformed for the nonce into a circus.

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who created the part of Lodoïska. Mdme Scio, of whom I shall speak further on with all the detail due to the talent of so admirable an artist, merely continued, though with much success, the part, which, as I have stated, was created by Mdme de Justal. At the time of the first production of *Lodoïska*, in 1791, Mdme Scio belonged to the company of the Théâtre Molière, and it was not till the following year that she was engaged and first appeared at Feydeau.

** *Almanach général des Spectacles*, 1792, p. 154.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season is "all a-growing, all a-blowing," *i.e.*, the number of visitors has increased by "returners home," who are weather-bound on account of the furious gale that is raging. There are plenty of French, but not enough English for the hotel keepers, who are never satisfied.

As regards the concerts, the third "grand" was given at the Casino on the 18th. *Avec le concours de M. Talazac, 1 ténor de l'Opera Comique*, Mdlle Velmi, from the Theatre Italien, in Paris, who charmed everyone with her brilliant execution of "Son vergin vezzosa" (*I Puritani*), the "Bijoux" air from *Faust*, and Arditi's "Il Bacio." There is, also, Mdlle Eugénie Bénard, a young pianist from London, whom I mentioned favourably in the columns of the *Musical World* some time ago, and who, evidently, has been studying very hard since then. Mdlle Bénard played Weber's "Concertstüke" and Michael Watson's fantasia on *Il Trovatore*, gaining great applause after each.

At the fourteenth *matinée*, held at the Etablissement, Mdlle Caroline Brun, "*cantatrice des concerts Colonne*," gave the grand air from Massenet's *Hérodiade*, "La ballade du roi du Thulé," and "La Coupe de Galathé" ("Verse encore"), which delighted the audience beyond measure. *Enfin!* it was a remarkable success.

At the theatre, M. Bérard has been giving *La Songe d'un nuit d'été Hamlet, Faust, La Fille du Tambour Major*, and *Giroflé-Girofla. Les Huguenots, Robert le Diable, La Juive, Guillaume Tell*, and *Les Cloches de Corneville* are "à l'étude." M. Ketten finished his successful engagement on Saturday as Faust, being well supported by M. Dégrave (Méphistophèle), M. Solve (Valentin), Mdlle Hasselmans (Marguerite), and Mdlle Francinis (Siebel).

The races began yesterday and are to be continued to-day. The regatta was not quite the success it was expected to be; while the fair finished on Sunday.

Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen is here for her health, which, you know, has been very bad for some time; but we trust that the change to breezy Boulogne will do her good, and that we may have the pleasure of hearing some of the sweet notes of the Swedish contralto before she leaves us.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 23, 1882.

A new zarzuela, entitled *Adios, Mundo amargo*, music by Señores Rubio and Espina, is playing at the Buen Retiro, Madrid.

Choral Meeting in Hamburg.—[*August* 9, *Original Correspondence. Third German Singers' Festival.*]—This week belongs to the Singers of Germany! For the first time, the old Hanse town beholds within its walls a national German Festival; neither the members of the rifle clubs, nor those of the Gymnastic Societies, nor musicians ever strayed hither before, but it seems that an extraordinary influx may be expected at the coming festival. The number of visitors increases with every train, and the crowds in the streets are as great as though it were already in full swing. The singers officially announced up to now amount to about 9,000, and the larger Vocal Associations to 49. In addition to these, the Vocal Section of the London "Turnerverein" have notified their intention of attending. The grand procession will take place on Saturday, the 12th August. It will form on the Steinthorplatz, near the Museum of Art and Trade, in two divisions and six columns, with fourteen bands. Starting at half-past two, it will reach the Festplatz about half-past five, wending its way through the Steinstrasse—the first street, by the bye, ever paved in Germany (1280)—Rathhausmarkt, by the Exchange, over the Neuerwall, Jungfernstieg, Gänsemarkt, past the Lessing Monument, Stadttheater, and Dammthor, to the Exhibition Building. The flag of the Association will be displayed from a carriage.—Several members from the German Baltic provinces of Russia, who intend taking part in the proceedings, have already reached Lübeck. The members of several Russo-German Societies come by way of Stettin. There will be only two concerts, the conductors being Professor Julius von Bernuth, of this town, and Herr Franz Schmidt, chorus-master of the Association, from Munich. The Festival is to be brought officially to an end on the evening of Sunday, the 13th, after an instrumental concert.

[See fulfilment of prophecy in another column—"Meeting of the Choirs at Hamburg."—Dr Blinge.]

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WARTEL.

Pierre François Wartel, the eminent professor of singing, died on Friday, the 12th inst., at his residence 30, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, aged seventy-two. Born at Versailles, the 3rd April, 1806, Wartel was from 1823 to 1828, a pupil of Choron's. He then went to the Conservatory, where, in 1829, he carried off the first prize for singing. For fourteen or fifteen years, from 1831 to 1846, he sang tenor parts at the Opera. It was he who "created" the "Rataplan" in *Les Huguenots*, at a brilliant epoch when the Opera possessed such artists as Nourrit, Duprez, Falcon, Damoreau, and Dorus-Gras. But Wartel had other titles to consideration. It was he who popularised in France the melodies of Schubert. After singing in Germany, he returned and settled among us. He devoted himself to teaching, and the list of artists he formed on his system would be a long one. The two most illustrious are certainly Christine Nilsson and Trebelli, though we must not forget Hisson of the Opera. In 1860, the Stockholm Academy of Fine Arts created him one of its members; this was by way of thanking him for the excellent lessons he had given the Swedish Nightingale. Wartel leaves a son, Emile, who after singing successfully for some years at the Théâtre Lyrique, established a vocal school of his own.

The funeral service was celebrated on the 14th inst., at the Church of the Trinity, Paris. JULES PRÉVAL.

TO GALLERON OF GALWAY.

SIR,—The briefs from Somerset never came to hand. Their contents are, therefore, lost to our nephews! Woe is me!

They may, happily, however, during the lapse of years become petrified in Bath (bath-petrified). Dug up from the intestines of Mother Earth, or Erda, from whom, and the loins of Wotan (*pace* Wagner), sprang Siegmund and Sieglinde, Brünnhilde and her eight Walkyrian sisters. Then will come eagerly scanning Egyptologists who will interpret glyphically and mythically, until what time I commend thee to Isis and Osiris. At the actual period, Jamblichus in hand, I dose beneath the meridian Sun, on the outstretched shank of Ozymandias, athwart whose hospitable ribs I repose o' nights, making the yellow moon my confidant.

Thus "life may be compared to a stream" (C. L. K.), "or to a pond" (J. S.) You are wrong about Aliduke of the Straight Marches, and right about Sir Bleoberis de Ganis, although Sir Blamore de Ganis was reputed the hardier knight. Thine in sincerity,—PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

POSTSCRIPTUM.—Holmes of Hallow (Hallow the Hole) will be the guest of Button of Birmingham, at the Queen's Hotel, during Festival week. He afterwards, in company with Button, proceeds to Hereford, where, at his accustomed hostelry, The Greyhound, he will be entertained by Giles of Gloucester, Appleford van Applebury of Hereford, and Sir Percy Perry of Worcester. Dame Guenever will be there, also Mr Thaddeus Egg, the big-endian, Egg the younger, the little-endian (self-styled "Lesser Egg,") and—or I am mistaken—King Bagdemagus.—P. of W.

Dolorous Tower, Aug. 25, (City of Lud).

MUNICH.—While Wagnerites are disputing whether *Parsifal* is adapted for every stage, the question is already decided by a royal order as far as regards our Theatre Royal. Unless anything unforseen should happen, *Parsifal* will be given on the 12th October. The painters are busy on the moving panorama of the first act.

WAIFS.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—On Thursday at Birmingham, the ballot for places at the festival was held. The applications for tickets for the Wednesday morning performance, when M. Gounod's oratorio will be produced, were nearly 200 in excess of the accommodation available. The actual number of places allotted, is 2,111, as compared with 760 on the corresponding day last festival. There is an appreciable increase also in the applications for places at the Wednesday evening concert. The ballot for the Thursday and Friday performances took place yesterday.

Diaz de Soria is at Cauterets.

Mad Geistinger will shortly visit San Francisco.

Dr Wüllner, of Dresden, lately celebrated his Silver Wedding.

Johann Strauss, with his orchestra, intends making a concert-tour in Italy.

Faccio will again officiate as conductor at the Scala, Milan. (*Tanto meglio.*—Dr Blitge.)

Charles Tardieu, the musical critic, has been created Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The King and Queen attended the Brussels Musical Festival, on the 20th and 21st inst.

Gabrielle Krauss is spending a holiday with her family at Potzleinsdorf, near Vienna.

The Musical Society of St Gregory of Belgium held a general meeting at Malines on the 7th inst.

Mrs Osgood is everywhere received with favour in America. Her voice and style are equally admired.

Léo Delibes has written incidental music for the revival of *Le Roi s'amuse* at the Théâtre-Français.

R. Marenco is commissioned by the Government of the St Marino Republic to write a National Hymn.

Angelo Neumann, with his *Nibelungen* company, will successively visit Breslau, Königsberg, Dantzic, and Hanover.

The Italian season at the Philharmonie, formerly the Skating Rink, Berlin, has opened with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*.

Insbrücker, of Weimar, is appointed professor of the harp in the Leipsic Conservatory, and will also play at the Gewandhaus.

The *Salvator Rosa* of Gomez has been given at Pernambuco.—Ferrari has commissioned Gomez to write an opera for the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres.

Mdlle Donadio, being indisposed, was unable to take part in the performances at Brescia in honour of Arnaldo, and Mad Bouschi-Chiatti was her substitute.

François Planté the pianist, in conjunction with Colonne's Orchestra, has been giving concerts at Aix-les-Bains. (Qu'il s'y plante définitivement.—Dr Blitge.)

Gustav Reichart, composer of Arndt's song, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," celebrated on the 7th inst. his Golden Wedding. He is in his eighty-sixth year.

A Vermont man took a bean-pole and stirred up a skunk to see what the animal would do. He found out, and then went to a lonely place in the woods to decide what he should do himself.

A temporary theatre, lighted exclusively by 400 Edison lamps, has been erected at Munich, and will be open during the International Exhibition of Electricity next month.

The first performance of Cæsar Cui's opera, *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, at St Petersburgh, is announced for November. The work will afterwards be given at Moscow and Tiflis.

Vianesi will be conductor during the Italian operatic season at Nice; principal ladies, Anna de Belocca and Fouquet. (Oh, Anna! Anna! wherefore art thou De Belocca?—Dr Blitge.)

It is said that the nightly expenses of the Nilsson Concert Company during the American tour will be 3,500 dollars. (C'est possible. Et quoi donc? Le monde tournera tout de même.—Dr Blitge.)

It is reported that Maurice Grau has died of yellow fever in Havannah, and that his *prima donna*, Paola Marié, succeeds him in the management of his French operatic company. (Don't believe it.—Dr Blitge.)

Mdlle Ugalde has been singing in Lecocq's last operetta, *Le Jour et la Nuit*, at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint-Hubert, Brussels. There is some talk of erecting in Brussels, near the Exchange, a theatre to be called the Elysium.

Joseph Dupont resigns the conductorship at the Monnaie, Brussels, and, at no distant date, proceeds to New York, where he has received an important appointment. (Simply as conductor of the Adelina Patti performances.—Dr Blitge.)

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Five prizes consisting of diplomas and artistic bronze medals, to be competed for this year, have been offered by the French Association départementale des Compositeurs de Musique. The works for which prizes are offered are an orchestral overture; a composition for the organ, with pedal, not to take longer than six minutes; a fantasia for military band; a concert-waltz for piano, and a vocal piece, with pianoforte accompaniment, to given words. Only composers in the departments (the Seine excepted) will be allowed to compete.

"Holy Pictures" in Russia.—If the ecclesiastical architecture of Russia appears to a visitor as being the most remarkable of the sights that meet his eye in that assemblage of all that is odd and incongruous, the idols or pictures of saints with which some of them abound and all are supplied must strike an Englishman as certainly the most extraordinary objects which have yet presented themselves to his gaze. The joss-houses of China, the weird and wonderful temples with their idols in India, from Bombay to Delhi, hardly seem to the observer so strange as the holy pictures in the churches of Russia. In Asia we see the results of some very ancient systems of symbols in which the life has gone out, and left a dead form now surrounded with other attributes than it ever possessed when living. Thus we know that the many-armed idol of Brahma simply represented the affinity of his power, by no means pretending to be the portrait of a monster. For all this a little study prepares us; a little reflection helps us to trace the grand ideas of the old primæval faith in the grotesquerie of later Brahminism. But we are not prepared to understand the reduction of Christianity to a level below that of Brahminism. It is, however, instructive to watch the decline of the pure and simple faith of the early Christianity, until we come to the virtual polytheism of the orthodox church.—*Builder.*

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, August* 26, 1882.

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PURSUANT to an Order of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division), made in an action "In the MATTER of the ESTATE of JOHN ALLISON, deceased, Sharpus *v.* Hodge, 1882, A, No. 884." the CREDITORS of John Allison, late of Glenhaven, Elstree, in the county of Herts, and of No. 33, Oakley Square, Hampstead Road, in the county of Middlesex, carrying on business as a pianoforte manufacturer, under the style or firm of Ralph Allison and Sons and Allison & Allison, at Nos. 167, 169, and 171, Wardour Street, Oxford Street, and at No. 3, Wellington Street, and at Stibbington Street, St Pancras, all in the county of Middlesex (who died in or about the month of February, 1882), are, on or before the 2nd day of October, 1882, to send by post prepaid to Charles Henry Theodore Wharton, a member of the firm of Yorke & Wharton, of No. 29, Conduit Street, Bond Street, London, W., the solicitors of the defendant, Thomas Reynolds Hodge, the executor of the will of the deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before the Honourable Mr Justice Kay, at the Chambers of the Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, Middlesex, on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of November, 1882, at One o'clock in the Afternoon, being the time appointed for adjudicating on the claims.—Dated this 16th day of August, 1882.—H. F. CHURCH, Chief Clerk.—A. LESLIE, 34, Conduit Street, Bond Street, London, W., Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

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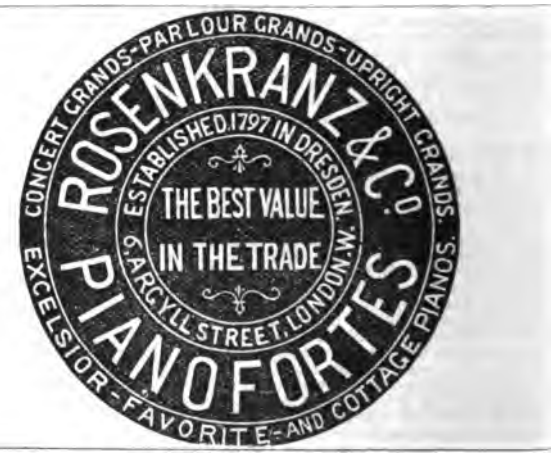

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

August 26th.

This greatest of musical Festivals, properly so termed, begins its accustomed triennial celebration on the morning of Tuesday next. We say "greatest" advisedly; and with the proud conviction of our amateurs, that England is *not* the "unmusical country" which certain quidnuncs would fain have us believe, may amplify the phrase, to "greatest" *at home or abroad*—Germany and the Festivals of the Rhine taken into account. As such, indeed, has it been justly regarded ever since Mendelssohn brought out and conducted the memorable performance of his *Elijah* on the 26th of August, 1846, and as such, with equal right, esteemed from 1849, when the entire musical direction was invested in the hands of Mr (now Sir Michael) Costa, who has honorably maintained it until now, and whose despotic rule has been used exclusively for good. A detailed history of the rise and progress of the Birmingham Festival would at this time be superfluous. From a comparatively unimportant beginning, more than a century past, (1768), when the first Festival was held in aid of the General Hospital, the profits derived from which enabled the committee to hand over £299 to the fund, it has gradually risen, step by step, to the exceptionally high position it now occupies, benefitting Charity and Art in equal measures. Its contributions to the hospitals are now reckoned by thousands instead of hundreds; and scarcely a meeting is on record the programme of which does not contain some new works, sacred and secular, either written expressly for Birmingham, or—like the *Lobgesang*, and Pianoforte Concerto in D minor of Mendelssohn (the first conducted the second performed by the great composer himself)—previously unheard among us.

The prospectus of the coming celebration exhibits even a larger variety of attraction than that of 1879. The managing directors, as in honour bound, devote the morning of the first day to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. This glorious work, the essence of modern oratorio in its dramatic significance, is unlikely to be superseded, notwithstanding the incessant denunciations of a certain school, whose sworn disciples would gladly put Liszt's *Christus* in the place of Handel's *Messiah*—which, going from the New Testament to the Old, would be equivalent to substituting the worship of Baal for that of Jehovah, the prophets of the grove for the ministers of the true religion. Meyerbeer once said of the zealots militant who, since his death, have congregated at the shrine of the Bayreuth Oracle, with Abbé Liszt as recognized chief—"*These gentlemen would not only, if it was in their power, commit our works to the fire but our bodies also.*" Of course, the much-reviled composer of the *Huguenots* spoke in metaphor, roused by the fierce objurgations of Wagner* and Wagnerians against himself in particular and his Art-manifestations in general. Happily there is little danger for *Elijah*, which has been given on every occasion at Birmingham since the Festival of 1846, and most probably will be repeated, Festival after Festival, until the first and second Bayreuthiad, with all the attendant hubbub and vain boasting shall have passed into oblivion. A fine—perhaps, in the circumstances, unusually fine—execution of *Elijah*, with Costa as the animating spirit, may be looked for with undisturbed complacency. Sir Michael was always a staunch Mendelssohnian, as he has triumphantly proved over and over again. On the evening of Tuesday one of the leading promised novelties, in the shape of a secular cantata, entitled *Graziella*, from the pen of Sir Julius Benedict, will be produced. *Graziella* was originally intended for the Norwich Festival of last autumn, when, after having been conductor since 1845, Benedict handed over the *bâton* to Signor Randegger. On the other hand, not to be entirely dissociated from the city for which he had done so much in a musical way, Benedict pledged himself to furnish a new cantata for the occasion, but was prevented by severe and protracted indisposition from completing it in time. Such a treasure was not, however, to be lost to the world of art; and so the Managing Committee of Birmingham, much to their credit, applied for and obtained it for their Festival. *Graziella* alone will suffice to endow the first evening concert with a special value, and the performance will acquire additional interest from the fact that it is to be superintended by the veteran composer himself. This rule, in fact, applies generally to the new works, which, without exception, will be conducted by their respective composers, Sir Michael Costa limiting his inestimable aid to the known masterpieces and the personal supervision of the entire musical proceedings.

For Wednesday morning we are promised the great novelty of the Festival—M. Gounod's long contemplated oratorio, *The Redemption*. About this work, its scope and purport, much has already been printed in the columns of our London daily and weekly contemporaries, to say nothing of the Birmingham papers—so much, in short, as to absolve us, even did space permit, from a description *in extenso*. M. Gounod, nevertheless, who has compiled and edited his own text (the English translation of which, in prose and verse, is due to the Rev. J. Troutbeck) may be allowed to say a word for himself. His work, he tells us, "is a lyrical setting forth of the three great facts on which depends the existence of the Christian Church . . . the Passion and Death of the Saviour; His glorious life on earth, from the Resurrection to the Ascension; and the spread of Christianity through the medium of the Apostles." This trilogy, we are further advised, is preceded by an introduction, or "Prologue," treating of the Creation, the fall of our first parents, and the promise of a Redeemer. In another note M. Gounod informs us that he wrote the words in the winter of 1867-8, at Rome, where he composed two musical pieces only—the "March to Calvary," which opens Part I. of the Trilogy, and the commencement of the first division of the third part ("Pentecost"). Thus some twelve years of a by no means inactive or uneventful career have—with occasional interruptions dependent upon labours in another sphere of Art—been devoted to the consideration and gradual completion of this, M. Gounod's last important effort. Twelve years, however, will not have been unprofitably spent should results justify the high aspiration of the poet-composer. What are the intrinsic merits of *The Redemption*, what its chances of a success worthy the pen to which we owe *Faust*, *Mireille* (that singularly unappreciated opera), *Romeo et Juliette*, and so many productions of acknowledged distinction, remains for proof. M. Gounod himself is said to regard it as the work of his life, the work upon which he relies for the perpetuation of his name; and this alone should weigh materially in the balance. All we can add just now is, that in form and spirit it is quite original, differing in these essentials from any and every "oratorio," so called, with which we are acquainted. For the actual (we do not presume to say the final) test we must look to the performance next Tuesday in Birmingham Town Hall.

To the remaining advertised novelties a bare allusion must at present suffice. Foremost among them may be named a new secular cantata by Herr Niels Gade, "worthiest of worthy Danes," as he has been styled, whose merit, discovered by the always observant Mendelssohn in 1843, was soon generally recognized, and who has laboured earnestly since then to verify what Mendelssohn predicted—with what success it remains for connoisseurs to decide. The favourable reception awarded to Gade's sacred cantata, *Zion*, at the Festival of 1876, and to his *Crusaders* in 1879, justifies a hope that his *Psyche*, which is to engross the first part of Thursday evening's concert, may be entitled to an equal measure of praise. That the subject of this cantata is built upon the beautiful Greek myth of Psyche and Eros will be readily divined. Yet another important novelty is a sacred cantata entitled *The Holy City*, the composition of a talented local musician, who has drawn his materials, with the exception of two hymns and a verse from Milton ("List the Cherubin Host in Thousand Choirs"), entirely from Scripture, and to a certain extent from *Revelations*. The choice of this work has afforded more than ordinary satisfaction to the Birmingham people, by whom Mr Gaul is highly esteemed. Add to the foregoing a new orchestral symphony in G major by Mr Hubert Parry, so well beholden at the Crystal Palace, together with an orchestral serenade in the same key by Mr Villiers Stanford, no less highly rated by the lovers of good music at Cambridge, and it must be admitted that new compositions are rather the rule than the exception. That in other respects the programme should be made attractive depended exclusively upon Sir Michael Costa, who, as usual, has justified the confidence reposed in him. We have no room left for details, but may simply mention that while the imperishable *Messiah* holds the place of honour on Thursday morning, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's incomparable G minor symphony, Mr. F. H. Cowen's graceful *Suite de Ballet* (*The Language of Flowers*), Cherubini's superb Mass in C major, No. 4, recommended, we understand, by that erudite musician and admirable critic, Mr. Henry Lincoln, and other good things of their kind too numerous to specify, are comprised in the general arrangements. With the same experienced chief in control, it need scarcely be added that a numerous orchestra, chosen from the most practised executants (M. Sainton leading violin) has been secured. About the magnificent chorus, inseparable from the Birmingham Festivals, it is unnecessary to say a word. The list of solo singers, including Mesdames Albani and Marie Roze, Misses E. Farnol and Anna Williams (sopranos), Mesdames Patey and Trebelli (contraltos), Messrs E. Lloyd, W. H. Cummings, and Joseph Maas (tenors), Messrs Santley, F. King, and Foli (basses), is as powerful and efficient as could be desired. Mr Stockley, according to custom, is chorus-master (an abler it would be difficult to find), and the veteran Mr Stimpson, organist. We should have stated that *The Redemption* is not only to be given on

* Wagner, to whom Meyerbeer, the unsophisticated and gifted "Jew," gave two irresistible pushes in his artistic career, for which Wagner was ever after grateful.—Dr Blüge.

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Wednesday morning, but a second time on Friday evening. From all credited accounts the Birmingham Festival of 1882 promises to be one of the most successful on record.—*Graphic.*

* * * * * *

Birmingham, Sunday.

Three years ago, when the festival of that date was in progress here, it became my duty, and the duty of others discharging the same functions, to sound a note of warning and censure. The great musical solemnity of which we are all proud manifested symptoms of weakness and decay. There was obvious in its management a lack of enterprise and vigour, and, in other respects, a tendency to fall below the high standard applicable to an institution so exalted in character and claims. On all hands amateurs regretted this; protested against it; and asked, not whether a remedy would be applied at all, because Birmingham is a practical place, but when it would be applied and in how drastic a fashion it would operate. We were not kept long in suspense. Birmingham went to work after a mode characteristically thorough. It simply revolutionised the management of the festival, bowing out this and that "minister," and bringing new blood into the cabinet, pledged to vigorous action, and committed to salutary reforms. The full effect of the change we do not yet see, though the next few days will show it. But even now it is impossible to look at the programme of the Festival which begins on Tuesday next and not discern that another era in the history of the institution has opened. Six new works of importance surely present the fact in a light strong enough for the dimmest vision. After this the rest may be taken for granted, and word may go forth that the Birmingham Festival is itself again.

One of the novelties—M. Gounod's oratorio, *Redemption*—has already been noticed in our columns, and little of a preliminary nature remains to be said about it. The work was fully rehearsed yesterday afternoon under its famous composer's direction, with most satisfactory results; M. Gounod describing the execution as "marvellous," and the amateurs present applying terms hardly less complimentary to the music. How far justice was done in either case is a matter for future consideration; but there can be no doubt at all that the new oratorio is exciting an enormous amount of interest. This may be best shown by absolutely truthful figures. The number of places taken in advance for the Wednesday morning of the Festival week three years ago, including presidents' and vice-presidents' tickets, was 759; the number allotted for next Wednesday morning, when *Redemption* will be given, is 2,111. The oratorio is set down for Friday evening also, and not a disengaged place remains in the hall; while a considerable number of applications have perforce been declined. This is unprecedented in the history of the Birmingham or any other Festival, and not only shows the power of M. Gounod's name, but justifies the enterprise which purchased his new work at an unexampled outlay. May it not do something more, and demonstrate the continued partiality of the English public for oratorio? I question much whether an opera by M. Gounod would excite one-half of the interest now shown in his *Redemption*, armed with which he comes before our people, preferring the most effectual claim upon their good graces. As an instance, I may state that arrangements have already been made to produce the work in London, Bristol, Brighton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Wolverhampton, and, across the Atlantic, in Toronto. Taking the other novelties in the order of the programme, Sir Julius Benedict's cantata, *Graziella*, first claims attention. In this the veteran composer is associated with Mr Henry Hersee, and librettist and musician between them have produced what appears, on the short acquaintance as yet possible, a bright, interesting, and attractive piece. *Graziella*, as amateurs may remember, was originally intended for the Norwich Festival of last year, but could not be got ready in time. The loss of East Anglia will doubtless prove the gain of the Midlands; and in any case the presence of Sir Julius Benedict at Birmingham as the author of a new work thoroughly accords with the fitness of things. *Graziella*, announced for next Tuesday evening, will be followed, on Wednesday evening, by a sacred cantata, *The Holy City*, composed by Mr Gaul, a highly esteemed local musician, whose name is widely known as the composer of some excellent part-songs, anthems, &c. Mr Gaul's opportunity is a great one; that he may prove worthy of it must be desired by everybody who wishes well to English music. We cannot afford a single check along the happily advancing line of native art. An orchestral serenade in four movements, by Mr Villiers Stanford, is set down for performance with *The Holy City*. Of this work the best hopes are entertained, for reasons other than the fact that its composer has already achieved distinguished successes. Whenever rehearsed, the serenade makes friends among the many who still love music that is intelligible and pleasing as well as ambitious. On Thursday evening, *Psyche*, a cantata by Herr Niels Gade, will afford the well-known Danish composer another opportunity of winning English applause. The success of Herr Gade's *Crusaders* and *Zion* has not been forgotten here. His popularity is great, and public opinion prophesied a triumph for the new piece. On this point let figures speak. The number of places secured for the Thursday evening in 1879 was 799; the number taken for next Thursday evening is 1,453. Here we have an absolutely unerring test of the interest excited by Herr Gade's name and work. But this result was to be anticipated, since the *protégé* of Mendelssohn and Schumann holds no mean, unhonoured place in European art. He has fairly earned the right to speak anywhere, and to be heard with the attention which a master may claim. A symphony, in G major, by Mr Hubert Parry, figures in the same programme with *Psyche*. This composer scarcely needs an introduction to any English audience. His name at least is known as that of a musician of large views as to his individual calling in art. He writes ambitiously, and with boldness as well as persistence in the particular style he has chosen. It would, of course, be premature to discuss his new symphony. Enough, now, that it is a work of great dimensions and much difficulty, and that it could only have been composed at a proportionate expenditure of time and labour. Mr Parry is certainly not afraid of such criticism as that passed by the Emperor Joseph on one of Mozart's operas—"There are too many notes in it."

Turning to the works which are not novelties, the *Messiah* and *Elijah* are found in their accustomed places. Birmingham cannot yet afford to ignore those immortal masterpieces, and would not if it could. They are like pillars which give stability to the musical edifice, and they serve as a standard of judgment in sacred art. *Elijah*, as the child of Birmingham—a child of whom the parent is proud and fond—will always be safe here, even when the attraction of novelty, as in the present case, lessens somewhat the number of applications for seats. In 1879 1,958 places were allotted, whereas now only 1,243 are taken. But not an empty chair need be feared. The great army of half-guinea amateurs in waiting outside will enter and fill them all. Other selections, more or less known, are Brahms's *Triumphlied*, Cherubini's Fourth Mass, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and the overtures to *William Tell*, *Siege of Corinth*, and *Benvenuto Cellini*. In addition, a number of vocal pieces intended for the display of individual skill rather than presented for their musical interest, diversify the evening programmes. Looking at the scheme as a whole it must be pronounced thoroughly good. I do not see in what respect improvement is possible.

The executive resources of the Festival are on the usual scale, and include a magnificent orchestra of 142 performers, with the veteran *chef d'attaque*, Sainton, at their head. Of this large number, 108 are "strings" unmatched in Europe for tone and ability. The Birmingham "quartet," so long renowned, is assuredly not going to forfeit its character on the present occasion, nor will the "wind" prove unworthy to bear it company, as the names of Messrs Svendsen, Barrett, Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Snelling, Wotton, Haveron, Harper, Mann, Webster, Hughes, and Hawes amply guarantee. The chorus numbers 362, and is of splendid quality—beyond question the best that the able and indefatigable chorus-master, Mr Stockley, has had in hand for many years past. The voices are young and fresh, of excellent *timbre*, and perfectly trained to their work. As for the principal vocalists a mention of their names will suffice. They are Mdme Albani, Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Farnol, Mdme Patey, Mdme Trebelli, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr Cummings, Mr Maas, Mr Santley, Mr F. King, and Signor Foli. Mr Stimpson occupies his usual place at the organ, and last, yet very far indeed from least, Sir Michael Costa sits in the conductor's seat, as he has done at every Birmingham Festival for nearly forty years. I am told, and can well believe it, that Sir Michael's reception by his band and chorus has been enthusiastic in the extreme. Enthusiastic also is the greeting that awaits him at the hands of the public, because, mingled with admiration for his great abilities and respect for long service, will be thankfulness that health and vigour are so far restored as to enable him to undertake duties none other could discharge so well. I may add that the prospects of the Festival are everything its friends could wish. The number of seats already secured exceeds by 2,995 the total applied for at the corresponding date three years ago. This means progress in its most substantial form.

* * * * * *

Tuesday.

"The French came at me in the old-fashioned way, and in the old-fashioned way I beat them off." Thus said Wellington when once describing the pounding match we call the Battle of Waterloo.

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In the old-fashioned way began the festival this morning, as it has begun any time these thirty-six years, and as it will begin for generations to come. The weather was not entirely favourable. Rain fell heavily during the night, and threatened to encore itself in the morning. But this Festival, more than any other, is independent of the Meteorological Office. It might rain proverbial "cats and dogs" without emptying a seat in the Town Hall; especially when *Elijah* is the theme. Birmingham, as I have already said, takes pride in its relationship to the greatest sacred work of our century. Moreover, there can be no neglect of Mendelssohn's masterpiece without risking a charge of base ingratitude, and that is not at all in the way of the great Midland Town. *Elijah* is the grandest emblazonment on the Festival banner, and *Elijah* may almost be considered as the battle-cry of its champions. In my last letter I ventured upon a prophecy. I said that, although the applications for numbered (guinea) seats had fallen off in presence of such a novelty as Gounod's *Redemption*, the half-guinea public were ready to come in and fill the hall. My anticipation was not far wrong. Nearly every seat in the spacious building had its occupant this morning, and the old excitement, born of a time when Mendelssohn's work was less familiar than now, seemed to be reproduced. After all, the heart of our amateurs is sound on the question of good music. It refuses faith in the doctrine of bluster and incoherence, and opposes a steady resistance to those who would throw down its classic idols and place above the altar

> *"A monster of such hideous mien,*
> *That to be hated needs but to be seen."*

I rejoice to add that the performance of *Elijah* was worthy of its character and of the esteem in which it is held—worthy, too, of the old Birmingham reputation, not long ago for a moment imperilled. I can only compare it, taken altogether, to the performance of 1876, undeniably the best within recent memory.

The arrangements in and around the Town Hall were excellent, as usual. Everything moved like clockwork, and by the time Sir Michael Costa appeared on the platform the audience were in their places almost to a man. Nothing could have been better. It was the perfection of discipline all round, whether discipline imposed or self-imposed. In this matter the President, Lord Windsor, set a good example; upon which, let me here add, he improved by declining to use his prerogative as the sole fountain of honour in the shape of encores. Nothing was repeated, however much, according to the ordinary standard, it deserved the compliment. Let Lord Windsor go on as he has begun, and set a precedent of inestimable value. Sir Michael Costa's reception could not have been warmer. The audience cheered him with something like a personal expression of friendliness, but were outdone by the band and chorus, whose volleys of applause, as he turned to face them, rang through the hall again and again. Sir Michael's arrangement of "God save the Queen" opened the proceedings as usual, and in the customarily effective way. A more imposing *ensemble* heart could not desire; the perfect quality and balance of the orchestra being equalled by the quality and balance of a chorus which, as I have before said, is the best that Birmingham has produced for many a year. The sopranos sang their solo verse literally like one voice, and that the voice of an artist. Preliminaries over, Mr. Santley, as the almost unique English representative of Israel's great prophet, declaimed the opening recitative, and *Elijah* proceeded on its triumphant way. I am not going, number by number, through the great dramatic oratorio, but it is both just and necessary to point out the more remarkable successes of the performance, to which every one engaged more or less contributed. The band and chorus were superb, with hardly a moment's exception from first to last. They knew their theme, they loved it, and the result followed as of course. Amateurs will need no help in fixing upon the numbers which made the greatest effect. They have in mind the dramatic series of Baal choruses, the glorious "Thanks be to God," the tenderly beautiful "He watching over Israel," the splendidly descriptive "Behold, God the Lord passed by," and the majestic finale. The solos were taken, as to the first part, by Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Trebelli, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley; while in the second part Mdme Albani replaced the soprano, and Mdme Patey the contralto. Details of the work done by these artists are entirely needless; nevertheless, "honour to whom honour"—honour especially to Mr Santley, whose Prophet continues, as for years it has been, the most finished creation in oratorio. Our favourite baritone never invested the part with greater intellectual or emotional significance than was the case this morning, and, so far as concerned his share in the work, the "argument" of Elijah stood out like that which a noon-day sun illuminates. Mdme Albani, in grand voice, made her mark with "Hear ye, Israel;" Miss Anna Williams gave special effect to the music of the Shunammite woman; and Mdme Patey once more showed the range of her powers by declaiming the part of Jezebel like a great tragic actress, and singing "O rest in the Lord" like an angel. Mr Lloyd's excellence may be imagined. The two beautiful tenor airs in *Elijah* are never sung by him without creating an impression that they are his peculiar property. Let congratulation, finally, be offered to Sir Michael Costa, who conducted with surprising energy and watchfulness. He was in his old form, and what that means no musical reader requires to be told. So was the Festival inaugurated; and, as though to mark their appreciation, the audience, on retiring, contributed over a thousand pounds to the General Hospital, for which noble charity the Festival exists.

The chief work in the evening's programme was Sir Julius Benedict's dramatic cantata, *Graziella*, poem by Mr Henry Hersee, who has spared his critics the necessity of making any reference to Lamartine, and permitted them to judge the libretto as, in essential respects, an independent thing. I am told that *Graziella* was originally intended for stage representation, and can well believe the report, since Mr Hersee has resorted to devices which, if somewhat familiar in opera, are never ineffective. Almost of course, we have the convent bell, and a chorus of nuns with organ accompaniment; besides which, there is a love token to give decent excuse for an occasional ballad. But the dramatic structure of the poem favours the work as a cantata, imparts to it life and vigour, and secures a fuller measure of personal interest in aid of the interest which is artistic. *Graziella* is divided into three parts, with five *dramatis personæ*—to wit, Graziella, a fisher maiden (soprano); an Abbess (contralto); Renzo, a young fisherman (tenor); Alonzo, a young Venetian noble (baritone); and Gennaro, Graziella's father (bass). The action takes place at a fishing village in the Island of Procida, and one "set" serves for all three scenes. It shows "Cottage of Gennaro at back. Gable-end porch of Convent, R. Glimpse of the Sea, L." Upon this the curtain rises what time the villagers have gathered together after their day's labour. The work opens with a short *andantino* for orchestra, followed by an extended chorus, descriptive of the rest and peace of evening, and the joys of dance and song. Sir Julius naturally divides this into two parts, very different in style and character, but asserting with equal conclusiveness the veteran composer's complete mastery of his theme. Grace and vigour distinguish the first, "See, with slow majestic motion," and almost youthful vivacity the second, "Linger not, the red wine quaffing." In neither case is there any straining after effect, the structure of the music being simplicity itself. But a master can afford to be simple. A more remarkable feature, perhaps, is the unflagging animation of the long-drawn chorus, which very plainly declares that the natural force of Sir Julius Benedict has not abated. At the close of the exordium dramatic action begins with the approach of Graziella, whose "loveliness fair," as we learn from an incidental remark of the chorus, is worshipped by Renzo, "though doomed to despair." Graziella is the conventional, careless-hearted heroine of so many operas, and enters with a "La, la, la," of the approved type. At once the chorus come to business—not their own—demanding why she refuses the "heart of gold" that Renzo persists in offering. Graziella vouchsafes an answer. She has doubts concerning men, and prefers to be free; but it will not do, apparently, to say this in so many words. The time has come for a full statement, and the maiden makes it in "Lovers' vows with honey laden," a song modelled strictly upon the English opera type, and, if not of great musical interest, sufficiently expressive. This would appear to be followed by a dance, as a movement, *tempo di tarantella*, begins, but is interrupted at the tenth bar, by an agitated *allegro*, above which the voice of Graziella presently rises, exclaiming that her father's boat has struck upon the rocks, and demanding help. The chorus—although the main was "laughing" just now—prudently observe "None but a madman would endeavour, To launch a boat in such a sea," and thus excuse themselves. In despair Graziella turns to Renzo: "Thou hast often spoken of love for me; save my father, and I am thine." The young man is not surprised beyond caution. "Give me thy cross as true love's token." He receives the bauble and rushes off. The rescue follows, watched by all on the stage, though invisible to us; watched, moreover, by the nuns, for the convent bell begins to toll, and the pious women are heard chanting a "Miserere," to which the villagers respond, while Graziella keeps all informed as to the progress of Renzo's venture. At length the cry, "My father's saved," makes further prayer needless, and the incident ends with "three cheers for Renzo." The musical treatment of this dramatic scene is noticeable for sustained, yet somewhat tempered vigour. There is no tearing a passion to tatters on the one hand, nor any feeling of tameness on the other. True, the reply of the chorus when Graziella asks for help is measured in character, but the composer intends here, perhaps, to contrast the indifference of an uninterested spectator with the keen emotions of one who has much at stake. The "Miserere" scene may fairly be described as powerful. Its structure is some-

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what elaborate, and the difficulties of its composition were assuredly not lessened by the introduction of the bell, which sounds the key-note twice in every bar. Sir Julius, however, is too good a musician to be in the slightest degree embarrassed by his own plans, and the *ensemble* claims rank among distinct successes. Her father rescued, Graziella is expressing joy and thankfulness, when Renzo and Gennaro enter, accompanied by Alonzo, disguised as a poor student. Graziella at once acquaints her father with the claim Renzo has upon her, thus leading up to an *ensemble*, in which—after approved operatic style—each person depicts his or her individual feeling against the background of a less lively emotion common to the chorus. Graziella is thankful, Renzo rapturous, Gennaro paternal, Alonzo love-sick, and the chorus sympathetic. The piece is solidly constructed, huge masses of vocal harmony filling each page from the entrance of the chorus, not unrelieved, however, by the lighter play of the orchestra, and the charm of true melodic phrases.

At the opening of the second scene, Alonzo informs us that he lingers at Procida, "held captive by the wondrous loveliness of matchless Graziella," and prays that she may yet be his. A song of course follows—one which will fulfil its intended purpose and be often heard apart from the cantata. There is nothing in the work more simple and tuneful than "When first this lonely shore I sought," or more certain of wide popularity. The song ended, Graziella enters, and Alonzo proceeds to urge his suit, first of all, with due appreciation of feminine weakness, declaring that he is not "a student of humble parentage," but "in truth the Count Lavagna." Here the librettist has a surprise in store. We expect Graziella to recall the vow that binds her to Renzo, but not to admit a moment later that her heart, if it were free, would be Alonzo's. This state of things is fairly sprung upon us, as upon Renzo himself, who happens to overhear what is said. Alonzo, about to go away despairing, stops to lead off a trio in which he pleads, "Think of me sometimes when the sun sinks in the western ocean"; Graziella on her part promises to breathe his name at that particular time of day; while poor Renzo, thrilling with "wild commotion," anticipates flight from the ruin of his hopes; all three presently looking forward to a better meeting in the "blissful realms above." This trio is one of the finest numbers the work contains, being admirably written, full of expression, and bearing on every page the stamp of truly artistic taste. At its close, Alonzo is about to depart when Renzo steps from his hiding-place to say, in the most obliging manner, that as he cannot have Graziella's heart he will not have her hand, preferring to seek death on the battle-field. In this spirit he formally releases the heroine from her vow, and, while the orchestra gives out the melody used when the cross was asked for, he generously observes, "As Alonzo's wife may'st thou glide smiling down the stream of life." Naturally the lovers are grateful, and go away happy, leaving Renzo to take the cross from his breast and be moved by it to song. "The shipwrecked heart" is a ballad intended to come out of the cantata, and will probably answer its purpose sufficiently well, though it does not invite particular observation here. Gennaro now enters, learns from Renzo what has happened, and grants his most disinterested prayer that the wedding of Graziella and Alonzo might take place. But the consent of the Count's mother must first be obtained, and she lives in Venice. The agreeable young fisherman, equal to anything, offers to accompany Gennaro thither before seeking death as aforesaid. This brings on a quartet for the principal characters, after which the scene closes with a sailors' chorus, "Up with the anchor." The quartet—"Sweet Graziella, while away"—will doubtless be popular, since it contains some of the composer's most agreeable and, at the same time, most artistic music. Very different in style, but equal in merit, is the sailor's chorus, with episodes for male and female voices separately, followed by a grand *ensemble* full of spirit and "go." This piece affords another example of the energy that characterizes so much of the cantata, and puts to shame many works by far younger men.

At the opening of the last scene Graziella is about to take the veil, and we gather that, the Count's mother having refused consent to the marriage, Alonzo has released his betrothed from her engagement. Introduced here is an orchestral theme which originally accompanied Alonzo's entreaty, "Think of me," in the trio of the second act. A revulsion of feeling now takes place in the maiden's breast. She despises Alonzo, but dwells fondly upon the memory of Renzo, who has perished on the battle-field, with her silver cross at his heart. The cross has been returned to her, and she invokes it as a "pure token of self-sacrificing love." Sir Julius has not made an elaborate *scena* of all this, though the temptation to do so was great, and precedent would have more than justified the step. The movements are short, but what they lack in dimension they make up in expressiveness and beauty, thus leaving no consciousness of shortcoming. In striking contrast is the music of the abbess, whose voice is now heard, calling Graziella to peace and rest. The Abbess's song, "Our lives are like the stormy ocean," is, in a musical sense, elegantly written, and capable of profound expression in the hands of a genuine artist. A duet of leave-taking between Gennaro and his daughter follows, but the somewhat flagging dramatic interest is more completely revived when Alonzo enters, declaring that all obstacles have been removed, and claiming his bride. For answer he hears "Too late," and that is nearly all. With well-nigh comic promptitude the lover subsides; a simple chorus of nuns, "We await thee, gentle maiden," points to Graziella's assured fate, and a finale, "Every earthly tie resigning," in which the four solo voices are combined with a full chorus, brings the work to an end. This peroration, the closing section of which repeats the theme of the nuns' chorus, is not the least effective part of the work. Its broad phrases and massive harmonies give dignity and emphasis precisely where those qualities are demanded.

A large, although by no means crowded audience attended the performance of *Graziella*, and gave upon the question of its merits a verdict which must have satisfied the composer. It would, however, be too much to say that the cantata is one of the best things his facile and elegant pen has given us. Sir Julius cannot write bad, or even indifferent music; against the notion of such a possibility his whole artistic life protests. But he is not always in the same vein, and parts of *Graziella* are scored with less than the master's usual taste, while others show him labouring with qualified success to rise above the region of ordinary ideas. At the same time it would be most unjust to make him entirely responsible. There is a measure in which a workman depends upon the materials supplied him, and, sooth to say, the story of *Graziella* is common-place in incident, and told in language which, while it might be good enough for an opera libretto, as those things go, scarcely comes up to the requirements of a cantata. Such imperfections as the work contains may, nevertheless, be overlooked out of consideration for its undoubted merits. The performance was directed by the composer, whose appearance in his place elicited applause all the more hearty for the congratulations it conveyed upon his restoration to health after a temporary illness. That *Graziella* received entire justice at the hands of its executants cannot be said. Several faults of a serious nature marred the effect, and there appeared to be some lack of familiarity with the music and the composer's requirements. On the other hand, excellence was not wanting, such excellence as no force of circumstances could withdraw from the principals, band, and chorus, engaged here. The solos were taken by Mdme Marie Roze (Graziella), Mdme Patey (Abbess), Mr Lloyd (Renzo), Mr King (Alonzo), and Mr Campion (Zennaro). In such hands they were safe, and the audience applauded one and all, demanding an encore for the "Shipwrecked Heart" (Mr Lloyd), and "Our lives are like the stormy ocean" (Mdme Patey). No less honourable, if less honoured, were Mr King's delivery of "When first this lonely shore I sought," and Mdme Roze's execution of "Lover's vows." At the close Sir Julius received hearty applause from every part of the hall. The second part of the programme contained a number of miscellaneous selections, conspicuous amongst which were Mr F. H. Cowen's *Language of the Flowers*, "Deeper and deeper still," capitally sung by Mr Maas, and warmly applauded, "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Miss Anna Williams), and the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*.—*D. T.*

(For continuation of Report see page 545.)

LEIPSIC.—Stägemann has been the first to carry out Hans von Wolzogen's suggestion that not only Wagner's friends but the artists and others connected with the various theatres of Germany should co-operate in securing the repetition at stated intervals of the Bayreuth performances. The gist of the suggestion is the formation of a committee who shall call on all the artists to contribute to the necessary fund, and Herr Stägemann has headed the list with the cash receipts of a performance of *Lohengrin* at the Stadttheater on the 14th ult.

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—A company has been organized under the above title, by Mr T. H. Friend, for the performance of opera in English in the chief musical centres of England. Among the artists already secured are Mesdames Rose Hersee, Philippine Siedle, Blanche Cole, Helen Armstrong, and O. Summers; Messrs F. C. Packard, W. Parkinson, Faulkner Leigh, Purdon, C. Lyall, James Sauvage, R. Temple, Gilbert King, E. Harrison, and Aynsley Cook. Conductors: Messrs Arthur Howell and Julian Edwards. Principal dancers: the sisters Annie and T. Elliott. A special arrangement is being made with Mr Joseph Maas for a series of performances. Mr Friend has acquired the sole right of performance of the *Rattenfänger von Hameln*, a work which has had an unprecedented success in Germany. The libretto has been rendered into English by Mr H. Hersee.

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After the Second Bayreuthiad.

Scene: Hotel de Russie, Frankfort.

PROTAGORAS.

Good morrow, to your Majesty!
A brief repose I'm taking,
The Music of the Future gives
One's nerves a fearful shaking.

HERMOGENES.

Allow me, ir, this hint to give
By way of pleasing duty:
The mind alone that feels its power
Can gauge its mystic beauty.

PROTAGORAS.

Can beauty be allied to noise
That splits the air asunder,
With discord loud between each crash
Of vile chromatic thunder?

HERMOGENES.

'Tis ignorance that prompts thy speech,
While prejudice doth blind thee;
If thou wouldst rise to heights sublime,
These dead-weights cast behind thee.

PROTAGORAS.

To heights sublime I love to soar,
Where all is cloudless beauty,
But when confined to chimney pots,
One gets a little sooty.

HERMOGENES.

For such a wretched state of mind
As shown by your invective,
Go learn the Trilogy by rote,
'Twill prove a good corrective.

PROTAGORAS.

Invert Parnassus like a cone,
I'd rather scale its summit
Than undertake the hopeless task
Of trying e'en to hum it.

HERMOGENES.

Within the pure domain of Art,
Where reigns our mighty Prophet,
The stern decree is signed and sealed
That sends you all to Tophet.

PROTAGORAS.

To Tophet! say you. Ah, your Muse
From thence has late ascended;
You swear 'tis false—unsheath your sword,
I'm ready to defend it.

HERMOGENES.

Fui Teufel! No—thou Philistine,
To England, pray, meander;
And cackle over Parsifal,
Like some poor silly gander.

PROTAGORAS.

Ha! Parsifal *!—that little nut*
Proved hardly worth the cracking;
Though "D. T." cracked it fairly well,
With Hanslick's timely backing.

HERMOGENES.

Ho! ho! he! he! you're all at sea;
Don't fancy such small thunder
Can exorcise the mighty power
From this, our latest wonder.

PROTAGORAS.

If so, perhaps you'll tell me why
You sit as judge and jury,
And try to bolster up your cause
With blatant sound and fury?

HERMOGENES.

The Music of the Future needs
No help like that you mention;
'Tis evident your friends should see
About your safe detention.

PROTAGORAS.

Of course I'm mad, and you are sane,
I'm blind, but you are gifted;
But tell me what's the residue
When Parsifal *is sifted?*

HERMOGENES.

Sift Parsifal *! Go, reach the stars*
In all their radiant splendour,
There, sift the music of the spheres,
And Parsifal *you'll render.*

PROTAGORAS.

How's that for high! My modest chum,
Let's reach the stars together;
We then can count them one by one,
And string them on a tether.

HERMOGENES.

You ridicule. But come, your hand,
In this there's no deception,
Let Parsifal *on English ground*
Soon have a warm reception.

PROTAGORAS.

Aye, aye, ja wohl!—so very warm
That it may lose its flavour;
Those English have a way, you know,
Of treating such palāver.

HERMOGENES.

Poor England! let her now forsake
The strains akin to madness,
The Music of the Future comes
To flood her shores with gladness.

PROTAGORAS.

Avaunt! "Pure Fool"—to Kundry hence,
Thy Muse—its glare and glitter,
Compared with all the mighty Past
Is only sparrows' twitter.

WETSTAR.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR WILLING'S CHOIR.—The communication enclosed to us under this heading is an advertisement.

DEATH.

On August the 28th, ADOLPHUS FREDERICK GODFREY, late Bandmaster Coldstream Guards.

NOTICE.

Owing to pressure on our space we are obliged to leave over several continued articles and other interesting matter.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882.

A May-dream.

You came with swallows from the sea,
You came with poppies from the sun,
You came with many songs for me
—Your name was one.

Between the setting of the sun,
And the far stars so clear to see,
You came. But when the night was done
You went from me.

With neither sigh nor smile for me,
You went away when night was done,
Among the stars that fade and flee
Before the sun.

Pelham.

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.*

(*Continued from page* 514.)

Parsifal, that feeble drama but thankful opera-libretto, furnishes proof of its right to the latter designation in the fact that it affords the composer as well as the singers, the scene-painter as well as the designer of the costumes and the machinist, abundant scope for showing their capability of accomplishing new and difficult tasks. And more brilliant than anywhere else must the result of their combined exertions be in the ideally constructed Theatre here, under the uninterrupted guidance of Richard Wagner himself, the first stage-manager in the world. This was shown by the first two performances, which took place on the 26th and 28th July, with a different cast each time. The place of honour among the artists belongs to Mdme Materna. It would do so, even were what she has done as Kundry of less importance than it really is, for no other name is so closely identified with the existence and prosperity of the Bayreuth Festival Performance as that of Amalie Materna, the first fair honorary burgess in the Wahnfried realm. Without her unexampled strength and devotion to her task as Brunhilde, the triple Cycle of the *Nibelungen Tetralogy* in 1876 would have been an impossibility. We expressed at the time, simultaneously with our admiration, our apprehension lest the popular favourite might perhaps pay for her success with the premature deterioration of her voice. Her Kundry has completely tranquillized us and for a long time to come. Not only has Mdme Materna lost nothing since the Bayreuth campaign of 1876, but she has gained something, something precious, something still beyond the reach even of the "Master" himself: Moderation. The consciousness of inexhaustible vocal powers easily leads artists of swelling strength and passionate temperament into exaggeration, and our operatic friends in Vienna know that, like others, Mdme Materna often emancipated herself too much both in her singing and acting. It has been only of late years that her Fidelio, Donna Anna, and Aïda impressed the public not merely by powerful fervour, but also by more dignified artistic reticence. A still more surprising proof of the command she has gained over herself was afforded by her Kundry, a part which absolutely challenges glaring exaggeration of its unnatural musical and dramatic contrasts. Mdme Materna did not allow herself to be led away; even in all the consciousness and pride of strength she never became ungovernable. Nay, it was in the soft, coaxing passages of her great scene with Parsifal that her voice sounded more especially beautiful. Her effective vocal performance was accompanied all through by the most careful working out of the histrionic details. Musically speaking, it is only in the second act that the part is exceptionally important and strains the artist's powers to exhaustion; in the first act, Kundry has little to sing, and in the third, nothing at all. All the more important is here, therefore, her dumb show, genuine bravura airs of mimetics and action, such as have never before been required from a singer. Not only did Mdme Materna surpass expectation by her singing in the second act, but by her silence in the third. No one will ever succeed in getting rid of what is contradictory, unnatural, and repulsive in Kundry; but Mdme Materna succeeds in elevating and rendering it highly effective. There is only one opinion as to the brilliant merit of her performance. After Mdme Materna, the next place belongs to Herr Reichmann as Amfortas. An entrancingly sonorous and sweet voice, a style full of feeling, and dignified acting, combined to bring about a perfect result. Thanks to Reichmann, the character of the sick and suffering King, who never braces himself up for dramatic effect till the end of the piece, becomes important and sympathetic. Again may Vienna congratulate itself on possessing such an artist. Herr Scaria is an admirable Gurnemanz, if only for his plain enunciation even of the smallest syllable, an inestimable quality where Wagnerianly garrulous old men are concerned. His trembling and tottering, as indicative of age, in the third act, however, do not strike us as exactly in accord with the dignity of the part: Gurnemanz ought to have grown very old, but not to have sunk down into second childhood. Herr Winkelmann, Parsifal, was very satisfactory in the first act, but, in the second, took unfortunately to shouting, and did not get out of it till the third. Herr Hill, the bass, from Schwerin, sang the magician, Klingsor, with a powerful voice and great stage self-possession; the mannered pronunciation of this singer, who frequently vocalizes incorrectly, for the sake of volume of tone, is something to which one may gradually grow accustomed. The small part of Titurel, which, however, has an important share in the plot, was in the experienced hands of Herr Kindermann. That ever-green veteran will, like a second Titurel, sing, and sing well, too, in the grave. At the second performance, Herren Reichmann, Hill, and Kindermann, retained their characters; but Kundry, Parsifal, and Gurnemanz, were cast differently. Mdlle Marie Brandt, as Kundry, was the clever actress and admirably trained singer, whom we learned to esteem so highly from the engagement she played in Vienna. Her long, thin figure, and a peculiar hollow sound in her voice, were extraordinarily well adapted to the wild and weird sorceress of the first act. The passages, also, where, rising through the ground, in the bluish light before Klingsor, she has to sing, shriek, laugh, and whimper, she gave most splendidly. In short, she was unsurpassably good in everything supernatural and ghost-like in the part. For the great love and seduction scene in the second act she possesses all the requisites of art, but not of nature. Even if the spectator were to leave out of consideration her personal appearance, which is not quite appropriate here, he would be constantly reminded of the insufficiency of her vocal means. At first, however, Mdlle Brandt pleased the house by her clear and delicate exposition of the narrative portion; but, on the other hand, it was only with the utmost effort that she could master the following great scene, where, in continuous high notes, the feelings are strained well nigh beyond endurance. Herr Gudehus was an excellent Parsifal, both in his singing and acting; his voice sounded fresher than Winkelmann's, but, like Winkelmann's, was disagreeably forced in the strong passages of the second act. We believe that more might be made of Parsifal, and both Winkelmann and Gudehus will one day see their way to it. Herr Siehr's Gurnemanz deserves unconditional praise. This admirable bass, whom our readers must remember with the liveliest satisfaction from a successful engagement he fulfilled in Vienna, raised the part, which is distinguished for its length

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

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rather than for being vocally thankful, by the power of his tremendous bass voice, sonorous even in its lowest notes, and by the warmth and genuine musical quality of his delivery. Simple and dignified in bearing, he avoided even in the third act falling out of the style of the "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" by a too realistic pourtrayal of feeble old age. What the solo singers did, combined with the equally admirable efforts of the chorus and orchestra to form an irreproachable whole. The Flower-Maidens' Chorus requires the voices to work together with unusual precision. It had been splendidly got up. The same applies to the choruses in the Hall of the Gralsburg, which were attended with serious difficulties on account of the number of boys' voices taking part in it, and of the distance separating the three groups of singers from each other. The orchestra from the Munich Opera valiantly maintained, under the Royal *Capellmeister*, Herr Levy, its high reputation. The lowering of the orchestra, one of Wagner's most beneficial reforms, again proved an excellent arrangement, inasmuch as the voices were never drowned. But the pernicious exaggeration of an expedient so correct in principle, exaggeration which not only very much lowered the orchestra, but absolutely covered it in with a tin roof, was felt on the present occasion as it was in 1876: a brilliant *fortissimo*, an exultant, crashing burst of music is impossible out of such a hole. Electrifying effects of this description were, it is true, far more seldom intended here than in the *Nibelungen*; *Parsifal* is scored with striking discretion. In the art of orchestration Wagner has not grown older; it has been developed in *Parsifal* into absolute magic, and, in every changing mood, conjures up the most wonderful effects of sound in endlessly varied gradations of light and shade.

(To be continued.)

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 542.)

Wednesday.

The oratorio which M. Gounod calls "the work of my life," was produced this morning, under the personal direction of its famous composer, and in presence of an audience such as has not been drawn together since *Elijah* was first heard in the same place thirty-six years ago. I have already recorded the unexampled demand for tickets which both answered and justified the resolution of the committee to perform *Redemption* twice. A crowd equal in magnitude to that assembled in the Hall this morning awaits Friday night with impatience; and, were it possible to repeat the work again on Saturday, another crowd would assuredly be forthcoming. But the audience of this morning fairly constituted the tribunal to which M. Gounod has appealed. It was a representative audience in the best sense of the word; for to Birmingham the French composer's name and fame have drawn musicians from every part of the country, and even from the Continent and America. They are to be met with on all hands here, as though the occasion were a congress for the settlement of weighty matters in the art. M. Gounod should, and, probably, does, feel proud of this; proud and glad, because a very "special" jury indeed gave a verdict upon his oratorio. That verdict will probably stand. It came from an audience not likely to be swayed by impulse, and far from disposed to yield consciously to prejudice.

No very lively imagination is required to picture the scene in and around the Town Hall as throngs of eager amateurs hastened to their seats. Expectation was almost visible in the air, and certainly appeared "writ large" on every face. But amid the hurrying to and fro, and the unexampled anxiety to lose nothing of what was going forward, the festival machinery worked as smoothly as ever. Taught by long experience and business habits, the officials here have simply made their arrangements perfect; since no other could have stood this morning's test, and have comfortably seated 2,600 people before M. Gounod took his place on the conductor's stand. I do not see why, even with the performance of a new oratorio awaiting notice, this should not be mentioned with the emphatic approval due to success in a matter much more important than, at first sight, appears. M. Gounod's reception was very cordial on the part of the audience, and, on the part of the choir, even enthusiastic. Band and chorus have learned to appreciate the French composer's talent as a *chef d'orchestre*; and seem to have fallen completely under the spell of that almost magnetic attraction which he is known to exercise when conducting a performance of his own music. M. Gounod gravely acknowledged the honours paid him, and did his best to be calm. His nervousness, however, was not very difficult to see—still less difficult to understand on an occasion so novel and weighty. Even a veteran might be anxious concerning the first submission of an oratorio to the public of a Festival which ranks first in the land of oratorio. But the composer of *Redemption* had only to turn towards the serried mass of his interpreters in order to find encouragement. Such a band as that led by M. Sainton, and such a chorus as that which Mr Stockley has trained, to say nothing of artists like Mdme Albani, Mdme Marie Roze, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, Mr Cummings, Mr King, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley—all of whom were engaged in the work—gave absolute promise that *Redemption* would not suffer from lack of executive resources. The promise began to be carried out as soon as the first notes of the oratorio fell upon the ear; an orchestral introduction abounding in massive chromatic harmonies revealing the rich tone and perfect balance of the instrumental force. Here, let me say, once for all, that the performance was not free from mishaps, either in the nature of pure accidents, since they did not occur at rehearsal, or caused by the very anxiety of those concerned to do their best. I decline entering into details about them, since that would be to direct censure towards quarters where, perhaps, it is not after all deserved. The principal reason is, however, that the slips were of little importance in themselves, and only became conspicuous, like a sun spot, because standing out against a bright background. These apart, the new oratorio had a magnificent interpretation, worthy of its merits and claims, worthy of the fame of Birmingham, and the repute of English art. In apportioning resultant credit, the largest share must undoubtedly be given to the band and chorus, whose work was, in its way, done more uniformly well than that of the solo artists. About this matter no question is possible. Hardly a hitch occurred in the steady correct progress of the orchestral and choral music, which had been thoroughly mastered before being played and sung *con amore*. As a natural result, the choruses were given with all the effect intended by the composer, and that, in certain cases, was indeed splendid. Mention should especially be made of the style in which the music of the "passers-by" and the priests was rendered during the scene of the Crucifixion. M. Gounod had carefully pointed out at rehearsal the need for an individual realization of the various scenes and the good results of his teaching were apparent here. The chorus did not merely sing certain notes, but sang them with a meaning such as gave tenfold musical significance, and all its dramatic propriety, to their utterance. The more triumphant choral numbers in the second part were an easier task, and some of them came out with astonishing effect, notably that in which the great truth of man's resurrection is proclaimed amid a blaze of celestial trumpets. Hardly less imposing was that wherein the priests are taunted with the failure of their schemes, but the climax came with M. Gounod's music to the Ascension chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," or, as the present English version runs, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting." Here, by the use of simple harmonies in great masses, and by the employment of every orchestral resource, the composer stirs and excites the dullest feeling. The *ensemble* was magnificent, and the audience, for once ignoring regulation, burst into long and loud applause. Turning to the solos, mention should be made of good work done by the two narrators, Mr Lloyd and Signor Foli, and by the artist (Mr Santley) who undertook the Divine words. Scope for merely vocal display these gentlemen had little or none, the narrators especially being almost confined to monotone or slow movement up and down a section of the chromatic scale. Moreover, they were required to avoid demonstrations and sing with a calmness no more than slightly tinged by feeling. Conditions like these are a severe test, but the artists upon whom they were imposed proved equal to the strain. Mr Lloyd should be especially mentioned, since to him fell the larger share of a difficult and not very gracious task. The solos for soprano and mezzo-soprano are of less consequence and far less difficulty. These came, of course, into safe hands; Madame Albani giving charming expression to an air which sets forth the blessings following from the Sacrifice of Calvary, while Madame Patey invested with absolute pathos a short but exquisite passage put into the mouth of the Virgin Mother. With these artists Madame Marie Roze was well associated in the music of the three Holy Women. Mention should also be made of the useful, if unobtrusive service rendered by Mr Cummings and Mr King in several important numbers. So exacting is every section of this oratorio that unusual credit belongs to all who help towards a successful performance. At the close of the work, M. Gounod remained for some time on the platform, acknowledging applause that broke out again and again, in recognition of work achieved and triumph gained. How far *Redemption* is entitled to a place among successful oratorios is a question I shall try to answer in my next letter.

Some statistics connected with this memorable Festival performance are worth giving. The number of secured seats taken was 2,196, for which £2,305 16s. was paid. Adding £475 8s. 2d.

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collected at the doors for the General Hospital, the morning's receipts are found to be £2,781 4s. 2d.—an increase of £1,542 17s. 1d. upon those of the corresponding period in 1879.

The present festival is before all one of novelties, and the vibration of M. Gounod's last chord had not long ceased before the first notes of Dr Gaul's *Holy City* were heard, that work opening the evening programme. I have not now to speak of intense excitement and thronging multitudes. Nevertheless a large audience assembled to honour local talent in the person of Dr Gaul, and to hear with sympathetic interest a work having undoubted claims upon favourable regard. The scope of the new cantata is limited, because, as the composer himself states, "almost entirely reflective." It embraces, in the first place, the idea of the "New Jerusalem" as a continuing city, as an abode of gladness and song, and the prize of a higher life. In the next place, it sets forth the realization of desires and promises in the services of the heavenly Temple and the blessedness of those who take part in them. Not only is the scope of the work limited, but its objects are very definite, and their attainment is helped by the store of sublime Scriptural language at the composer's service. In this respect the theme favoured Dr Gaul, who has availed himself fully and judiciously of the advantages it afforded.

The scriptural texts have been chosen with much judgment, but Dr Gaul has not confined himself entirely to Biblical sources. Two well-known hymns—Bonar's "No shadows yonder" and Neile's "For thee, O dear, dear country"—enter into the book, as does also an extract from Milton's "Blest pair of Sirens," and a small part of the "Te Deum." As may be supposed, the sentiment of the whole work is deeply religious, and I may here add that its musical treatment is quite English in point of sober expression combined with depth of feeling. The cantata contains not a bar of flashy sentiment, not a single example of straining after effect for its own sake, and no evidence of the convulsive attempts to say something new which plunge so many modern composers into the depths of incoherence. Altogether, a good, sound musical work is this *Holy City*, and as such I am glad to salute it. The first part, entitled "Contemplation," contains some numbers distinctly worthy of notice, among these being the orchestral introduction with its principal theme, afterwards used again and again in connection with the heavenly "Sanctus." The whole movement is clearly written in a smooth, flowing style, and with full evidence of the musicianship that does not need to assert itself, in the form of eccentricity, over the setting of Bonar's hymn. I may pass to a tenor air, "My soul is athirst for God," wherein some of Dr Gaul's best characteristics appear—that is to say, a power of writing natural melody, and of treating it with genuine artistic taste. An unaccompanied trio for female voices is less distinguished because too obviously suggestive of other things with which it cannot compare, and a chorus (*pastorale*), "They that sow in tears" though as well and agreeably written as anything in the work, does not quite overcome the difficulties of six-eight rhythm when used in connection with words of deep religious feeling. An air for mezzo-soprano, "Eye hath not seen," was encored this evening, in compliment rather to its melodiousness than its expressive power. The honour was better deserved, perhaps, by the chorus, "Thine is the kingdom," with which the first part ends. Dr Gaul here proves that he knows how to write for imposing effect as well as for simple musicianship. The treatment is broad in style, but never a mere commonplace grouping of sonorous diatonic chords. In the second part, "Adoration," a solo, with choral Sanctus, "Thus saith the Lord," early arrests attention by giving evidence of a higher power than has previously appeared. The introduction from time to time of the "Sanctus," sung *pianissimo* as though by a distant choir, has an almost dramatic effect, while the solo, in its unvarying dignity and good taste, meets the exigencies of a trying subject. Following this is a double chorus, "Let the Heavens rejoice," in which Dr Gaul employs his two choirs with a skill quite sufficient to warrant him in the free use of that magnificent resource. It may not be exactly new, but I contend that his setting of the passage, "Let the sea make a noise," &c., belongs to the successes of massive choral-writing, and the entire chorus, with its fugal conclusion, "Let the Heavens rejoice," gives evidences of grand design and adequate musicianship. Among the remaining numbers may be noticed a contralto air, "Come, ye blessed," full of tender feeling; a melodious duet for soprano, "They shall hunger no more;" and a finale in which passages from the "Te Deum," sung in quartet, alternate beautifully with phrases in full chorus. Time, unhappily, does not serve to discuss this cantata according to its merits, but I have no hesitation in saying that it creditably represents English art, and does honour not only to the skill but to the judgment and taste of Dr Gaul. The performance, very well conducted by Mr Stockley, was most excellent, hardly a flaw reducing it below perfection. Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Trebelli, Mdme Patey, Mr Maas, and Mr King sang the solos almost uniformly well, and the chorus, capitally as it has worked in other things, excelled itself. Vociferous applause followed the close of the cantata, the composer acknowledging from his seat in the gallery. Dr Gaul should be heard of again. Concerning other features in the evening's programme I shall take an opportunity of speaking later on.—*D. T.*

Mrs Weldon, having secured a ticket for the performance of the *Redemption* on Wednesday, in due course demanded admission, but was refused, in consequence, it is reported, of the principal artists and members of the band engaged at the Festival having received circulars stating that she intended being present and making public some circumstances pertaining to herself and M. Gounod. She would not, it was said, be permitted to be present at any performance where M. Gounod conducted. Mrs Weldon afterwards applied at the police-court for a summons for assault, but the magistrate advised her to seek a remedy in a civil court.

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A GENUINE LETTER FROM A GENUINE ARTIST.

Mdme Sarah Bernhardt explains in a letter why she did not fulfil her engagement at Blackpool Winter Gardens. She says:—"I was suffering very much when I went to the theatre from sore throat, which took away the greater part of my voice. I decided to play, though I had no knowledge of the room. I thought I was to play in a theatre, and not in a hall containing 15,000 persons, open to all winds. I gave proof of great courage in commencing the first act. All efforts did not carry my voice beyond the second seats. To continue would have been to mock the public, who paid to hear me. The managers told me to continue, notwithstanding that the people were unable to understand me, and they would be satisfied if they could only see me gesticulate. I am an artist, not an exhibition. If the managers had given the representation at the Prince of Wales's Theatre less money would have been made, but I should have played, being sure I should be heard and understood. The public would have been satisfied, and the honour of French artists saved.

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ADELINA PATTI AT SWANSEA.

It has already been announced that Mad. Patti had most kindly volunteered to give a grand morning concert on behalf of the Swansea General Hospital. The mere announcement is sufficient to secure an almost unprecedented sale of tickets, and consequently one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in the Albert Hall. Those who wish to be present on the 14th of September will do well to secure their tickets, only a limited number remaining for disposal. Little is heard of Patti at home, though her slightest professional movement is recorded with all possible fulness of detail, and as though she were of the charmed circle of royalty. The interviewers (of the mansion) of celebrities have not yet thought of Patti, or, if they have thought of her, and essayed to enter the "castle," have found the door closed. Patti seeks retirement in Wales, and it was with difficulty she would consent the other day to be honoured by the address of her neighbours. Her style of living is quite French, the servants are French, and the furnishing and appointments of the residence show the same preference. The cook, the important personage of the establishment, is a genuine artist, inherited direct from the Duke de Morny. The grounds are magnificent; and one item of particular charm is a juvenile crystal palace. Here Patti passes entire days, for it is fitted up with all the conveniences of a residence, dinner being generally served here. Patti has spent £50,000 on this retreat from the world, and never repines over the outlay.—*The Cambrian, Aug. 25.*

GOUNOD IN WORCESTER.—On Friday afternoon (25th ult.) M. Gounod paid a visit to Worcester Cathedral, in company with his son, M. J. Gounod. He played for a considerable time first on the grand organ, and afterwards on that in the choir, expressing himself highly pleased with the tone of each. After spending a considerable time in the choir, crypt, &c., and visiting the Deanery, he went to the Exhibition, with the special object of seeing the pictures, returning immediately to Birmingham.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal, August 26th.*

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PROVINCIAL.

INVERNESS.—Mr Kennedy, the world-known Scottish vocalist, and his family, gave last night the first of a series of three concerts in the Music Hall. The party consists of Mr Kennedy, Mr Robert Kennedy, Misses Helen, Marjory, and Maggie Kennedy. There need be no hesitation in saying that the concert was one of the very best that has been given in the Music Hall since Mr Kennedy was last here two years ago. The audience, who cheered his every appearance were happy to see that Mr Kennedy is still the best living singer of the auld Scotch sangs. He passed with as great ease as ever from the pathetic wail of "Oh! why left I my hame" to the quiet humour of "Come under my Plaidie" and the "Barrin' o' oor door," and to the mirth and boisterous fun of "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Alister Macallister." All we need say of him is that on the present visit he more than fulfils the very high expectations that are always entertained regarding him. The appearance of the young ladies was all that the most critical audience could desire. Their singing is characterised by extreme simplicity. The exquisite taste with which Miss Marjory Kennedy warbled the ever charming "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" elicited the most cordial applause, and her rendering of "Jock o' Hazeldean" was no less creditable. The "Caller Herrin'" of Miss Helen Kennedy was admirable. Miss Maggie Kennedy makes her first public appearance on this tour. She was loudly cheered on being introduced by her father, and the hearty encore which followed her rendering of "We're a' noddin'" was well merited. Mr Robert Kennedy, already favourably known to an Inverness audience, received a hearty welcome. His singing of the "March of the Cameron Men" was loudly cheered, the audience insisting on a repetition of the last stanza. In other, and more difficult pieces, he appeared to great advantage. Altogether, the concert was a complete success.—*Inverness Courier, Aug.* 29.

BIRMINGHAM.—Messrs Harrison have announced a series of four subscription "popular concerts" to be given in the Town Hall, October 9, December 5, February 5, and March 6. For the first (to be conducted by Mr Sidney Naylor) they have secured the co-operation of Mdme Christine Nilsson, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Maybrick, &c., and for the second Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli and Herr Joachim.

LIVERPOOL.—At the Bijou opera house, Bold Street, an opera company consisting of Mdme Sincio and Mdlle Taccani; Signors Ria, Susini, Campobello, &c., have been playing Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*. The local press speak highly of Signor Campobello's Figaro and Madame Sinico's Rosina, duly complimenting the other singers, especially Signor Ria, whose "Ecco ridente," they say, was deservedly encored. In the "Lesson Scene" Madame Sinico gave "Home, Sweet Home," and on being called upon to repeat it, substituted "Robin Adair."

WORCESTER.—The members of the Amateur Vocal Union, with a few friends, spent the evening together on Tuesday, August 22nd. They enjoyed a walk by the riverside to the Ketch, where they sang some of their glees and part-songs in the gardens. They adjourned to the house for supper, after which Mr E. J. Spark, the honorary conductor, stated they had been unable to arrange one of their summer gatherings before, owing to the occurrence of the Exhibition and other causes. During last season they gave concerts at Worcester, Bromyard, and Kempsey. On the proposition of Mr J. E. Burgess, the health of Mr Spark was heartily drunk. Several more glees were then sung, and the party had a pleasant walk home.

Aida will be performed this autumn at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence.

SPOHR's statue in the Opernplatz, Cassel, will be solemnly unveiled on the 22nd October, the anniversary of his death.

The seating capacity of the Metropolitan Opera House, now erecting in New York, will be 3,000.

The Italian papers mention as something remarkable the fact that all the artists, operatic and Terpsichorean, engaged for the approaching season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, are Italians.

B. POLLINI'S TWENTY-FIFTH PROFESSIONAL ANNIVERSARY.—On the 11th December, 1857, Bellini's *Puritani* was performed at the Stadttheater, Cologne, the bills announcing the part of "Sir Richard Forth by Herr Pohl—a pupil of Herr Koch's—his first appearance on any stage." The twenty-fifth anniversary of this event will be duly celebrated on the 11th December next by the company of the Stadttheater and the public generally at Hamburgh, where Herr Pohl, now better known as Herr Pollini, is exceedingly popular.

BAYREUTH.

Mdlle Daniela von Bülow, daughter of Hans von Bülow and Kosima von Bülow (now Mdme Richard Wagner), has married Count Gravina.—Franz Liszt has addressed the following letter to the Baron von Wolzogen, editor of the *Bayreuther Blätter*:—

"MY DEAR BARON,—During and after the first performance of *Parsifal*, every one felt that he could say nothing of this miracle of a work (*œuvre-miracle*). Yes! it renders those who hear it dumb, and its sacred pendulum moves from the Sublime to the More Sublime.—Yours most truly, FRANZ LISZT."

In which case, if there be truth in the old and oft-quoted apophthegm, "There is but one step, &c.," the "Sacred Pendulum" must be parlously near the Ridiculous.—P.

—o—

A NEW POTENTATE.

(From the "Frankfürter Journal.")

During the Festival Performances at Bayreuth a "List of Visitors" was published every day. Personages of Royal or Princely rank enjoyed the honour of the best position and the largest type. There was nothing remarkable about this, the same plan being generally adopted all over Germany. But there was one circumstance of a somewhat more unusual character. Among the names of reigning sovereigns and their august relatives figured "The Violin-King, August Wilhelmj." The good Bayreuthers appear, as true inhabitants of the "Town of pure Fools," to have taken rather too literally the celebrated artist's well-known *epitheton ornans*.

—o—

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

During the present season at the Imperial Operahouse, the programme will include, as novelties, operas by Wagner, Grammann, Erkell, Dworzak, Delibes, and Verdi. In the course of the present month Verdi's *Traviata* and Delibes' *Le Roi l'a dit* will be given, with Bianca Bianchi as the heroine in each. On the 4th October, the Emperor's saint's day, a new ballet, *Melusine* (Doppler's music) with Adam's *Le Chalet*; and on the 18th November, the eve of the Empress's saint's day, Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* will be performed. The military ballet, *Carlo, der Pionnier*, will follow in the early part of December. During the Carnival, Dworzak's opera, *Der Bauer als Schelm*, and a one-act ballet, with music by F. H. Cowen, is to be produced. Then will come, in March, *Das Andreas-Fest*, by Grammann; and towards the end of April a revival of the ballet, *Karneval-Abendteuer in Paris*, with new costumes and various new dances. About the same period Franz Erkel's *Ladislaus Hunyadi*, also, will be produced, with Marie Wilt and Herr Broulik as representatives of the leading characters. In May will come the first representation of *Tristan und Isolde*, with Niemann and Kupfer as hero and heroine. There is, also, a vague prospect of *Parsifal*. True, Wagner has declared that his last opera shall only be performed at Bayreuth, but he made an equally solemn declaration with regard to the *Nibelungen Tetralogy*, and he is not altogether indifferent to author's fees. An interesting revival will be that of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with Pauline Lucca as Iphigenia. The attendance of the public since the commencement of the season has been unusually good. Boito's *Mephistofele* has proved especially attractive.* Mdme Krauss, of the Paris Grand Opera, was present at the first performance. In her box were Albert Wolff, one of the contributors to the Paris *Figaro*, and Count d'Osmont, the well-known musical amateur.—The committee have not yet succeeded in finding a conductor for the Philharmonic Concerts. Hans Richter still refuses to reconsider his determination of resigning, and Jahn declines accepting the post on the plea that he might seem to be ousting Hans Richter. Meanwhile, he acts as provisional conductor two or three times a week.

BERLIN.—The whilom "Bilse Orchestra," who have been playing all the summer at the Flora-Etablissement, Charlottenburg, were to start yesterday, the 1st inst., on a concert tour. They begin their concerts at the Philharmonie here in October.

* A sign that sterling music is going out of fashion.—DR BLUNT.

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A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued from page 523.)

Munster, August 16.

I have already described my visit to Weber's grave in the Catholic cemetery at Dresden, and now there remains to speak of other such memorials scattered about this land of musical giants. The wandering devotee in Germany has no lack of shrines. Nearly every city calls upon him for a tribute of admiration to departed yet still existing greatness, since it may be said of masters in art that though dead they live. Dresden is full of Weberian reminiscences, and does not depend for association with the composer of *Der Freischütz* merely upon the custody of his remains. This is fortunate for the Saxon capital, because some circumstances connected with the master's burial-place are not quite pleasant to contemplate. The whole neighbourhood of the cemetery is subject to floods, and I am told that the vaults are sometimes filled with water, so as to float the coffins. Weber's grave being in a part of the enclosure most liable to inundation, suffers much from this cause. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the composer's representatives will not be slow to give his bones a better resting-place in the new "God's acre" now preparing. Dresdeners, at any rate, should be reminded of this duty whenever they cross the Theater Platz and see Weber's bronze presentment standing on its pedestal, turning an eager face towards the splendid operahouse which has succeeded the edifice he served so well. Here, surely, is a statue that does not bring ridicule upon modern art. Felicitous in treatment as a whole, the figure is happiest as a portrait. Those, who are acquainted with the best and most authentic engravings of the master's face cannot but recognize this. The clear-cut features, mild yet elevated expression, and somewhat melancholy look are all reproduced in Rietschel's work, which, therefore, is not only worthy of its subject but deserving its position on a truly Royal site. An Englishman somehow feels humiliated when looking at this memorial of a great musician. It is not so much that statues in his own country are generally abominations from which the dead might pray to be saved, as that the idea of like honour to a "mere musician" would scarcely enter the public mind. There was once in Vauxhall Gardens a statue of Handel, chiselled by Roubilliac, and made familiar by Bartalozzi, who engraved it as a frontispiece to Arnold's edition of the master's works. But in time that effigy of the great Saxon disappeared from the transpontine pleasure-ground, then turned up promiscuously, so to speak, at a dealer's, was bought by the late Sacred Harmonic Society, and now adorns the shop of an eminent publishing firm. Once, too, a statue of Mendelssohn had a conspicuous place in the Crystal Palace Gardens, and may be somewhere about now, but does not occupy the site on which, with a certain amount of demonstration, it was years ago unveiled. We are not happy with the great composers. We push them aside as lumber or are ready to sell them for what they will fetch, while at Dresden Weber stands near the King's Palace, with the names of his operas shining in gilded splendour, actually as though they were records of battle and slaughter. Another spot glorified by the same genius is but a little way off. The musical visitor to Dresden inevitably journeys through the delightful country along the Elbe bank and halts at Hosterwitz, a place for ever memorable as that wherein Weber wrote his *Freischütz* and *Oberon*. No one can look upon this quiet retreat—quieter then than now—without recalling the hard struggle of which it was the scene when the composer, with the shadow of death beginning to fall upon him, worked at his last opera more for the sake of wife and children than from personal interest in his own future, which he knew to be brief. Reminiscences of this kind best consecrate the scenes that bring us close to great men. They throw over them the halo of whatever is heroic in our common nature.

At Leipsic, John Sebastian Bach, dead long years ago, and separated from us by generations of active and brilliant workers in the field of music, still continue to dominate the place. That mighty memory will not be shoved from its pedestal, but towers above all others, even as soars the roof of St Thomas's Church above the buildings that crowd around. Not far from the church and the school in which the master laboured so long runs the ring of trees and verdure that has supplanted the old fortifications, and there, almost under the shadow of the sacred building, stands a Bach monument as yet barely completed. It is an unpretending thing, notable only for a good bust, in high relief, of the ancient Cantor. But, as a matter of fact, no memorial of John Sebastian was wanted on that particular spot. It might be said of him there as the tablet on the organ gallery of St Paul's Cathedral used to say of Christopher Wren, "Si monumentum queris, circumspice," for all the neighbourhood is eloquent of the great musician. Time and change have dealt lightly with St Thomas's Church and its surroundings—so lightly that were "old Bach," as Frederick the Great called him, to return to earth he would, perhaps, note but slight alterations. One side of the church appears to have been "restored," but the other remains untouched, the sacristan's little house nestling against the venerable wall as it has done for centuries. There, too, is the world-known Thomas School, filled with the children of those whom Bach taught, and on one day of the week the youngsters go into the sacred building hard by and sing Bach's music, as their fathers did before them. These things bring the visitor very near the old master, and help to realize in some measure a personality dimmed not only by lapse of time, but by the very splendour of his character and works. Few of us, perhaps, try to see Sebastian Bach. We talk of his music and connect it with a name rather than with a very sturdy personality who lived a quiet, plodding life in the Leipsic of a century and a half ago, numbered his children by the score and toiled for them like a slave. The fact is, we of the present generation could hardly understand Sebastian Bach if we knew him ever so well. Our composers are a very different race, courting the fierce light of public notice and living on its radiance. They run up and down in the world with their productions, or summon all people by beat of drum to come to them, while the cackling that goes on over a successful "lay" would shame a poultry-yard. I am not finding fault with this. Times change, and men with them. The point to be observed is that we cannot focus, with our nineteenth-century eyes, the untiring, silent, and unrewarded labourer to whom we owe the *Matthew Passion* and the *Well tempered-Clavier*. It is not a question of how Bach wrote so much as why, and the only possible answer, "Because he obeyed the promptings of an insatiable genius," leaves us very nearly where it found us. Certainly the master had little to distract his thoughts. Compared with his contemporary, Handel, whose voice was never silent in the *melée* of the world, Bach led the life of a recluse, and found relief in composing from the monotony of limited, unvarying duty. Perhaps Leipsic saw too much of him. What if he had gone about amongst men, had breathed the air of the country whence came the "pretty tunes" he and his son Friedemann used to travel miles to hear, and had learned to graft Italian grace and beauty upon the sturdy stem of German intellectuality? But such speculation is vain, and Bach remains for all time a typical representative of Teutonic art—the art which since his day reached its climax by invoking the spirit of Italian melody, and now bids fair to sink by exaggerating all that was crudest in its original form.

The wanderer about Leipsic may, not very far from the Stadttheater, light upon a street called König's Strasse. It is an eminently respectable thoroughfare, chiefly devoted to private houses of a superior class. In London it would possibly be called "quiet," and given over, as a legitimate prey, to German bands and Italian organ-grinders. Being in Leipsic it is really quiet, and offers nothing to disturb the peaceful current of a musical pilgrim's thoughts. But what does the musical pilgrim in the König's Strasse? He goes there to look at the house No. 20, on which an inscription tells that within its walls Mendelssohn lived from 1835 till 1841, when he left for Berlin, and from 1846 till his death, the following year. The "commodious family residence," as it would be called in a London agent's catalogue, is a corner house, having its entrance in a side street, but presents nothing save the inscription to distinguish it from many others its neighbours. No doubt a very comfortable middle-class dwelling of an ordinary type is here, but one glorified by the beautiful life which was lived in it, and by the great and graceful genius with which it will ever be associated. I do not know whether Germany continues to value Felix Mendelssohn as he deserves. The current of taste and opinion may have set against him in his native land, as I am sometimes told it has, and if so, so much the worse both for taste and opinion. But however this may be, there is one country upon which his hold is unshakeable—the country that so spontaneously recognized him as an apostle of the beautiful and good in art, that "heard him gladly," that commanded his affection, and that cherishes his memory as well as his works. From England there will always come visitors to the König's Strasse, regarding with strong emotion the house where, in the fulness of his powers and the splendour of his fame, dwelt the composer of *Elijah*. The disciples of the "Future" sneer at all this, of course. Mendelssohn, to them is a weak babbler—a purveyor of "milk for babes." So be it. No doubt the Philistines sneered at the Jewish ark when they carried it to Dagon's Temple as a spoil. But next morning their ugly idol lay prostrate and broken.

Going north-west from Leipsic not many miles, the musical wanderer comes upon another place full of interest to him, and to many who are not musical, for Halle is a great railway centre, with a strong flavour of nineteenth-century progress. 200 years ago it must have been rather sleepy—and was so sleepy, in point of fact, that the good folks became conscious of something amiss, woke up, shook themselves, and founded a university to attract lively young blood. A resident medical practitioner named Händel rejoiced at this, perhaps. It gave him a prospect of broken heads,

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slashed faces, more fees, and the wherewithal to satisfy several youthful appetites, of which that belonging to his son, George Frederick, could bear a good deal before crying "Hold, enough." A statue to George Frederick now stands in the market place, and very noble and dignified the presentment of the Halle doctor's boy looks. All-knowing Bädeker informs me that it was erected by subscriptions raised in Germany and England. He is probably right, and if not he ought to be, for never had those countries better reason to combine than in this case. If Germany produced Händel, England nourished him—I don't forget that she was rather a dry nurse for some time. If Germany honours him it is for English achievements, and if the one was the land of his birth the other became that of his adoption. "George Frederick Händel, Esquire"—so he lived the greater part of his life, so he died, and so he was buried. Wherefore his effigy stands in Halle market-place wearing an English Court dress. Why not? He was a sturdy person, doubtless, and far from supple-jointed before rank and riches; at any rate the London nobility thought so when he fought them long and well. But Händel knew, for all that, how to play the courtier, Did ever offended King receive such an exquisite peace-offering as the "Water Music," or one so delicately rendered? Who celebrated the battle of Dettingen, whereat, as Mr Thackeray pleasantly tells, dapper little George II. showed that he had some spirit in him? Who created an imperishable memorial of the Peace of Utrecht, and was the undisputed musical laureate of coronations and royal funerals? Handel in an English court dress by all means, especially as it reminds German spectators of the fact that England's claim to him is stronger than any arising from the accident of birth. At Hamburg one lights again upon Handelian associations, for there the master began the battle of life in earnest, and flashed the sword he was destined to wield like a brave and indomitable champion throughout his career. It is more to the purpose, however, that the Town Library contains a memorial the like of which cannot be found in the world outside Buckingham Palace, where are the great composer's priceless autographs. I refer to 131 volumes, containing seventy-seven distinct works, in the handwriting of Handel's amanuensis, J. C. Smith, and enriched with many notes and emendations from the master's own pen. It is said that at the composer's death, these treasures passed into Smith's family, but what became of them between then and 1856 does not seem clear. In the year just named, however, they were for sale at the shop of a Bristol dealer, and the late Mr Bowley, treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society, despatched a messenger at once to secure them. Unhappily, a foreigner was first in the field, M. Victor Schoelcher, the master's biographer, snapped them up; from his hands they passed, in 1868, into those of Dr Chrysander, another and a better biographer; and in 1875 they were placed in the Hamburg Library. So did England lose for ever a prize she should have jealously kept. It is unaccountable that the very existence of these volumes seems to have been forgotten till their description appeared in the dealer's catalogue. However, crying after spilt milk avails nothing, and English amateurs must find what comfort they can in the fact that the town where Handel began his labours is not an inappropriate place for such a sample of the fruit they bore.—*D. T.*

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL.**

(Continued from page 529.)

"In the Zauberburg we become acquainted with Klingsor, respecting whom our curiosity has been greatly excited during the first act. He does not quite come up to our expectations. In fact, he is a magician of the common bad old sort. You can see at once by his red and black feathers what sort of a bird he is. Long before we catch a glimpse of Parsifal, he has espied that hero in a magic-mirror and lured him on with the intention of playing him a nasty trick. To this end he employs the means utilised by the Erl-King for a similar purpose—handsome girls are to disturb the inexperienced youth's moral equilibrium. For the success of this depravatory undertaking, Klingsor reckons, in particular, upon the most dangerous of his sirens, Kundry, whom he conjures up in order to impart his formal instructions to her—no longer the breathless Kundry, who gasped past us in the first act, that old, ugly, slovenly slut, with bristly elf-locks and a complexion à la Azucena; but a shadowy, phosphorescent apparition in blue glistening robes, so indistinctly seen that it may, without difficulty, be taken for a superhumanly lovely woman. . . . As Parsifal has approached the magic castle, he has been encountered by several armed men, whose social position is not indicated in the libretto, but whom we may assume to be demoralised Grail-Knights, who prefer female society in an odorous garden to staying with Amfortas in his sick room. Parsifal soon settles these eccentric persons, whereupon Klingsor and his tower sink into the earth, and the magic garden takes their place. From all quarters 'flower-maidens' rush in, crying and complaining of the rough handling their male friends have been subjected to by Parsifal, whom they abuse in uncommonly strong language for 'thrashing their playfellows.' 'Who,' they ask with diverting frankness, 'will play with us now?' In his quality of 'pure fool,' Parsifal accepts the word 'play' in its purely foolish signification, and answers quite innocently, 'That will I, and gladly!' The ladies, although they have been vituperating him up hill and down dale, no sooner hear that the good-looking young fellow is ready to 'play' with them than they begin to quarrel over his possession—which is just like the sex. Parsifal, however, resists all the temptations they subsequently offer him to 'play;' indeed, when they become rather pressing, he is extremely rude to them. Suddenly, and from behind a hedge, a voice exclaims, 'Parsifal.' It is that of Kundry who reminds the damsels that their 'playfellows' are waiting to have their injuries attended to, and to be nursed. They take the hint and depart, leaving Kundry alone with Parsifal. Her love is of a far more calculating and insidious character than that of the simple-souled flower-girls. In order to reach Parsifal's heart she selects the well-known roundabout road of consolation. She tells him, in moving accents, how his mother died, and when the poor lad sinks to her feet in an agony of grief, draws him gently towards her and gives him 'the first kiss of love as the last greeting of a mother's blessing.' Wagner's stage instructions prescribe 'a long kiss.' And a very long kiss it is! Whilst it is going on, Parsifal tastes the whole sweetness, and bitterness too, of sensuality. He experiences desire and pain simultaneously; scales fall from his eyes; all at once he knows what the wounded king, whose sufferings he had contemplated without appreciating them, must be going through; pity stirs in his breast, awakening his intelligence, and he shouts wildly, 'Amfortas! The wound, the wound! It burns within my heart!'"

* * * * * *

"Having attained the apogee of his dramatic action, Wagner weakens its effects by tedious prosiness. It is, I know, useless to complain of this, because he is immutably certain that whatever he does is right. He will go on in the old, old tiresome way, whatever one may say. Kundry and Parsifal, after they have settled the really important part of their business, persist in conversing exhaustively about this and that, like acquaintances who have risen from their seats to take leave of one another, hat in hand, but cannot find the door. Wagner's heroes always resemble parliamentary orators—once in possession of the House they never stop spouting until their whole stock of ideas is exhausted. Meanwhile, what are the others to do, who have to listen? Parsifal has no time to lose. He ought to hasten to the suffering monarch. He has found out what Pity means. He is the Chosen One. Nevertheless, his composer condemns him to play the part of a patient listener, in which *rôle* he is most assuredly not calculated to develop enthusiasm in the audience. However, he succeeds in withstanding Kundry. In vain Klingsor hurls the sacred spear at the Pure Fool; it hovers over his head; he catches it in the air, describes the sign of the Cross with its point, and Klingsor's magnificence collapses into dust and ashes, whereupon Parsifal goes off with the spear to look for the invalid King."

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"The third act of *Parsifal* has given rise to desperate conflicts of opinion. Some are enraptured with it, others are disgusted. 'A Revelation!' exclaim the former ecstatically; 'A blasphemous parody,' growl the latter . . . . Enter Gurnemanz, aged and decrepit, from a hut. He has heard a dismal groaning proceeding from a thicket hard by, and there, sure enough, he finds Kundry in a condition of death-like catalepsy. With great difficulty he succeeds in rousing this remarkable woman, who has lost all her demoniac beauty and is once more as revoltingly ugly as in the first act . . . . 'Who nears now the holy spring?' enquires Gurnemanz, looking out towards the woods. Gurnemanz does not know; but we do, on the spot. The orchestra lets us into the secret, by sounding Parsifal's *leitmotiv* on a French horn; we thus become aware that Parsifal is due. The *leitmotiv* system, therefore, obviously does not contribute to the heightening of dramatic interest; it makes the music rend asunder the veil of which the poem has not resolved to lift a corner.

* * * * * *

"Parsifal is no longer the hearty lad of the second act, but seems to be as dark, stern, hard, and uncomfortable as the black armour in which he is clad. Being informed by Gurnemanz that he is on holy ground, and that it is Good Friday, he puts off his harness, whereupon the old gentleman recognizes him as the person he turned out of doors at the Grail-Castle many long years ago. Straightway he tells him (at great length) so gruesome a story of the

* From "*The Theatre.*"

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privations endured by the fraternity since that time that Parsifal faints away. Then come *tableaux vivans* of events recorded in Sacred History. Kundry washes his feet, dries them with her hair, and anoints them; Gurnemanz sprinkles holy water on his head. Parsifal, now attired in a long white robe reaching to his ankles, and "made up" with luxuriant waving hair, parted in the middle, and a full fair beard, offers a faithful impersonation of the Redeemer, as usually represented to us by the pictorial art. Many people consider this presentment revolting. The modern stage is essentially profane, and now that plays have passed out of ecclesiastical hands into secular ones, offers a striking contrast to its mother the Church. Incidents and persons appertaining to the House of God should not be exhibited on the theatrical boards. Even the Berlin Chief of Police is of this opinion, for he has lately prohibited the display of Biblical figures in the wax-work shows. . . . . ."

(To be continued.)

A NEW TEMPLE.

"*Not* erected by Solomon."—*Old Play*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—One of the greatest achievements and crowning glories of this century will be the rearing for the people of this great country, of their gigantic national Temple of Knowledge—I refer to the Ministry of Public Instruction, Public Opinion and of National Education roughly sketched in a pamphlet by the writer five years since, embracing under one roof all the great national departments of (with material) knowledge, whether in literature, science, or art. To rear such a vast national edifice must necessarily be the labour of years, and it surely cannot be premature to direct public attention to such an important national work, or why even designs, plans, specifications, and estimates of our great architects, builders, engineers and others, should not be in course of preparation and discussion. Space, unfortunately, will only allow me to allude to the nation's vast National Education Department of the Fine Arts, as the nation's vast National Studio of Painting, with ample space for say one hundred separate national easels', endowed by the state at salaries of £1,000 a year for both sexes, placed by the state for the use of distinguished English (and foreign) painters, permanently engaged and assiduously at work, painting to the glory of the English and even of other nations, and similarly of one hundred separate national easels' endowed by the state at salaries of £100 or more a year, placed by the state for the use of students chosen from the people reserved for those only who exhibit a genius for the art, and so with the nation's National Studio of Sculpture, and with that vast National Education Department, the nation's National Academy of Music, the sole tuition of every musical instrument being separately endowed by the state, placed by the state for the use of students chosen from the people, one student to each instrument, &c., &c.—I am sir, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS J. HARVEY.

6, *Cromwell Terrace, South Town, Great Yarmouth.*

[Some parts of this letter are legible; other parts are illegible; the whole, if not clearly put forth, is shadily comprehensible.—Dr Blige.]

TECHNICAL SCHOOL, BRADFORD,

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr Walter Clough.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th:—

"Cornelius" March	*Mendelssohn.*
Offertoire, in F major	*Wely.*
Air, with variations (Symphony, in D major)	*Haydn.*
Overture, *Poet and Peasant*	*Suppé.*
Gavotte, in B flat major	*Handel.*
Marche Triumphale	*Clough.*
Grand Chœur, in D major	*Guilmant.*
Fanfare and Finale	*Lemmens.*

The Musician's Association, Sondershausen, gave, a short time since, a concert in remembrance of Joachim Raff, whose quartet, "Die schöne Müllerin," Grand Sonata in A major for Pianoforte and Violin" and "Sinfonietta for Wind-Instruments" were played on the occasion.

SCRAPS.

(From our Teutonic Correspondent.)

HAMBURG.—A body of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, not satisfied with the laurels they won as amateurs at the Salons in the last London season, intend their zeal, to continue to delight *themselves*, and others by giving a charity Concert at the elegant golden salon of Hamburg, singing, playing and reciting, to their hearts desire.—The room was not only full, but cramed by the resident english Colony and the result must have been a paying one to the charitable Institute of Hamburg—We heard the moon has raised Benedict—Non e ver—For ever and ever—Golden love—Crudel perche—No sir—Bird of Spring time—suddenly the composer appeared at the Piano, it was a surprise his name was not in the Programme, after his Song he digged up again creating Sweet melody on the Piano. Every one was charitably inclined and applauded the amateur artists and every body artists specially did enjoy the Concert—The last Song was Sleepy Song—"Ende gut alles gut."

GENEVA—The international Music Festival began with an imense concours of 8000 Singers and military bands on Sunday the 13th. Prizes were won by the Choral Unions of Becuneon, Lausamie Neurnburg, and Lyon.

MAINZ.—The town theatre begins its winter season on the first of October with Carmen Herr Emil Steinbach as Kapelmeister.

WIESBADEN.—Herr August Wilhelmj has returned from his sussesfull tournèe through America, Australia and the Cape loadn with laurels and gold, his first *rentrée* will be to-morrow (the 27th) at the Kursaul when he will be soloist at the 5th Kunstler Concert. —L.

WAIFS.

Mdme Sarah Bernhardt was announced to perform at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, on Monday night. She appeared in one act and then left the pavilion, being suddenly indisposed. It is hoped that the illness of the celebrated actress may be merely temporary.

Tamberlik was lately at Trouville.

The Brussels Conservatory re-opens on the 4th inst.

Hassler's Musical Association, Halle, has been dissolved.

Scarlatti, a Tuscan, is the new manager of the Milan Scala.

Carlotta Patti starts next month on a concert tour in Ireland.

Merelli's Italian operatic company drew good houses at Prague.

Madeleine Schiller is spending the summer at Richfield Springs, U.S.

Tomaso Salvini, the great tragedian, will shortly revisit America.

Mrs Osgood has decided on remaining another twelvemonth in America.

A new theatrical journal, *L'Araldo*, has been published at Florence.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, will pass the winter in Cuba and Mexico.

A ballet entitled *La Rosa magica* has been well received at the Politeama, Milan.

Teresa Théo opens at the Casino, New York, on the 11th inst., in *La jolie Parfumeuse.*

A new zarzuela, *El gran Tamerlan de Persia*, is announced at the Circo de Rivas, Madrid.

Mapleson's opera season at the New York Academy of Music commences on the 16th October.

A new theatre is being erected at Marseilles, on the site of the Alcazar, destroyed by fire last year.

An Italian buffo opera company opened on the 26th ult. at the Buen Retiro, Madrid, with Suppé's *Bocaccio.*

Miss Hope Glenn, the contralto who accompanies Christine Nilsson on her American tour, is an "Iowa girl."

Irma Mery, now singing at the Theatre Royal, Athens, is about to marry Gialdino Gialdini, the composer.

The King of Servia has conferred on Adolf Röckert, violinist, Geneva, the Officer's Cross of the Takovo Order.

Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, with Pappenheim as the heroine, has been performed at the National Theatre, Buenos Ayres.

Mdlle Laescher, a member of the corps de ballet at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will shortly be married to Count Hardegg.

The new theatre about to be built on the site of the present Operahouse at Buenos Ayres will be the largest in South America.

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Camillo de Nardis, of Naples, has carried off the prize offered by the Royal Musical Institute, Florence, for the best five-part chorus.

Albert Dietrich's opera, *Robin Hood*, will be performed this season at the Ducal Theatre, Dessau, and the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Edmund Neupert, a Norwegian pianist of considerable repute in his own country, commences this month a concert tour in the United States.

One of the chief features of the Emma Abbott opera company's programme in America this season is to be Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*.

Mdme Liebhart is passing her vacation partly in the gay and fashionable town of Folkestone, and partly in the quiet, humble village of Southend.

For fifteen performances at Monte Carlo, Mad. Marie Heilbronn (Vicomtesse de la Panouse) receives, according to report, 60,000 francs. (600,000.—Dr Blidge.)

The Residenz-Theater, Hanover, lately sold by auction, has been purchased by the Guild of Brewers, who have advertised it to let at an annual rent of 12,000 marks.

Verdi, Ponchielli, Boïto, and Marchetti have been nominated members of the Musical and Dramatic Committee appointed by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction.

Gaspare Angiolini, ballet-master at the Milan Scala from 1780 to 1782, wrote the music to his own ballets, of which he produced no fewer than twenty-six during the two years he held his appointment.

Alexander Hessler, manager of the German and French Theatres in Alsace-Lorraine, celebrated yesterday, the 1st inst., his 25th professional anniversary. On the 15th inst., he will celebrate his 10th managerial anniversary.

Among the numerous candidates for the post of director at the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, are Freidrich Gernsheim, Franz Wüllner, and Max Bruch. Julius Stockhausen has publicly contradicted the report that he is one of the competitors.

The will of Mr James Turle, late of The Cloisters, Westminster, who died on June 28 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by his sons, the Rev. William H. Turle and James Robert Turle, executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The legatees under the will are testator's seven children.

"I should like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady, certainly no longer a girl; "do you think you could get me one?" I am afraid not. These very old coins are exceedingly rare," he replied. And yet he could not see why, when he met her the next day, she did not speak to him.

The Crystal Palace.—Mr G. Reay-Mackey, late assistant-paymaster, Royal Navy, and secretary to Admiral Rice and Admiral Luard, at Malta, has been appointed manager of the Crystal Palace; and Mr G. G. Cleather, manager of the Scarborough Aquarium, and late secretary of the Whitby and Scarborough Railway, has been appointed assistant manager. Major Flood Page will leave for Australia in the Orient steamship Austral on September 7th.

Mr Oberthür has been "touring" in Germany, visiting Kissingen and Schwalbach, where he gave a concert, assisted by Mr Warrenrath. He there played his "Meditation," as well as his concertina for harp and orchestra, and Mr Warrenrath sang, among other pieces, Mr Oberthür's romance, "The Rose and the Ring," and the band played the overture to his opera, *Floris von Namür*. From Schwalbach Mr Oberthür visited Soden (Mendelssohn's favourite village, near Frankfort), proceeding thence to Nuremberg, Bayreuth, and Munich, and is now *en route* to Styria and Vienna.

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Thursday.

In that most interesting book "The Mendelssohn Family," reference is made by one of the great composer's sisters to a young French student named Gounod, whom she met during a stay in Rome. He is said to have strong religious tendencies, nourished by a sentimental nature such as might eventually lead him into the Church. M. Gounod did not go so far, but his early disposition has more or less tinged the whole of his artistic life. Although he will chiefly be remembered as the composer of *Faust*, he is never so happy as when writing sacred music. The great subjects connected with religious doctrine and ritual appear to touch him deeply, exciting his emotions most of all, and leading him to illustrate them from a picturesque and sensuous point of view. A musician may approach such themes on two sides. He may, like Sebastian Bach, regard them in a purely spiritual aspect, and offer the homage of intellectual reverence as expressed in the language of abstract art. Or he may look at them in their more human relationships, recognizing so many tableaux that make appeal in a form less spiritual than sensuous. To this second course M. Gounod is limited by the emotionalism of his nature. He deals necessarily with the sentiment of religious things, and we take it quite as a matter of course that his thoughts turned, twelve years ago, to the story of the humiliation, anguish, and triumph of the Saviour of the world, not so much to proclaim their higher significance, though that he could not altogether ignore, as to indulge a kind of luxurious sympathy. Here we have a key to the artistic meaning of M. Gounod's *Redemption*. The new oratorio is not primarily a display of musical thought and speech. Were it this, the work would bear a different aspect, arising out of consideration for purely musical effects, and, I may add, for prevailing tastes. It represents much more fully the contemplation of sacred things by a keenly susceptible artistic nature, which, absorbed in them, and ignoring all other considerations, expresses its feeling with less regard for manner of utterance and effect upon others than for complete fidelity to the situation. The loftiness of this must be allowed. It is, at any rate, higher than the spirit which treats a sacred theme as a means to an end, and makes musical capital out of divine things. At the same time risk is involved when the composer's work has to go forth into a world certain to look at it first as a production of art, and only in the second place, if at all, as an offspring of religious sentiment. The conscientious critic, however, regards M. Gounod's new oratorio from its author's own point of view. By so doing he avoids mistakes, and sees plainly the reason of things otherwise difficult to comprehend.

The work is divided into three parts, with a prologue setting forth the creation of man, and his temptation and fall; together with the necessity for, and promise of, a Redeemer. As all this ground is covered in a few lines, the interest of the prologue gathers around its musical treatment, the more because it indicates the structure of the entire oratorio. For the reason just stated, M. Gounod's orchestral introduction has a significance not otherwise belonging to it. The effect of the movement, an adagio, is chiefly that of chords applied to the chromatic scale, resting upon a pedal point. Two leading features are indicated here—first, the composer's trust in harmonic progressions rather than melodic themes; and, second, his resolution to employ the scale which, with manifest disadvantages in other ways, offers the greatest scope for striking harmonic effects. The text—M. Gounod's own, by the way—is divided between two narrators, tenor and bass, and is treated in a manner consistently followed throughout the oratorio. Both voices, sometimes in alternation, sometimes together, in thirds or octaves, declaim a kind of quasi-recitative, accompanied *à tempo* by the orchestra. So far, simultaneous use of the voices excepted, M. Gounod adopts the form which has superseded recitative proper and come into general use. But other features in his setting of the narrative arise from his own initiative. He appears to have debated with himself in what way the Divine story should be told—whether with dramatic energy and picturesque descriptiveness, or in the calm, passionless style of the Evangelical record. His choice fell upon the second method, and taking the character of the vocal part in connection with the mode of delivery yesterday adopted, we see that M. Gounod thought it safer—he may have considered it more reverent also—to make the narrator a simple mouthpiece, leaving the orchestra to give the necessary colour, warmth, and life. Hence, he confines the voices to monotone or slow movement up and down a section of the chromatic scale. Quite in keeping with this severe musical reticence is the nature of the accompaniments. At exciting moments the orchestra becomes vigorous and even descriptive, while on rare occasions a melody streams forth; but, as a rule, trust is placed in harmonic combinations and instrumental colouring. All this the Prologue illustrates, and something more. It shows that M. Gounod is not to be tempted by the cheap device of "representative themes" into an exaggerated use of them. The oratorio contains but one "typical melody," and that is associated with the person and work of the Redeemer, being first heard when the Almighty purpose to save mankind stands revealed. A theme more characteristic of the composer could hardly have come from his pen—in other words, it is large, expressive, and symmetrical, not a mere fragment intended for ingenious dovetailing. Let me further point out, with reference to the Prologue, that it contains no commentary upon the text, either in chorale form or any other. This, too, is worthy of observation, because indicating a special point of difference between the form of *Redemption* and that of ordinary oratorio. M. Gounod resorts very rarely to didactic observations, thinking, perhaps, that the story, as he sets it forth, conveys its own moral. With these needful remarks upon methods confronting us at the outset of the work, I may pass on to say that the accompaniment to the text of the Prologue is remarkably bold and free in its sequential harmonies, and characteristically rich in colouring. From out of this indefinite mass of sounds the "typical melody" springs with grateful relief, seeming to bring with it light and beauty. The prologue finishes with a chorale, "The earth is My possession," preceded and followed by the tuneful Redemption theme, itself containing nothing but plain diatonic harmonies. A better ending could not be.

The first part opens with the condemnation of Christ, and carries on the course of events to the completion of the sacrifice on Mount Calvary. At the outset an element of interest arises. Jesus speaks, through the medium of a special (baritone) voice, after the manner adopted by Bach in his *Passion;* and here I may say, once for all, that the music set to the Divine words is singularly happy, being full of tenderness and sweetness, combined with dignity. It may seem unfortunate that the first utterance of the Lord, "If My deeds have been evil," corresponds exactly with a passage in the death-scene of Valentine (*Faust*), but the music is impressive and appropriate, while, if any one has a right to quote M. Gounod, he surely must be M. Gounod himself. The march to Calvary receives elaborate treatment, in a form likely to awake discussion. Its principal feature is a lengthy orchestral movement, *moderato maestoso*, representing the brutality of the Pagan force, and containing not only passages which are fierce and strong, but others that are light almost to flippancy. It is, of course, open to question whether, in contemplating Jesus being led to death, we are more struck by the savageness of his persecutors than by the deep solemnity and pathos of the scene. M. Gounod's reason is clear enough, however, when he associates with the orchestral movement a hymn, "Vexilla Regis prodeunt," from the Catholic liturgy; this, supposed to be sung by the "daughters of Jerusalem," representing Christian compassion. The contrast is obvious and great, whatever may be thought of its value as compared with the effect of keeping the central Figure always in view. When M. Gounod at length turns to the Sufferer, the music becomes pathetic in the highest degree. Nothing could more powerfully illustrate the short but pregnant dialogue between the women and Jesus. It is the very utterance of grief and tenderness, touching the heart, and making almost painful the fierce strains of the resumed march, tempered though they be by the hymn sung in choral unison. The Crucifixion scene presents much worthy of serious regard, apart from elaborate orchestral treatment of the narrative. Here, for example, the chorus begins its work in earnest, and as an actor rather than a spectator. It represents the "passers-by" in a powerful number, "Ha! Thou that dost declare," and the priests in an outburst of mockery and spite, "Can He not save Himself?" These episodes are but brief, for the composer, not seeking after musical effect *per se*, declines to check the steady flow of events till Jesus, accompanied by the "typical melody" in its full loveliness, has uttered the memorable prayer for His enemies. Here a chorus distinguished by harmonies of the most poignant nature embodies the Divine reproaches, "O my vineyard, come tell me why thy grapes are bitter." And here M. Gounod proves more than equal to the demands upon him; rising from subdued feeling to the highest pitch of agony, then suddenly falling to the lowest depth of pathos. Mark the chorus as a magnificent example of intense musical expression, such as may be expected from the composer when all his sympathies are aroused and the depths of his nature moved. Observe, further, the quartet and chorus, which point to the Virgin Mother, "Beside the Cross remaining;" the melancholy beauty of M. Gounod's theme and the sombre colouring of his orchestration. Observe, most of all, the Virgin's solo, "While my watch I am keeping," with its appropriate use of the *Stabat Mater* chant in accompaniment. Here M. Gounod again touches the heart by quiet, unforced pathos. A chorale, "Lord Jesus, Thou to all bringest light and salvation" ends the episode of the two thieves, and may be mentioned, not for its musical importance so much as for being a commentary of the kind which M. Gounod to so large an extent ignores. An orchestral movement (*quasi adagio*) depicting the Dark-

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ness would, perhaps, more vividly suggest the groping about of persons who cannot see, and has little to recommend it. Not so the music to the final words and death of Jesus. Here the composer is again master of his theme and of our emotions. Tone-painting could hardly be more clear and powerful. After this the first part soon ends, doing so with another reflective chorale, distinguished by greater range and variety of expression than usually belongs to that form of sacred music.

The second part opens with a "prophetic chorus," remarkable for the device of a trumpet passage which reiterates continually the tonic and dominant of the key, the instruments answering each other from opposite points of the orchestra. This is, of course, by way of prologue to the narrative of the Resurrection and Ascension, the musical setting of which so closely resembles that in the first part as to make additional comment unnecessary. Features of special interest soon present themselves, among them a pastoral theme for strings, on a double pedal, intended to represent the progress of the Holy Women to the Sepulchre; though in what its propriety lies is not at all clear. This theme re-enters whenever the Women are spoken of as moving from place to place. M. Gounod is at his best in the scene with the Angel at the Tomb, but thenceforward till the Ascension takes place he exercises diminished power, partly for the reason that his method of treating the narrative begins to lose the charm of novelty. A powerful chorus, "Now behold ye the guard," re-awakens keen attention by the strength and majesty of its harmonies and the glow of its colour. To this, however, M. Gounod has accustomed us, and we hail more gladly a soprano air, "For thy love as a father," with which beautiful choral passages are combined. The composer's success here suggests that after all the good old way is the best. A few more airs equal in merit would add immensely to the musical charm of the work, and need not at all detract from its religious significance. But whatever defects appear in this part are forgotten—I had nearly said redeemed—by the splendid triumphal chorus, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," which brings it to an end. M. Gounod has resorted, in this instance, to rather sensational means. He would have a celestial choir, with harps and trumpets, raised above the general level, in order to put "from on high" the question "Who is the King of Glory?" This could not well be carried out yesterday, but a certain approximate effect was produced, and justified the means employed. In any case, the point becomes insignificant when compared with the grandeur of the chorus as a whole. Nothing could be more simple than its structure. But if the means are obvious it is also clear that they are used with consummate knowledge and skill.

In the third part are comprised the events of Pentecost, and these bring us into a brighter atmosphere. Melody now predominates, as in the opening chorus, "Lovely appear"—a piece which will find its way, as a church anthem, all over the land, doing so none the less readily because a beautiful soprano solo enters into its structure. Another orchestral movement, "The Apostles in Prayer," does nothing to atone for the shortcomings of its fellows, but the work ends happily with an elaborate number called "Hymn of the Apostles." Here several distinct movements present themselves—first an extended theme sung in unison by tenors and basses, and repeated in full chorus; second, a quartet, "By Faith Salvation comes;" third, a setting of the Beatitudes marked by varied beauty and fitness; and fourth, a fugual episode, which, as the theme is not marked out, would have been better avoided. Finally, a mighty series of M. Gounod's favourite harmonic progressions closes the oratorio with all imaginable splendour.

The question as to the precise status of M. Gounod's oratorio is one demanding some consideration before an answer can be given. No doubt the obvious beauties of the work are many. With hardly an exception the choral numbers produce an effect not to be denied. They are clear in structure, definite in expression, and musically interesting and attractive. The few airs and lyrical solo passages are in their way, no less charming, so that the first positive conclusion drawn amounts to this—whenever M. Gounod keeps to the old lines of oratorio his success is indisputable. There remains the great peculiarity of the work, namely, its treatment of the narrative. Here opinions are sure to differ widely, and, in any case, some time must elapse before a feature so new in oratorio commands general approval. That time will, however, be hastened in proportion, as M. Gounod's object and spirit are recognized. His musical narrative is a musical meditation, throughout which the devout mind enters completely into the emotions of the text, and makes them personal to itself, for a higher object than that of mere effect. To understand this and sympathise with it is, as I remarked at the outset, to remove a lot of difficulties. At first, however, the public will judge, not from the right point of view, but by comparison with standards which M. Gounod has not considered, and their verdict consequently may be one of somewhat hesitating approval. Happily there is enough of obvious beauty and grandeur in *Redemption* for the holding of its ground, and, under such circumstances, absolute triumph is generally a question of time. Believing M. Gounod's oratorio to be a noble and exalted thing, I trust that the time may be short.

This morning Handel's *Messiah* was performed, under the usual Festival conditions of a full house and universal sympathy. The number of seats engaged for this immortal masterpiece was 1,828, and the receipts amounted to £2,391 2s. 2d., including no less than £673 given specially for the General Hospital. Handel's work has from the beginning of its illustrious career been identified with the cause of charity, and the tradition seems very unlikely to be lost. Details of its performance as conducted by Sir Michael Costa are, of course, unnecessary. It goes without saying that all concerned did well, but it may perhaps be stated that the whole of the tenor airs were sung by Mr Maas, those for bass being taken by Signor Foli. The other parts were divided according to custom, the soprano solos between Mdme Albani and Miss Anna Williams, the contralto between Mdme Patey and Mdme Trebelli. The whole of these artists sustained their high reputation.

The audience this evening was even larger than that of the morning, 2,233 persons being present, and the receipts amounting to £1,461 5s., making the grand total for the day £3,852 7s. 2d., as against £3,405 4s. 2d. on the corresponding day in 1879. Herr Gade's new cantata, *Psyche*, constituted the chief attraction, and was splendidly performed under the guidance of the gifted composer, who is immensely popular here, and was received with enthusiasm. I must reserve my notice of the work, and only record at present its absolute success. The first two or three numbers passed without particular notice, but the audience soon felt the beauty and grace of the music, and thenceforward applause was the order of the evening. Two numbers were encored, while at the close a perfect tempest of cheering bespoke the general pleasure and admiration. This was no more than justice. *Psyche* is a masterly and charming work, equal to anything the Danish master has given us. The solos were taken by Mdme Marie Roze (Psyche), Mdme Trebelli (Proserpine), and Mr Santley (Eros); Miss Eleanor Farnol and Mr Lloyd assisting in the concerted numbers. All these artists were in their best form, and gave well-nigh unmingled satisfaction. As for the band and chorus, they played and sang superbly. Other features in the programme were Mr Parry's new Symphony, a masterly composition; a new song, "The Golden Thread," composed by M. Gounod, and sung by Mdme Patey; and the march written by the French master for the Duke of Albany's wedding. In a subsequent letter I shall gather up these new things into a bouquet, and deal with them as they deserve. The familiar selections included, "Waft, ye Zephyrs" (*Euryanthe*), beautifully sung by Mr Maas, the overture to *William Tell*, and Donizetti's air, "O Lisbona," in which Mr King made his mark.

—o—

Friday.

The last day of the Festival opened badly as regards weather, but with little or no effect upon the attendance, however much appearances suffered. That appearances suffered a good deal cannot be denied, since a steady drizzle from a leaden sky is no more beautiful and inspiring in Birmingham than anywhere else. This morning it took all the festiveness out of the scene, and put in its place a pervading sense of dampness and discomfort. However, the Town Hall soon filled, and when, as gloom increased, the pretty clusters of Swan's incandescent lamps gave out their pure and beautiful light, there was a very satisfactory feeling that art had so far atoned for the shortcomings of nature. A varied and liberal selection made up the first programme of the day, and represented the classical masters, whom, on these occasions, it is always a duty and a delight to honour. Mozart contributed to it; so did Beethoven and Cherubini, and so did the still living composer (Brahms) who carries on in our time, with fidelity to their principles, yet with liberal tastes, the work those illustrious men promoted. Mozart was represented by his Symphony in G minor—smallest, but not least beautiful, of the immortal triad which his fertile genius produced in a few weeks of 1788—the most memorable year of his life. A better choice could not have been made for the purpose of displaying the admirable ability of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra—that of the strings especially. With regard to the "wind," it may be worth recording that, as the symphony was performed with the clarionet parts as printed in the new German edition of the score, it presented some added attraction, enhanced by the unfailing skill and taste of Mr Lazarus. But the execution of the work generally could not have been better. It was delicate, yet firm and strong; hardly ever short of perfect precision, and often most beautifully phrased. Under such circumstances Mozart's music could make no

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other than a deep impression. The audience listened keenly to every movement, and seemed quite willing to hear the whole again. Indeed, the *finale* had to be repeated, so lively was the sense of pleasure it conferred. In thus appreciating Mozart the Birmingham public did themselves honour. They, at any rate, are not ready, with some of our public instructors, to describe that mighty master as "infantine." Following the Symphony in G minor came the "Song of Triumph," composed by Johannes Brahms in honour of his country's victories, and dedicated to the German Emperor. This work has been heard in London on one or two occasions and in a few of our provincial towns; but its very exacting character is a formidable obstacle in the way of general familiarity. At a Birmingham Festival, however, difficulties count for little or nothing, and the "Triumphlied" was never in danger of rejection here by reason of the great demand it makes upon executive ability. The peculiar feature of the composition lies in its being written for a double choir, often in an elaborately contrapuntal fashion, and with an almost continuous strain upon voice as well as upon skill and care. So fatiguing was the music found this morning that the performers were given their interval of rest immediately after it, instead of after Cherubini's Mass in C, as arranged. They well deserved the consideration, for they had been absolutely unsparing of themselves, and had not once made a mistake in threading the maze of their way through the work. Brahms is a new name at these Festivals, but the music of his "Triumphlied" must have struck the audience as having a familiar flavour of much older masters. The impression was undoubtedly correct, because Brahms composed his work in the sturdy and intellectual spirit which finds musical expression through the writings of Bach and Handel. There is nothing of sickly-sentimentalism here. An "æsthete" would probably turn away from it shuddering, and call for something languishing to do away with the effect of the shock. To a large extent, therefore, the music is out of harmony with an age that loves "prettinesses" on the one hand, and, on the other, the blood-curdling horrors. This goes to say that the "Triumphlied" is robust and healthy—good, sound, honest music such as the old German masters were wont to write at a time when there was bracing air about. The work, however, is not a mere reproduction. To Brahms belongs the credit of legitimately developing the artistic principles which guided his great predecessors, and here he combines the vigorous counterpoint of Bach and modern graces of orchestration, as far as the two things can be allied, without incongruous effects. This adds immensely to the interest of the work, above all in the eyes of those who contend that the old forms are capable of indefinite expansion and infinite variety. I must congratulate the Festival Committee upon their choice of the "Triumphlied," and Sir Michael Costa upon the splendid manner of its performance. On another occasion, perhaps, Brahms will contribute something still more important, specially written. I should add that the incidental solo was sung very well indeed by Mr King.

Cherubini's Mass, in G (No. 4) opened the second part of the programme, and conferred upon it no mean attraction. This beautiful example of the Florentine master has been very rarely heard in England, for reasons as difficult to understand as those which keep some of his noble operas off our stage. Just now, however, there are signs of a run upon Cherubini's masses, thanks to the interest and admiration excited by his "D minor" when it was produced in London and at the Worcester Festival last year. The Mass in G no more compares with its greater sister in beauty and grandeur than in size, but it is a masterpiece all the same, and one not to be heard without recognition of the genius that can produce great results with comparatively simple means. A work less elaborate in structure so learned a musician as Cherubini could hardly have written. In modulation it is as reticent in polyphony, the composer seeking his effects for the most part in his melodic phrases and natural unforced harmonies combined with orchestral devices which, like the prolonged inverted pedal in "Qui tollis," show the hand of a genuine master. A review in detail of this work, if given now, would only anticipate what will inevitably be attempted very soon, under circumstances more favourable to well-considered opinion. Enough that the mass was, to-day, a success beyond dispute. Its expressive themes, thorough musicianship, and deep religious feeling commanded approval on all hands. Of the performance it is scarcely possible to speak in exaggerated terms. The choral performance was surprisingly good, considering the strain put upon the voices in executing very different music just before. On this point the able chorus master, Mr Stockley, had reason to be anxious, but his splendid force carried the work through against all difficulties, and left room for hardly a word of criticism. In point of fact these Birmingham singers appear quite as fresh and trustworthy now as they were at the beginning of the week, and the Midland capital has reason to be proud of them. With such artistes as Mdme Albani, Miss Williams, Mdme Patey, Mdme Trebelli; Mr Maas, Mr Cummings, Mr F. King, and Signor Foli, all of whom were required for the comprehensive plan of the work, it may be imagined that the solos were admirably given. Cherubini wrote for voices like a true Italian, influenced though he was by the German school, and vocalists find all their sympathies enlisted when his music comes to hand. Where all do well it may seem invidious to make special mention of one, but the risk must be incurred here in favour of Mdme Albani, whose artistic taste and natural fervour gave uncommon distinction to the principal soprano part. Let much also be laid to the credit of Sir Michael Costa for conducting the performance not only with skill, but with evident zeal on behalf of his illustrious countryman. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* brought the long concert to an end. With regard to this work the pen of criticism may rest, every requirement being answered by a few words in praise of a performance which had some notably meritorious features. Among these were the singing of Miss Anna Williams, who has done well all the week, materially advancing her artistic rank, and the excellent delivery by Mr Maas, of the tenor solos, that demand no common powers. As may be supposed, the chorus and orchestra made their mark in "We here shall surely find him," and the magnificent "Hallelujah." The receipts of the morning were in excess of those to the credit of the corresponding period three years ago.

This evening the festival closed with a second performance of M. Gounod's *Redemption*, the distinguished composer again conducting, and the soloists who appeared before again taking part. As I intimated would be the case in a previous letter, there was an overwhelming attendance, the vast hall being crammed to its utmost capacity. No work of modern time has excited greater interest than the new oratorio. I am told, indeed, that telegrams have poured in all day inquiring whether seats could possibly be obtained for its hearing. In each case, of course, a negative answer was returned. Bristol is likely to rejoice thereat, since *Redemption* will next be given at the Festival which the Western city is preparing. The performance to-night was much better than that of Wednesday, when nervousness and over-anxiety brought about faults. All engaged seemed at their ease, and the result probably satisfied even M. Gounod's exigent taste; if not, the composer must be hard indeed to please. As regards the effect of a second hearing, I am able to say with confidence that it encouraged those who expect a great future for the work. It is more than ever obvious that the choral numbers are masterpieces in their several degrees, and that the few lyrical solos have a charm beyond common. But the main question lies in M. Gounod's peculiar treatment of the narrative. Does this grow upon the mind and more powerfully appeal to the heart with riper acquaintance? I venture to believe that it does, and that when English audiences are accustomed to the composer's method the profound emotionalism and reverent expression of his music will enlist their sympathies. We are sometimes told that religious faith is dying out. That may be, but religious sentiment exists, and will continue as long as human nature remains unchanged. To that great power in England M. Gounod has appealed through the medium of his latest work, and I shall be much surprised if he appeals in vain.—*D. T.*

(For continuation, &c., see page 561.)

GOUNOD'S *REDEMPTION.*

We gather the undercooming from last week's issue of *Le Ménestrel*;—

A peine la nouvelle du grand succès de la *Rédemption* arrivait-elle de Birmingham à Paris que M. Carvalho télégraphiait à Charles Gounod pour solliciter l'honneur de faire entendre, salle Favart, l'oratorio du célèbre maître français. Mais voici qu'un autre télégramme lui était adressé du Grand Opéra et dans les termes suivants :—

Angleterre. Birmingham Town Hall. Charles Gounod.

"Journaux annoncent avez promis *Rédemption* à Opéra-Comique; vous rapelle vos promesses pour l'Opéra dont la première remonte à 1880, au temps des études du *Tribut de Zamora*; ne puis croire à un oubli.—Prière répondre, votre affectionné,

"VAUCORBEIL."

Que va faire—adds *Le Ménestrel*—l'auteur de *Gallia?*

[Il fera très bien. Du reste—in the eloquent language of our own *Ménestrel*—"*L'auteur de 'Joseph' va avoir sa statue à Givet.*" Que M. Gounod, qui raffolle de "Joseph," se console!—Dr Bluge.]

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WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.*

(*Concluded from page* 545.)

The art of modern machinery and scene-painting was exhibited in *Parsifal* to even greater advantage than in the *Nibelungen*. Much has been learnt, even at Bayreuth. The Hall of the Gralsburg, painted in the Moorish style (the style of the Cathedral at Burgos), is imposingly beautiful; the Forest, too, in the first act, and the Flowery Mead in the third, are most effective pictures. But Klingsor's Magic Garden is too grotesque with its glaring red and clumsy floral colossuses. I expected, also, that the costumes of the Flower-Girls would have been more dressy. The naked feet were the only original thing about them. Prettier and better devised *fleurs animées* are seen in every successful ballet. Wagner did not want probably to remind us of anything of the nature of a ballet—however that may be, the scene itself reminds us of one. The mechanical effects (the moving panorama, the disappearance of the scene through the stage, the flying swan, &c.) went without a hitch, and proclaimed the merit of young Brandt, who will probably soon have come up to his celebrated father. If to all these excellences of the Bayreuth performance we add the presence of Wagner, who, as its vivifying soul from the very beginning, was for the public an object of the profoundest respect, the reader will understand the great success of the first two *Parsifal* evenings. In the theatre itself the audience, it is true, did not, at Wagner's wish, indulge in any marks of approbation; "in the interest of the art-work" a death-like silence, which was almost oppressive, reigned around. But the opinions I heard between the acts and after the performance were —apart from the complaints concerning instances of too great length and monotonous extension—preponderatingly favourable.

The question whether *Parsifal* will really be withheld from all other theatres and be limited to an occasional (but eventually highly doubtful) resuscitation in Bayreuth, naturally forces itself on every lip. As we know, Wagner in a public letter from Palermo (April, 1882), emphatically dwelt on the "thoroughly exceptional character of this work," and claims to have rendered impossible any performance of it elsewhere than at Bayreuth, by the mere fact that "with this poem he has entered a sphere which should *justly remain closed against our operahouses*." Despite of this, we most decidedly cannot see the "impossibility." We ourselves in our notice directed attention to what was startling and unbecoming in the church scenes of *Parsifal*. But when and where did the Unbecoming ever constitute a barrier to the performance of Wagnerian operas? I consider the libidinous love scene between the brother and sister, Siegmund and Sieglinde, when they espouse each other in *Die Walküre*, a thousand times more repulsive than the religious pictures in *Parsifal*, which, though offensive to strict Christians, are not revolting to human feeling as in the above scene, branded with Schopenhauer's "Infamous!" I must here remark, too, that the church scenes in *Parsifal* were far from producing in the actual performance the repellent effect which I and others imagined, from a perusal of the book, that they would produce They are religious occurrences which are presented to us, yet, despite all their earnest solemnity, they are not in the style of the church, but of the operahouse. *Parsifal* is an opera, notwithstanding its being called a Stage-Festival-Play, or a Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play. It cannot even be termed a "spiritual"† opera, as the epithet is employed by Anton Rubinstein, for in such a work the voluptuously-mundane second act of *Parsifal* would simply be impossible. To see in this second act how the grand old theatrical devil jumps out of the pious habit of the monk is something too delicious.

Why should not Wagner's *Parsifal* be given in any theatre? Is not the Bayreuth Festival-Play-House, for which Wagner wrote it, a theatre? Is that edifice a church or a concert-room? It is a theatre where, like any other opera, *Parsifal*, got up with all imaginable operatic splendour, is played by stage-singers, and, moreover, before a continually changing, paying public? Why should a performance of *Parsifal* shock religious feeling everywhere except in Bayreuth? Of Wagner's serious intention to prohibit the performance of *Parsifal* in Europe we do not for a moment doubt; he may have material grounds for reserving the work for Bayreuth. But, on internal grounds, taken from the work itself, we cannot comprehend the moral impossibility of performing *Parsifal* in other theatres. We should sincerely deplore the prohibition. As it would have been a pity on account of the enormous cost and trouble which were expended on the *Nibelungenring*, and which were also to be incurred "only for Bayreuth," so it would be a pity, and even a greater pity in the case of *Parsifal*. This is more easily performed than the *Tetralogy*, closer, and more effective; the music (with the sole exception of the Kundry scenes) is simpler, quieter, and nobler. Assuming certain inevitable cuts were made, *Parsifal* would probably prove more valuable and more successful at theatres than the other work. For a quarter of a century, Germany has been miserably poor in new operas with any vitality, and seems every year to grow poorer still—so that one need not be a "Wagnerite" to sincerely deplore the threatened loss of *Parsifal*. We know very well that Wagner is the greatest living operatic composer, and, in Germany, the only one of whom there can be, in a historical sense, any serious question. Since Weber and Meyerbeer, he is the only German composer without whom we cannot picture the history of dramatic music. We might picture it even without Mendelssohn and Schumann, to say nothing of Rubinstein and others more modern, without being sensible of any gap. Between this avowal and the nauseous idolatry of which Wagner is the object, and which he patronizingly encourages, there is, however, an immeasurable chasm.

According to what is said here openly or only in a whisper, a repetition of *Parsifal* next year appears anything but certain. What then? Even were the theatres forbidden to perform *Parsifal* during Wagner's lifetime—what then? If once Wagner's individuality, the magnetic eye and the strong hand, which attracts all, artists and public, to little Bayreuth, and keeps them there, is once missed, no one—of a certainty no one—will be able to do such a thing again. It is easy to foresee that with Wagner the Bayreuth Festival Performances will become extinct, but, assuredly, not so *Parsifal*. The large theatres will give this interesting and pious opera without many religious scruples, and the public of Vienna, Munich, and Berlin, will, like the public here, look at and listen to it without for a moment thinking they are in a church. Mankind will continue to be pleased with the *Nibelungen* and *Parsifal* till one fine day they grow tired of allowing themselves to be rocked about by merely "endless" melody, and led by stereotype leading-motives. Then there will probably appear for opera a new "pure fool," that is: a naif composer of genius and natural strength, perhaps a kind of Mozart, who will become master over the "Master," and, for a change, once more rule mankind musically after they have been so long governed dramatically.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.
† "Geistliche."

THE MIDGETS.—These miniature people have returned to their old quarters at Piccadilly Hall, where they are now to be found holding daily receptions at stated intervals. General Mite and Miss Millie Edwards are admittedly the smallest of the small, and put the famous General Tom Thumb, on the question of inches, incontestably in the shade. General Mite, since we last saw him, if he has added nothing to his weight has certainly waxed in vivacity, and indicates in his delineations of the "Broadway Swell" and the other street *notabilia* of New York, a sense of dramatic humour which denotes an intelligence far beyond his measurement. Miss Millie Edwards, too, is an equally remarkable specimen of abridged humanity, and plays her little part with preposessing grace and *espièglerie*. The spectators, however, are chiefly concerned in the dimensions of this singularly diminutive couple, and when they descend from the platform, and promenade arm in arm on the floor among the visitors, it is only then that we feel the full certainty of the fact that it is quite possible for Gulliver to be again confronted with Lilliput.—H.

LEIPSIC.—Mozart's *Don Juan* is to be performed at the Stadttheater, with alterations both in the scenic arrangement and the original libretto, in accordance with the new version by Grandaur and von Wolzogen. As regards the music, the duet between Leporello and Zerline after the sextet will be restored, and the second *finale* given in its original form.—With the approval of the King of Saxony, the University has conferred the title of "Professor" on Dr. Hermann Langer, director of the St Paul Vocal Association, on the occasion of its sixtieth anniversary.

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GOUNOD'S *REDEMPTION.*

The new and long-expected oratorio, from the pen of the French composer most in vogue at the actual period, was heard with sustained attention and interest from beginning to end. About the plan and character of this remarkable composition our readers have been amply informed. We may add, however, that the form is not merely novel, but thoroughly justified by a success as unquestionable as was the fair reward of a work so earnestly contemplated and laboriously developed. M. Gounod has altogether eschewed the traditional groove, emancipating himself boldly, as Wagner has done—and, it must be admitted, with a voice more purely and continuously melodious—from all previous so-called restrictions. He has succeeded in proportion, and we are greatly mistaken if, for a considerable period at least, *The Redemption* is not destined to become, in a "popular" sense, the new oratorio of our time. It possesses all the qualities requisite to invite and flatter a growing prevalent taste which accepts new dispositions of things artistic, no matter in what form presented; but, happily, the admired French musician, who has carved out for himself a niche in the hearts of our countrymen, and more especially of our countrywomen, presents these in a manner so seductive as to be little short of irresistible. For the religiously inclined the way in which he has treated the theme of *The Redemption* will offer peculiar fascination. M. Gounod has treated the theme in an entirely independent manner. Even in his illustration of Chaos, which opens the prologue to his "Trilogy" (in itself treating of *Calvary*, the *Resurrection*, *Ascension*, and *Pentecost*—which, with equal propriety, may be regarded as an epilogue), he has judiciously avoided all traceable reference to Haydn's conception of the same theme; while in the description of darkness, which he leaves the orchestra to illustrate with chromatic perseverance, be has steered clear of the famous passage in Handel's *Israel* no less judiciously, where the miracles preceding the *Exodus* are set forth. In short, M. Gounod, in the plan and development of his oratorio, speaks for himself; and this, enhanced by the abundant melody and rich harmonic treatment that distinguish it from end to end, invests the whole composition with a sustained tone of originality, telling its own tale in a way not easy to misconstrue. More than this we are not inclined to say after a single hearing; but less would have been unjust towards a production the merits of which are self-evident. We may add, however, that Gounod, after the Wagner fashion, has a *Leit-motive*, "typical of the Redeemer, God and Man," which occurs at frequent intervals, and once heard will be difficult to banish from the memory. That the performance generally was more than satisfactory to the composer he himself has candidly admitted, and we may say with deference that had it been otherwise he must indeed be difficult to please. There was no applause during the performance, but at the conclusion a most cordial recognition of the pleasure it had given came from an audience that filled the vast hall to its extremities.—*Graphic.*

—o—

BALFE.

(*From the "Birmingham Daily Mail."*)

Balfe's admirers can in very truth appropriate the epitaph over the resting-place of another of our "illustrious dead"—"If you want his monument look around." Of all musicians his name, in very truth and deed, is a "household word." When the higher development "cultus" has faded into nothingness, and the craze after *Leitmotiven* is a thing of the past, Balfe's name will still live. The reason is not far to seek. His music, although in no single instance unscientific, appeals directly to the heart, and, inasmuch as of all hearts music is the most human, Balfe's writing from this, its strong point, must stand immovable. Look where you will, open any single page of his operas at random, and you will instantly find more real melody than exists from title-page to *finale* in many works of a day which, disdaining the true essence of music, seeks to set forth abstruse problems which may, perhaps, astoniah the head, but never touch the heart. However, Balfe's footprints are still plainly discernible. No permanent record exists to show the appreciation of the pen whose "ripple of melody" runs evenly in all his pieces. Mr W. A. Barrett, the able and accomplished critic of the *Morning Post*, whose labours in this case are pre-eminently "labours of love," some months ago made a movement in this matter, and was successful in inducing the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, than which a more fitting place does not exist, to sanction the erection of a medallion at a spot in the national burial-place where the musician's name will be in kindred company. Mr Barrett, having searched through the MS. of Balfe, found three sacred movements—a "Gratias agimus" in B flat, a "Sanctus" in B flat minor, and an "Agnus Dei" in F major, and these he will edit with a view of having them incorporated in the service at which the unveiling of the medallion is to be celebrated. Dr Bridge, organist of the Abbey, has given ready help to his brother musician, and on the 20th of October a representative gathering will, doubtless, show Mr Barrett that his labour has not been in vain. It may be as well to mention that, opportunely with this event, will be issued an essay by the same writer, who has been so indefatigable in the matter, entitled *Balfe: His Life and Work*, and, by means of the long and exhaustive research of Mr Barrett, we shall be made familiar with much of Balfe that at present is a sealed book. This will be shortly issued by Messrs Remington.

—o—

TO SIR KAY HEDIUS.

Dear Sir Kay,—Heed not, I prythee, the white-necked, white-armed, white-fingered Isonde les Blanches Mains, who "wend there had been nothing but clipping, &c.," for if thou pratest more of her thou wilt be dubbed Kay Tedius; and that mighty Earl which hight Grip will be at thy flanks and lay waste thy lands, as he did the lands of King Howell (Hoel?) of Little Britain. Therefore abstain, and know that King Bagdemagus is at Brummagem, where the *Redemption* hath half-and-half bereaved him of divers sore inconsistencies and manifest improbabilities, and that he holdeth court-plenary at Hereford on the Wye from this day—Saturday. A sumptuous banquet will be spread at Castle Greyhound, the Seneschal whereof is Sir Cotton, a good knight of his hands, which scours the Marches in chariots drawn of griffins, and halteth at all good hostels and fair castles well walled and ditched. He expecteth, among other good knights, Sir Sagramore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Egg of the Out isles, Sir Ry'n who purfelled his mantle with kings' beards, and Sir Avunculus of the Ribbed Boulders. The banquet will be entabled on the eleventh day, that is to say Monday, of this moneth of September, and he warneth all to be punctually at the stroke, of which his watch (a good watch of its hands) will forewarn him that he be forearmed. On the following days, Tuesday unto Friday, the Lady Lisle, of Avelion, holdeth great jousts, where many minstrels will assemble and many good knights contest the guerdon, which is a jer-falcon, a brachet, a golden pinnace, and a trenchant glaive, like to Excalibur, which signifies cut-steel. Sir Dinadan, the force bourder, cannot be present, being engaged, with one hundred and ten knights, in searching Sir Urre's wound, that may not be healed or closed except by the best knight of the world, and that is Sir Lancelot, who of his spear and courtesy is peerless. Sir Dinadan, peraunter, may send a lay to be sung and harped by Sir Phasey, a good knight and a passing japer. Sir Carrodus (brother to Sir Turquine, of the Dolorous Tower) will also be at the jousts. Fail not, or it will anger many moe than thou deemest of.

Thine in hauberke, swerde and gyves and saddle-bow,

Petipace of Winchelsea.

Forest Perilous.

P.S.—Nimue of the Lake vouchsafeth greetings. Ware Nimue. Nimue is a great matter. Some knights she loatheth, others she loveth. I saw but now Sir Breuse saunce Pitie, hoving under an oak, all armed save the head. On beholding me he fled, and being well horsed escaped to a medow and came to a water, which he crossed incontinent, man and horse.

Colorado Springs.—Mrs Rive-King, one of the accomplished American pianists, gave a "recital" in the Operahouse on Thursday evening, August 18. She played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Chopin's Rondo in E flat, an arrangement from an *aria* by Strauss, and one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises. "Mrs Rive-King," says the *Daily Republic*, "makes the piano sing. Beneath her touch the instrument becomes endowed with some of the qualities that are specially characteristic of the human voice." The singers were Miss Simms, and Mr Finlay Finlayson, about whom the same journal says: "Miss Simms has a bright, fresh soprano voice, sings with intelligence and readily secures the sympathies of her audience. Mr. Finlayson, though suffering from hoarseness, gave evidence that he is a refined and cultivated vocalist and a thorough musician. Mr Passmore accompanied the singers admirably."

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At Rehearsal.

Cupio, ut recte capiar.

Birmingham, Sept. 2, 1882.

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Song.

You came from the sea with the swallows, when all was lovely in May,
The month when the evening follows so slowly the long, sweet day;
You came from the sun with the flowers that breathe a dream of desire,
And glow in the noontide hours until their hearts are on fire.
You came with the songs of the season, wailed and wafted along—
You were their beautiful reason, ah! your name was a song.
There were those poppies between us, there were those cornflowers too;
You were my white Queen Venus, born of the quivering blue,
Born, new born of an ocean, far from the wistful shore,
Come with a moment's emotion, gone to return no more!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAGRAMORE.—"That last lyric" was so good that *in it went*; and, owing to wrongly-directed hypermanumissions, the request to Sir Petipace to smother it, came too late. This, much *to the* satisfaction of Sir Petipace himself, and every admirer of the poet, with the single exception of Sir Mador de la Porte. Sir Mador accused Queen Guenever of poisoning apples to the detriment of Sir Gawaine, who had a custom, that he ate of apples voraciously. Sir Gawaine, un-appl'y inclined at that feast, partook not of the fruit; but Sir Phelot, nigh cousin to Mador de la Porte, an hardy knight and adventurous, ate an apple, whereof he brast. Eftsoons Sir Mador arraigned Guenever of high treason; but there came a champion, which hight Lancelot du Lac, who overthrew Mador, caused him to weld himself as recreant, and saved the Queen from being shamefully brent—whereof King Arthur was glad.

To SIR PETIPACE.—Thanks. "Jack's Fancies" will be re-scanned, and will, peraunter, appear next week.—WETSTAR.

DEATH.

On September 1, GERTRUDE, wife of CHARLES SANTLEY, Esq., aged 45.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

MRS SANTLEY.

Mrs Santley, wife of our eminent barytone, Mr Charles Santley, died on Friday, Sept. 1, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude. She commenced a very promising career as a soprano singer under her own name, Miss Kemble, but never appeared in public after her marriage. She was buried on Monday last at Kensal Green. The chief mourners were Mr C. Santley and his son, Mr M. Santley, Mr Santley (senior), Mr W. Santley, Dr Matthews, and Mr C. Lyall. Amongst the various friends of the deceased present were Canon Duckworth, Messrs Pittman and Aynsley Cooke, Mrs Lyall, the Misses Lyall, Miss Sherrington, Mrs and Miss Jarvis, &c., and many old servants of the family. The Rev Charles Donne, Rector of Faversham and brother-in-law of the deceased, officiated as clergyman on the occasion.

Requiescat in pace!

MEININGEN.—Mdme F. Ritter, a niece of Wagner's, will open, on the 1st prox., a dramatic school. The students will have free admission to the rehearsals and performances at the Ducal Theatre, and the most advanced will be cast for small parts. During the holidays of the company the theatre will be at the service of Mdme Ritter's pupils.

"ELIJAH" AT BIRMINGHAM.

What was stated last week with reference to the Birmingham Festival of 1882 has, up to the moment at which I write, been verified to the letter. The performance of *Elijah* was grand beyond expectation. Sir Michael Costa seemed bent upon showing the renowned Frenchman to whom we are indebted for the most ambitious novelty included in the programme what he and his "merry men" of the orchestra, backed by a splendid chorus following with equal zeal and decision the indications of his masterly and emphatic beat, could do, *without a rehearsal*, for the greatest oratorio of the century, which had not M. Gounod, through a slight attack of bronchitis, been prevented from hearing, might to a certain extent have convinced our distinguished visitor that the English, instead of being *un*-musical, are an eminently musical people. I venture to say that nowhere out of England could such a feat have been accomplished. Enthusiasm seemed to pervade all ranks—chorus, orchestra, and solo vocalists being equally roused to more than ordinary efforts by the example of their honoured chief. To enter into details would unnecessarily encroach upon your limited space. The names of the leading singers have already been published, and it must suffice to add that the whole of the Prophet's music was allotted to Mr Santley, who never more convincingly proved himself the Elijah of Elijahs; that Mr Edward Lloyd gave the chief tenor music, comprising the two incomparable solo airs, with even more than his accustomed fervour; that Mme Albani, leading soprano in the second division of the oratorio, gave the impressive admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," with its stimulating climax, "Be not afraid," in such a manner as to leave criticism dumb; that Miss Anna Williams, in the soprano music of Part I., showed both feeling and intelligence; and that the contralto music being shared between Mmes Trebelli and Patey, the former in the opening section, the latter in the sequel, could hardly have been in more thoroughly careful and efficient keeping. In fact, a more generally effective interpretation has seldom been recognized, and "Thanks be to God," the glorious peroration to the first part, may once more have been fairly translated by the Birmingham people as a hymn of gratitude for the lucky chance that gave them so magnificent a contribution to their ample repertory of high-class Biblical music, after the long-protracted "drought" which, with rare intermissions, had oppressed them in the interval elapsing between *St Paul* and *Elijah*. The performance was by no means less enjoyable because of the restriction imposed upon audible expressions of approval, and the prohibition (tacitly understood and willingly obeyed) of encores. This rule should be implicitly adhered to, and was adhered to to-day, when the *Redemption* of M. Gounod (*who may never meet with such an opportunity of hearing the masterpiece of Mendelssohn as it should be heard to be fully appreciated*) was wisely submitted to the same conditions.—*Graphic Correspondence.*

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 557.)

Saturday.

With such quickness did novelty follow novelty at this Festival that it was impossible for me to keep pace with the current, and at the same time to notice every work according to the measure of its claims. In this final letter I purpose making good past omissions before stating the general results of the week's labours, and therefrom drawing certain conclusions.

Herr Gade's cantata, *Psyche*, demands attention before all, on account of its importance in the scheme of the Festival, and the immense favour with which it was received. The Danish composer has been very fortunate during the past week, holding his own even against M. Gounod, and producing a work which met with a reception more unanimously favourable than that accorded to *Redemption*. The reason is that *Psyche* propounded no riddles, and never, even for a moment, spoke in an unknown tongue. Its music, from first to last, was intelligible, and charged with the grace and beauty of the school that, having had Herr Gade as a pupil, now claims him as a professor. The poem also made a strong appeal to sympathy, even in its English dress. Lobedanz has handled well the beautiful Greek myth, telling the story in all its simplicity, and doing so in language of considerable fitness and charm. Its outline must be familiar to

even casual readers of mythology, but for the sake of completeness, I may as well give it here.

Psyche, a maiden as pure as she is lovely, has refused to sacrifice on the altar of Venus, and been condemned by the goddess to remain upon a lonely height till a demon claims her as his bride. A zephyr and some evil genii bear her thence in the darkness, under cover of which the god Eros woos her. She accepts his love and promises, at his solemn request, never to ask his name. Eros having left Psyche for a while, her fears return, and, in a moment of despair, she demands to know who her husband is. Eros then appears but is unable to guard the maiden from the penalty of her indiscretion, and soon Psyche passes into Hades. There, stricken with remorse, she pleads with Proserpine for leave to return to earth and obtain pardon. Her entreaties finally prevail, but Proserpine warns her that the moment her foot touches earth, she will descend to Tartarus. Undismayed by this Psyche joyfully departs. Meanwhile Eros has appealed unto Zeus against the fate of his beloved, and supports Psyche in the upper air till the wings shall have grown with which she is destined to ascend to heaven. The cantata ends as the mortal, of earth no longer, is received into the abode of immortality.

Among the many versions and diversified incidents of this myth, Herr Lobedanz has certainly made a good choice. An atmosphere of poetry surrounds the whole story as he tells it, and not of poetry alone, for the tone of the work is elevated and pure in an uncommon degree. The setting it to music must have been a grateful task for the Danish master who found the subject harmonize with a taste and style that are graceful and elegant rather than heroic and commanding. In dealing with it he did not strive to get out of himself and run away from his traditions, as is frequently the case with composers now-a-days. On the contrary, the music shows Herr Gade in the light of an artist distinctly faithful to the school of his predilection. Of new-fangled ideas and modes of treatment hardly a trace can be found. From beginning to end we are conscious of that happy union of the classic and the romantic which Mendelssohn and Schumann, each in his degree and manner, so conspicuously illustrate. It will at once be assumed that *Psyche* is not touched by the *Leit-motive* craze. The work actually contains but one recurring passage, and that accompanies the words in which Venus pronounces the doom of Psyche. Each musical number, therefore, is as such an independent thing, though certain features are more or less common to all. There is, for example, a steady recognition of the fact that a work of art should be a thing of beauty. Herr Gade will have nothing to do with the precious modern dogma of the divinity of ugliness. To that frightful idol, which fanatics worship as some African tribes worship the devil, the Danish composer refuses homage; and so it happens that even when he has to paint the lugubrious or the terrible, he touches the sense of artistic beauty while sufficiently exciting the imagination. It will always be difficult to do this well, and because it is difficult, so many composers take the easy course of being merely horrible. Deducible from my remarks is the fact that Herr Gade trusts largely to the power of vocal melody, without neglecting the tunefulness of his orchestra. We do not get in *Psyche* declamation and little else, the voice being recognized as the most exquisite instrument music possesses, and written for accordingly. Furthermore, the Danish master's harmonies are never forced and unnatural. He does not write like a man who gropes about the keyboard of a pianoforte for disconnected chromatic chords, and when he has given the ear a succession of shocks flatters himself upon having achieved a musical purpose. In *Psyche* all is symmetry and ordered progression. This may excite the contempt of persons who detest symmetry, and prefer a tumultuous, head-over-heels going on. What matters it? We do not think of altering the Decalogue because a proportion of men and women find its clauses embarrassing and distasteful.

To these general remarks a word upon the more conspicuous numbers in *Psyche* may properly be added. The prologue, setting forth the doom of the maiden by Venus, and given wholly to the chorus, is one of Herr Gade's best efforts, varied yet always interesting. It opens the work with a command for attention impossible to refuse. A charming trio, "Psyche, hear thou what we have to teach thee," for soprano, contralto, and tenor (Zephyr and two Genii) sustains the attraction, which presently rises higher in a duet for Psyche and Eros. The composer draws upon all his resources here, with a result deserving to rank high among dramatic effusions. Strong expression and great musical interest are most happily combined. A six-voice chorus, "There comes with waving dusky robes," impressive if not elaborate, brings Part I. to an end. The second part opens with a delicious orchestral *scherzo*, such as would have called forth a radiant smile from the composer's early friend and patron, Mendelssohn, to whom the secret of a good *scherzo* was not altogether unknown. With this a trio and chorus are interwoven in masterly style. Strong dramatic interest characterizes the whole scene in which Psyche demands her husband's name, while there is absolute pathos in the duet between Psyche and her husband, "With meekness godlike noble Eros." The part ends, after the god has declared his appeal to Zeus, with a chorus, "Thou art mighty," worthy to rank among grand examples of its kind. The whole of the music in Hades is powerful and suggestive, while neither overdrawn nor overcoloured; and much in the final part deserves hearty praise, especially the air sung by Eros, "Still rests the morning twilight"; the duet, "Spread out thy pinions"; and the chorus and solos, "We greet thee well." I have left much unnoticed, but for this let the remark suffice, that *Psyche* contains hardly a dull, and not one ill-written bar. I cordially endorse the enthusiastic verdict of the Birmingham audience, for, though Herr Gade's cantata does not achieve the oft-times questionable feat of marking "a new departure," it is a thing of beauty that should live long to be a joy.

The orchestral Serenade in G by Mr Villiers Stanford, performed on Wednesday evening, is a work in six, or rather five movements, of which the first and last are the most important, because most fully developed on the symphonic plan. Mr Stanford has for some time held high rank among our rising composers, but more especially since his opera, *The Veiled Prophet*, obtained a hearing in Germany. The serenade will strengthen his position, since it is a work of which English art has reason to be proud. Its various movements are well contrasted; the orchestra is ably handled, and the themes are without exception above common-place. Moreover, the work abounds in fancy, while respecting the rules of symmetry. It is a legitimate composition, constructed, that is to say, upon classic lines with classic taste, while animated by modern spirit. Its success here was never in doubt, and its position as an able orchestral work will very soon be attained—the sooner because some of the movements, while musical from first to last, are characterized by much that appeals to the popular ear. Mr Parry's Symphony in G, while more ambitious than the serenade of the Cambridge composer, deserves to rank with it as a capital proof that English music has arrived at a Renaissance period. On some former occasions I have had to say hard things of Mr Parry's works, protesting against them as strongly marked by the pretentious crudeness and incoherence distinctive of a certain school which masks its feebleness under a pretence of progress. The symphony belongs to a different category, and distinctly encourages an idea that Mr Parry, having sown his "wild oats," has returned to ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. Not that the work is other than absolutely modern in spirit. It belongs to our own time, but has all the same intimate relations with the past—relations in point of form, and characterization of the various movements, as well as in respect of details. The first *allegro* exemplifies this strongly, and is, on general grounds, a capital movement, full of spirit and charm. The *andante* struck me, on first hearing, as less satisfactory, some portions being overworked, and consequently obscured. Against the leading theme and its treatment, however, nothing can be said. The *scherzo*, with its two trios, is full of fancy and beauty. This alone would serve to distinguish the composition, so admirably contrasted are the effects, which never degenerate into eccentricity. In keeping with all that goes before is the *finale*—a movement as remarkable for taste as musicianship. The symphony was at first intended for production at the Richter Concerts last season. Mr Parry, in view of another series of those performances, may write a second work certain of an interested and sympathetic audience. M. Gounod's new song, "The Golden Thread," composed for and sung by Mdme Patey, with orchestral accompaniment, is a setting of some sentimental verses, modelled upon Miss Proctor's "Message." It contains striking and effective passages, and is marked by intense expression, heightened by rich orchestral colour. The opening verse closely resembles in treatment M. Gounod's characteristic dealing with the *Redemption* narrative; but, later, the music becomes more melodious and pleasing. Concerning M. Gounod's *Wedding March* for orchestra, dedicated to the Duke of Albany, not much need be said. It is a pleasant little composition, of no special importance, but agreeable withal.

There now remains for me to record the financial as well as artistic success of the Festival. The largest receipts were those of Thursday (*Messiah* and *Psyche*), when £3,852 7s. 3d. was taken; next came Wednesday (*Redemption* and *Holy City*), £3,476 5s. 2d.; next, Friday (Mass in C, *Mount of Olives*, &c., and *Redemption*),

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£3,528 0s. 1d.; and, next, Tuesday (*Elijah* and *Graziella*), £2,943 1s. 3d. These sums, with certain additions, make up a grand total of £15,011 3s. 8d.; or £3,306 12s. 8d. in excess of the amount received three years ago. The largest attendance (2,381) was secured by Gounod's *Redemption* on Friday evening, after which came *Psyche* (2,233), first performance of *Redemption* (2,196), *Messiah* (1,828), *Elijah* (1,632), Mass in C, *Mount of Olives*, &c. (1,513), *Holy City* (1,112), and *Graziella* (612). In all, 18,507 persons attended the performances, this number being an advance of 7,322 upon the figures of 1879. So has the public voice justified the counsel given to the committee three years ago. Lost ground has been retrieved, artistic reputation regained, and confidence in the future revived by the simple and obvious course of acting up to artistic responsibilities, and presenting the best possible thing in the best possible manner. The lesson both of decadence and restoration will not be lost, and on the principle that the burnt child dreads the fire, we may consider the Birmingham Festival safe.

I cannot conclude this letter without acknowledging much kind assistance in the discharge of duties more than usually onerous. My thanks are especially due to Mr R. H. Milward, chairman of the Strangers' Committee; to Mr. Jaffray, chairman of the General Committee; and to Mr G. H. Johnstone, whose energetic labours during the week best illustrated the value of the "new blood" which has given to the Festival a new life.—*D. T.*

WAGNER'S *PARSIFAL*.*

(Concluded from page 550.)

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After graphically describing the closing scene of the opera in the Grail-Castle, where Parsifal heals Amfortas' wound with a touch of the sacred spear, Lindau passes in review the more striking characteristics of the "Stage-Consecrational-Festal-play." I deeply regret that the space allotted to me in *The Theatre* will only allow me to reproduce a few of his pregnant remarks. "Hatred of melody," he writes, "has taken deeper root than ever in Wagner's nature. Compared with *Parsifal* the *Nibelungen* teemed with melodic phrases—passages which we might almost incline to designate as songs, ballads, airs. . . . . What Wagner's heroes have to sing in *Parsifal* is the negation of whatever pleases the ear—of all that our convictions (grounded on the music of composers who produced a good many tolerable works before the time of the Bayreuth Prophet) have accustomed us to describe as sweet-sounding. In this respect Kundry and Amfortas are dreadful people. At every third bar of their parts one asks one's self: 'Can this really be so?' Yes, it is so; but one feels that it might just as well, or ill, be something else. What is wrong might often be right, because what is right so often sounds wrong. . . . . In minting dramatic coins out of epic metal, Wagner has changed the characters of Eschenbach's poem, greatly to their disadvantage—none more disagreeably than that of Parsifal himself, no longer the delightful simpleton sketched in Wolfram's verse, nor even the incorporation of juvenile heroic force, like Siegfried—who catches a bear before breakfast, and slays a dragon to give him an appetite for dinner. Parsifal makes his first appearance on the stage prepossessingly enough, and courts our acquaintance as a promising youth enough. He has just shot a swan which had not done him any harm; but that would hardly be regarded as a regrettable occurrence at a time when anybody could shoot without a licence. Let us call it a piece of stupid, boyish mischief, but for goodness sake, not a crime! When Parsifal allows himself to be moved to an agony of repentance by old Gurnemanz's long, tiresome preachment, our confidence in his liveliness of disposition sensibly diminishes. Thus a whimpering mammy-child would behave, not a tight lad just escaped from his mother's apron-strings in order to assuage his insatiable thirst for action. Parsifal, however, adheres to this crushed and justly-bullied attitude until the end of the play. No bright, luminous, fiery spark, he, but a heap of grey, mourning ashes. Only once again and for a few moments, when he catches sight of the flower-girls, does he recover his youthful amiability. Subsequently he relapses into gruesome whining, and throughout the third act is a dull misanthropical zealot. Probably his external appearance contributes greatly to the depressing effect he exercises upon the audience—firstly his black *cap-à-pie* armour, which imparts to him an undesirable resemblance to an iron stove, and, secondly, his Biblical get-up, intended to remind us of the sublime Nazarene's affecting figure."

* * * * * *

"Quite a surprising personage is Kundry, the Accursed, who laughs at the Crucified Lord, has seduced Amfortas, would like to do him a good turn later on, but does not dare because wicked Klingsor has her in his power. With this messenger of the Grail Wagner has mixed up some elements of Herodias, the "Ever-Hideously-Laughing One." In her normal condition, Kundry, can only give utterance to a fragmentary word or two, which she accompanies with ghastly groans and hideous cachinnations. Only in the second act is her tongue loosened, so that she may wheedle Parsifal. In the third she is condemned to total silence. Kundry is eccentric—but more so in design than execution. At first she excites our interest—presently we find that we don't know what to make of her. The old Grail-King, Titurel, only lets us hear his voice once, in warning to his son, and then gets himself promptly buried. But I like this old fellow a vast deal better than I do Amfortas, who is never out of pain for a moment, and who wails, whines, and whimpers from his first bar to his last. One would like to shout at him: 'Do leave off expatiating upon your afflictions, and let us talk, just for a change, about something more entertaining than your honoured wound!' He is intended to suggest pity. I fail to rise to the *naïveté* of feeling that might enable me to regard this royal groaner as a tragical personage. To me he appears an utter, inveterate bore. Wagner has really no luck with his kings. Perhaps he is too incurable a republican to succeed with them. Marke, Gunther, and Amfortas make up a Royal trio of truly sovereign tiresomeness. Klingsor, again, has been but scurvily treated by Wagner. As an individual he is far too insignificant for the quantity of first-class conjuring he performs. One is justified in expecting more from a man capable of such magnificent hanky-panky as his landscape-garden trick."

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"Old Gurnemanz is the most human and bearable character of the lot—the only personage of the poem who has a sensible word to say for himself, the one healthy creature in the play. All the others are crippled or sickly, some through bodily, some through mental infirmities—Titurel through old age, Amfortas by his wounds, Kundry and Klingsor by magic spells, Parsifal by his inborn ineptitude. In this libretto Richard Wagner, the most German of German poets, congenially shakes hands with Victor Hugo, the Frenchest of Frenchmen. Hugo creates Han of Iceland, Quasimodo, Triboulet, Gwynstaine—monstrosities in caves and steeples—a hunchback in motley—an artificially produced caricature of humanity. Wagner peoples the world of his artistic fancy with unnaturally diminutive dwarfs, unnaturally colossal giants, magicians, and persons bewitched."

* * * * * * *

"My opinions respecting the 'invisible orchestra' are unchanged. Its advantages are indisputable; it spreads a mysterious veil over the whole body of sound, hiding its angularities, toning its entirety down to a uniform subdued hue, poetically effective in the more solemn episodes, the proper nuance of which is twilight-grey. But, every now and then at least, there should be dawn in the orchestra! The sun should shine there bright and burning! This cannot be in the 'invisible orchestra,' which is quite forlorn of daylight and brilliancy. After its monotonous buzzing and humming, one longs for something startling—say the blare of a trumpet, as you hear a trumpet sound when you can see it. The 'unseen' is too mellow, too conciliatory; it lacks harshness of expression at passionate moments; it never cries out aloud, but only moans. . . . According to Uhland, the world waxes more beautiful from day to day; Wagner, however, in the latest of his published writings, pronounces it to have horribly deteriorated, and confesses that he would have no objection to see our whole contemptible vile culture trodden under foot and annihilated. Not unnaturally, when he opens his mouth, sensitive souls begin to feel rather uncomfortable; for nobody knows what may come next!"

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

LADY FRANCES H. CECIL'S "PARADISE FOUND."—"It is a pity," says Heine somewhere, "that our great public knows so little about poetry; almost as little, in fact, as our poets." One is reminded of this strange dictum on the part of the "wittiest of poets, the most poetical of wits," by an avowal from Lady Frances H. Cecil in the preface to the "Paradise Found"—an avowal frankly made, which one or two malicious critics have had the bad taste to turn against her. It was not until Lady Frances had nearly finished her little work that she chanced to hear of Milton's having treated the same theme under a similar title. It matters nothing what an author has read, provided he can give the world something worth reading; and this is just what Lady Frances has done. Her "Paradise Found" is far indeed from being a result of the study of other poets. It abounds in passages of meditation and aspiration which are perfectly spontaneous, and must be accepted as the direct expression of Lady Frances' own thoughts and feelings. "Paradise Found" is followed by a number of small poems, some of which are not only musical in themselves, but musical also in the sense of suggesting and inviting musical setting.—S. S.

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PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr Stephen S. Stratton has issued the prospectus of his fourth season of "Popular Chamber Concerts." The dates fixed on are Monday evenings, September 25, October 30, and December 4, of the present year; January 29, February 26, and March 26, for 1883. The subscription for the series is 10s. and 5s., and for single concerts the admission is 2s. and 1s. The programmes will be compiled mainly from the standard works of the great masters. Some novelties will be introduced, including the octet for strings by the Norwegian composer, Johann S. Svensden. Native art will be represented by a MS. composition by F. E. Bache; a quintet by Onslow; a trio for pianoforte and strings by the late John Henry Griesbach; a work by the late Charles Lucas (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and for many years principal violoncellist at our musical festivals); a new quartet for strings by Ebenezer Prout; and the repetition of Mr Stanford's quartet in F.

RYE.—The Rye "gentlemen amateurs" lately organized an evening entertainment at the Cinque Ports Hotel. The room was filled, and the audience were the *élite* of the neighbourhood. Mr William Dawes presided, and after a few introductory remarks the pianoforte solo, "Fête Champêtre" (Tito Mattei), was executed by Miss Harston, whose brilliant performance was loudly applauded. "The three jolly sailor boys" (Marzials') having been sung by Mr Ernest Vidler, Miss Harston gave with heartfelt expression, "She wandered down the mountain side!" The next song was "Good Company," by Mr T. G. Sharpe, and then Mr William Dawes recited Tennyson's "Lady Godiva," which was listened to with rapt attention, only broken at the conclusion by marks of approbation from the audience. Miss Harston followed with Molloy's "My love has gone a-sailing," which she rendered so effectively that an encore was insisted on, but without effect, the fair vocalist substituting "What is love?" to which, however, was accorded an equally hearty reception. "The arrow and the song" (Balfe) having been next sung by Mr French, Mr Ernest Vidler followed with Adams' "Midshipmite," and Mr Walter Dawes with a humorous reading, "Summer Gardening." The musical part of the entertainment concluded with the "Sol-fa duet," admirably sung by Miss Harston and Mr T. G. Sharpe.

SHEFFIELD.—The Royal English Opera Company, which has been playing for some time in London, commenced its provincial tour at the Sheffield Theatre on Monday night, when not only the lower-priced seats, but the boxes were well filled. The company is a very strong and capable one, and the casts are almost entirely made up with the familiar names of operatic vocalists who have frequently appeared here. Amongst these are Mdme Blanche Cole, Mdme Rose Hersee, Mr Aynsley Cooke, Mr Charles Lyall, and Mr Frederick Packard—indeed, it is difficult, almost, to believe that Carl Rosa is not directing the orchestra, and that it is not his company, endeavouring to gain additional laurels under another name. Such, however, is not the case. The company is a comparatively new one; but with such names and good management it is sure to obtain considerable celebrity on tour. The opera chosen on Monday night was Gounod's *Faust*, and it was given with very great success. Mdme Blanche Cole, who appeared as Marguerite, was in excellent voice, and her singing and acting, especially in the Jewel Scene, were highly commendable. Miss Ellen Armstrong, as Siebel, acted with much grace, and her sweet singing created a very favourable impression. Mr Richard Temple needs no praise. Perhaps his personation of Mephistopheles was scarcely so humorous as Mr Celli's; still it was a very clever, sardonic performance, by no means belieing the character of Lucifer. Mr Aynsley Cooke, who was announced in the programme to take the *rôle* of Valentine, was unable to appear, but the part was creditably represented by Mr James Sauvage. Faust was admirably personated by Mr Frederick C. Packard, who delineated the old student and gay, eager lover with equal talent. The dresses were rich, and the orchestra fully up to its work—indeed the *début* of the company was exceedingly gratifying.—*Sheffield Independent.*

SOUTHSEA.—Miss Alice Roselli has been fulfilling a week's engagement at the Pavilion on the new pier. Her first appearance was made last Saturday, and she was at once taken into popular favour. Her success was confirmed on Monday, when she sang Signor Tito Mattei's "Non torno," Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime," Signor Pinsuti's "Heaven and Earth," and Milton Welling's "Dreaming," three out of which (the first, third and fourth) were encored. I shall be surprised if Miss Roselli's success does not lead to her re-engagement at this establishment, and, moreover, attract the attention of the managers of musical entertainments at other seaside resorts.—L. S.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Michaelmas term will commence on Monday, Sept. 18, and terminate on Saturday, Dec. 16.

CONCERTS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—On Wednesday Miss Ella Lemmens, the daughter of that deservedly popular and highly accomplished vocalist, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, made her first appearance. The able rendering by the youthful *débutante* of Rode's "Air with variations" proved her to be in complete command of a powerful voice, most carefully trained, and a very cordial reception was soon followed by well-merited plaudits attesting the great pleasure Miss Ella Lemmens had afforded the audience, who, it may be added, prolonged their applause, till Mr Crowe led the young songstress back to comply with the spontaneous wish for a repetition of the air. Later in the evening Miss Ella Lemmens had the opportunity of further delighting her auditors with Wallace's song from *The Amber Witch*, beginning, "My long hair is braided with mountain daisies gay."—*D. T.*

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—On Wednesday morning Captain Hobson introduced a Javanese band of eighteen performers who played on different musical instruments, stringed and percussion, manufactured in their country (the Island of Java). The entertainment the performers give is entirely a musical one, with occasional dances by four young women. These illustrate the true Oriental dance of rhythmic movements (commonly known as the Nautch), with the occasional use of the voice. The party have come direct from Djoojokarta, *vid* Batavia, and it is believed that this is the first time a number of performers sufficient to constitute an orchestra, or *Gamelan*, has left the country together. They are dressed in silk and cotton materials of native production, which of themselves will interest those who give attention to æsthetic dress. Ethnologists, Musicians, and Art Connoisseurs will find this visit of Javanese affords an unusually favourable opportunity for study.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Of course the musical season is going on "furiously," and M. Bérard has provided us with plenty of popular operas—to wit, *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *La fille de Mdme Angot*, *La Juive*, and last—not least—*Giroflé-Giroflà*. I say "not least," because it was put upon the boards in better style than the others. *La Muette de Portici* was given last night, with M. C. Robert as Masaniello—but he left much to be desired. Mdlle Hasselmans is always the same—a charming singer, and an accomplished actress. *Guillaume Tell* and *Les Cloches de Corneville* will be given next week.—The concerts continue at the Etablissement. Whether it be the fault of the conductor, or the unwillingness of the orchestra to follow his "beat," I cannot say, but "light and shade," as well as time, are almost ignored. (M. Etesse, the conductor, not being a Boulonnais, may account for it.)—We are having a very bad season, and not many English visitors are here to make the fortunes of the hotel proprietors.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, September 6, 1882.

THE SPRING IS COMING WITH THE FLOWERS.*

A SONG.

The Spring is coming with her flowers,
To bid the heaven and earth be gay;
To breathe a pledge of happier hours,
And chase all gloomy thoughts away.
The young birds hear her welcome voice,
And mid the budding trees rejoice;
I join them in their song of gladness,
And feel the happiness I see;
Yet I have known no thought of sadness
Since I knew thee!

Mine are the prouder hopes of life,
The hopes that cannot dread decay
That sees no evil, fears no strife,
To meet and grapple on the way;
The thoughts that thrill, the joys that bless—
That language never can express—
All—all are mine—my bosom's treasure—
Hopes, joys, and thoughts—the happy three—
My life hath been a life of pleasure
Since I knew thee!

For all these gifts what can I find—
What offering wilt thou keep?
A changeless faith—a constant mind—
Devotion pure and deep—
Unwearing thoughts of thee and thine?
These, my soul's idol, shall be thine;
My heart I give not—that alone
My offering cannot be—
For ah! it never was my own
Since I knew thee!

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 533.)

This first great success achieved in France was well calculated to delight and encourage Cherubini. Yet two years elapsed before he undertook another work, and his Catalogue at this period mentions scarcely anything save various vocal pieces, some of which were written for the Italian operas, *Il Burbero di buon core*, *Le Vendemmie*, *La Pazza d'amore*, *La Cosa rara*, *La Locandiera*, &c., performed at the Théâtre Feydeau. It is true that political events, which were advancing to a crisis, stopped his fecundity even in this way, and induced him to quit Paris, at least for a short time. The day of the 10th August, 1792, which caused all the theatres to close temporarily, so alarmed all the Italian singers that, availing themselves of a special clause in their engagements, they insisted on being set free and left France as quickly as they could.* This completely broke up the artistic body at the Théâtre Feydeau, the company of French actors having been dissolved a few months previously as a measure of economy. But this was not all; the management itself was soon afterwards disorganized. Léonard, who had taken an active part in the Varennes episode, was obliged to flee so as to escape the dangers which threatened him, while Viotti, who had become suspected, on account of his former relations with the Queen and Court, deemed it expedient to withdraw also, and seek refuge at least provisionally in England; even Martini had to conceal himself from all eyes. The French singers, abandoned by everyone and reduced to their own resources, formed themselves into a commonwealth, like their colleagues at the Salle Favart, and remained alone at Feydeau. As for Cherubini, finding that for the moment he was not required, he profited by his forced leisure to go and take a little rest at a country house which his friend Louis, the famous architect of the Grand-Théâtre, Bordeaux, and of the Odéon, possessed at La Chartreuse de Gaillon, near Rouen. He felt all the more comfortable there, because Mad. Louis, a charming and most graceful lady, was a distinguished musician, who once brought out at the Théâtre Favart, in 1776, a little comic opera, entitled *Fleur d'Epine*; because, also, he was in the society of two other friends, M. Ethis and his wife; and because the latter combined with a very pleasing voice real talent as a singer.

Cherubini spent at La Chartreuse the end of 1792 and nearly the whole of 1793. He had not been there long when he heard of the death of his father, who had just passed away in Florence, on the 10th September, 1792, aged 72. The blow was a severe one for him, as the reader will easily believe, and we see in consequence that all that remained of this year, 1792, glided by without his writing the least thing. It was not till the next year that he again applied himself to work, and the following is what is mentioned in his Catalogue under this date:—"'La Libertà' and 'La Palinodie à Nice,' canzoni by Metastasio, set to music for two voices, at La Chartreuse de Gaillon, near Rouen, for Mdme Ethis; two trios, with violin and pianoforte accompaniment, composed at La Chartreuse aforesaid, for the saint's day of M. Louis, architect; 'Berenice, che fai?' recit. and air, composed for Mdme Ethis, at La Chartreuse; 'L'Exil,' romance, composed at La Chartreuse for the same lady; *Koukouryi*, unpublished three-act opera, not completed; the overture and a portion of the finale are wanting." The notice dictated to de Beauchesne contains the following additional piece of information:—"Cherubini spent nearly the whole of this year (1793) at La Chartreuse de Gaillon, where he began and set to music the opera of *Elisa ou le Mont Saint-Bernard*, in two acts, by Révéroni Saint-Cyr."

We now come to an important event in Cherubini's life, that of his marriage. He knew in Paris an artist named Tourette, one of the musicians attached to the Chapel Royal, and, from the Year VI. to the Year XII., professor of solfeggio at the Conservatory. This Tourette, a skilful musician doubtless — but pretty well unknown for all that, seeing that I have been unable to find out anything about him—had a daughter, Mdlle Anne-Cécile Tourette, an amiable young person, very pretty, we are told, and of very superior intellect. Cherubini had been smitten with her, and, as early as 1792, had written and dedicated to her a romance entitled: "L'Amitié." On his return to Paris, he renewed his relations with the family, succeeded in rendering himself agreeable to the young lady, demanded her hand, obtained it, and married her in August, 1794, as he himself informs us with his usual precision:† "I was married in Paris, on the 12th April, 1794, at 7 o'clock in the evening, at the Commune, to Mdlle Anne-Cécile Tourette." The union was as happy as could possibly be desired. Cherubini and his wife, who loved each other tenderly, lived together for forty-eight years in the most perfect harmony, and, when the great man died in 1842, not a cloud had ever obscured their constant accord—nothing had been able to alter their mutual affection.

It was in the same year, 1794, and only a few weeks after his marriage, that Cherubini was called on to join the musicians of the National Guard, a fact which had more influence on his subsequent career than might be supposed. He refers to it in these terms:—

"1794. I was named a member of the musical corps of the National Guard, from which corps the Conservatory of Music sprang. My nomination was dated the 1st Messidor, Year II. of the Republic."‡

And d'Ortigue, in the article he devoted to Cherubini in the *Encyclopédie du XIXe Siècle*, makes this remark:

"On the 1st Messidor, Year II., Cherubini was appointed a member of the musical corps of the National Guard; the triangle part was assigned him. We mention the fact because this musical corps served to form the Conservatory. The triangle-player became one of the inspectors of the institution."

After being one of the inspectors and then one of the professors, Cherubini subsequently became the director, and made the Conservatory the first school of music in Europe and the entire universe.§

(To be continued.)

The charming and always popular Ada Cavendish has just completed a successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, during which she has played, with unvarying applause, Juliet, Beatrice (*Much Ado About Nothing*), the heroine of *The Lady of Lyons*, and Lady Gay Spanker, in Dion Boucicault's ever fresh and welcome *London Assurance*.

The Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, has been burnt. The stage and the seats were destroyed and the roof fell in. The fire was fortunately confined to the interior of the premises. The frontage of the structure, the property and dressing rooms, the billiard saloon, and the refreshment bars remain intact; and, viewed from the outside, there is no indication of the disaster within. The building is said to be insured.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Among the operas promised at the Imperial Italian Theatre is *Mignon*, the heroine to be alternately represented by Mdlle Ferni and Mdme Sembrich, the former singing the Galli-Marié, the latter the Christine Nilsson version.

MUNICH.—The programme at the Theatre Royal for this season will include as novelties—*Die Wikinger*, by Ivar Hallström; *Der betrogene Kadi*, by Gluck; and *Alfonso und Estrella*, by Schubert. Among the revivals will be Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*, Spohr's *Jessonda*, Spontini's *Vestalin*, Schumann's *Genoveva*, Adam's *Brasseur de Preston*, Halévy's *Eclair* and *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, Verdi's *Ernani*, Rheinberger's *Thürmer's Töchterlein*, Mendelssohn's *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* and *Walpurgisnacht*.

---

* See *Spectacles de Paris*, for 1793.

† In a chapter of his Memorandum Book headed: "Epoques à moi relatives."

‡ "Epoques à moi relatives. (Memorandum Book.)

§ This, in my opinion, is the place for a note of interrogation. At what epoch was Cherubini naturalized a Frenchman? He was so assuredly in 1800, for, in his *Dictionnaire néologique des hommes et des choses*, of which the only three volumes published appeared in the Year VIII., Cousin Jacques expressed himself thus in the article he devoted to the artist whom so many works had already rendered illustrious:—"Cherubini, born at Florence, naturalized a Frenchman, one of the Inspectors of the Conservatory of Music, is undeniably one of our most learned, most ingenious, and most pleasing composers." Cherubini was, therefore, naturalized when Cousin Jacques wrote these lines. But how long had he been so? This is something it has been impossible for me to discover. I am inclined, however, to believe that he was already naturalized in 1794, when he was admitted into the musical corps of the National Guard; for it strikes me that, at a time of universal war, a foreigner would not have been admitted into a body almost military and essentially national. In all probability it was at the epoch of his marriage that Cherubini sent in his request to become a member of the great French family.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 527.)

It may be said that the story of Fidelio falls naturally into two divisions; as, in the life of every human creature, there is that which appears to the outer world and that which appears to the inner self. These two divisions of the story of Fidelio coincide with the two acts into which the drama is divided, and the two distinct parts of the music, each of which gathers up to its own climax or finale.

The act which we have already gone through constitutes the outside world of the story, including the domestic life of the gaoler and his daughter and her lovers, the governor and his soldiers, and the prisoners; and all the time it has been gradually dawning upon us who are in the audience, that there is a grievous trouble in the background. The overture prepared us for it, the prison walls kept up the feeling, the constant anxiety of Fidelio, and the discovery, by the audience, that she is not the lad whom her companions deem her, but a wife seeking to release her imprisoned husband; the rage of Pizarro against the prisoner Florestan, who is in his power, and the miserable plan that he makes for his destruction—all these things serve to point out in what direction the mystery lies, and to pile up the interest of the story as it appears to the audience.

Now, in this second act, we plunge at once into the inside world—we start, as it were, a fresh story. Not Fidelio, but Florestan is the centre of this new interest; and, as we follow up his course, we find the connection between the two stories and how the two rivulets join and make one large river of interest, how Florestan himself is the inner-self of the story, the origin, the motive power which moves the whole action of the story.

In England, the overture *Leonora*, No. 3, which we have described at the beginning, is frequently played between the two acts. This, though justifiable by the agreement of the spirit of the overture with that of the beginning of Act II., is not in accordance with the design as left by Beethoven.

The act opens within the dungeon where Florestan is—alone and in chains. An introductory symphony, which is in fantasia form, helps to make us feel the silence and the gloom; and in that stillness Florestan utters his thoughts, which are set as a *scena* and *aria*. His first words are in somewhat broken sentences, and express his feeling of the gloom and terrible stillness of this deserted place where nothing lives but himself. "O heavy trial," he cries; yet, God's will is just, and he will not murmur, for the measure of suffering is in His hands. These words, often changing in their expression, are set in accompanied recitative. Some of the interludes are quoted from the introductory symphony, and point out, by their union with these words, what was their intended meaning in that; for instance:

Ex. 206.

and—

Ex. 207.

After the recitative, the words of Florestan become calmer and more settled in expression, and the music becomes more continuous and in rhythmic form. There are several changes of idea in the words which accord easily with a rondo form of key. He bewails the joy that has vanished from his life while still in its spring-time (Ex. 180). This, the principal idea of the rondo, is the thought which Beethoven seems to have had in his mind more than any other in the composition of the opera, a fact which confirms the impression that Florestan is the motive power of the whole drama; it is retained in each of the three overtures called *Leonora*, and it is also in a MS. sketch in existence, which was evidently intended for an introduction to the overture in E, called *Fidelio*. Next, Florestan tells how in past days he boldly spoke the truth, and that chains are the reward that he willingly bears. This is the episode in changing keys. Still he has the sweet consolation that he has done his duty; and this thought brings back the original key, though with a fresh musical idea. All these three ideas are in the same quiet manner, and comprise the slow part of the aria. Now Florestan's thoughts change; he is still calm, but an ecstacy fills his weak, starved frame. He fancies a balmy air breathing over him, a light streaming into this his grave, and thinks he sees an angel like Leonora his wife coming close to him and leading him away to freedom in the heavenly kingdom. This thought rests in his mind and he dwells on it, and so the music belonging to it is also continuous and with repetition of idea. It is in the form of a rondo as to its keys, but it is so quick and so short that the feeling of the main key, F, scarcely leaves us, and the new keys are more like transient digressions within the one key—like magnified chords of the key rather than actual changes from the key. In the accompaniment of this movement one hautboy is the only wind instrument, and it takes a continuous and prominent part that is scarcely second even to that of the voice.

Ex. 208.

A-round me,

May it not be that Beethoven intended by this to express the nearness of Leonora—the presence which, while he knew not that she was there, came to him like a waking dream in his long night? In such a way does the rosy hue in the west speak to those who are living under the shadow of great mountains, and tell them that the sun is rising and will soon drive away the darkness and the cold; and presently the light comes streaming down the side of the mountain and floods all around with light—even the mountain, which before was like a weight of trouble, is now buoyant with sunshine.

"In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!"—CLOUGH.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Messrs Gye and Harris have, we understand, mutually agreed that Covent Garden shall not be let for pantomime this Christmas, and that Drury Lane shall not be sublet for Italian opera next summer. Thus, so far as the large West-end houses are concerned, pantomime will be confined to Drury Lane, while Mr Gye will reign supreme in Italian opera at Covent Garden.—*Daily News.* (Bravo Gye!—bravo Harris! Italian opera is not dead after all.—DR BLIDGE.)

Albert Vinzentini has left Paris for St Petersburgh.

Luigi Mancinelli is at Arezzo. (*Per Hercle!*—DR BLIDGE.)

Mr A. O'Leary and family have returned to town from Windermere.

The Municipality of Palermo have voted the Town Theatre 50,000 francs for next season.

C. F. Chickering started from New York for England on the 26th ult. (*Hoch!*—DR. BLIDGE.)

Victorin Joncières has returned to Paris from the Pyrenees. (This surpasses belief.—DR BLIDGE.)

F. Nicolao is organizing Popular Concerts in Palermo. (This is scarcely credible.—DR BLIDGE.)

Mr Henry Parry has returned from his tour in Scotland, and has joined his family at Eastbourne.

Lecocq has composed the music of a new comic opera, *Le Cœur et la Main*, book by Nuitter and Beaumont.

Gailhard, the bass, is at Biarritz. ("Not by no means" says Gailhard, see *Le Ménestrel.*—DR BLIDGE.)

Adele Dorn, sister of Professor Heinrich Dorn, and well-known in musical circles, died recently at Berlin.

Hermann Götz's *Widerspenstigen Zähmung* (*Taming of the Shrew*) is to be produced at Dresden and Würzburg.

The Order of the Italian Crown has been conferred on Massart, professor of the violin in the Paris Conservatory.

Mr Finlay Finlayson has left New York for Colorado Springs, which he intends to make his permanent residence.

Before proceeding to the Russian capital, Mad. Sembrich visits Madrid, where she will sing in *Mignon* and *Hamlet*.

Battistini, the Barytone, is engaged for the coming Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid. (*Query*, Battistini?—DR BLIDGE.)

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According to the local papers, Miss Emma Thursby ("the divine") is expected in America about the middle of this month.

The buffo opera, *Der Graf von Gleichen*, by the younger Hellmesberger, has been performed at the Centralhallen-Theater, Hamburgh.

Letters from Bayreuth state that *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, *Tannhäuser*, and, not improbably, *Lohengrin*, will be given at Wagner's Theatre next July.

By a majority of votes, the proprietors have passed a resolution to close the theatre of the Liceo at Barcelona.—(Hopeless fatuates!—Dr Blitge.)

Dr Franz Krückl, the Hamburg baritone, is engaged for Angelo Neumann's Wagner tour. (Off with his head!—so much for Krückl.—Dr Blitge.)

Joseffy, the flashful Austrian pianist, lately completed a first Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. Key, C major. (A good beginning.—Dr. Blitge.)

Professor Haupt, director of the Royal Institute for Church Music at Berlin, celebrated on his 72nd birthday his fiftieth official anniversary as an organist.

C. Pinsuti, ("Ciro il Grande") was recently in Milan for a short time.—(This accounts for his not being at Birmingham for the *Redemption*.—Dr Blitge.)

London Academy of Music.—The autumn term of Dr. Wylde's Institution commences in London on Monday, Sept. 25, and in Brighton on Saturday, Sept. 23.

Baron Gaetano Crescimanno's *Maria Tiepolo*, first produced in 1877, at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, has been performed with success at the Teatro Real, Malta.

A new opera, *Manfredi di Sveva*, by Giribaldi, was produced a short time since at the Teatro Solis, Montevideo.—(Connu—connu—connu! Pendu—pendu—pendu!—Dr Blitge.)

Ch. M. Widor, at some distance from Lyons is engaged upon a three-act score for the Opéra-Comique. (Ch. M. Widower, at some distance from Lyons is similarly employed.—Dr Blitge.)

At her urgent wish, Mdme Basta has been freed from her engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dresden. (*Basta! basta!*—Who's Mdme Basta that she should urgently wish anything?—Dr Blitge.)

After many years' silence in Germany, De Vroye, the flautist, has been playing at Baden. (The ruined Castle in the o'er-shadowing woods has, with the aid of winds, emitted sounds congenial.—Dr Blitge.)

Mdlles Mayrs and Nowak, sopranos, and Mdlle Friede, contralto, pupils of Mdme Marchisio, have been engaged by Galletti, and make their first appearance in Florence. (Mdme Marchisio has many too many pupils by many.—Dr Blitge.)

Sister Agnes, the nun, whom Parepa-Rosa pronounced the grandest singer she ever heard, and to whom Maurice Strakosch offered 50,000 dollars for a six months' season, died not long since near Baltimore, U.S.—(500,000 was the sum.—Dr Blitge.)

Having resolved to erect a new theatre, the Municipality of Cracow despatched qualified persons to examine the leading houses in Italy, and send in a report. The result is, that the Theatre in Cracow will be built on the model of the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Mr William Dorrell, who has been making a tour through Norfolk and Suffolk, has returned to town. He purposes, we believe, spending the remainder of his vacation in exploring the Thames and its tributaries from mouth to source, "paddling his own canoe."

The Ducal Theatre at Dessau, no longer ruled by an amateur "Intendant," will be placed under the control of a professional director. (The change is unspeakably for the better, amateur dabblers, aristocratic or plebeian, being the curse of all art.—Dr Blitge.)

On Thursday evening, shortly before nine p.m., a fire occurred on the premises of Messrs Eaves & Sons, pianoforte manufacturers, Euston Road, which were entirely destroyed. The cause is at present unknown. The premises, we believe, are partially insured.

The Warrington Musical Scholarship (value £45) is to be competed for by blind boys on October 3, at the Blind College, Worcester. The examination will be in ordinary English, Bible history, the elements of the Christian religion, the rudiments of Latin or French, and Music.

Falchi has been commissioned to write the *Requiem*, to be executed by the Philharmonic Society in the Pantheon, Rome, on the 9th January, in memory of Victor Emmanuel. (Oh Falchi, Falchi! wherefore art thou Falchi? Thou has nor hawk nor faulchion. Beware, my Falchi, lest thou tread on Verdi's shins!—Dr Blitge.)

Un petit mot mignon de la langue allemande (on est prié de le prononcer sans respirer):

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Polka-Mazurka		"Trebelli" ..	.. H. Roubier.	Polka	"Early in the Morning"	C. Coote.
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Galop ..	..	"Fun of the ball"	.. Marriott.	Valse	"An der Themse Strand"	Kéler Béla.
Polka-Mazurka		"Mignonette" ..	.. C. Godfrey.	Polka	"Butterfly's Ball"	.. C. Coote, Jun.
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Polka ..	..	"Blush Rose" ..	.. C. Godfrey.	Galop	"Wind-up" ..	.. C. Godfrey.
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Galop ..	..	"Domino" ..	.. C. Coote, Jun.	Valse	"Kate Kearney"	.. C. Coote.
Polka ..	..	"Jolly Dogs" ..	.. Marriott.	Polka-Mazurka	"Blue Bell" ..	.. Marriott.
Lancers	..	"Christmas time"	.. W. C. Levey.	Country Dance	"The tank" ..	.. Old English.

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Galop ..	..	"Escort"	.. C. Godfrey.	Valse	"Blush Rose" ..	.. C. Godfrey.
Polka ..	..	"Sailor Boy" ..	.. Marriott.	Galop	"Go Bang" ..	.. C. Coote, Jun.
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Galop ..	..	"Roulette" ..	.. C. Coote, Jun.	Valse	"Ours"	J. Meredith Ball.
Polka ..	..	"Kingfisher" ..	.. C. Coote, Jun.	Galop	"New Derby" ..	C. H. R. Marriott.
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FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

Hereford, Tuesday.

The Festival opened this morning under most favourable circumstances, of which glorious weather was not the least auspicious. Hereford differs from Birmingham in being, to a large extent, dependent upon meteorological conditions. Its audience gathers from all the region round about instead of massing for the week in a great town; and days of rain are, therefore, days of ruin. The Festival prospers most when the sun shines as it did this morning, and as it is shining now upon the pleasant country. Hearty are the consequent congratulations, especially as the cathedral city stands decked in brave attire, which a downpour would make most miserable. Time and again, for years past, I have urged the three associated towns to put themselves thoroughly *en fête* on these occasions. It is not enough to hang out a few flags. As much would be done in honour of a cattle show; but no more has been attempted till now. Hereford leads the way of reform, as becomes a place which, if small in dimensions, is great in spirit. I do not forget how firmly the city on the Wye stood up for the Festival when its very existence was threatened by zeal without discretion; nor can I fail to bear in mind that it was the first to give evening performances in the cathedral, and to recognize the fact that Beethoven's symphonies are not necessarily "profane." Again I have to say "Well done Hereford!" for the streets are now made bright by something better than bunting. Triumphal arches span them with inscriptions of welcome, and mottoes in honour of art and artists; Venetian masts, gay with banneroles, line the pavements, and many houses are decorated with taste and effect. The Festivals may be retrograding, as some people, who know nothing at all about them, tell us, but these things are no indication of backwardness. On the contrary, they manifest a spirit of progress worthy of recognition and applause, and certain to be appreciated by everybody who knows how much good is done by a week of music like the present. The Hereford Festival has no reason to be ashamed of itself in any particular. A "London amateur," it is true, may not be drawn by it over the hundred and forty miles of intervening space; but before the London amateur complains he should be certain that the Festival is intended for him, and that he is at all necessary to it.

A full choral service took place this morning, in accordance with ancient precedent, but without the co-operation of band and chorus as at Worcester last year. The absence of these important accessories was a disadvantage which the authorities might well take into consideration in view of future festivals. Something may, perhaps, be said on the other side; yet the balance is in favour of a custom which began with the life of the institution and was only suspended when the musical performances came to be regarded as no better than concerts. Nothing would be lost, at any rate, by spreading the interest of the occasion over as wide a space as possible, and by giving to those who cannot afford the purchase of tickets a direct concern in its welfare. The success of the grand services at Worcester last year was most marked. Setting aside all other considerations, those solemnities secured the goodwill of an entire population for an artistic event which otherwise would have appealed to no more than a section. It must not be supposed, however, that musical value was entirely wanting to the opening act of worship as conducted here. Members of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester took part in it; Mr C. H. Lloyd presided very ably at the organ, and Dr Walmisley's excellent anthem, "The Lord shall comfort Zion," was given with considerable effect, in addition to the late Dr Wesley's *Te Deum* and "Jubilate" in E. The festival sermon was preached by the Rev Sir G. H. Cornewall, Bart., from the text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another"—words admirably suited to an occasion on which the claims of charity were paramount. A more practical discourse could not have been desired, nor could the fact have been more clearly set forth that the Western Festival is, as at present constituted, a means to an end; in other words, a consecration of music to the noble duty of consoling the "widow and fatherless in their affliction."

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* followed the service after an interval, and served once more to fill the cathedral with interested listeners. There was not the smallest sign that the great dramatic oratorio is losing its popularity and becoming less efficacious for the purpose it has here served so long. Every appearance spoke to the contrary—the animated streets, the steady influx of visitors by road and rail, the full cathedral, and the lively interest which attended the music from first to last. In view of all this a proposal to remove *Elijah* from the programme in favour of any "epoch-making" work you please, would have seemed, what, indeed, it would have been, a sheer absurdity. Figures alone will serve as proof. The average attendance at *Elijah* in 1870-73-76 was 1,132; in 1879 the number present reached 1,351; and to-day 1,394. In face of such a result he must be a bold man who advises the committee to throw over the trustworthy oratorio for a risky novelty. On my own part, I rejoice at the continued favour shown to *Elijah*. While that work and the *Messiah* remain dear, the English heart may be regarded as musically sound and healthy.

The oratorio was preceded by a short form of prayer, as is now the wholesome and reverent rule; the Bishop of Hereford giving the Benediction at its close. Concerning the performance I need not speak at length, especially as the principal artists were, with only one exception, those who sang in *Elijah* at Birmingham. Mdme Albani and Miss Anna Williams divided the soprano solos; Mdme Patey and Miss Hilda Wilson shared those for contralto; Mr Lloyd took the tenor airs; and Mr Santley impersonated the Hebrew prophet in his own matchless way, singing with a fervour and spirit worthy of his fame. All did well, and even better than usual, stimulated, perhaps, by their impressive surroundings, and moved to sing, as the audience were moved to hear, in a thoroughly religious spirit. The concerted numbers gained by the co-operation of Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Parratt, Messrs Frederiks, Boyle, Stanley Smith, and F. King; Mr Done presided at the organ, and Mr Langdon Colborne conducted with as much discretion and success, perhaps, as it was reasonable to look for in view of his inexperience. That the chorus distinguished itself will be taken for granted. A body of voices so excellent, engaged upon a work so familiar, could do no other. The amount collected at the doors was £283 1s. 1d.

The concert given in the Shire Hall this evening did not attract a large audience, for the reason, perhaps, that its programme contained a novelty by an English composer. Theirs was the loss who stayed away, since the music of Collins's *Ode to the Passions*, by Mrs Meadows White (Alice Mary Smith), is very well written. and both true and forcible in its expression. A more inviting theme could hardly have been lighted on than this, which extends over the whole range of feeling, under conditions, however, which remove it in an appreciable degree from that treated by Handel when he set Dryden's "Cecilian Ode." I shall return to the cantata for the sake of its musical significance, but may now indicate its scope and method. The work is introduced by a short orchestral movement, *allegro*, leading without break to a chorus, "When Music, Heavenly Maid," in which the passions of Fear, Anger, and Despair are illustrated after a varied manner with incidental solos and characteristic choral episodes. Hope next gives occasion for a soprano air, "But though of Hope with eyes so fair;" a baritone solo, "And longer had she sung," subsequently expressing Revenge and Pity. Jealousy is treated in a chorus, "Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;" and Melancholy in a trio for female voices, "With eyes upraised, as one inspired." Cheerfulness follows in a chorus, "Oh, how altered its sprightlier tone;" after which comes Joy in a tenor solo, "Last came Joy's ecstatic trial." Love and Mirth follow in a duet, "Love framed with Mirth," for soprano and tenor, and then we reach the *finale*, "Oh, Music, sphere-descended maid." From this mere outline of the form of the work it must be obvious that Mrs Meadows White set herself no easy task. Regarding its discharge, she has no reason whatever to be ashamed. The music may not claim the homage due to originality. The fact, perhaps, is all in its favour, seeing what form originality generally takes. But, however this may be, each number is interesting, by reason of artistic treatment, and a very marked approach towards the expression demanded. On this matter something must be left for future discussion. Enough now that the new work made a lively effect, was well received, and so much applauded at its close that the composer had to acknowledge the compliment from the orchestra. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* and a number of miscellaneous selections, including the prelude to *Les deux Journées*, made up the remainder of the programme.

Wednesday.

It may be that Dr. Hans von Bülow scorns the character of a representative man, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that on some matters few people agree with him. Still there is a possibility that he expresses more than his own opinion when pouring contempt upon the claims of woman to have even a capacity for musical eminence. The better part of humanity cannot be denied distinction in executive branches of the art, nor will the doctor's diatribes make anybody think less of his favourite aversion—the "petticoat pianist." It is true, however, that the whole power of feminine ambition has

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not produced an eminent composer. The reason for this would be an interesting, and, no doubt, difficult enquiry, but my present business is rather to prove the rule by an exception than to investigate causes. An exception to the rule of woman's non-productivity in the higher labours of musical art is undoubtedly supplied by Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions*, which I briefly noticed yesterday. The work, however, has about it nothing that can be called distinctly feminine, and, therefore, is not "epoch-making." For distinctively feminine music of a high order we have still to wait, with plenty of time to speculate upon the character it will bear and the influence it will wield when, if ever, it comes. Doing this we can easily imagine the opening up of a new world by the female composer who, with all the fine instincts and acute sensibility of her sex, writes music as a woman, and not as a more or less feeble imitator of men. Mrs Meadows White may accomplish the feat and immortalize her name; but her *Ode to the Passions* is simply a striking reproduction of masculine art. The woman does not appear in it. Firmness, vigour, and strength mark the treatment of conceptions which are massive rather than graceful and elegant. This arises, no doubt, from the character of a subject that demands the muscular grip of a Handel, who, by the way, illustrated it—we all know how—in his *Alexander's Feast*. The degree of Mrs White's success in meeting the requirements of a theme so virile is decidedly surprising. She shrinks from none of its varied aspects, and in no case can it be said that she is beaten by them to the point of utter failure. The interested inquirer will naturally test this by reference to her treatment of the stronger passions, only to find that the composer is here most satisfactory. Mrs White's setting of the lines "First, Fear, his hand its skill to try," produces quite a Handelian effect with its vigorous counterpoint and massive *ensemble* passages. A tenor solo, "Anger rushed, his eyes on fire," is scarcely less forcible in propriety and suggestiveness, while the broadly harmonized phrases descriptive of "Wan Despair" give another proof that the composer has well studied the great Saxon master. Admirable, too, is the bass solo contrasting Revenge and Pity. The Revenge portion of this number employs only simple means, but they are used with a directness of purpose and a fulness of effect which many a masculine composer might envy and wisely imitate. Taking the foregoing examples, together with the final chorus, "O Music, sphere-descended maid," there is no difficulty in perceiving that Mrs Meadows White did not over-estimate her ability to deal with exacting subjects. In treating the gentler emotions she is often happy, especially so in the chorus entitled "Cheerfulness"—a capital number, full of healthy life and marked by a bright open-air effect entirely appropriate. Mention should also be made of a trio for female voices, with chorus, illustrative of Melancholy. Passages in this are noteworthy for excellent part-writing, while the *ensemble*, though unpretending, is quite effective. From what has been said, an inference that the spirit of Handel pervades the work assuredly suggests itself. It does so with justice, but the Handelianism of Mrs White's music is not due to imitation. It arises in part, perhaps, from an unconscious recognition of the great Saxon's dealing with a similar theme, and, in other part, from a conscious necessity of illustrating the theme in that broad and simple, yet graphic style of which Handel was so consummate a master. In so far as the work combines therewith the graces of modern art, it is only another proof that the principles regulating classic music are capable of adaptation to the conditions imposed by constantly augmenting resources and always developing taste. To sum up, I welcome Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions* as the production of undeniable talent, and a worthy addition to the musical things which, being English, give Englishmen cause for pride. The performance, if by no means perfect, was fairly good, much of its merit arising from the efficient singing of Miss Anna Williams and Mr King—excellent artists both, and always to be trusted. Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr F. Boyle were likewise contributory to the success of the work, as were, in a special sense, the admirable choralists now engaged here.

Said a gentleman engaged in the management of the Festival to me yesterday: "*The Messiah* and *Elijah* take care of our first and fourth days. It is the second and third which give us anxiety." Circumstances, I am glad to state, have favoured the second day. There was again a bright and beautiful morning, just such as might tempt the country-side into a state of sympathy with a festival of any kind. And there was a programme made up of things old and new in almost embarrassing quantity, so that amateurs who did not greatly care for Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* could delight themselves with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, or, mayhap, Goetz's setting of Psalm cxxxvii., or, if of archaic tastes, Bach's *Magnificat*. Never, I should say, was a selection more eclectic, and never did managers make a wider throw of the Festival net in eager desire to catch all sorts of fish. The result was not one of overwhelming satisfaction, inasmuch as the audience—or congregation, if the term be thought more suitable—fell short of the number reached on the previous day, when Mendelssohn's masterpiece was given. This, however, had been anticipated, and no feeling of disappointment supervened. The Bishop of Hereford and the clergy of the Cathedral were again present to conduct the devotional part of the proceedings, after which *Judas Maccabæus*, or, rather a copious selection from that warlike oratorio, commanded such unremitting attention as Handel always claims when at his best. Comment upon music so familiar would be entirely superfluous, and it is not requisite to notice the performance in much more than general terms. This will fully appear when I state that the principal airs were sung by Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, with whom were associated in a less important capacity, Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Fredericks, and Mr F. King. How well these artists are able to answer for their share in any work of Handel's is as fully understood as the capacity of an English Festival band and chorus to do the illustrious master all needful justice.

Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, which opened the second part, was heard with lively interest by many, and with keen curiosity by some who may have been struck with the novelty of such music in such a place. The great composer's No. 5 (C minor) appeared in the Hereford programme, years ago, thanks to the initiative taken by the late Mr Townshend Smith, of whom I may fitly say here and now, that "being dead he yet speaketh." But the "C minor" is more distinctly fitted for religious associations than the rest of the nine, owing to its sustained dignity and impressiveness. I recognize, therefore, in the choice of its immediate predecessor a further step towards full recognition of the truth that a great example of abstract music should not be deemed unsuited to the most solemn of uses because, in play of fancy and mode of expression, it has what are termed "secular" characteristics. There is really much difficulty in determining, with reference to a serious symphonic work, what is sacred and what is secular; but here the general rule may serve which lays down that no music can be unfitted for church use when it elevates the mind and leads to an appreciation of the exalted in an art closely connected with religion as its handmaid and helper. No one, I venture to say, was the worse for hearing Beethoven's often playful Symphony in the Cathedral this morning, or, under the influence of the beautiful work and its appropriate surroundings, was made uncomfortable by a sense of the incongruous. Absence of objection will naturally confirm the Festival managers in their present course, and lead, perhaps, to the fullest admission that nothing inspired by Him from whom come all great gifts can be "common or unclean." The performance of the Symphony, conducted as it was by a musician not familiar with the task, left somewhat to desire. But it was good enough for the enjoyment of those who new the work well, and for a lively impression upon those to whom it was a less intimate acquaintance. Goetz's Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," followed, and went, it is to be feared, over the heads of many present who for the first time were challenged by the lamented composer's severely subjective style, and unfaltering adherence to the principle which requires that a musical poet shall speak to his theme and nothing else. We who know this dead master as he deserves to be known cannot feel admiration enough for the force of his thoughts and the propriety of their expression, but such sympathy is not aroused all at once. It grows as familiarity increases, and as the composer's distinctive idiom frees itself from a sensation of strangeness. Nevertheless, even at this, the first appearance of Goetz before a Western festival public, a perception of the fact that he had something to say and the right to say it could not be avoided. It came, if not with the severely contrapuntal opening chorus, with the impressive scene wherein the people of Israel ask, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a land of strangers?" with the beautiful air and chorus, "If I think not on thee, O Jerusalem," and—most of all, perhaps—with the passionate entreaty, "Lord, remember the children of Edom." All these pleaded powerfully for the composer and his work, which in its entirety did such honour to the Festival programme as only a masterpiece can render.

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Goetz's music, never easy, is in this case of more than usual difficulty, and the audience were now and then reminded of the fact as the performance went on. There was, however, not much of a serious nature to occasion complaint. The solos were given with correctness and just expression by Miss Anna Williams, while the concerted pieces, if not rendered with entirely adequate effect, owing to the unfamiliar character of the music, enabled both band and chorus to display the exceptional qualities which have overcome yet more serious obstacles in the course of the week. The psalm finished, all concerned would gladly have taken a rest, but the enormous programme was not exhausted. Bach's *Magnificat* remained to be encountered by flagging energies and diminished force, albeit the work makes demands of a very serious character on both. Rising to the occasion, Mr Colborne's admirable choralists did justice to themselves and their theme, while the solos have rarely, I imagine, enjoyed the services of better artists, Miss Williams, Mdme Patey, Mr Boyle, and Mr Santley—to say nothing of Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr Fredericks—being all engaged upon them. If the *Magnificat* made less than its usual effect under these conditions, the result was due to the fatigue of performers and audience. It is clearly a mistake to draw up such long programmes. They defeat their own object, and produce lassitude where the design is to excite conscious interest and pleasure. In music as in most other things "enough is as good as a feast." The number of persons present in the Cathedral was 1,154, being one less than the average of the years 1870, 1873, and 1876, but 451 more than the attendance on the corresponding morning in 1879. The collection amounted to £100 14s. 1d. Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was performed in the cathedral this evening, Hereford continuing the example she first set of devoting to oratorios a part at least of the time once wholly given to secular music. The innovation was well received when made, but its novelty has worn off, and there is no longer a marked desire to enjoy the peculiar effect produced by noble sacred strains under the impressive conditions of a night service. Though the attendance this evening was somewhat scanty, on the other hand the performance was in many respects admirable. Mendelssohn's noble work, which not a few connoisseurs regard at least the equal of *Elijah*, seemed to enlist the sympathies of all its exponents and to make a profound impression upon all its hearers. In this there is nothing wonderful. From beginning to end the music of *St Paul* flies high with steady wing. It belongs in an eminent degree to sacred classics, and is as spiritual as its theme, in the sense that nothing low and unworthy enters into it. The rightful place of the work therefore is where the Hereford public found it to-night, and nowhere else does it seem so much at home. Among the great successes of the performance was the delivery by Miss Anna Williams of "Jerusalem, thou that killest;" by Mdme Patey of "But the Lord is mindful;" and by Mr Santley of "Oh God, have mercy," which our eminent baritone sang with remarkable fervour. The tenor airs were entrusted to Mr Boyle, whose style, however, is scarcely that of oratorio. It cannot be needful to add that the numerous chorales and choruses derived all possible advantage from the happy fact of their familiarity.—*D. T.*

A REMINDER.

Festival-giving is expensive work, and there is no difference in that respect between the meetings in the quiet Western Cathedral cities and elsewhere. But Hereford, appealing to a narrower—a more local—interest than Birmingham or Bristol, can afford to dispense with those special attractions which are a *sine quâ non* in the hardware capital. In a word, Hereford can do without novelties, so long as the patrons of the Festival get the worth of their money in the works of great masters, interpreted by brilliant executants.

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

I cannot but think, however, that a very back-handed compliment is paid to the memory of Molique by the substitution of a selection from his *Abraham* for the entire work. People are apt to forget successes even when they are scored by really clever musicians at important provincial Festivals, and there are probably only a retentive few who remember that when *Abraham* was brought out at Norwich in 1860—the year of Benedict's *Undine*—it was hailed by intelligent critics as the greatest oratorio which had been heard since *Elijah*. Yet it apparently dropped out of notice as soon as the world of music had ceased to talk about its first performance, until it occurred to the Hereford organist and conductor, Mr Langdon Colborne, to rescue it from its undeserved neglect. One would think, however, that if it were worth doing at all it were worth doing completely, and not in shreds.

"ODE TO THE PASSIONS."

The principal feature of the Evening Concert in the Shire Hall was Mrs Meadows White's *Ode to the Passions*, which stands forth, in fact, as the sole novelty of the Festival, the only work which the meeting has called into existence. Mrs White, who is better known to the musical world under her maiden name of Alice Mary Smith, is an English musician who is content to follow the English school as designed and perfected by Handel, rather than cast in her lot with the German, whose distaste for melody is traceable to their incapacity to invent it, and whose dislike of form is attributable to their deficiency in the sense of proportion and symmetry. Mrs White's work is honest, straightforward, and legitimate in every acceptation of the term; she aims at producing no sensational effects, but achieves that which is infinitely better—a work which will grow upon the auditor and student alike as a pleasing and highly-finished art-product. William Collins, the author of *The Passions*, was one of the eighteenth century poets of the highest promise, but this promise hardly ripened into fulfilment. His *Ode to the Passions*, however, was in his day esteemed the finest—or one of the finest—odes in the language, was a great favourite with Garrick as a recitation, and was set to music in 1774 by Dr Benjamin Cooke, of Westminster Abbey. The present musical illustration is comprised in ten numbers, the score including parts of two sopranos, contralto, tenor, and bass, soli, with chorus and full orchestra. A short introduction leads to the second number. "Fear, Anger, Despair," apportioned for tenor solo with chorus—a charmingly simple, yet tuneful movement, "When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young," for chorus, ushering in the more dramatic points. "First Fear, his hand its skill to try," is treated in fugal fashion, the tenor soloist entering at the description of Anger, and the chorus re-entering with a sustained, dolorous theme when Despair is mentioned. Mrs White's handling of this episode is not wholly free from the influence of Handel, but her writing is graphic and suggestive. A long and spirited coda in the tonic minor of the initial signature (F), brightly coloured in the orchestra, and introducing the cymbals with no sparing hand, brings this ingenious and skilfully wrought number to a close. The pleasures of "Hope" are described in a soprano air (No 3) cast in a somewhat conventional mould, and partaking of a pastoral character; "Revenge and Pity" is allotted to the bass soloist (No. 4); and this is followed by a chorus, "Jealousy," which for sustained power and interest may compare favourably with the rest of the Ode. It is rather cruel of the composer to write the soprano part up to B flat, and not many choirs could be counted upon to reach it clearly; fortunately, however, implicit reliance could be placed in this year's Festival Chorus. "Melancholy" (No. 6) is set as a trio for two sopranos and alto, with chorus; "Cheerfulness" (No. 7) is arranged as a chorus—some clever points of imitation occurring here in the vocal part-writing; while the "hunting music" is capitally devised and carried out; the tenor deals with the theme of "Joy" (No. 8) in a brisk and characteristic air, after which "Love" and "Mirth" occur as a duet for tenor and soprano (No. 9), the whole concluding with a chorus addressed to "Music."

From first to last the *Ode to the Passions* is replete with interest, and although the work does not soar to dizzy heights, it is unquestionably an excellent specimen of unobtrusive legitimate workmanship. The performance was really good, but it has been the misfortune of few composers to have a new work of importance placed for the first time before such a dolorous, apathetic audience, as that which did not nearly fill the Shire hall to-night. A heavy melancholy seemed to have settled on all present, and from this they could not emerge sufficiently to applaud the new cantata according to its deserts. True, one or two numbers were received with some faint indications of approval, and at the close sufficient enthusiasm was summoned up to call Mrs Meadows White to the platform, but the gathering was the reverse of joyous. I shall therefore content myself with recording my own opinion of the artistic value of the *Ode to the Passions*, which I am inclined to rate very highly indeed, and with expressing the hope that the clever composer may speedily find the opportunity to bring her latest effort before the notice of an appreciative audience. The solo parts were filled with taste and judgment by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Marian Fenna, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Frank Boyle, and Mr F. King. Mr Langdon Colborne conducted.—*Standard, Sept.* 14.

BARCELONA.—An operatic company, among whom a young lady named Rosa Caligaris especially distinguished herself, have been giving a series of performances at the Buen Retiro. They opened with *Ernani*. A new zarzuela, *Amor y Gloria*, music by Señor Nieto, has not been very successful at the Teatro Español.

KLAGENFURTH.—For a considerable time Mdlle Tini, the daughter of an innkeeper here, has created a great sensation among the concert-goers of the town by her splendid contralto. Herr Felix Mottl happened to hear it and, though she has never been on the stage, immediately engaged her for the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe, where he is conductor.

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A LIVERPUDLIAN VIEW OF THE "NIBELUNGEN."

(*Rough Notes from an Amateur's Diary.*)

To write fitly about Wagner's "advanced" musical dramas is a difficult task. Were everything done to perfection, the scenery and effects well managed, the dresses out of the commonplace, the orchestra well balanced, and the ideal performance attained, I don't think such "new departure" could give anything like the same amount of pleasure to the "general," or even the "particular," that the much-abused old opera, however hackneyed, has given and still gives. Of course, there are enthusiasts who find no tedium in four hours of uninterrupted "accompanied recitative," who take declamatory howls and shrieks for singing, who consider the incoherent and almost incomprehensible dialogue as dramatic. No doubt in art, almost more than in any sphere, there will always be people of peculiar tastes, whose dicta affect a small circle of "sheep" who can't think for themselves; but that such will ever obtain a wide popularity, to say nothing of prolonged life, for these uncompromising musical mysteries is very doubtful. It is possible that in Germany, where time is not of so much commercial and social importance as with us, there may be a public that will go four nights running to listen to something queer that each night is spun into four or five hours; but that in England there will be much repetition of the *Nibelungen Trilogy* I take to be very improbable. The story, or series of stories, has no very special interest for anyone out of Germany or hunters-up of old myths: few people I imagine are greatly concerned about the doings of these clumsy and unheroic "gods;" and for myself, I frankly confess it to be a work of considerable trouble to arrange the whole into an intelligible story, and even then, it is not one that gains upon my sympathies. All the *dramatis personæ*, from "gods to little fishes," act from mere animal impulse, and there is no real "noble emotion" in any, with, perhaps, the exception of Brünnhilde, and even she shows but scant intelligence in anything she does. To add to the confusion, the English version is presented in such an un-English and inverted style, with words used in quite a different sense from their ordinary meaning, that the following of the libretto becomes a task, and almost repellant at every sentence. I open the book at random, and find the following words:—"*Fold me, you maidens, in fathomless fence!*"—and again, in the next page (151)—"*The shape of a worm wears he for shelter, and in a hole has heed of Alberich's hoop!*" Of course, by taking thought, the meaning of the writer is discovered, but it is like the reading of a riddle, and not conducive to an easy following of the music or the understanding of the *Leitmotive*. For the success of Wagner's intentions, the meaning of the words could not be too obvious. Yet, at any rate in the English version, the text has been rendered vexatiously and needlessly obscure. Then, for the due presentment of the difficult situations and effects, and where the most elaborately contrived scenery would be severely taxed to give adequate expression to the poetical conceptions of the composer, the scenery at Her Majesty's was of the most ordinary kind; in fact, it did not approach anything usually witnessed in our pantomimes, and if it be indeed the very scenery provided for the spectacle at Bayreuth, it was to me a surprise and a disappointment. The only novelty that could be considered to be of any value was the steam effect as representing clouds, from behind which the "gods" made supernatural appearances and disappearances; but these were hardly more *vraisemblable* than the old gauze mediums; and the steam, of course, followed laws of its nature, and did not cover in all cases what it was intended to conceal; its appearance, moreover, was attended by a very harsh, hissing noise, that was very unideal. The dresses and appointments I thought poor and garish; indeed, remembering what I have seen in Germany for ordinary operas and pieces, they must be pronounced inferior, and certainly not deserving of the extraordinary praise some critics have bestowed upon them. After this preamble only can I enter on a consideration of these musical dramas, and first as to the prologue. On entering the theatre, my attention was at once drawn to a very ugly drop-curtain, of dingy colours and stripes, with a heavy and inartistic border, which replaced the ordinary far prettier drop-scene. It certainly did not awaken expectation, and I was not at all sorry when it divided and revealed something that looked like a large aquarium. The idea of water was well conveyed, and when the mists dispersed and the water-nymphs floated into view, I was reminded of something I had seen in pantomimes of yore, and of a well-remembered *tableau* in *Babil and Bijou*, which, however, was much better. The gliding of the nymphs through the waters was very well managed, and if they had had anything melodious to sing the effect might have been pleasing; but the snatches of melody, such as they are, were confined to the orchestra, and the sirens had merely a series of ejaculations and nonsense verses of which the import may be gathered from the author's lingo—"*Weia! Waga! Woge, du Welle, walle zur Wiege, Wagalaweia!*" which is not German, as ignorant Englishers might imagine it, but a tongue akin to that spoken by Dean Swift's Houynhyms, and only to be understood by the true Wagnerite. The music of this scene may be allowed to be truly descriptive of the language, and just as intelligible. It is supposed to illustrate a flirtation between Alberich, a wicked gnome, and the flighty Rhine daughters, which ends in the stealing of the Rhinegold from the careless guardianship of the nymphs. This constitutes the first part of the prologue, which, meagre enough in incident, is spun out to inordinate length; to extreme vagueness must be added incessant changes of key; tonality is flung to the winds, and though the hearer may not be absolutely repelled by what he is hearing, it is utterly impossible that he can carry away any more definite idea of the music than he would after listening to the night-winds. However, we are told by the guide-book provided, that throughout the action are to be heard numerous descriptive musical phrases (*Leitmotive*) illustrative of the subject. Thus we have "the Rhine daughters' motive"—the "motive of bondage," also "the motive of menace," of "flight of the Rhinegold," and others too numerous to mention. These phrases may be described generally as about two bars long—sometimes, but not often, running to four—and do not seem to me as distinctive as they should be, considering the part they have to play and the importance attached to them by the composer, as on the right appreciation of them, no less than their right employment, hangs the success of the composer's theories, and partly of his claims as an original thinker. They are generally constructed on the intervals of the common chord, and their difference is more a matter of rhythm than of fresh musical idea. This renders them a difficult matter to follow through a long work, and as a matter of fact they are only discoverable by previous study, and to unskilled musicians must pass almost, if not altogether, unnoted. To the uninitiated this may matter little—it is only more or less noise—but to those who would appreciate the composer's work and desire to understand him, these *Leitmotiven* are an unmitigated nuisance, a weariness of the flesh, and the following of them is productive of headache and suggestive of insanity. To show how they are used and what the following of them means, I will try to describe their mode of employment, without pledging myself to strict accuracy in the cases cited. When the Rhine maidens first make their appearance, one of these short phrases is given out in the orchestra, obviously enough to those who have studied the score previously, but hardly likely to be noted by those who have not; after this, throughout the entire work of prologue and three acts, whenever an allusion to the Rhine maidens occurs, this phrase makes its appearance in the orchestra, and the hearer, for the due appreciation of the work and his concomitant delight, is expected to take note of the same, whilst he is supposed to be following the action of the drama. This would be troublesome enough were there only one *Leitmotiv*, but, as instanced above, there are dozens of them, and the impossibility of the attempt, save to the composer himself or those who have devoted themselves to learning the work by heart, will be obvious enough. And, after all, this system of self-quotation is by no means original, nor at all invented by Wagner; most composers have used it from the days of Mozart to those of Mendelssohn. Weber is full of *Leitmotiven*, and Meyerbeer used to be taunted with ticketing his characters by the same device, in the days when music was of more importance than contrivance, however ingenious or elaborate. After the theft of the Rhinegold by Alberich, amidst the howling execrations of the water nymphs, sudden darkness comes over the scene, steam spouts up in all directions, and when it disperses, and the lights are turned on, we are in presence of Wotan, father of the gods, and his wife, Fricka. She is a kind of wet blanket and occasional blister to the All-father, who is indeed potent in nothing but ill to others, himself included. He is moreover, a lying, slippery kind of potentate, who, after out-manœuvring Alberich for the possession of the Rhinegold, which he does by devices that we remember in the story of *Puss in Boots*, where the ogre is outwitted by the cat, finds himself encumbered with a curse which involves him and his race in destruction. How this can happen to *immortals* is not explained. There is a poor storm in this scene, a very material rainbow, and a very badly painted scene—so far as perspective and aerial effect are concerned—of the abode of the gods, and no music that it is possible to carry away at a first hearing; the whole (being in monologue or dialogue, and never *ensemble*, and containing no *cantilena* whatever) makes the hearing of this "new intellectual delight" one of the most fatiguing trials a poor theatre-goer ever was put to. At the conclusion, my impressions were that I had been present at a very dull pantomime, rather worse constructed than such pieces usually are, with more extravagance and less fun, and that I hoped I should never repeat the dose.

(To be continued.)

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PHOSPHOR, HIS DREAM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I must plead guilty to the accusation of having fallen to sleep in church; it is said that I actually snored at Her Majesty's Theatre while the god Wotan was giving one of his most important, certainly his longest, recitals, and I am ashamed to say that in St George's Hall, Liverpool, I committed myself in a similar manner at one of Mr W. T. Best's organ recitals; but on this occasion the day was hot, and I had been on the tramp all morning. But all these little delinquencies are as nothing compared to my somnolence on a recent occasion when I attended a meeting to advance the interests of the Royal College of Music. I had to be violently shaken when the meeting was over, and was only brought to consciousness by the attendant exclaiming in a loud voice, "Please, sir, we are going to turn off the gas." I then started and found that I had had a dream, let me relate it.

* * * * * * * *

"We will go to the Academy of Music where we shall be sure to hear an opera effectively rendered with talented principals, an excellent orchestra and a good chorus.

"But how can the Academy produce so perfect a performance in so small a theatre at so moderate a charge? Do they not pay their company? Certainly not. Every member of this establishment pays to be allowed to sing, even the members of the orchestra—which, as you have heard, is most efficient—are only pupils. I will explain. The Academy of Music was instituted to teach music, and to encourage and introduce musical talent, but it is in a certain sense a self-supporting institution. It possesses a concert-room, and it has also a theatre. When the pupils first enter they subscribe to fixed rules, they bind themselves to support the institution, and remain for a certain number of years as paying pupils. The moment they are sufficiently advanced they commence by singing in the chorus, and as their ability is recognized they raise themselves to take a lead, and at length become soloists. While a pupil is learning, and before he is able to render to the Academy any services, he has to pay full fees; but the moment he can take a part in a public performance these fees are reduced until at length, as principal singers, they receive fixed remuneration. Even the members of the orchestra, as I have said, are only pupils, but their emulation is encouraged by their occasionally playing solos in the concert-room.

"Nevertheless, I can hardly understand how they find time to receive lessons and yet attend rehearsals.

"It is easily explained. The opera house is only open three nights a week and for six months in the year. At the beginning of every term, and at least two months before any public performance, an opera, an oratorio, or both, may be put into rehearsal, and the instruction they receive as private pupils is in the music they are, when sufficiently advanced, to sing in public. The compositions they have to prepare are sometimes original, and thus the attraction is of a twofold nature; for the public hear new singers in new works, and, as plenty of time is given to rehearsing, a respectable performance can generally be secured. Occasionally more advanced professionals are engaged to take principal parts, but these are usually former pupils of the Academy. In most schools of instruction the pupils have very little to promote increased exertion, for however satisfactory their progress they have little opportunity of being heard in public, and less of making a name; but here their steady advancement in public favour must follow their advancement in their art, for the moment a pupil has sufficient experience any genius they may exhibit, or any beauty of voice they may possess, becomes apparent. Indeed, the audiences assembled in a place like this feel that they are trying to bring out latent talent, and while they pay for their amusement they are promoting a good work. Hasty condemnation of a pupil is very unlikely, for in the first instance they are only received as amateurs, but when they do go out into the world they are supposed to be experienced artists. So you now understand that the Academy of Music is a school of instruction, a place of amusement, a theatre, and a concert hall—all in one."

PHOSPHOR.

Herr Alwinn Weisse, well known for his organ concerts, has been appointed clerk and organist of the Orphans' Church, Berlin.

Serenade.

JACK'S FANCIES.

When far away from thee, sweet Maid,
Across the deep blue sea,
Where the Naiads play
In the sun's bright ray,
A fairy form I see.
Come, sweetheart, say, what little fay
Is sporting mid the silver spray
That sparkles on our lee.

Or sailing south the line, sweet Maid,
Where perfumed breezes sigh,
When the bright stars peep
Through the azure deep,
I trace a soft blue eye.
Ah! do I dream?—its glances seem
Across the trackless wave to gleam,
And pale the brilliant sky.

Or when to distant climes, sweet Maid,
Our craft is drawing near,
Where the myrtle springs,
And the bulbul sings,
A charming voice I hear.
Dear maiden, pray, from whence that lay
That's wafted o'er the rippling bay,
And falls upon mine ear?

That fairy form, that soft blue eye,
That voice so low and sweet,
Is a threefold cord
When the tar's aboard,
To draw him to thy feet.
Sweet maiden, mine, that silken line,
Will tighten o'er the flowing brine,
Till heart to heart we meet.

WETSTAR.

DESSAU.—The fourth Anhalt Musical Festival takes place here to-day and to-morrow, the 16th and 17th inst. respectively. The principal works set down in the two days' programme are Fr. Schneider's *Weltgericht*; Beethoven's overture: "Zur Weihe des Hauses," and Gade's *Kreuzfahrer*. The chorus, numbering some 350 persons, and the Ducal Orchestra, strengthened for the occasion, are under the direction of Herr Thiele, Ducal *Capellmeister*. Among the solo artists is Herr Grutzmacher of Dresden.

BERLIN.—Mdme Sachse-Hofmeister has left the Stadttheater, Leipsic, and returned to the Royal Operahouse, to which she formerly belonged. As the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Leonore in *Fidelio*, she met with a most cordial reception. Her husband, a tenor, who, like herself, formerly belonged to the Royal Operahouse, but who some time since resumed his studies, abandoned twelve years previously, at the University of Leipsic, has just taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy there.—Herr Theodor Wachtel is still drawing large audiences to Kroll's Theater.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian opera company will occupy the Maria Theatre. The season promises to be very interesting. Among the novelties are *Gioconda*, four acts, Ponchielli; *Le Precauzioni*, three-act comic opera, Petrella; *Philémon et Baucis*, Ch. Gounod; and *La Damnation de Faust*, oratorio, Hector Berlioz. Of operas already given here the programme will include, among others, *Carmen*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Lohengrin*, *Le Roi de Lahore*, *Mefistofele*, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. The leading artists are—Sopranos: Marcella Sembrich, Maria Durand, Elvira Repetto, A. Franck-Duvernoy, Victoria Ferni-Germano, E. Colonnesa, Brambila Sordelli; Mezzo-Sopranos and Contraltos: Amalia Stahl, Giulia Prardi, L. Corsi; Tenors: Silva, Marconi, Bulterini, Engel, Syrnio, Corsi, Manfredi; Baritones: Cotogni, Devoyod, Vaselli, Ughetti; Basses: Uetam, Povoleri, Sillich, Scolara, Cernusco; Bass Buffos: Antonio Baldelli and Ciampi.

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MARRIAGE.

On September the 7th, at St Mary's, Woburn, by the Rev. H. W. Southey, M.A., HERBERT EDWARD CUMMINGS, son of W. H. Cummings, Esq., Dulwich, to FANNY ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of W. H. Smith, Esq., of Woburn, Bedfordshire.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 565.)

VII.

Once re-installed in Paris and married, Cherubini determined to resume his career, which had been for a moment interrupted by events. We know that he had written at La Chartreuse the score of a two-act opera, *Elisa, ou Le Mont Saint-Bernard*, the book of which was supplied by Révéroni-Saint-Cyr. He took steps for the performance of the work, which was accepted at the Théâtre Feydeau, and soon put in preparation there. To fill the principal part he had an interpretess of the first class, an admirable and inspired artist, as remarkable for her histrionic ability as for her fine talent as a singer, who for several years was destined to be mixed up and share in his successes. I refer to Mdme Scio, whose noble qualities and exceptional talent Cherubini was better qualified to judge than anyone else, when, on making her *début* at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1794, she chose for her first appearance the part of Lodoïska, in which, eclipsing her predecessor, she produced an unexpected and profound impression.

Mdme Scio was then twenty-four, having been born at Lille in 1770. Endowed with a becoming figure, as well as with a mobile and expressive physiognomy, overflowing with intelligence, her look was full of brilliancy, her tones were full of passion, and her gestures full of breadth and dignity; she was gifted, too, with pathetic power of extraordinary intensity. With these rare qualities she combined a superb voice, sometimes slightly deficient, perhaps, in force, but of a penetrating and warm character, rendered still more vigorous by the outbursts of an ardent soul, communicating to others the fire with which it was itself animated, and able to move the inmost depths of the most impassive hearts. Furthermore, there was in this artist, on whom Nature had been pleased to lavish the most marvellous gifts, a variety of inflections, a histrionic suppleness, which enabled her to undertake all parts and venture on all styles, proving herself in all equal to herself, that is to say, constantly most excellent.

Her maiden name was Claudine-Angélique Legrand, and, though nothing is now known about it, her family is said not to have belonged to the lowest classes of society. Mdlle Legrand received a most careful education, in which, however, strange to say, her instructors neglected to cultivate, of all things in the world, her admirable and rare aptitude for music. It has never been known where, when, or in what manner, she made her earliest appearances. But there is one thing certain, namely that, in 1787, she belonged, under a borrowed name, that of Mdlle Crécy, to the lyrical company of the theatre at Montpellier, where she successfully filled a leading position, and that, the following year, she went to play at Avignon, with another member of the company, Gaveaux, whom she was destined subsequently to meet again at Feydeau. The manner in which she was received in the above town was so enthusiastic that crowns and copies of verses were thrown on the stage one night that she played Agathe in *L'Ami de la Maison*, and Colette in *Le Devin du Village*. In 1789, she was engaged at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles, and it was then that she exchanged her name of Mdlle Crécy for that of Mad. Scio, by marrying Etienne Scio, the conductor at the theatre and a distinguished composer.

Mad. Scio saw her reputation, already firmly established in various provincial towns, grow still larger at Marseilles, where she gave proofs of incontestable superiority. A talented actor, Boursault-Malherbe, forty years later manager of the Opéra-Comique, was then, in virtue of the system of theatrical liberty established by a recent decree of the Convention, busy founding in Paris the Théâtre Molière, where he was to play drama, comedy, and comic opera. A good judge of artists, he engaged Mad. Scio as a singer and her husband as conductor. The latter wrote for this theatre the music of three works: *La Femme régénerée, Le Réveil de Ramallaka*, and *Le Sofa*, the first of which more especially made a hit; but his wife's career suffered somewhat at a theatre where the entertainments consisted mostly of grand gloomy dramas, such as La Martellière's *Robert, chef de brigands*, or political tragedies, like Rousin's *Ligue des fanatiques et des tyrans*. However, in 1792, when Boursault-Malherbe had been elected a member of the Convention, and when his theatre was on its last legs, Viotti engaged Mad. Scio for the Théâtre Feydeau, where she was at length to find a public and characters worthy of her and whither her husband went at the same time to take a secondary post, that of *chef d'attaque* of the second violins, in the orchestra, but this did not prevent his producing two short works, *Lisidore et Monroe* (1792) and *Lysia* (1793).

It was in the character of Lodoïska that Mdme Scio made her first appearance on the Feydeau stage, and her talent was a revelation for the public and the artists simultaneously. The reception awarded her was most encouraging. She afterwards appeared in several characters of the current repertory, among them being Velbina in the *Marquis de Tulipano* and Bélinde in *La Colonie*. She then created several in new works: Louise in *L'Amour filial*, by Gaveaux: the heroine in *Lisidore et Monroe*, by Scio; Euphémie in *Les Visitandines*, by Devienne, a part in which she was especially remarkable; Mdme Dormont in *L'Avare puni*, by Jadin, &c. These parts, however, scarcely enabled her to do more than enable the public to appreciate the range, flexibility, and purity of her voice, but she soon found an opportunity of causing them to admire her double talent as a dramatic singer and an inspired and impassioned actress. She played successively Séraphine in *La Caverne* (Lesueur); Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette* (Steibelt); Léonore in *L'Amour conjugal* (Gaveaux); Médée in the opera of the same name (Cherubini); Palma in *Palma, ou le Voyage en Grèce* (Plantade); Calypso in *Télémaque* (Lesueur); and Constance in *Les deux Journées*, displaying in all these works an amount of passion, spirit, and dramatic power which placed her in the first rank without a second and without a rival.* The public admired, daily lavishing on her the manifestations of their unalloyed satisfaction, while criticism—as far, at least, as it existed at that epoch—showered on her the most sincere and well-merited praise. We may gain an idea of this great artist by the following eulogium pronounced by a contemporaneous chronicler:

"A very fine voice, an excellent musical method, expression in singing, and no less expression in recitative, great knowledge of the stage, and, in a word, thorough intelligence, such are the qualities which strike us as characterizing this artist, and which place her incontestably in the first rank. We should be much pleased could we unrestrictedly award her such well-merited praise, but we have promised to be impartial and will keep our word. Mdme Scio strikes us, then, as laying herself open to a slight reproach for a certain kind of ambition which causes her to accept parts beyond her strength. Calypso and Médée, for instance, demand a more robust nature than hers and a voice if not of greater compass and brilliancy (which is an impossibility), at any rate, more capable of resisting fatigue; we are the more justified in deploring her blindness in this respect because it is more prejudicial to her health than her glory. We fear that this interesting lady's superhuman efforts will shorten a life dear to all the lovers of art without adding a single gem to her crown."†

We must allow that admiration has rarely been expressed with greater delicacy. Another writer said of Mdme Scio that:

* Among the works in which the leading character was created by Mdme Scio, and to which she contributed the aid of her incomparable talent, we must mention, also, *Joanna, Uthal, Héléna*, Méhul; *Michel-Ange*, Nicolo; *La Leçon ou la Tasse de glace, Léhéman, ou la Tour de Neustadt, La Jeune Prude*, Dalayrac; *La Famille Suisse, Les Méprises espagnoles*, Boieldieu; *Owinska, Le Petit Matelot, La Famille indigente*, Gaveaux; *La Bonne Sœur, Claudine, ou le petit commissionaire*, Bruni; *Le Sigisbé ou le Fat puni*, Louis Piccini; *L'Incertitude maternelle*, Solié, and some others, doubtless, which I have forgotten.

† *La nouvelle Lorgnette des spectacles* (by Fabien Pillet).

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"We find few women like this celebrated singer, and, if France lost her, it would be difficult to find anyone to supply her place! We will not be severe upon her delivery, for her talents absolutely wipe out the small defects she may possess. What picture is there without its shadow?" ‡

And another some years later observed:

"Had not the fashion of devices fallen into desuetude, a setting sun might be that of this great singer. She had great successes and a very extensive reputation; her voice was admirable, of rare power and purity; all these advantages are growing weak and her nearly habitual bad health must have rendered their deterioration more rapid than it otherwise would have been. But we shall always recollect that she deserves the highest praise, and that when Steibelt, surrounded by the most famous female vocalists of the Italian company, was rehearsing his *Camille* in London, he exclaimed: 'Where is Madame Scio?' There is something, however, she will not lose, and that is histrionic talent, which she possesses in a remarkable degree and which will prolong her theatrical existence. It has been remarked that she was better in man's attire than in that of her own sex; consequently she was always very successful in male characters, notably in Dupaty's *Jeune Prude*, where she passed from one sex to the other with prodigious rapidity and facility."§

At the epoch these lines were written, Mdme Scio was but the shadow of her former self, and the murderous demands to which composers, eager to employ her talent, condemned her, had, while destroying her voice, borne the fruit that might have been expected. The reader sees, however, what enthusiasm her rare histrionic talent still excited. But, when Cherubini had her as the interpretess of his finest works, she was in all the splendour of her youth and beauty, in full possession of her voice and all her powers, and a composer who had such an artist to transmit his inspirations to the public was unusually fortunate.‖

Such a piece of good fortune fell to Cherubini's lot, and Mdme Scio was the principal interpretess of the second work he was about to give at the Théâtre Feydeau. It was a lucky chance for him, as the book was signally weak, and we may doubt whether his score, which, though admirable assuredly in certain parts, was somewhat severe, and here and there too long, would, without the aid of so powerful a representative, have sufficed to ensure success. The success was brilliant, if not prolonged, the public acclaiming the composer and the singer. It was on the 13th December, 1794, that *Elisa ou le Mont Saint-Bernard* ("*le Mont Bernard*," as was said in those days, "Saints" being banished from every-day language), was first performed at the Théâtre Feydeau, and the *Journal de Paris* gave an account of it in these terms:

"This piece, the music of which is by Citizen Cherubini, the justly celebrated composer, achieved a great success, the managers of the theatre having omitted nothing that could invest the performance with all the magnificence of which it was susceptible.

"From her tenderest infancy, Elisa has loved Florinde, and, becoming free by her father's death, has left her native land to find her lover of whom she has not heard for a long time. The scene is laid at Mont Saint-Bernard, at the foot of the glaciers of the same name. Just as Elisa has arrived, Florinde, ignorant of her leaving home, receives a letter in which a friend, who has been badly informed, tells him his mistress is false and about to marry another. In despair at this intelligence, Florinde seeks death among the precipices; a storm formed on the crest of the mountain facilitates the execution of his project and the unhappy lover is carried by an avalanche to the bottom of a crevasse, where death seems inevitable, but the inhabitants of the mountain, brought to the spot by his cries, succeed in saving him. On being restored to life, he finds Elisa, still faithful, and is united to her by a happy marriage. Such is the substance of the piece in which probability is frequently sacrificed to the desire of producing effects by extraordinary situations. Several scenes are interesting, but others contain portions which are too long, and which the author may easily cut. The scenery is most effective; the avalanche is represented with striking truthfulness. None of our theatres have, up to now, given us so striking a picture of the great phenomena of nature." ¶

As we see, the journalist restricts himself to recording the success, giving an analysis of the plot, and praising the scenery; but in all this there is no reference made either to the music or the singers. This often happened at that period, when, as I have remarked, real criticism of the stage and music did not yet exist. We must, however, state that the papers had not then much leisure to busy themselves with artistic questions; their columns were filled with reports of the revolutionary tribunal, and of the trial of Carrier, the execrable author of the "noyades" at Nantes, so that there was frequently no room for the most interesting subjects. It was thus that *Le Moniteur universel* could not manage to say even a single word about the production of *Elisa*, while *Le Journal de Paris*, generally so exact in theatrical matters and, as a rule, publishing its notices the day after the performance, kept its readers on the present occasion waiting a whole week for one.

(To be continued.)

‡ *Critique des acteurs et des actrices des différens théâtres de Paris*, 1797.

§ *L'Opinion du parterre* (by Lemazurier), Year XIII.

‖ I will here quote a few interesting lines borrowed from a biographer of hers: "Mdme Scio was scarcely a musician at all, but no one could perceive it, so delicate an ear did she possess, so sure was she of the time, and so true was her voice. Despite her success in short, florid airs with roulades, she gave up these insignificant pieces, restricting herself to the noble and sentimental style. . . . . Her exertions, but more especially her irregular life, ruined her health. Passionately fond of her art, she was sometimes compelled by a sudden hemorrhage to go off at the wing, displaying, when she came on again, less alarm than the witnesses of the incident. Fault was always found with the over-emphasis of her declamation, which might have appeared offensive, had not her gestures been the true expression of nature. . . . . Having become a widow in 1796, she married on the 18th July, 18 2, a clerk in the Treasury, and, combining the names of her two husbands, called herself Scio-Messié. But, having been divorced, on the 18th September, 1806, from her second husband, Antoine-Louis Messié, and not Messier, she resumed the name of the first. Pulmonary consumption, brought on by her excesses, terminated her life on the 14th July, 1807, at the age of 37." (Article signed: Audiffret in the *Biographie Michaud.*)

¶ *Journal de Paris*, 10th December, 1794.

PROVINCIAL.

EASTBOURNE.—Mr Julian Adams gave his annual concert in the Floral Hall, Devonshire Park, with Miss Alice Roselli and Mdme Antoinette Sterling as singers. The excellent orchestra, under Mr Julian Adams's direction, played Gounod's "Nuptial March," Wagner's overtures to *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," and other favourite pieces. Solos on the cornet and violin were respectively played by Mr W. Short and Mr J. Daly. Mdme Antoinette Sterling delighted all by her singing of Weber's aria from *Abu Hassan*, "O Fatima," and Miss Roselli, who made her first appearance here on the occasion, gave Pinsuti's new song, "Heaven and Earth," so much to the satisfaction of the audience that they would willingly have heard it again. The electric light, in violet-coloured glass shades, illumined the hall in which nearly 1,500 persons were assembled.

Elenchus.

At the end of an article on railway statistics, in the *Birmingham Daily Post* of the 13th instant, we stumbled over the subjoined:—

"*There seems to be no halting-place for the imagination till we find the whole race of man perpetually borne in railway trains with restless violence around the pendant world.*"

The above may fistulate for itself.

KOMOTAU.—Herr Otto Herold, a bell-founder, who died a short time since, had more than a royal funeral peal. Upwards of a hundred bells, in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Lower Austria, and Hungary, all cast by him, were, in virtue of a special stipulation with the various parish authorities who had purchased them, tolled on the day he was buried.

DRESDEN.—The eleventh report of the Royal Conservatory of Music has been issued. It contains the returns for the twenty-sixth scholastic year of the institution, a period extending from the 1st September, 1881, to the 15th July, 1882. The total number of students was 646.

LISBON.—The Teatro San Carlo will open on the 1st October with *Aïda*, principal characters by Mdlle Pasqua, Signori Barbacini, Aldighieri, and Navarrini. This will be followed by *Faust*, with Vanda Miller, Leoni, Signori Signoretti, Sivori, de Reszké, and *Lucia*, with Mdlle Lodi, Signori Signoretti, and Sivori. The first novelty will be *Lohengrin*, with Mesdlles de Reszké, Pasqua, Signori Barbacini, and Aldighieri. At the end of October, Gayarre will appear in *I Puritani*.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 566.)

Following Florestan's solo is the melodrama, or spoken dialogue of Leonora and Rocco with orchestral accompaniment, when they come into the dungeon to prepare the grave in the old well. Their words are to some extent prosaic, but the music suggests the poetry that is hidden under them. They speak of shivering with the cold of the vault and of difficulty in finding the entrance, but the music tells us of the fear that is at Leonora's heart lest she should find her husband in cruel sufferings and not be able to save him. When Rocco points out the motionless Florestan (for he has fallen exhausted after his excitement) and says coldly, "Perhaps he is dead," they bring the lantern and stand over him for a few moments, and find that he is not dead but sleeping. Then the hautboy, with its swaying arpeggios over the sustaining stringed instruments, recalls the feeling of the last solo with its twofold interest.

Ex. 209.

(*Spoken.*) No, no, he is sleeping.

We cannot but feel that the music here speaks the mind of the sleeping man. Surely that light quivering on his eyelids makes him dream that Leonora is near, though he knows not that she is there trying in vain to distinguish his features in that failing light in the gloom. When Rocco speaks in a matter-of-fact way of their business, the music brings a reminiscence of the movement in E flat of the duet when Leonora showed such anxiety to help Rocco in this task.

Ex. 210.

When Rocco asks whether she is afraid that she trembles so, and she answers with the plea of cold, the music shows the fear in her heart (*a*), and the resolution with which she shakes it off (*b*) and bravely begins to work.

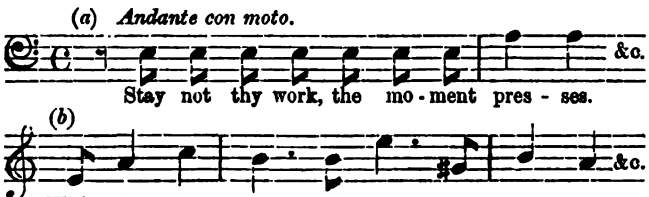
Ex. 211.

You tremble, are you afraid? Oh no! I only feel chill.

All this music is in fantasia form, changeful throughout.

With the settling down to work the music also becomes settled into form. The words are still dialogue: sometimes long, sometimes short sentences, joined by the accompaniment. Throughout, the main thought is of the work of preparation, and to it they constantly recur, and, in the following, (*a*) is the expression of Rocco's, (*b*) of Leonora's, words.

Ex. 212.



These, amplified, constitute the principal subject of the rondo. The first episode, in C, is the moving of the stone, after which the principal subject (Ex. 212) returns with some alterations. The second episode has two ideas—the one being Leonora's resolve to aid the prisoner, whoe'er he be; the other Rocco's complaint of Leonora's idleness. The final return of the principal key is in the form of a coda, with a recomposition of some of the first ideas.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

KING'S CONCERT ROOMS,
Hanover Square.

PROGRAMME
OF
MR SALAMAN'S SECOND CONCERT,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1834.

Mr SALAMAN is requested by Madame STOCKHAUSEN to beg the kind indulgence of his Patrons and Friends, as she is suffering from indisposition.

PART I.

Grand Sinfonia in E flat ..... *Spohr.*
Duetto, Signor RUBINI and Signor TAMBURINI, "Parlar Spiegar" ..... (*Pietro l'Eremito*) ..... *Rossini.*
Scena ed Aria (first time of performance), Madame STOCKHAUSEN, "Sol può dir che sia contento" ..... *F. E. Fesca.*
Grand Concerto in C minor, Pianoforte, Mr SALAMAN. *Beethoven.*
Cavatina, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI, "Come innocente" (*Anna Bolena*) ..... *Donizetti.*
(Her first appearance at any concert in England.)
Aria, Signor TAMBURINI, "Il mio piano" (*La Gazza Ladra*) *Rossini.*
Grand Concertante for four principal violins, with Orchestral Accompaniments, Messrs. MORI, PATEY, SEYMOUR, and A. GRIESBACH ..... *Maurer.*
Cavatina, Signor RUBINI, "Vivi tu" (*Anna Bolena*) *Donizetti.*
Terzetto, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI, Signor RUBINI, and Signor TAMBURINI, ... "Ti parli l'amore" ..... (*Otello*) *Rossini.*

PART II.

Grand Overture to Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream" *F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
Aria, Mrs H. R. BISHOP, "Voi che sapete" ... (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) ..... *Mozart.*
Swiss Air, Madame STOCKHAUSEN.
Grand "Fantaisie brillante," (first time) on Swiss and Tyrolean Airs, Pianoforte, Mr SALAMAN ..... *Czerny.*
Aria, Mr H. PHILLIPS, "Lascia Amor." Oboe and Bassoon Obligati, Mr G. COOKE and Mr MACKINTOSH, (*Orlando*) ..... *Handel.*
Duetto, Mlle GIULIETTA GRISI and Signor TAMBURINI, "Dunque io son" ..... (*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*) ..... *Rossini.*
Grand Jubilee Overture ..... *C. M. von Weber.*

Leader, Mr MORI. Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

Copyist and Librarian in attendance, Mr GIOVANNI WALKER.

CLEVES.—The Monument to the Knight of the Swan* (from whom, according to the local tradition, the Dukes of Cleves were descended) was unveiled on the 28th August. A quadrangular basement supports an octagonal column. In niches of this column stand Beatrix, Duchess of Cleves, and her three sons: Dietrich, with the sword; Gottfried, with the horn; and Conrad, with the ring. On the top of the column is a conically shaped block, surmounted by the figure of the Knight of the Swan in the well-known costume and cloak, as he appears in the second act of *Lohengrin*. His sword hangs down from his belt in front of him, and in his left hand he holds the horn, while his right rests on the head of a Swan that with its long neck affectionately nestles up to him. The statue and the figures in the niches are of sandstone, and executed by Herr Custodis of Cologne after a design by Professor Steinle of Frankfort. The basement and octagonal column are Belgian granite. Around the base of the Monument are four trefoil-shaped basins, into which water flows through as many bronze swan-heads.

* Lohengrin?—Dr Bliss.

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SIR J. BENEDICT'S *GRAZIELLA.*

Familiar to amateurs as is the proverbial "household word," the name, Sir Julius Benedict, is also not unknown in circles that may be technically called "non-musical." Not merely as a professor whose lifelong devotion to art was fitly recognized by her Majesty some time ago, but as one who, in one or other capacity, is foremost in good works, he has come to be regarded by Englishmen without distinction of classes as one of themselves. To the circumscribed few, as a pupil of Hummel, a friend and confidant of Weber, with whom for three years he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, anything he may say on current musical topics is of paramount importance. This is intensified by the present "march of events," and the value of his cantata is not to be estimated merely as a valuable iota of the coming Festival programme. He speaks with the authority of a scholar and the ripened experience of a life reaching beyond the allotted time of the Psalmist. While national *elan* has carried his countrymen far away in abstruse musical metaphysics, and drafted them into meaningless polyphony, Benedict, true to his instincts, has never swerved from the right path, and his latest piece may court criticism with the same fearlessness as his earliest or his most laboriously composed works.

Having the aid of Mr Hersee as collaborateur, the author has given his pen to the illustration of a series of scenes supposed to occur on the island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples. The cantata commences with an instrumental introduction of the tarantella type, of which more than two-thirds is scored in the minor key of A. In its formulation the section clearly, and without the slightest attempt at over-colouring, serves to pave the way for the introduction of the voices, announcing the gathering of the villagers on one of the lovely islands studding the Bay of Naples. The lazzaroni, and those more immediately related to the toilers on the deep, among whom Graziella is presently to stand the central figure in a beautiful and majestic chorus in A major, announce—

See with a slow majestic motion
Sinks in splendour bright yon sun.

The harmony is calculated to at once arrest the ear by its clearness and lucidity, and the absence of undue prolongation is a virtue that under the temptation of so fluent and facile a pen cannot, as is that of Sir Julius Benedict, be too highly commended. After two bars for the instruments an episodic change is initiated by the tenor voices, who, with a flowing accompaniment in quavers for the orchestra, sings a melodious period,

Morning sees us blithely labour,

and the soprano supplies the needful answer to the subject.

Evening brings us welcome rest.

In turn with the most discreet manipulation, the phrases are given, sometimes by the part responsible solus, and sometimes in ensemble with clever orchestral treatment, and, the first part of the number —a picture of an Italian sunset scene so far as tone painting can realize the conception, is finished by a return to the original utterance for voices with full orchestral combinations. Scarcely have the echoes died away upon the ear, when the vesper-like theme changes to one of mirth, the tempo is judiciously altered from common time to 6-8, and a tonal divergency occurs to the tonic minor scale. The change, which is ingeniously dovetailed in, is not at all kaleidoscopic. It comes in quite naturally, and there is no arranging of individual constituents in a haphazard manner, such as may or may not offend the musical vision. A phrase in unison for the corni, having a necessary relief in a sequence of full chords, is preliminary to the advent of the voices—

Linger not the red wine quaffing,
Let each face with smiles be gay.

With suitable abandon, the joyous phases of the section is depicted, and, after a passage in unison for tenor and basses, "Chase dull care away," local colour is emphasized by the introduction of a third sub-section—

Now the mirth grows more exciting
To the Tarantell's strain.

This is a bewitching scherzando in 2-4 time in C major, the first phrases of which are given to the soprano voices, answered chiefly in unisons by the male choir.

First advancing, then retiring,
Mark the maiden's furtive glance.

Subsequently both are combined, and the bustle and excitement of the scene—in which, however, no sign of musical turmoil appears—is carried on without intermission by a recurrence of the before-mentioned phrase for corni with its underlying chords, and a reiteration of the subject already named by the voices combined, the rhythm being also dexterously changed from 2-4 to 6-8. Mention might fitly be made of the melodious treatment for the words—

And with dancing, singing, laughing,
Chase dull care and grief away.

By a sequence of quavers, first of all given to the alto, the accompanying harmony being supplied by the three remaining parts at the point where the mode changes from the major of A to the tonic major, and the rhythm back again to 2-4. Also the imitation of this, as an anti-climax, a sonorous phrase for the voices in unison similarly planned comes with excellent effect just previously to the termination of the scene.

The merry-making is slightly interrupted by the appearance of the fisher-maiden Graziella, and her advent on the scene is told by a short chorus in 9-8 time, in the key of F major, and the old, old story of hopeless love is sententiously conveyed thus by Mr Hersee's lines :—

There comes Graziella, whose loveliness fair
Young Renzo still worships, though doomed to despair.

A brief phrase for Graziella, or a sort of waltz-like theme, apparently justifies the expostulations—

Why, Graziella, art thou still so cold to Renzo's pleadings?

To the choral remonstrance, in a recitative and aria, the heroine gives her views of the matter :—

Lovers' vows, with honey laden,
Oft deceive the trusting fair!

The recitative is short but telling, and the aria, in which the key—that of E major—is preserved throughout, has graphic variety by such changes in *tempi* as from 3-4 to 9-8 and back again. The first section concludes with a very elaborate vocal *cadenza*, and the succeeding one, "Liberty! thou art to me dearest of books," is a melodious *allegro con slanico*. At the re-introduction of the initiatory aria, "Lovers' vows," the harp is added to the accompaniment; and again, with effect, comes a second *cadenza*. The *scena* finishes with a bold chromatic phrase, extending to B flat in alt, "Let me ever be free." As a sequel to the richly-coloured dialogue, a short instrumental phrase is interpolated *Tempo di Tarantella*. This, however, is suddenly interrupted by a *sforzando* chord covering up what should have been the final phrase, and is doubtless intended to depict the startling rapidity with which a Mediterranean storm appears. With a regard for proper physical probabilities, the author seeks not to over-elaborate the scene by any lengthy pourtrayal, and lets his music tell its tale in the space of about a score of bars. In imminent peril Graziella descries her father, who had gone to ply his avocation, and in an impassioned recitative appeals to the bystanders—

Help! see, yonder on the cruel rocks,
My father's boat has struck.

Realizing the danger of the situation, the various groups reply in alternate phrases, in the key of D minor—

None but a madman would endeavour
To launch a boat in such a sea.

The storm increases in strength, and, at the critical juncture, the unsuccessful lover Renzo appears. At once reading the situation, in a short *agitato* in the key of B flat major, sings—

Give me a boat; I'll save him.

The chorus again remonstrate with the phrase, as before, but unheeding their warning, the brave man turns to Graziella, and asking as his guerdon the silver cross she wears, and her love, if successful, at once rushes to the rescue of her father. Here, again, the author does not allow himself to be drawn from a faithful and at the same time a commonsense delineation. Events crowd so quickly that an aria here interpolated, although great is the temptation, would be quite out of place. Contenting himself with barely twelve bars in the key of D flat major, Benedict contrives to compress each detail with brevity that is all the more commendable inasmuch as it is not ordinarily met with. While the storm movement is left, and naturally so, to the instrumentation, a chorus of nuns sing "Miserere Domini" in a neighbouring convent, answered by antiphonal phrases for the male choir with the same words. With a look for no one but her father, Graziella follows with intense and breathless anxiety the heroic efforts of Renzo to reach the apparently doomed man, and, after the last ejaculation of the nuns with those of the not unmoved group on the shore, thus appeals—

Gracious heaven, have mercy.

The detail of the rescue is told by Graziella, and the welcome of the bystanders to the pair who emerge from a seeming watery grave finds expression in a short choral phrase, "Genaro's life is saved." To this succeeds a highly-wrought aria for Graziella—

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My heart, that was frightened with clouds of despair,
Is bounding delighted with happinness rare.

This is in the key of A major, and is scored with the power and fluency only to be met with in a perfect master of instrumentation. The fisherman is made acquainted with the promise given by his daughter to Renzo, and the colloquy between the three is carried on quasi-parlante in the ordinary dialogue form. On to the melody of the before-mentioned aria for Graziella is tacked parts for the lover and father, a third element being introduced in the person of Alonzo, a pseudo artist, who is a secret admirer of the village beauty. Together the quartet forms a charming *ensemble*, and is conspicuous not only for ingenious treatment of the plastic materials at hand, but for the grace and melodiousness to be met with in almost every bar. Ultimately the chorus join, and a lengthy concerted eight-part piece, containing soliloquies for the lovers, and congratulating phrases for the father and the villagers, brings the scene to a termination.

Part II. opens with a recitative for Alonzo—

A month has glided by since I arrived at Procida—

in the key of B flat minor, narrating the growth of his passion for Graziella, and an appended aria in B flat major—

When first this lovely shore I sought;

and the two strophes Mr. Hersee has here supplied are beautifully set by the composer, who in this as in other instances shows that he is not deaf either to the claims or the charms of pure melody. Adventitiously, Graziella interrupts his impassioned song by her entrance, and the ensuing dialogue reveals the fact that the artist lover is of noble descent, and according to his own words, "I am in truth the Count of Lavagna." Dazzled at first by the offer of "rank and wealth and endless love," the heroine pauses, but remembering she is an affianced bride, ultimately rejoins, "My faith is pledged to Renzo." In an insidious recitative Alonzo enquires—

Could'st thou not love me, say,
If thy betrothal stood in the way?

and for reply receives in a plaintive andante in the key of B flat major—

If it will console thee, I the truth will own,
If it were free my heart were thine alone.

Unobserved, Renzo approaches, and hears the death-knell of his hopes for future happiness from the lips of his *fiancée*. With self-sacrificing abnegation he declares, inasmuch as her welfare is dearer to him than his own, they shall part. An exceedingly chastely-written trio in the key of F major, in 3-4 time, is utilized to express the varied emotions of the personages involved. Graziella, who does not yet realize Renzo's renunciation of her hand, promises his rival, "Oft shall thy name be breath'd by me." Renzo utters his sad, yet dignified "Farewell," and Alonzo joins with an earnest petition, "Think of the heart that thrill'd for thee." It is manifestly impossible to give anything like a final opinion upon concerted music like the piece in question from the opportunity at hand, but quite sufficient is to be met with in its evolution, graceful phrasing, musicianly treatment, and evident originality to stamp it as one of the most effective specimens of part writing the author has hitherto given to the world. The even melodic flow of the trio ended, Renzo, in a series of sequentially-arranged recitatives, bids Graziella farewell, and announces his intention henceforth to live for his country, in a martial aria in 3-4 time in the key of C major—

Our dear land is harassed by a fierce invading foe,
To fight for Italy at once I go.

The adieux being spoken, after the departure of Graziella and Alonzo. Renzo, apostrophising the cross which had been given to him on a memorable occasion, sings in a recitative "From thee, dear relic, I never will part," which is preliminary to a beautiful ballad in G major, scored in 12-8 time, "The ship that spreads her pinions white." The aria finished, Graziella and Alonzo return with Genaro, who consents to the union proposed, and the scene closes with a quartet, in which the two lovers take their leave of Graziella, the self-rejected one to go to the wars, and the accepted one to obtain the permission of his mother for the marriage. A short chorus of sailors, picturing the preparation for departure, is also here interpolated.

Scene 3, supposed to open six months after the events just narrated, finds Graziella, whose solitary letter from Alonzo during that period informs her that his mother refuses to sanction their union, just upon the point of commencing her novitiate. The step caused by a contemplation of the faithfulness of Renzo, who had sent as a dying bequest when he fell on the field of battle, the cross so dear to him, with the fickleness of the love she had so hastily welcomed, is explained by a recitative, and the abbess of the convent which is to be her future abode, in a solo "Come, Graziella," endeavours to strengthen her resolution.

The finale shows the nuns who come to welcome Graziella to their peaceful home, and also discovers her tardy lover Alonzo, appearing to claim his bride. Faithful, however, to the lost love, Graziella perseveres in her determination, and the life devotion of the dying soldier is vindicated, as also his earnest prayer at his voluntary renunciation,

Hope and joy have fled for ever,
But in regions far above
We shall meet, no more to sever.

The voices of the people are heard at this touching episode, and with the solemn chant of the nuns the cantata ends.

The Outlaw.

A Sad Story of the Summer Sea.

He held with boatmen on the beach
No meteorologic speech;
The gleeful shrimp (the tripper's goal)
Awoke no echo in his soul;
He took the lodgings as they came,
Without the energy to frame
Inquiries touching on the flea,
Or extras (which shall ever be).

While others grouped, and chummed, and chaffed,
And let themselves be photographed,
He sat apart and brooded thus,
Distinctly non-gregari-*us*.
Each foot that came, each wave that brake
He greeted with a nervous quake
And glanced around with nerves acute,
As apprehensive of pursuit.

At length, unable more to brave
The light, he sought a lonely cave,
And, crouching there in crushed affright,
Kept close by day, and prowled by night.
FUN sought him out; in abject fear,
Concluding that his end was near;
He cowered, speechless, for a time,
Then, yielding, told his tale of crime.

"A friend of mine" (he said) "alas!
Procured a ticket, second-class,
Proposing to proceed by train
To Little Mudbeach-on-the-Main.
But spermaceti, going down,
Prevented him from quitting town,
And he presented (being free
Of hand) that ticket unto me!

"And I—ah, thing of grief and shame,
That I could do it!—used the same,
Though 'Not transferable,' in black-
And-white was printed on the back.
The clippers clipped, from time to time, [crime;
That little card, nor guessed my
The kind collectors could not see
They *had not issued it to me!*

"But now I lurk in fear and doubt,
Convinced that they have found it out,
And even now are on my track—
Perhaps with thumbscrews and the rack."
FUN stared, unhinged, disgusted, shocked;
His very powers of speech were locked;
He left; for words were not in place
In so unparalleled a case.

—*Fun.*

BAYREUTH.—*Parsifal* is to be performed here twenty times next year between the 15th July and the 1st September. The King of Bavaria has consented to the members of the Munich Opera again co-operating, and this year's representatives of the principal characters have likewise promised their services. The notion of representing other Wagnerian works appears to be abandoned. With regard to the pecuniary result of the sixteen performances given, it is stated that, despite the heavy outlay, there is a surplus of 120,000 marks. The sum expended by the Managing Committee attained the respectable total of 380,000 marks, and the King of Bavaria, whose account is kept separate, paid as much. Commenting on these figures, the *Volkszeitung* remarks: "According to the returns, then, the *Parsifal* performances cost upwards of 700,000 marks. Such was the amount which had to be expended to introduce to the world the late fruits of Wagner's mental labours! What part of this immense sum did it cost to place Beethoven's *Fidelio* on the stage? Wagner's *Tannhäuser* proved successful with ordinary operatic resources; for the production of the *Nibelungenring* and *Parsifal* all Germany was set in commotion, a Festival-Play-House erected, and sufficient money sacrificed to found one of the finest charitable institutions in the world."

Jules Alexandre Demeur, born at Hodimont-lez-Verviers on the 23rd September, 1814, died in Paris on the 21st ult. At one time he belonged as flautist to the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and was afterwards professor of his instrument at the Conservatory in the same capital. After marrying Mdlle Charton, the well known singer, he led a retired life in Paris.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 1.

1784.

(Continued from page 460.)

At these musical performances Mr Ashley, a sub-director, and first bassoon at Covent Garden Theatre, played for the first time on a newly-invented instrument called a double bassoon, an appropriate appellation, it being double the size of the common ones. This instrument, which rested on a stand, had a sort of flue affixed to the top of it, similar (with the exception of smoke) to that of a Richmond steam-boat. I am ignorant, however, whether it produced any tone, or whether it was placed in the orchestra to terminate the prospect. The name of this double *bass* and gigantic instrument, which was only fit to be grasped by the monster Polyphemus, did not transpire, and the double bassoon, which had never been *heard*, was never again *seen* after these performances were ended! The profits arising from these performances, as well as the former ones, were applied to charitable purposes. The official statement of the sum received at the five commemoration performances was £12,736 12s. 10d. The disbursements, among which were £6,000 to the society for decayed musicians, (the members of which attended the rehearsals and performances gratis,) and £1,000 to the Westminster Hospital, amounted to the same sum, with the exception of £286 6s. 6d., left in the hands of Mr Redmond Simpson, sub-treasurer, to answer subsequent demands. That gentleman, as a performer on the oboe, was highly estimated before Fischer arrived in England. He was musical librarian to the Queen, and many years principal oboist to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and when he retired he was succeeded by Mr Sharp, my predecessor. At his funeral, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, I attended with other wind instrument players who respected him, and we assisted in the performance of the *Dead March in Saul* over his grave.

The public were so highly gratified with the Abbey performances, that the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, perceiving that music was the order of the day, produced, on the 5th of November, a new comic opera in two acts, entitled *The Spanish Rivals;* the music of which was composed by Mr Linley. This composition was very effective: the song in it, "Let the lark find repose," is a delightful piece, and was twice sweetly sung by Miss Phillips, afterwards Mrs Crouch. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre, not to be behindhand, presented, on the 16th of November, a new comic opera in three acts, with extraordinary success, entitled *Fontainbleau; or, Our way in France.* The dramatic part of the piece was written by O'Keefe. The music was compiled and composed by Mr Shield. Among the prominent pieces are "Let Fame sound the trumpet," an original and beautiful composition, well sung by Johnstone; Edwin's comic song "In London my life is a ring of delight," the *ne plus ultra* of comic singing, and Miss Wheeler's bravura, accompanied by me on the oboe, which was (says a critic) a scientific and brilliant display of vocal and instrumental excellence. On this song Peter Pindar wrote the following lines. They first appeared in the *Morning Herald,* of December, 1784, and are now to be found amongst his fugitive pieces:

To thee, while others pour their praise,
The bard delighted joins the throng;
With pride he tunes though weak his lays,
Where merit justifies the song.

Yet think not Parke thy wond'rous skill
Fair praise alone from mortals draws:
Lo! Phœbus listens from his hill,
And all the Muses join th' applause.

A few days after this highly successful opera was produced Mr Shield gave a dinner party at his house in compliment to those friends who had performed the principal parts in it, among whom were Edwin, Johnstone, Bannister, myself, Mr Fozard, &c. Such a combination of talent could not but prove entertaining, as each one contributed after dinner to the hilarity of the meeting. Mr Fozard (the fashionable horse-dealer of Park Lane) described a new species of robbery which had been committed on his premises during the preceding night. It appeared some villains had broken into his stables, and cut off the tails of a string of valuable young horses just received from the breeder. "This circumstance," said he, addressing his friend Bannister, "has distressed me very much, for I am quite at a loss how to sell them. What would you advise?"—"Why," said Bannister, in his peculiar way, "in my opinion, the best thing you can do is to sell them by *wholesale*, for you'll never be able to *re-tail* them." Edwin gave some of his comic songs inimitably, particularly "Amo, Amas," from "The Agreeable Surprise," and "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row;" and Johnstone some of his Irish airs, and duets with Bannister. Shield, who was so good an actor, that Edwin, at the rehearsal of a new opera, would never go through his songs till he had heard him sing them, related with great ability, the following whimsical anecdote of an actor of the name of Digges, who had performed the principal characters at Colman's Theatre in the Hay Market during the preceding summer. This man, (a tragedian,) who had obtained the appellation of the great northern actor, and who was as frigid as the vicinity of the north pole, having had his benefit fixed, began to consider what attractive novelty he should produce to fill the house on that occasion, and at length determined to select *The Beggar's Opera,* and to perform the character of Macheath in it himself. Digges, who had never before attempted a song, sent for his old friend Shield to ask his advice, and to request him to hear him sing one of the songs, which, on his arrival, in strict accordance with Hamlet's advice to the players, "Suit the action to the word," he rehearsed in the following manner:

AIR.

When the *heart* [striking his left breast with his right hand] of a man is depress'd with care,
The *mist* [drawing his hands across his eyes] is dispelled when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a *fiddle* [imitating the action of playing one] she sweetly, sweetly
Raises his spirits and charms his *ear.* [Seizing his left *lug* with the thumb and finger of his right hand.]

Digges proceeded no further, for the lengthened countenance of his friend Shield deterred him; nor did he subsequently appear in the character of Macheath, whereby he not only evinced much prudence, but probably avoided a similar fate to that intended for Mr D———n, an unpopular actor in Dublin, who being announced in the playbills to perform the character of Richard the Third, was luckily prevented from appearing by sudden illness. On this disappointment being communicated to the audience by the manager, from the stage, a gentleman sprung upon the seats of the pit, and addressing the public, said, with a stentorian voice, "Jontlemen! as Mr D———n don't act to-night you may *ate* your apples."

The King's Theatre opened for the season on the 18th of December, with a comic opera, called *Il Curioso Indiscreto;* the music by Anfossi, in which Signor Cremonini appeared for the first time; his talent was not very splendid. The music of this opera is not one of Anfossi's best efforts; nevertheless there are in it some pretty airs, and the *finales* are various and original.

(To be continued.)

Literary Work and Tobacco.—In response to a circular recently sent out by Mr Arthur Reade, who has been collecting information as to the habits of literary men in regard to stimulants, the Abbé Moigno gives an interesting and characteristic record of his experiences. The letter appearing in his paper, *Les Mondes,* states that he has published 150 volumes, small and great; that he scarcely ever leaves his work table, and never takes walking exercise; yet he never has a trace of headache, or brain-weariness, or constipation, or any form of urinary trouble, &c. He never has recourse for his work to stimulants, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, &c., a statement which the sequel shows to need qualification. Snuff-taking he has sometimes practised, but he vigorously condemns it. He has learnt 12 foreign languages by a method of his own, and with regard to his acquirements in philology and chronology, he says, "I was one of the most extraordinary personalities of my time, and François Arago sometimes laughingly threatened to have me burnt as a sorcerer." On one occasion when in Munich for a few weeks and spending his evenings with Bavarian *savants,* who each smoked four or five cigars and drank two or three pots of beer daily (Steinheil the most illustrious, boasted of smoking 6,000 cigars a year), the Abbé came to smoke three or four cigars a day. He had also anew taken to snuff, so that when preparing his calculus of variations, a very difficult mathematical work, he would empty his snuff-box (which held 25 grammes) in a day. But one day he was surprised to find himself painfully unable to recall the meaning of foreign words, and remember dates with which he had been familiar. Thereupon he formed a heroic resolution, and since August 31, 1863, when he smoked three cigars and took 25 centimes worth of snuff, he has up to the 25th of June, 1882, touched neither. This was, for him, a complete resurrection, not only of memory, but of general health and well-being; he has had indefinite capacity of work, unconscious digestion, perfect assimilation of food (of which he can take more), &c. For the rest, he mentions that he takes a small cup of black coffee in the morning, and when all but two or three spoonfuls has been drank, he adds a small spoonful of brandy or other alcoholic liquor. This is his ration of stimulants. He goes to bed about 9, and rises at 5, "full of vigour." The Abbé is over 80.

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WAIFS.

Remenyi is engaged for thirty concerts in Texas this winter.

The Liceo Musicale Rossini, at Pesaro, will be opened in November.

A great "Sängerfest" is to be held at Buffalo, U.S., in July, 1883.

Madeline Schiller, the pianist, is about to marry a Mr Clarence S. Ward.

I due Soci is the title of the opera on which Signor Gialdini is now employed.

The baritone Verger is in negotiation with the management of the Milan Scala.

Mdme Marie Sasse has opened a school of singing and "scenic art" in Paris.

Miss Stevenson's many friends will learn with regret that she is dangerously ill.

Mdlle Aimée, engaged by Maurice Grau, was expected in America early this month.

Mad Judic will shortly fulfil an engagement at the Teatro de la Comedia, Madrid.

There is some talk of opening the Teatro Carcano, Milan, for opera during the carnival.

Music and Drama (New York) says: "Mr Ernest Gye is coming here to reconnoitre."

M. Demarans, a French professor of music, was murdered in Cairo by his native servants.

A biography of Nicola Vaccai, the composer, by his son, Giulio, has been published in Bologna.

Emma Juch reached New York some time since from England. She is engaged by Mr. Mapleson.

A choral society, entitled the Guido Monaco Choral Society, will shortly be established in Florence.

Mdlle Marianne Brandt has been singing with much success in *Fidelio* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

The harpist, Lebano, having returned from Spain, is giving concerts in the principal towns of Sicily.

Nolli, the barytone, is engaged at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, from the 20th inst to the 10th December.

The French residents in New York gave Thérèse Théo a grand reception on her arrival in the Empire City.

Pauline Lucca will appear for a few nights at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, in the early part of December.

Señor Larra is translating into Spanish the libretto of von Suppé's *Boccaccio* for the Teatro de Jovellanos, Madrid.

After fulfilling her engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, Mdlle Rosita Mauri intends, it is said, retiring from the stage.

August Neumann is said to have a guarantee fund of 100,000 dollars for his *Nibelung* performances in America next year.

An Italian operatic company are performing in Cadiz whence they proceed to Alicante. The leading lady is Signora Escalente.

La Correspondencia Músical of the 6th inst. states that Pablo Sarasate was shortly expected at Pampeluna from San Sebastian.

M. Wieniawski, the pianist, assisted by Mad Zarembska and Mdlle Marie Poirson, gave a concert a short time since at Ostend.

Carl Klindworth, the pianist, has left Moscow and joined the professional staff at the Neue Academie der Tonkunst (Kullak's), Berlin.

A new zarzuela, *La Muleta Consejera*, illustrative of Cuban manners, is in preparation at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

The operatic season at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste, was inaugurated with Verdi's *Nabucco*, the second opera being the same master's *Rigoletto*.

The Italian dramatic author, Paolo Giacometti, died recently at Rome. He was born in 1816, and achieved success as a dramatist when only twenty.

Mancinelli's "Hymn" for the Guido Monaco Festival at Arezzo was enthusiastically received and encored. Boïto's *Mefistofele*, also, was highly successful.

The National Hymn of San Marino, composed by Sig. Marenco, was lately performed in the principal square of the Republic and the presence of the entire population, who were much pleased with it.

With the consent of the author, M. F. Mistral, the well-known poem, *Calendal*, in the Provençal dialect, has been transformed by M. Paul Ferrier into a libretto, for which M. Henri Maréchal writes the music.

Mdme Minnie Hauk will commence a five-months' concert tour at Boston, U.S., in October, and afterwards visit the other large cities of the great Republic.

Richard Kleinmichel, musical director at the Leipsic Stadttheater, has completed a romantico-comic opera, *Manon*, which will be produced next year in Hamburgh.

Christian Adolph Hertz, famous for his treatises—*Lohengrin and the Wagnerian Tendency*, *The Future of Art in Scandinavia*, &c.—died at Copenhagen on the 21st ult.

The season at the Milan Scala will probably be inaugurated with *L'Etoile du Nord*, the principal characters being sustained by Signorina Dalty and M. Maurel.

Kéler Béla was conductor at the concerts in the Tonhalle, Zurich; after which he took part in a Benefit Concert at the Zoological Garden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

The performers in the Madrid orchestras have banded together to defend their common interest. *La Cronica de la Música* mentions five societies founded for this purpose.

Gloria Keller, a young lady who has attained the ripe age of eight, is creating a sensation at Alicante by her phenomenal powers as pianist, vocalist, and elocutionist.

Dr Wüllner has declined the directorship of the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, despite the exceedingly liberal emoluments attached to it, and remains in Dresden.

In addition to the usual annual grant of 20,000 florins for the Klausenburg Nationaltheater, the Emperor of Austria has given 10,000 florins for last year and the same for this.

After an absence of nearly five months, Mdme Materna made her re-appearance at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, as Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*, and met with a very cordial reception.

He thought he would mark his new shirts himself. So he marked the first shirt "Alfred Washington Jones," and the other eleven shirts, "ditto." (This must be taken *cum grano*.—Dr Blitge.)

The twenty-fifth annual festival of the Worcester County (Mass., U. S.), Musical Association will commence on Monday, the 25th inst., and end on the Friday following. Mr Frederic Archer will be solo organist and Carl Zerrahn conductor.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, September* 16, 1882.

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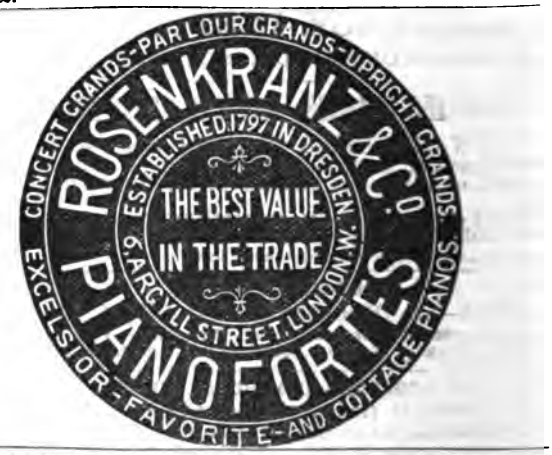
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HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 573.)

Sept. 16.

The Cathedral programme on Thursday morning included three works, each of distinctive interest. First in order came Dr Garrett's new cantata, *The Shunamite;* next, Beethoven's Mass in C; and last, a liberal selection from Molique's Norwich oratorio, *Abraham.* Such a group, aided by weather of a genuinely festive character, would be relied upon anywhere to attract a large gathering of amateurs. In these western shires, however, there is an invincible indifference to novelties. I have pointed out the fact over and over again, when discussing the Festival programmes, and it is one which should always be kept in mind. The managers here know well that its consideration is a matter of first necessity with them. They dare not fly in the face of their public, as some advisers would have them do. Ruin would inevitably follow, and, after all, the strongest opponents of the present *régime* must admit that it is better for provincial amateurs to hear the great classic masterpieces they know and love than to hear nothing. The lesson of these circumstances was forcibly taught to-day by a meagre attendance, several parts of the Cathedral being almost empty. Yet one consoling fact remains. The "sacred oratorio" is set down for to-morrow morning, and, as on many like occasions, will make up lost ground.

Dr Garrett's *Shunamite* was not heard to-day for the first time, its production having taken place at a concert given in Cambridge last June by the University Choral Society. The work came here, nevertheless, as an absolute novelty to the Festival public, who might have been expected to anticipate with real interest the musical treatment of a theme so full of pathetic human feeling. In preparing his libretto, Dr Garrett had two courses open before him; first, to found a drama upon the Biblical incidents; next, to take the Scriptural narrative as it stands and make it the basis of didactic exposition. Both are legitimate, but it was to be expected from the composer's training and antecedents that he would adopt the more common, more easy, and, probably, more congenial second course. This he did, and hence the book of the *Shunamite* consists of a story broken up into many parts, each the text of a disquisition in the familiar Greek chorus style. The interest of the narrative is, of course, weakened in proportion to the copiousness and frequency of the interpolated "lessons," which, I may as well say at once, Dr Garrett scatters about his work with an unsparing hand. Some of them are almost forced upon it. For example, when the Shunamite invites her husband to prepare a chamber for Elisha, the chorus warns us, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." When the woman is promised a son, no fewer than three reflective numbers spring out of the incident, while Elisha's prayer, as he kneels alone by the body of the child, is actually interrupted, that the comment of some impossible lookers on may be heard. With the subject of a cantata or oratorio treated in this manner, the work becomes not so much an illustration of incident, as a series of anthems tacked together by a slight thread of narrative. Dr Garrett evidently intended such a result, his music savouring more of the church than of the concert platform, with its liberty of dramatic expression. The *Shunamite* might, indeed, have been written in an organ loft. It has all the comparative stiffness and constraint of the music thought most suitable to a respectable Englishman's well-regulated religious sentiment. The effect is at times decidedly irritating. We wish that the composer would for once let himself go, instead of pulling up with an eye on the law of decorum. He refuses all opportunities, however, and the steady flow of anthem-like music goes on with a "prunes and prism" expression that would commend itself to Mrs General as the pink of propriety. Observe that I am not saying anything against Dr Garrett's anthems as such. I only insist that when a man takes up a dramatic subject he should treat it in a dramatic spirit rather than make it the text of a high and dry musical sermon. The character of the writing in this work may be supposed free from the faults into which the tyro easily falls. Dr Garrett is, *ex officio*, a learned musician, to whom the tools of his craft and the correct manner of their application are familiar. His work, therefore, commends itself by being well made, but would do so still more were its outline less stiff and formal. It is here that the composer's training as a church musician has stood in his way. He does not seem to have been aware of the liberty allowed him, or else he shrank from using it, and the result is that the music strikes an attentive listener as being a lot of phrases carefully assorted and started in orderly procession. All this might be pardoned if the ideas of the work were elevated above commonplace. Dr Garrett is not wholly incapable of such distinction, as certain parts of the *Shunamite* prove. Take for example the choruses "Children are an heritage" and "Death is come up into our windows," both of which are distinctive and remarkable. But, as a rule, the music falls upon the ear like a tale that is told. We have heard it all before. It belongs to the ordinary colloquialisms of the art. A feature in the design of the cantata should not be overlooked. Dr Garrett makes liberal use of phrases intended, by their occasional recurrence, to bring to mind conditions and events that have passed. In his employment of this device he shows considerable ingenuity, and from it springs much of whatever interest the work excites. Taking a general view of the *Shunamite*, I cannot hope to see it occupying a high place among its kind. The cantata belongs to manufactured music. It never had a *raison d'être* in the inward necessity of an inspired soul to make outward utterance. The characters were distributed thus: The Shunamite, Miss Anna Williams; Narrator, Miss Hilda Wilson (who took the same part at Cambridge); Elisha, Mr Boyle; Gehazi, Mr King. Mr Boyle was not quite happy in the work he had to do, and needed watching; but his associates discharged their task right well, Miss Anna Williams—who is singing admirably here—deserving special mention. The performance, as a whole, was more slipshod than can be excused by ever so much consideration for an inexperienced conductor, who was no other than the composer himself.

Beethoven's "Mass in C" followed the *Shunamite*, and made the effect usual at these Festivals, The Mass was given to-day under circumstances of special advantage as regards its solos. It seems to have been felt that Beethoven's music deserves the best available interpreters; and Miss Williams, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley were all engaged upon it, with results easy to imagine. There can be no need of eulogy of this work, since it long ago passed beyond the range of criticism. The mass will ever rank as one of its composer's most divine productions, and as an offering upon the altar of religion worthy before most others of acceptance. Such music is never heard to greater advantage than at a Cathedral Festival, save, of course, in its proper place as a part of divine service. Under the conditions which ruled to-day religious significance comes in full force to the aid of musical beauty, and the entire effect is one that impresses the heart, while it commands intellectual homage.

The programme closed with a copious selection from Molique's oratorio *Abraham*—a work as strange to the public ear as though it had been written only yesterday. *Abraham* was first produced at the Norwich Festival of 1860, and obtained, if I am not mistaken, a hearing in London and elsewhere shortly after. Soon, however, it dropped out of sight and almost out of memory. *Prima facie*, this gives good reason for believing that *Abraham* is unworthy of life, but to arrive at such a conclusion would be utter injustice. The work is written throughout in the school of Mendelssohn, with occasional reminiscences of Spohr, whom Molique greatly admired, and it appeared at a time when Mendelssohnian echoes, aroused by the immense popularity of *Elijah*, were everywhere prevailing. Public taste quickly became surfeited with one style of music, and the boldest and best of the great composer's imitators then had little chance. Besides, Mendelssohn alone filled the public mind; the master left no room for the disciples; nor when his fascinating strains were heard would the public ear listen to any other. Circumstances are different now, for while Mendelssohn retains the commanding position which will ever be his, new masters and new styles have arisen to create a greater diversity and to make impos-

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sible the palling of any one upon the general taste. Therefore, works like Molique's *Abraham* have at last a chance, and the revival of the oratorio here must be accounted a timely act. It is a useful act also, since it dispels ignorance of a thing which the world, if it knew what was good for it, would not willingly let die. Granted that the music in *Abraham* is not marked by the originality that proclaims the opening of another chapter in art history—we may rejoice, perhaps, that there is no attempt at it—and what then? *The craze for originality, so called, is the curse of modern music. The parent of all extravagance, distortion, and ugliness, it reduces composers in effect to the position of men grinning through horse-collars at a country fair for the reward of the most extraordinary grimaces. The result is that musicians who might do good service in this, that, or the other school, so conduct themselves as to excite pity or contempt. It is time this pitiful delusion ended, and that those who desire to say anything in music cease to jabber incoherence in the hope of its acceptance as a new idiom.*

Abraham addresses us a second time with perfectly intelligible and graceful speech; moreover, it is the speech of a master who knows the spirit as well as the form of his artistic language, and can commend himself to the mind as well as the ear. Every number in *Abraham* vouches for this, and it will be a marvel if the reward of so much merit does not come sooner or later in full measure. The selections performed to-day included some of the best parts of the work, among them the departure of the patriarch from Chaldea, the Divine covenant, the birth of Isaac, the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, and the sacrifice on Mount Moriah. I shall not now discuss the various numbers in detail, a better opportunity being, no doubt, at hand. Suffice it that the lovely trio, with horn accompaniment, "Let all those rejoice," and the grand chorus, "Great is our Lord," stood out prominently as examples of technical skill and masterful expression worthy of all honour. In the selection from *Abraham* Hereford has rehabilitated a master upon whom neglect had unjustly fallen. The performance, as a whole, might have been better, but the solos were capitally rendered by Miss Williams, Miss Fenna, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Mention was especially deserved by Mdme Patey, whose delivery of Sarah's music could not have been surpassed. Mr Lloyd, too, made his mark, declaiming the recitatives with great effect, and singing the air, "Pour out thy heart," delightfully.

The evening concert in the Shire Hall was very well attended by an audience no less distinguished than numerous, this being attributable, in part, to the appearance of Mdme Albani, and, in other part, to the popular character of the programme. The work done does not call for lengthy notice; but more than a word is due to the performance of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, in which the pianoforte part was played by Mr James Taylor, Mus. Bac. Mr Taylor, whose style is good and whose musical intelligence is obvious, acquitted himself well. He was satisfied to present Beethoven as he found him, leaving others to commit the impertinence of treating the master's ideas as so many stalking horses for an exhibition of their own. The *Choral Fantasia*, together with the overtures to *Die Zauberflöte* and *Oberon*, made up the orchestral part of the programme, which, however, was surpassed in interest for the audience by the vocal selections. Several novelties had a place among the songs. There were, for example, M. Gounod's "Golden Thread," sung, as at Birmingham, by Madame Patey; an aria from Eckert's *Guillaume d'Orange*, for which Mdme Albani was responsible; and the ballad, "Lovely Graziella" (Mr F. King), from Sir Julius Benedict's new cantata. These all excited interest, as did, no less, Mr Lloyd's finished reading of Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the fine solo playing of Mr Carrodus in a violin romanza by Svendsen.

On Friday *The Messiah* was performed in the cathedral under conditions exceptionally favourable. Handel's masterpiece draws the country people as nothing else can. It brings them from all manner of outlying places by all manner of conveyances, and the weather is, therefore, a most important factor in the case. This morning the sun shone brilliantly, making the universal desire to hear the "sacred oratorio" stronger by its inviting warmth and brightness. The peculiar characteristics of a *Messiah* day at these festivals were intensified, therefore; the streets being full of visitors, and the greatest animation prevailing. It is needless to comment upon the performance, in which all the artists engaged here took part. Enough that, if not absolutely without fault, it gave such satisfaction to its audience as only a fairly good rendering of Handel's familiar strains can.

The number of persons present was 1,714, and the collection amounted to £274 4s. 6d. *In this connection let me point out a significant bit of statistical evidence, which those should ponder who rail at the Festival managers for not producing novelties instead of* Elijah *and* The Messiah. *The aggregate attendance in the cathedral during the week has been* 5,852. *Of this number* 3,108, *or* 52 *per cent., assisted at the performance of the works just named. I may add that the total attendance exceeded, by* 206, *that of the Festival held in* 1879. The sum collected for the charity up to the present time is £806 10s. 3d.; but this will be considerably augmented, as usual, by contributions sent direct to the treasurer.—*D. T.*

—o—

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having been out of town I have just read "a Professor's" letter addressed to you in regard to the "Guildhall School of Music." I don't see why the writer, being sure of what he says, withholds his name. Belonging as I do to the same Institution I cannot express my opinion on the subject, for the simple reason that I was not aware until now the Committee contained among their number members of the musical profession. Now this being the case, according to the assertion of "a Professor," I don't hesitate to say that the only way to do some good, improve matters of detail and prevent occurrences of the kind is to invite in turn all the professors attached to the Institution; perhaps from some of them something to advantage might be known. I take this opportunity to inform "a Professor" that instead of Mr Dicks, Mr Hicks, of the Common Council, was the gentleman alluded to in your issue of July 29th. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, G. LI CALSI.

91, *Lancaster Gate, Notting Hill, September 18th*, 1882.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The Hereford Musical Festival, celebrated last week, was favoured by congenial weather, which added to the comfort and enhanced the gratification of its constant supporters. This was the 159th anniversary of the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, originally instituted for the benefit of widows and orphans of the poorer clergy, whose services for good within the limits of the three dioceses can scarcely be over-estimated. When such energetic workers are called away it seems only just that those who survive to deplore their loss should be cared for. In the cathedral towns of mid-England a vast deal has been effected during the course of a century and upwards in promotion of so desirable an object; and on this account alone the annual gatherings of the choirs, in one or other city, merit help and countenance. It has been urged that the wealthier clergy might, while scarcely feeling the tax upon their resources, provide all that is indispensable for the requirements of their less fortunate co-labourers, and thus do away with the necessity of giving what some persist in designating as "musical entertainments" in their churches, paying for the aid of singers and players upon instruments, and charging money for admission, in order to meet the expenses incurred. But, as it would appear, the wealthier clergy do nothing of the kind. Why, therefore, any antagonism should be shown to the continuance of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, to which laymen so liberally contribute, it is not easy to explain. That the outcry about "novelty" was without significance, as regards the performances, and wholly unjustified on the present occasion, we shall endeavour to prove next week. Enough that the "novelties" actually presented gave unqualified satisfaction, that the programme, taken as a whole, was both varied and excellent, and the execution generally worthy the reputation long maintained, and long still, it may be hoped, in store for the Festivals of the Three Choirs.—*Graphic.*

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BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Little more remains to be said of this almost exceptionally prosperous meeting. The second performance of *The Redemption*, which brought it to an end on Friday night (September 1), while as fully attended and as loudly applauded, was in no sense equal to the first, although the composer wielded the *bâton* with even more than his usual and somewhat eccentric energy. Truth is that both chorus and orchestra were well-nigh exhausted after the week's toil, a result with which M. Gounod himself, through his fidgety desire for a perfection of detail impossible of attainment in the circumstances, was largely responsible. The second hearing, however, by no means weakened the impression created by the first, and *The Redemption* will assuredly figure conspicuously in forthcoming records of the Birmingham Festival of 1882. The principal singers, as before, were Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Marie Roze; Messrs Lloyd, Cummings, Foli, King, and Santley, who, by their zeal and unflagging attention, did credit to themselves, while giving all imaginable effect to the music with the interpretation of which they were entrusted. It, indeed, may be safely asserted that had not the popular and exacting French musician insisted upon an extra full rehearsal, after declaring publicly his entire satisfaction with its precursor in Birmingham Town Hall, the general effect would have been more satisfactory in proportion. About the merits of the work itself no more need be said till it is submitted to the judgment of a London audience, which will be appealed to not long hence at the Royal Albert Hall, under the superintendence, if we are not mistaken, of Mr Joseph Barnby. With so practised a chief and excellent a musician, it will be as carefully studied, and enjoy as fair a chance of impartial consideration, as though the author himself (both of the literary text and the music, by the way) were to hold the conductor's stick. Until then we bid adieu to *The Redemption*, with a sincere wish that all predicted of it may be realized—not, let us add, as the beginning of a new era and a new form of "oratorio," which some critics are inclined to think; for that is sheer nonsense, M. Gounod's work, despite its varied beauties, having no solid pretensions to the name of oratorio, for the justifiable assumption of which something considerably deeper is a matter of strict necessity. On the other hand, M. Gounod may content himself with the universally admitted fact, that he has given to the world a composition as engaging as, in its way, it is original, and that his prevalent *leitmotive* is in every amateur's head and on every amateur's lips. *Psyche*, the new secular cantata, by Herr Niels Gade, a general favourite, whose talent is only excelled by his utter absence of assumption, will also not long hence be heard in London; and just now we must be satisfied with recording its complete and well-merited success—a success for which Birmingham amateurs had been prepared in advance by other works written expressly for their Festival, and received with equal favour. That Herr Gade is a composer in the school of Mendelssohn, his first discoverer and promoter, musical readers scarcely require to be told—any more than that his writing for voices and his orchestral scoring are as finished and as brightly coloured as becomes the imitator of so great and fascinating a model. Whatever some of our self-appointed instructors may argue, we are not yet quite extricated from Mendelssohn's "leading-strings;" and in this particular Herr Gade stands much in the same predicament as M. Gounod himself—which textual quotations from both *The Redemption* and *Psyche* might amply serve to show. Under his unobtrusive and skilful direction, Herr Gade's cantata obtained an execution little short of perfect; and fortunate in such leading vocalists as Mdme Marie Roze (Psyche), Miss E. Farnol, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, all must have gone to his satisfaction. The work and its composer were received with unanimous favour—and no wonder. To Mr. Gaul's sacred cantata, *The Holy City*, we have referred, and it only remains to state that, as the production of a local composer, it was naturally welcomed with the utmost cordiality, to which, however, it is a pleasing duty to add that its own intrinsic merits fully justified the applause bestowed upon it, and that the performance, under the direction of the composer, with Mdmes Trebelli and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Emilie Harris (a "local" professor, we believe), Messrs Maas and F. King as principal singers, was all that could be wished. Mr Stockley, the able chorus-master for the Birmingham Festivals, conducted, and a loud call was made for the composer at the end. *The Holy City*, too, we hear, is to be given in London. So much the better, this honour being the *Ultima Thule* of a native artist's ambition. About the new Symphony of Mr Hubert Parry and the "Orchestral Serenade" of Mr Villiers Stanford, both belonging, more or less, to the "advanced school," we shall doubtless, thanks to the eclectic Mr August Manns, hear more, at no distant date, in the Crystal Palace. Mozart's incomparable G minor Symphony, Cherubini's very remarkable Fourth Mass (in C), and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, to praise any one of which would be superfluous, all splendidly given, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who, in spite of his recent severe illness, was the life and soul of the Festival, added materially to the attractions of this unusually varied programme, further enriched, it should be added, by Sir Julius Benedict's secular cantata, *Graziella*, a worthy companion to his *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *St Cecilia*, the performance of which, directed by the veteran composer himself, with Mesdames Marie Roze and Patey, Messrs Lloyd and King as leading singers, was received, as it deserved, with frequent and long continued applause. That to the imperishable *Messiah* a whole day was devoted may be taken for granted.—*Graphic.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A misunderstanding having arisen in some quarters, which may, if not removed, become general, as to the aims and objects of the New Society, I beg to be permitted through your columns to say that the Society has been registered under the authority of the Board of Trade purely in the interests of Art, and not as a commercial speculation. No member being entitled to receive any dividend, bonus, or profit whatever, the whole income and property will be applied to the promotion of the objects of the Society, and recourse has been had to registration as a company with limited liability, as being the simplest method of providing the necessary working capital, and of raising a guarantee fund. On these grounds the appeal is made to all lovers of music, to those of the profession and amateurs who have at any time been connected with the old Society's operations, as well as to the wealthy patrons of the Art, to aid in the re-establishment, in a manner worthy in all respects of its old and cherished traditions, of a Society whose work and influence have been of such an elevating character, and which has justly held so high a position for many years past among the kindred institutions of the country. Reference to the Memorandum and Articles of Association will, I think, convince most that the foundation has been laid for a good Society, embracing various objects, to be pursued according to the support forthcoming, and with a constitution which can lend itself to the requirements of the times.

In conclusion, it should be clearly understood that it remains for the patrons of Musical Art and for the public to determine very shortly, by the measure of support accorded, whether or not such a Society shall have an existence. There is every reason for satisfaction with results so far; but liberal support is still required to help us to the end in view. Those who for any reasons object to hold "Shares" in any undertaking, are enabled to help by means of donations. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALFRED J. PUTTICK, *Hon. Sec. of the (New) Sacred Harmonic Society.*

25, Russell Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Sept. 7.

Alban Förster, appointed *Capellmeister* to the Grand Duke of Neu-Strelitz, is succeeded as teacher of harmony, choral and concerted singing, at the Dresden Conservatory, by Eduard Welz, musical director, Liegnitz.

STUTTGART.—A rare festival took place here on Sept. 1, when Kammervirtuoso Herr Gottlieb Krüger completed his forty years membership of the Royal Chapel. Herr G. Krüger is one of the foremost harpists of Germany, and was formerly a pupil of Parish Alvars. That he is highly respected by his colleagues as well as the public was evinced by the ovations which he received. The "Festival" began at early morning by the male quartet of the Royal Vocal Chapel serenading him. This was followed by congratulations from his many friends, accompanied by bouquets of choice flowers and presents of various kinds. Herr Krüger afterwards was received in the music room of the Royal Theatre tastefully ornamented with flowers, the busts of their Majesties the King and Queen being placed in the centre. Hofkapellmeister Abert then, in an appropriate speech, expressed the hearty felicitations of the members of the Hofkapelle, and handed Herr Krüger a beautiful laurel wreath decorated with silk ribbons and the Würtemberg national colours. Then followed loud "Hurrahs" and a "fanfare." Subsequently Herr Krüger had an audience of the Royal Chamber-president von Gunzert, who, by command of the King, handed to Herr Krüger the gold medal for art and science, to be worn with the ribbon of the Order of the Crown, expressing at the same time his Majesty's pleasure in remembering on this festive day his long and faithful services. The Royal Chamber-singer, Herr J. Schültz, and Prälat Dr. Gerok expressed their congratulations in some poetical stanzas, which were printed in the *Würtemberg Gazette.*

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AN ACT

TO AMEND THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT RELATING TO MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS. [10th August, 1882.]

Whereas it is expedient to amend the law relating to copyright in musical compositions, and to protect the public from vexatious proceedings for the recovery of penalties for the unauthorized performance of the same:

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. *On and after the passing of this Act* the proprietor of the copyright in any musical composition *first published after the passing of this Act*, or his assignee, *who shall be entitled to and be desirous of retaining in his own hands exclusively the right of public representation or performance of the same, shall print or cause to be printed upon the title-page of every published copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved.*

2. In case, after the passing of this Act, the right of public representation or performance of, and the copyright in, any musical composition shall be or become vested before publication of any copy thereof in different owners, then, if the owner of the right of public representation or performance shall desire to retain the same, he shall, before any such publication of any copy of such musical composition, give to the owner of the copyright therein notice in writing requiring him to print upon every copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved; but in case the right of public representation or performance of, and the copyright in, any musical composition shall, after publication of any copy thereof subsequently to the passing of this Act, first become vested in different owners, and such notice as aforesaid shall have been duly printed on all copies published after the passing of this Act previously to such vesting, then, if the owner of the right of performance and representation shall desire to retain the same, he shall, before the publication of any further copies of such musical composition, give notice in writing to the person in whom the copyright shall be then vested, requiring him to print such notice as aforesaid on every copy of such musical composition to be thereafter published.

3. If the owner *for the time being* of the copyright in any musical composition shall, *after due notice being given to him or his predecessor in title at the time*, and generally in accordance with the last preceding section, neglect or fail to print legibly and conspicuously upon every copy of such composition published by him or by his authority, or by any person lawfully entitled to publish the same, and claiming through or under him, a note or memorandum stating that the right of public representation or performance is reserved, then and in such case the owner of the copyright at the time of the happening of such neglect or default, shall forfeit and pay to the owner of the right of public representation or performance of such composition the sum of twenty pounds, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction.

4. Notwithstanding the provisions of the Act passed in the third and fourth years of His Majesty King William the Fourth, to amend the laws relating to dramatic literary property, or any other Act in which those provisions are incorporated, the costs of any action or proceedings for penalties or damages in respect of the unauthorized representation or performance of any musical composition published before the passing of this Act shall, in cases in which the plaintiff shall not recover more than forty shillings as penalty or damages, be in the discretion of the court or judge before whom such action or proceedings shall be tried.

5. This Act may be cited as the Copyright (Musical Compositions) Act, 1882.

All Musical Compositions published previously to the passing of this Act, are not included in its provisions, or the penalty contained therein: Therefore, the proprietors of the Copyright in "Musical Compositions" published before the 10th of August, 1882, cannot be compelled to print on such compositions, that "the right of public representation or performance is reserved."

And as the words attached to "Musical Compositions" is no part of the provisions of this Act, the authors of such words can claim no exclusive right to prevent the representation or performance of them in public without the written consent of the proprietor of the copyright.

* * * * * *

Mr Charles Purday has favoured us with the following observations on the new Act:—

The provisions of this Act relative to printing on all copies of "Musical Compositions" published after the 10th of August, 1882, the reservation of the right of public performance, with the penalty for the neglect or default of so doing, are not very likely to have the desired effect, as from the experience of the litigation respecting such performing rights on works published previously to the passing of this Act, Publishers will not now purchase the copyright in musical compositions without securing to themselves the right of performing the same in public too. They will also see the impolicy of putting on their title pages that the right of performing their new works is reserved, as it will militate against their being sung at concerts, or Penny Readings given for charitable or other purposes, fearing that some person may pounce upon the singers for a fee, or threaten them with a prosecution if such fee is not promptly forthcoming. Would it not be better, therefore, to state upon the title page "this Song, Quadrille," or other musical composition "may be performed without any fee." A word or two on the decisions that have been given respecting *performing* rights, which are generally stated to be *copyrights*. It is a fact that until these litigations took place, when an author sold a copyright to a publisher, he believed he had disposed of all the right that he possessed in his work, and never dreamt of interfering in the public performance of it. Nor did the Publisher who bought such a copyright think of asking an assignment of a performing right in addition to the copyright; consequently, everybody who chose to sing songs that were published believed he or she had a perfect right to do so without let or hindrance, never dreaming of being prosecuted, or being threatened with prosecution for doing so, being ignorant that they were infringing upon anybody's rights. But when such rights were brought before the law courts, and judges gave decisions against such performing rights, everybody was astonished; more especially when school-rooms were termed places of dramatic entertainments, because songs were sung and readings given there. There seems, however, to be a difference of opinion amongst the judges as to whether a single song, unconnected with any drama, can be a dramatic composition; or that a school-room can be a place of dramatic entertainment. And until such questions are settled by the highest tribunal of the realm, it must remain a doubtful matter. Like the question of copyright in foreign authors, in which there was so much difference of opinion, until the House of Lords decided that in the absence of conventions, a foreign author was not an author within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament, and had no power to sell a copyright in England.

DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC.

(*Extract from a private letter.*)

* * * * * *

DEAR ——.—The opera here is splendid, much better than the Leipsic opera *was;* but the Leipsic management has been entirely changed, so we may have something besides Wagner decently done in the winter. I heard Weber's *Freischütz* here last night, and I think it was about as complete as anything I remember.

The "principals" good, all of them, bar the tenor. Chorus very good, and band perfect. There are not so many clever solo players here as in Leipsic, but the band, as a whole, is infinitely better. Here they *play* the overture and *accompany* the singers; in Leipsic "every rioter for himself, and no blending." On the whole I think you hit the right nail on the head. Wagner *is* the death of Art. At all events, he has spoiled the Leipsic opera for a time. You will shortly hear from me again, as my sojourn at Leipsic will be somewhat prolonged.

* * * * * *

Dresden, August 20th, 1882. C. W. T.

DOMONT (*Seine-et-Oise*)—Edmond Membrée, the composer, died here suddenly of the rupture of an aneurism, while seated at table with his family and friends. He was born at Valenciennes in 1820, and was consequently sixty-two. After the religious service, which was performed here, the remains were conveyed to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise and deposited in the family vault. Ludovic Halévy delivered an address in the name of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and Victorin Joncières in that of the Société des Compositeurs.

STRASSBURGH.—François Schwab, composer, musical critic of the *Journal d'Alsace*, and a member of the staff of the *Ménestrel*, has died, aged fifty-three, after a long and painful illness. Among his musical compositions may be mentioned the comic operas, *Les deux Consultations*, *La Nuit tous les Chats sont gris*, and *Les Amours de Sylvio*. He composed, also, a Mass, performed in the church of Saint Eustache, Paris, various pieces of instrumental music, and several vocal scenes. Besides writing for the papers already named, he was at one time a contributor to the *Courier du Bas-Rhin*, the *Illustration de Bade*, and the *Gazette Musicale*. He assisted Hector Berlioz considerably in organizing his grand concerts at Baden.

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Musical World Ballads.

(By our Special Cockney.)

MY PUB. "*EN ESPAGNE.*"

Kum lissen, galliant gen'lmen,
Likevise u ladies hall,
& hi vill tell wot un-2 me,
At Bayroot did b-fall.

U rekollex as Wagginer, ven
From Moonik town i came,
Vith Loodvig's 15 *thousand quid,*
A sollum vow did frame.

Ses 'e, "By Woetan 'ear me svear,
Likevise by Kundry 2,
That ven i ope my sho, u shall
Make profit by the 'do.'

"i've rote a werry serus play,
Vith moosik orful dreer,
And hall my doops vill cert'ngly need
The werry best ov cheer.

"So u & Mary mite do vurse
Than sell good beef & hale,
Anigh unto the theaytur
—Ov sassage do not fale.

"& if so b u takes this 'int,
i'll give u 'elp most ample,
Hold List & self vill look u hup
& set a good eggsample.

"Veer'ere ve go the krowds vill kum,
& ven ve horders glasses,
They'll follow soot like anythink
—The poor d-looded hasses."

Ses i un-2 the Governur,
"This child is hon, u bet,
i look by this ere game to kleer
1000 *suff'rins net.*

"& then i'll marry Mary dear,
& keep a hin so cosy,
Vich 'Wagginer's Harms' it shall b called
—The 'Richard's Do,' sub rosy."

[Alas! alas! that publik 'ouse,
The 'ops ov it grows littler,
& much i fears that 'taint my fate
2 b a licens'd witler.]

* * * *

Be'old the day ov "Parsifal,"
It did at length draw neer,
& for 2 *pleeze the Jarmun taste*
I laid in lots ov beer.

The miles ov sassage Mary bote
They do a song deserve,
Vile Jarman vaiters stood around,
The "Patrons" for 2 *serve.*

Then hin kums Wagginer vith hold List,
& drinks their beer so gay.
Ses Wagginer 2 *'is father-law,*
"Be'old our hop'nin day!

"& i propose a toast, vich is,
'May Pars'fal never dwindle,'
Altho', as u & i vell no,
The 'ole consarn's a svindle.

"Cos vy, it haint ov hart i think,
i thinks ov Richard Dubble-u."
"& rite u r" ses List "my boy,
—for 1 *more glass i'll trubble u."*

"Pleeze score it hup," says Wagginer, &
"Pleeze score it hup," ses List;
& then i look'd for follerin' krowds,
But look'd in vane, i wist.

The "Patrons" vos a sorry lot,
Ov moornful men & sad,
& 'tween the hax they moon'd around
Like distraut men & mad.

They shook their long 'air 2 *the vind,*
Upon them beat the rain,
"Pleeze give yer horders, gents," i cried,
They hanser'd vith disdain—

"Our sust'nance is the Holy Grale
Ov Wagginer R. our King,
Ve vants no sassage nor no beer,
Nor any harthly thing."

"Ve'ere hall pure fools, like Parsifal,
O Kundry temt us not."
As this wos 2 *my Mary dear,*
i felt a leetle 'ot.

Ses i, "Look 'ere, misteryous gents,
Pure fools as u may b.
Speak civil 2 *that luvly gal,*
Cos she is mine, d'ye c."

"O Kundry! Klingsor" thus they cried,
"O floury maidens fair!
O Parsifal and Gurnemanz!
O melos *vundrus rare!"*

"O Titurel, Amfortas, Kings!
O pages, without name!
O Grale-fed nights and bloody spear!
O lust vich cant b shame!"

"O singin boys up hin the doom!
(As sung so hout ov toon)
O panorama, movin' slo!
('Twill kum to greef eftsoon).

"O hepok-makin'! vunderful!
Pro-di-gi-os-i-tee!
O Wagginer, vith it shut the mouth
Ov hanimositee!"

So hon they vent till kvite vorn hout,
& then they turns 2 *grub;*
Lord, 'ow they hate them sassages;
Thinks i, i c's my pub.

The beer also did freely flow,
& still they call'd for more,
Till vun hold raskel, 'e espride
Some chauk-marks hon the dore.

"Them hyroglifficks pleeze explain,"
Ses 'e, a-laffin loud.
This ril'd me kvite, for ov my "fist"
I'm jest a leetle proud.

"Tis Wagginer's score," I prompt remark'd,
"& List's, set down so slick."
Then all them long 'air'd coves sung hout,
"Our Master *goes on tick!"*

"& wot our Master *dus do ve,*
Pleeze chauk it hup," they cries,
"& ven R. W. pays 'is shot,
'is follerers vill likevise."

* * * *

I'm no veer neer that publik 'ouse,
Sub rosy *"Richard's Do."*
Poor Mary is in sarvice still,
& hi must start anoo.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHENICOPTER.—It is not improbable that most of these "wills" will be contested by more or less distant relatives.

DESMOND.—In order to make a superficial acquaintance with Astorga, Carissimi, Rossi, Stradella, and Pergolese, let our correspondent examine the *Echoes d'Italie* (or *Echoes religieux d'Italie*, as, peraunter, it hight).

CARMENCITA.—Carmencita can *never* be forgotten. Let her look at herself in the Mirror, and ask the Mirror how this could be possibly possible, much more probably probable.

M. R.—*Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c., next week.

SPES.—Speed on thy journey and all will speedily collapse.

DR CODGER.—There is not the slightest foundation for our esteemed correspondent's insinuations. Otherwise, Dr Codger is wrong on all other points unconnected with respective and congenitive corruptions. Peradventure, with the exception of various unnameable devices, it is the worst ever written in the incarnation of vapid shanks, with the exception of certain operatic superboundaries of the actual and influentially unproductic weeks.

DEATHS.

On July 18, at Melbourne, HENRY, second son of the late Mark Lemon, aged 37.

On September 20th, at 19, Burlington Road, St Stephen's Square, ELIZABETH STEVENSON, only sister of the late Rev. David Stevenson, vicar of Wendys, Cambridgeshire. Friends will accept her last affectionate remembrances.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

A year of dawn, skylarks, and hearts' desire,
And lips that ache for kisses into song.
A year of noon, and skies of fog and fire,
And swallows wizened screaming all day long.
A year of twilight, and the rain that pours;
And blackbirds in the dripping sycamores
Laugh; and the night comes, and the light heart snores.
Guy of the Glacier.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—I have but now met with your report of the Portsmouth meeting on the 8th inst., to promote the Royal College of Music, including a speech of Dr. Grove to explain the purpose of the proposed institution and to canvas the inhabitants of the district for subscriptions toward the endowment of the intended school. That gentleman has been obviously misinformed in several particulars he stated on the occasion and has stated in other localities; and as it is important in the interests of art that he and the public should know the truth on the subject, I trust you will allow me the privilege of a counter statement in *The Times*, and that the eloquent speaker will accept what has to be said as offered in courtesy, but as necessary to a right understanding.

1. The Royal Academy of Music is "an essentially national institution," entering on the 61st year of its operations, having been honoured with the sanction and support of the reigning Sovereigns from July 12, 1822, to the present moment, being incorporated by Royal charter, possessing (there is the strongest reason to believe) the confidence of the public, enjoying an annual grant from Her Majesty's Government, and "representing the art of music in the same way that the Royal Academy represents British painting."

2. It is true that some English pupils "study music in Germany, France, and Italy"; it is equally true that some foreign pupils study music in the Royal Academy; clearly, then, there are other causes than the "enormous cost" for the pursuit of musical study in countries alien to the respective pupils.

3. It does not correctly represent the communication between his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal Academy of Music, in 1873, to say that his Royal Highness "endeavoured to drag the Royal Academy from its comparative obscurity," because the endeavour had all the air of kind intention with no appearance of such violence as the word "drag" implies, because the institution that had educated composers, singers, and players who had obtained the suffrages of all Europe was not in "obscurity," and because the spaces in the Albert Hall, which were offered for Academy occupation, proved to be unavailable.

4. The National Training School was opened in 1876; the five years expired in 1881 for which the original endowment was made; further subscriptions were raised which prolonged its existence for one year only, and it finally closed in May, 1882.

5. "Attempts were made" (I use Dr. Grove's terminology) "to amalgamate the Royal Academy of Music and the Training School," but these were on the condition that the Academy should surrender its charter, or, in other words, resign its existence. This was legally impossible while any member of the body politic or corporate refused assent, and many were unwilling that the institution should be annihilated which had influenced the education of the country for more than half a hundred years, and had trained some of the best acknowledged artists and teachers in all branches of music throughout that period. Dr Grove did not state, but it is a point of strong significance, that the Lords of the Privy Council, in June, 1880, invited remarks from the Academy directors upon the petition of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Queen in Council for a charter to a proposed College of Music; nor did he state the reply of the directors that, while acknowledging with gratitude the interests of his Royal Highness in the art it was their duty to cultivate, they believed the advancement of music would be better promoted by strengthening the long-existing and now successful institution than by founding another which could not but be experimental, and must be its rival, and that the elasticity of the charter admitted of any qualification of the working of the Academy that might meet the Prince's wishes. This reply has been officially communicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Finally, Sir, permit me to say that I personally address you, not officially, while the directors of the Academy are dispersed for the vacation.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

G. A. MACFARREN.

7, *Hamilton Terrace, Sept.* 11.

—o—

WAGNER WORSHIP.*

(A Postscript to our Bayreuth Letters.)

The respect paid to a celebrated contemporary may be deserved—thoroughly or partially so—and yet from its exaggerated form and nature challenge a protest against it. This is the case with the Richard Wagner Worship at the present day. That worship, unexampled in the whole history of art, strikes us as such a remarkable sign of the times that we feel bound to consider it minutely in an unprejudiced spirit. In doing so, we leave entirely out of the question Wagner's artistic efforts, and pass over his merits in complete silence, confining our attention exclusively to the conduct of his followers, and that, too, only so far as we possess printed evidence for it. The most authoritative public document for our purpose is unquestionably the monthly paper, *Die Bayreuther Blätter*, which, with Wagner's personal co-operation, is edited by H. Wolzogen, and is the official organ of all Wagner Associations. It is now in its fifth year. For a future generation, which will look back on the Wagner epidemic of our time with calm judgment or even with incredulous amazement, the *Bayreuther Blätter* will possess no small interest as regards the history of culture. The musician will find in it only very scanty and dubious information, for it busies itself with everything else more than with Wagner's art. But, on the other hand, the future historian of culture in Germany will, from the five annual series of this periodical, be able to depict authentically with what violence the *delirium tremens* of Wagner drunkenness raged among us, and what extravagances it has left in the thoughts and feelings of the "cultivated" classes.

The distinguishing feature in Wagner Worship, when compared with the respect paid to Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, consists not only in the temperature, which has gone up to boiling

* From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

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point, but more essentially in its thoroughly exceptional nature, which annexes all the branches of modern civilization. What views, violent fancies, or whims, apart from and independently of his art mission, Mozart or Beethoven cherished is a matter about which at most only a biographer troubles himself. Never did it enter the head of Beethovenian or Mozartean to accept as infallible truths and swear by such non-musical idiosyncracies of a composer. It is otherwise in Richard Wagner's case. For his adherents, whom, as we know, a chain of Wagner Associations has united in one large organic body, he is not merely a composer towering over every other, but without more ado The Master, the highest authority in every department of knowledge, a teacher and redeemer of mankind. Every opinion he utters on politics, philosophy, morals, or religion, has the value of a grand new fact, a revelation, to be obeyed like a religious commandment. This can be literally proved from the five annual sets of the *Bayreuther Blätter*, through which I have toiled with many a pang. The principal of these Wagnerian utterances, which are adored and indefatigably interpreted by his followers relate: firstly, to *Schopenhauer's philosophy* and its profound connection with Wagner's operas; secondly, to the religious, social, and political *regeneration of the human race*, and its deliverance from our unworthy culture; and thirdly, to the agitation against the *Vivisection* of animals, an operation indispensable to the study of medicine; and fourthly, which is especially amusing, to the propaganda of the *Vegetarians'* bill of fare. Now, these are certainly all subjects not having anything in connection with dramatic and musical art. What ground Wagner personally takes up with regard to them is for his artistic significance and the world of music absolutely immaterial. But the peculiar feature of that incredible and curious thing called Wagner Worship consists, as already stated, in the fact that The Master is taken as the standard in *everything*. The true Wagnerite must be not merely an unconditional adorer of every line and bar of Wagner's, but also a Schopenhauerite, a pessimist, an opponent of vivisection, an enemy of the Jews, a vegetarian, a believing Christian, and whatever else The Master prescribes.

The conceited infatuation of the Wagnerites with regard to Schopenhauer, the comprehension of whom they think they alone have taken on lease, we have already discussed at some length (when speaking of the *Nibelungen*), and may be allowed to refer the reader to what we then said.† The wish we expressed on that occasion, that we might at last be spared hearing any more about the assumed profound application of Schopenhauer's categories and terminologies has not been fulfilled. The young gentlemen of the *Bayreuther Blätter* parade their Schopenhauer at every opportunity as much as ever, as though they had grown grey in philosophical studies. "*Parsifal*," so their latest writings inform us, "*Parsifal* reproduces, though stript of all details, the pith of Schopenhauer's metaphysics and ethics. In *Parsifal*, Wagner merely *transferred Schopenhauer into art* when transferring Christianity into the latter." What absurdity! Because "pity" constitutes, or is supposed to constitute, the principal motive in *Parsifal*, and Schopenhauer extols it as the "basis of all genuine human love," Wagner's Consecrative-Festival-Play must needs be Schopenhauer transplanted into music! They will soon want to make us believe that pity for the misfortunes of others was an invention of Schopenhauer's, and unknown before his time. A man might and may write a drama on pity without ever having read a line of Schopenhauer, just as Shakspere wrote his *Timon of Athens* without having first learned from Schopenhauer pessimism. We may observe, parenthetically, that it was not Christianity, but Buddhism, which Schopenhauer called the "Doctrine of our most sacred religion," and drew for himself a portrait of Buddha as others do a head of Christ.

Sound common sense, which tells us that we should not consult an operatic composer about philosophy and its various systems, teaches, also, that it is medical men, authorities on physiology and pathology, and not a musician, who have to decide as to the necessity or otherwise of *vivisection for scientific purposes*. But this consideration has no value with Wagnerites. The Master has without more ado condemned vivisection, and the *Bayreuther Blätter*, the object of which had previously been supposed to be the knowledge and advocacy of art, immediately overflowed with articles which—always in the most arrogant language—condemned vivisection as a frivolous torturing of animals, and, among other things, took the German Reichstag sternly to task because it passed over an anti-vivisection petition and proceeded to the order of the day. "Have we Germans really any culture? Have we a creed?" is the pathetic conclusion of one of these childish manifestoes. When, in answer to all this dilettante declamation, we simply quote the utterance of Professor Billroth that he should never have ventured to undertake certain difficult and dangerous operations, by which human lives were saved, had he not first convinced himself by experiments on animals that they were possible—this will probably be sufficient for every sensible person. But the genuine Wagnerite has renounced thinking for himself. Among other sacrifices he offers The Master the *sacrificium intellectus*. Connected—at least partially—with this tender benevolence towards animals there is another private passion of Richard Wagner's: his propaganda for a *vegetable diet*. It is, we are told, a sin to kill animals. Besides which, meat food has ruined the human race physically and morally. "The system of wolfing down meat is the cause of all the wretchedness in the world," we read in the *Bayreuther Blätter* (1882), which even speaks of a "vegetarian *view of the world*." As we are aware, gentleness carried to sentimentality with regard to animals, is often found in people by no means distinguished for exaggerated love of their fellow-creatures. We know how tenderly Robespierre treated his pigeons. Wagner, then, proclaims an exclusively vegetable diet indispensable to the re-organization of mankind, when, lo and behold! herbs become an article of faith and a party principle among Wagnerites. Can anything be more comic than to see among the public announcements of *Parsifal* a request from the Editor that those holding the same opinions as himself will signify as soon as possible their intention of attending the "vegetarian dinner." There is a charming naïvete in the way in which the *Bayreuther Blätter* presents the connection between the vegetable world and Wagner worship: "The thought of vegetarianism," writes one gentleman, "raised by the genial hand of the finder" (that is to say, Wagner) "from out the ethically religious depths of our field of labour, has attracted to us all at once a circle of very seriously minded men" (the vegetarians) "stretching over vast countries. *They bring with them that gentleness of feeling* which even the work of art requires that the human soul may grasp it with proper comprehension and live itself into it. We, on our part, have contributed to their efforts a wonderfully strengthening afflux from the eternal spring of the *Ideal*." In fact, a regular alliance between vegetable-eaters and Wagnerites! "Help us to forward the Wagner propaganda, and we will agitate for your green meat." We can scarcely trust our eyes when reading such absurdities, all proclaimed with solemn seriousness in honour of The Master. Unfortunately, too, with his knowledge and sanction. To tranquillize, however, numerous Wagner Worshippers, who have at least remained reasonable in the matter of nutriment, we announce on the most undoubted authority that Wagner condemns animal food only theoretically, enjoying ex-

† *Musikalische Stationen*. Berlin: A. Hoffmann, 1880, p. 268.

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ceedingly his roast joint and likewise his wine, prohibited though it be by vegetarians. We cannot doubt this an instant. No one could compose a work like *Tannhäuser*, or even depict a pious Knight of the Graal, on sour milk and beans. But, as we are aware, theory and practice, precept and example, in Wagner's case, go hand in hand with, or diverge from, each other according to circumstances. The majority of his followers assembled at Bayreuth preferred the example to the theory, and the "vegetarian dinner" came to as sad an end as did the solemn meeting summoned on the 28th July by the "Bayreuth Patrons" to form a fund "out of which stipends might be paid to worthy and necessitous visitors at the Festival Performances." Richard Wagner himself suggested the notion, and sanctioned the proposed statutes of the new fund "intended to effect in a more intelligent and sensible manner what at present ridiculously useless travelling stipends are thoughtlessly intended to do for crowned prize composers on condition of their going through a complete and high course of study in Rome or Paris." After this "high-myinded" initiative, it would naturally be supposed that the "high-myinded Master"—mode of spelling adopted by the *Bayreuther Blätter**—would have put himself down for a considerable sum at the head of those who wished to establish the new fund. As, however, he always figures as "through pity knowing" but never as "through pity giving aught away," the Bayreuth Patrons, who had already made sufficient sacrifices for the sacred cause, thought the best thing they could do was to imitate The Master's example. With gigantic pity for the unhappy beings excluded by poverty from the salvation of Bayreuth, and with trousers' pockets closely buttoned up, they dissolved the meeting.

The tendency of the Wagnerian school to represent only as a mere secondary consideration the circumstance of The Master's being the greatest of poets and composers while his principal merit consists in the fact that he is a prophet to illumine and redeem mankind, has in the last few years reached its climax. Two of his essays *Zur Religion und Kunst*, and *Erkenne dich selbst*, have let loose a tempest of admiration in the Wagnerian camp, and are constantly set up, interpreted and preached as dogmas by the *Bayreuther Blätter*. We will not now go minutely into these pamphlets which have been sufficiently discussed, and some may think refuted, and which in a bombastically oracular tone advocate an agitation for the protection of animals and the persecution of the Jews. Real friends would have been bound strongly to advise Wagner not to publish these pamphlets—a god, however, has no friends; he has only worshippers. We must here mention two books, which, harmonizing in their tendency with his notions of religious and political reforms, are among the latest objects of Wagner's passionate devotion. One of these works, only little known by the general public, is called *Thalysia or the Salvation of Mankind*. It is by A. Gleïzès and preaches a "bloodless diet as the most necessary condition of health and beauty, intellectual and bodily;" the other work; *On the Inequality of Races*, by Count Gobineau, is an extension of Schopenhauer's Pessimism, and, after a review of all races, ends by announcing "the speedy decline and torpidity of the western world." Scarcely had Wagner taken these two books under his protection, ere every Wagnerite swore by Gleïzès and Gobineau, and the *Bayreuther Blätter* celebrated the preconization of these two secondary saints by The Master as a great and saving act on his part. "With the pure heart and sharp glance of genius,"—writes the *Bayreuther Blätter*—"has Wagner grasped this theory" (that propounded by Gleïzès) "and with the undaunted courage and consciousness of a *reformer*, which we have found him to be in the domain of art, he pronounces here, too, the great watchword for the reformation of human society and earthly life."(!) In a long and turgid article, "Luther and the Peasants" (in the last April number), the "work at Bayreuth" is placed almost on an equality with what Luther effected. "Whoever only took with thorough earnestness," we read, "the best and profoundest sensations awakened in him by a *work of Wagner's* when represented in the noblest manner, would thereby immediately find it impossible to participate longer in the only apparently indifferent but really and truly murderous everydayisms of life and thus render himself an accomplice in the great lie of the civilization of the age." In a sermonising tone, growing more and more unctuous the nearer the performance of *Parsifal* approached, were these absurdities put forward. With a quotation from *Parsifal* even *war* is to be for ever rendered impossible. An article concerning the "Philosophy of Militarism" being adorned with Gurnemanz's "*Christian admonition*," "Away quickly with your weapons! Offend not the Lord who to-day without resistance gave his sacred blood to expiate the sins of the world." This, too, the fact of Wagner's declaring war to be a misfortune, is, we are told, something new and great!

From these few instances the reader will have remarked that an affectedly pious and Christianly religious tone has lately been assumed in the Wagnerian periodicals and is becoming continuously stronger. Wagner, growing old, has, with the "sigh which we once heard at the Cross on Golgotha and which now forces its way from out our own soul," given the cue, and immediately we behold his disciples imitating his example and praying with him. "Our *Blätter*," we read in Wolzogen's new year's article, "shall also be the outward sign of the conciliation which has found in these words the avowal of a religious conviction." Christianly and Christianity will be the next words. This swaggering with and dressing up in Christian sentiments borders on the repulsive.§

"And music?" we hear the reader impatiently ask. "Does music no longer play any part in a periodical of Wagner's?" She plays a part certainly, but a very subordinate one. Since Wagner uttered the ironically arrogant words: "I am no musician," adding at the same time the assurance that he would rather see our whole musical system swallowed up by an earthquake to-day than to-morrow—since then, it must have struck Wagnerites as utterly unbecoming to make much fuss about music. Already in the same number of the *Bayreuther Blätter* which contains Richard Wagner's latest "Public Letter" to Herr Schön, of Worms, there appeared a cringing writer who goes into ecstacies that, "*for the salvation of art*," Wagner should at last have declared he was no musician! The few musical articles are, by the way, not uninteresting. Herr H. Porges still goes on chewing the cud of his articles relative to the *rehearsals of The Nibelungen Ring* in the year 1876. He informs us at every bar what remarks Wagner made to the orchestra, most of them being of the merest matter-of-fact description. Thus: "The Master emphatically required the ascending bass figure" (passage given in notes) "to be most distinctly audible." In reference to another theme (theme given in notes) he exclaimed: "Play with greater conscientiousness!" And thus is every word reverentially handed down to posterity. Another article, "Art and Science," lamenting the stepmotherly manner in which music is treated by æstheticians, offers an amusing instance of the ignorance of the

‡ The Wagnerese is "Nach dieser edelin Initiative . . . der edele Meister." —TRANSLATOR.

§ In a leading article, bearing upon *Parsifal*, in the *Bayreuther Blätter* we read: "The flag of victory is the strongly believing consciousness of the *religious* significance of the riddle of the world. An enigmatical utterance in suffering says revealingly: The end is the deed. Let him who believes in the deed vouchsafe us the word." And to whoever understands that, we beg to add, we vouchsafe the happiness of doing so.

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writers on the *Bayreuther Blätter*. In reply to this lament the editor indulges in the satirical observation that "Vischer, the classical æsthetician of modern times, knew, as we are aware, so little how to deal with music, that, like an embarrassed step-mother, he was obliged to ally himself with Herr Hanslick, in order that that modern authority in the domain of musical science might take his place and supply instead of himself the chapters on music, in consequence of which a splendid homunculus out of the Viennese retort then certainly slipped in among the learned paragraphs of the great Faust scholar." The gentlemen of Bayreuth merely prove by the above that they never saw the sixth volume (published in 1857) of Vischer's *Æsthetics*, for the preface to it distinctly states that Professor Carl Köstlin, of Tübingen, wrote the musical portion, the views in which agreed with Vischer's. Thus, for seven-and-twenty years, everyone taking an interest in æsthetics knows to whom the musical portion of Vischer's great work is due, but the chief organ of the Wagnerites does not know it even now. The Master once (without the slightest ground) designated me as Vischer's colleague, and that suffices to make his organs go on vilifying the monumental work in question for evermore.

I have kept the most amusing bit till the end. Herr Joseph Rubinstein, he who made a name by his "annihilation" of Robert Schumann, published in the *Bayreuther Blätter* an article on "Symphony and Drama," the conclusion of which is to this effect: "If, when looking at post-Beethovenian attempts in the department of absolute symphony, we must consider the *last* symphonist, properly so called, as carried to the grave with Beethoven, it must be allowed that *all the essentially musical qualities of this class of writing* celebrate, as it were, their resurrection in the *music-drama*, and, moreover, in so strict a sense that it is *there* they *first* appear in a completely spotless and, so to say, transfigured shape." So, the Symphonies of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, are all superfluous works of the decline of art; after Beethoven we have *as symphonist* Richard Wagner alone. The orchestral accompaniment in *Tristan* and the *Nibelungen* fully, and in transfigured shape, supplies the place of the Symphony, buried with Beethoven.

It would be doing the *Bayreuther Blätter* too much honour or insulting it too deeply to regard it as the sole literary clinical specimen of the Wagner-Paroxysm. In numerous and sometimes very remarkable books and pamphlets we come across acute cases of what in the perodical is chronic. For to-day, we have already detained the friendly reader too long with the *Bayreuther Blätter*. Let him sum up the different items and decide for himself whether the present Wagner idolatry is or is not, in form and substance, to be reckoned among epidemic mental diseases.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

ANOTHER "improved version" of Da Ponte's *Don Giovanni*, which Mozart immortalized by his music, is about to be presented at the Leipsic Opera. The authors are Herr Grandauer and Herr von Wolzogen, whose best excuse is that they have restored not only the duet for Zerlina and Leporello, but the second *finale* as it originally stood in the score, though time out of mind as a rule omitted. Otherwise this interference with the plan of a recognized masterpiece would have no colourable plea for toleration.

TERESA TUA.—Mdlle Teresa Tua has signed an agreement with M. Alfredo Fischhof to play for two years in Europe and America. The celebrated young violinist was to make her first appearance on the 15th inst., at the Kroll Theatre, Berlin, where, together with the well-known pianist, Robert Fischhof, she will be heard in eight concerts. At Vienna, during October, she will take part in two, which, by contract between Baron Hoffmann, Intendant of the Imperial theatres, and M. Alfredo Fischhof, are to be given at the Operahouse. This has occasioned no little sensation in artistic circles, the use of the above-named establishment never having been granted for concert purposes. Buchholz and Diebel, of Vienna, have recently published eight *Lieder*, composed by Robert Fischhof, which had been unanimously awarded the first prize at the Vienna Conservatoire competition. In January next Mdlle Tua accompanies her impresario to America, to meet, at New York, M. Maurice Strakosch, uncle to M. Fischhof, and most genial of musical *entrepreneurs*.

EDMOND MEMBRÉE.

The death is announced of M. Membrée, a composer of no small merit, but who had all through his life to contend against ill-fortune professionally. He seems to have been one of those men who, having great gifts, somehow contrive not to put them to the best use, and allow themselves to be beaten in the struggle for fame and fortune by men very much inferior to themselves. One song he wrote years ago—"Page, Ecuyer, Capitaine"—he sold to a musical publisher for 50 francs. Upwards of 200,000 copies of it were sold, but the publisher never added a penny to the fifty francs he had paid. Fortunately for himself, M. Membrée had married wisely and well, and though he failed to secure "the bubble reputation," and the more substantial rewards that fell to the lot of the Offenbachs, Lecocqs, Hervés, *et hoc genus omne*, he had a cheerful home, a pleasant family, and enjoyed life thoroughly. His very mode of departing it was what his epicurean nature would have chosen. He died at dinner, surrounded by cheerful and happy faces. He had just taken up the knife to carve a chicken, when he was seen to lay it down suddenly. Then he sank back in his chair, dead.

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BALFE.

I read in the papers that a memoir of the Life and Work of Michael William Balfe, the gifted composer of the *Bohemian Girl* and of a hundred works as charming, which will live as long as English music lives, is in the press. The author of the memoir is Mr W. A. Barrett; and the book, it is hoped, will be ready by October 20th next, the anniversary of Balfe's death, and the day fixed for the unveiling of the monumental tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—G. A. S., *Illustrated London News*, *September* 19.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has returned from Italy. During the winter season we hope to hear his new comic opera, *The Isle of Beauty*, of which report speaks highly. The libretto, by Mr Desmond L. Ryan, is said to be written with much humour and esprit—which we may easily credit.

MR CARL ROSA has resolved to spend his Christmas at Liverpool, and has hired the Court Theatre in that town for six weeks from Boxing Day next. On Easter Monday the London season will begin at Drury Lane. In accordance with his desire to produce during every season in London at least one new work of pretension by a native writer, Mr Carl Rosa has commissioned Mr Francis Hueffer to write, and Mr A. C. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, to compose, a new and original opera on the subject of *Colomba*, the story of which will be founded upon Prosper Merimée's famous romance of that name. This will, it is understood, be Mr Mackenzie's first experience in grand opera, though he has written two cantatas, several overtures, and other works heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, besides a pianoforte quartet,* a string quintet, and other chamber music. Mr Mackenzie is a native of Edinburgh, and in 1857, at the age of ten, was sent to Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen to study music under Ulrich Stein. At fourteen he entered the ducal orchestra as violinist. He remained in Germany till 1862, when he returned to London, entered at the Royal Academy of Music as a pupil of M. Sainton,† and was elected King's Scholar. In 1865 he returned to Edinburgh, and has since occasionally visited London and Florence, gaining his living entirely by writing and teaching. At thirty-five Mr Mackenzie is still a young man; he is regarded as a writer of great promise, and, indeed, Mr Carl Rosa could not have made a more prudent choice.—*London Figaro*.

VENICE.—The Teatro Malibran has been opened for a short operatic season, the works already performed being *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Faust*. The buffo-opera season at the Lido has come to an end. With regard to the Fenice, there is a report that Rosani intends opening it for a Carneval and Lent season, with *Les Huguenots* and Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* as the chief attractions. A girl pianist, Luisa Cognetti, has been for some time creating a lively impression. She played here recently before the Queen with the same success as at the two concerts she gave at the Liceo Marcello Benedetto.

* Introduced by Mr Arthur Chappell at the Monday Popular Concerts.

† Also as a pupil of the late Charles Lucas for harmony and counterpoint.

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL *(from a Correspondent)*.—An air with variations and fugue, by Mr T. J. Dudeney, occupied a place in the programme of a recent highly interesting organ recital, given by Mr W. T. Best in St George's Hall. That the eminent organist should be thus lending an ear to rising English composers is a matter for sincere gratification, I subjoin the programme *in extenso* :—

Scherzo for the Organ, A minor (W. T. Best); Air, "Ave Maria" (F. Schubert); Military March (E. Schulz); Air with Variations and Fugue (T. J. Dudeney); Andante Cantabile (Omer Guiraud); Finale, Grand Chœur Dialogue (E. Gigout).

—The *Faust* of Hector Berlioz has been, for the third time, given here under Mr Hallé's direction with still increasing success. The local press are still in raptures with the work and its performance. The Hallé-created Manchester orchestra seems to carry everything before it in these marches, and its reputation is gradually spreading to the out-isles.—QUIG.

BRADFORD.—The English Opera Company last night entered upon a six nights' engagement in St George's Hall. Gounod's *Faust* was produced with great effect. Mr Frederick C. Packard took the part of Faust; Mr James Sauvage, Valentine; Mr Richard Temple, Mephistopheles; Miss Helen Armstrong, Siebel; Mrs Oliver Summers, Martha; and Mdme Blanche Cole, Marguerite. The audience showed their appreciation by loud applause.

MALVERN.—On Friday last week Mr W. H. Speer, son of Mr H. T. Speer, gave an organ recital in the Priory Church in aid of the new organ fund, when there was a large congregation, and the young gentleman's playing was greatly admired. On Wednesday afternoon Mr F. F. Rogers, of Malvern Wells, gave an organ recital at the Worcester Exhibition, when he played a selection of classical and popular music from the best composers. There was a large attendance.—*Malvern News.*

MANCHESTER.—The Carl Rosa company gave *Maritana* at the Prince's Theatre on Tuesday with great success. Miss Georgina Burns, as the heroine of Wallace's popular opera, was warmly received. Her greatest successes were in "Scenes that are brightest" and the subsequent duet with Lazarillo (Miss Josephine York). Messrs J. W. Turner, Henry Pope, and Brooklyn were respectively Don Cæsar, the King, and the Marquis. "The laurels of the evening, however," says the *Evening News*, "must be awarded to Mr Leslie Crotty, who undertook the thankless part of Don José in a masterly manner, and fully merited the plaudits he received."

FOLKESTONE.—A grand concert was given last week at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mdme Mina Gould, a lady eminent in the musical world as a musician and composer. The artists were all exceptionally good. We never attended a concert that gave such general satisfaction. Without detracting from the great abilities of M. Ovide Musin (unavoidably absent), the splendid playing of Mr. Booth (his substitute) in a Cavatina, by Raff, and still more in a Berceuse by Renard, delighted the audience so much that it was re-demanded. Messrs Traherne and Cecil's duets were most effectively sung. Mdme Gould's charming song, "The Time of Roses," was beautifully rendered by Mrs Hutchinson, who was loudly encored, but she substituted "Dearest Heart"; Mr Thorndyke's "Toreador's song" (*Carmen*) was grandly sung, his fine voice telling in every passage. The ballad of "The Miller and the Maid" was charmingly given by Miss Ellen Meason, a most promising singer. The other parts of the programme were most effectively carried out. We must not forget to mention the ability of Mr Eric Lewis; his sketches were inimitable and caused roars of laughter. The arrangement of the platform was exceedingly good, the sides being filled with plants, ferns and flowers, tastefully arranged by Mr Peden, of Sandgate Road. We shall be glad to hear of Mdme Gould soon paying Folkestone another visit.—*Folkestone News.*

HADLOW.—A bazaar has been held in the grounds of Hadlow Park (kindly lent for the occasion by Lady Yardley), in aid of the fund for paying off the debt on the new organ chamber in Hadlow Church. Tents were erected for the purpose, presided over by Mrs Edward Leney, (of Hadlow Place) and her sisters, the Misses Laurence; Mrs Monypenny and Mrs Hargreaves; Lady Yardley, the Misses Yardley, Misses Wilkin, Hales, E. Simmons, and Taylor. The refreshment tent was under the care of Mrs and the Misses Golding, the Fine Art Gallery by Mrs C. Stow and E. Yardley. In another tent was "Fortune Telling," conducted by Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, (dressed most becomingly as a gipsy), which formed one of the great attractions of the afternoon, numbers of young ladies crowding round it anxiously awaiting their turn to learn their future fate. Among the visitors were the Baroness de Larpent and party, Col. and Mrs Evans, &c. During the afternoon the Birling Band played some excellent music. The exact amount realized by the bazaar is not yet known, but is believed to be between £80 and £90. The debt on the organ chamber was about £260, and it is hoped that after one or two more similar exertions have been made to wipe it off, the debt will be a thing of the past.—*Tonbridge Free Press.*

OSWESTRY.—The preparations for the Oswestry Triennial Musical Festival, to be held on Friday and Saturday, under the direction of Mr Henry Leslie, are approaching completion. The first festival, which was the outcome of Mr Leslie's efforts and influence, was held in 1879. That festival resulted in the establishment of a school of music for the district, with Oswestry as its centre, and it was resolved that the festival should be held triennially. A number of village choirs were afterwards formed in connection with the school of music, and the progress made by these choirs suggested to Mr Leslie the idea of organizing a festival of village choirs, with the primary object of improving congregational singing. This project was most successfully carried out last year, when 1,700 persons assembled in the Cross Market at Oswestry to listen to the singing of a choir of 1,200 voices. Owing to acoustic and other defects which were discovered in the Market Hall, and which could not be well overcome, this year's festival *will be* held in the Powis Hall. On Friday morning the first and second parts of the *Creation will be* performed, and *will be* followed by miscellaneous selections. The soloists *will be* Miss Anna Williams, Mr J. Maas, and Mr H. Blower. The choruses *will be* sung by the Oswestry Festival Choir, and *there will be* a full professional band. In the evening *there will be* a miscellaneous concert, in which Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) *will* take part. On Saturday at noon the village choirs *will* compete for a banner of honour. There also *will be* a competition by the juvenile choirs, and prizes *will be* awarded for singing at sight.—*Local paper.*

PRESTON.—The Royal English Opera Company commenced a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening, when Gounod's *Faust* was submitted to a crowded house. This *troupe* includes many celebrated artists, such as Mdme Roze Hersee, Miss Ellen Armstrong, Miss Philipine Siedle, Messrs J. Sauvage, W. Parkinson, Aynsley Cook, R. Temple, Charles Lyall, Faulkner Leigh, Ernest Harrison, Frederick C. Packard, and Mdme Blanche Cole, who have all won laurels. The caste on Monday evening was strong. It was :—Faust, Mr F. C. Packard; Valentine, Mr Jas. Sauvage; Mephistopheles, Mr R. Temple; Siebel, Miss Ellen Armstrong; Martha, Mrs Oliver Summers; and Marguerite, Mdme Blanche Cole. The plot was gradually and skilfully unfolded, and the interest once aroused, was not only fed but well sustained. Everyone knows that Satan, in the guise of Mephistopheles, is the motive power of the opera, and hence it is necessary that he who takes that *rôle* should not only be a superior singer but a gifted actor. These attributes Mr Temple possesses, he sings correctly and with good enunciation and feeling. For the serenade "Maiden now in peace" he was rapturously encored. Mr Packard, a charming tenor, had a very intelligent conception of the title character, while Mr Sauvage played and sung as Valentine with both brilliancy and energy. Madame Blanche Cole was suffering from influenza, but the lady, heard even at such a disadvantage, did not fail to please. She interpreted the music allotted to her share with skill, care, and verve. Miss Armstrong is a competent cantatrice, and in the fourth act complied with the wishes of the audience for an encore. Mrs Oliver Summers was engaging as Martha. The chorus did good service, especially in the "Wine or beer" chorus, and the orchestra is very efficient. The principal dancers were the Sisters Elliott, and the conductors Mr A. Howell and Mr J. Edwards. Last night Bellini's *Sonnambula* was performed, and Mr Aynsley Cook, an old Preston favourite, was much enjoyed. Mdme Roze Hersee, as Amina, proved that she deserved the reputation which had preceded her arrival in Preston. To-night (Wednesday), *The Marriage of Figaro*, to-morrow, (Thursday), *Il Trovatore;* Friday, *Les Huguenots;* and on Saturday *Fra Diavolo* will be presented.—*Preston Herald, Sept.* 13, 1882.

BERLIN.—The Italian company at the Philharmonie have given *La Sonnambula*, with Varesi as Amina. The lady, who pleased both as vocalist and actress, is becoming a great favourite.—At a performance in aid of the Berlin Press Association, Theodor Wachtel gave his aid. To mark their sense of the service rendered, the Association presented him with a bronze vase bearing this inscription: "*To the Tenor Prince, in grateful remembrance, from the Berlin Press Association.*"

THERE is no foundation for the report that Joseph Joachim has resigned the post of "Principal" at the Berlin "Hochschule." He has simply re-organized it, with the consent and approval of his fellow professors, and among the rest, of Herr Kiel. In fact, there will be, in lieu of a Director, a *Directorium*, over which Joachim continues to occupy the place of honour, as well befits his exceptional merit. We shall return to the subject.

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THE PATTI CONCERT AT SWANSEA.

(Correspondence of the "Western Mail.")

No musical event that has taken place in South Wales has ever caused a greater sensation than the concert given by Mdme Adelina Patti, assisted by some of her distinguished musical friends, at the Albert Hall, Swansea, on Thursday week. The interest created by the performances of the famous Welsh Choir which, under the leadership of Caradoc, won the prize for choral singing at the Crystal Palace, was of quite a different character, and was based more upon national and patriotic sentiment than upon purely artistic considerations. The nearest approach to the *furore* occasioned by Mdme Patti's appearance in Swansea was excited by the visit of Jenny Lind to Cardiff more than a quarter of a century ago. But in that case "the Swedish Nightingale" sang for the benefit of herself or her *impressario*, whilst, in the present instance, the Italian Queen of Song, with a generosity which does as infinite credit to her heart as her vocal achievements to the trained artistic faculty of which they are the result, has sung for the benefit of one of the most catholic and deserving charities in the world—a hospital for the relief of the sick and suffering. Some who read these lines will remember how the greedy herd of speculators in the Jenny Lind tickets burnt their fingers, having ultimately to dispose of places they had reserved at a great loss instead of reaping the usurious premium anticipated. If there was no speculation in the Patti concert tickets there was an ample demand to fill to its utmost capacity the capacious hall in which the entertainment was given. All the rank and fashion of Swansea were present—in fact, the local world and his wife may be said to have been there, and there were also representatives of the great towns in the Principality, attracted partly by the fame of the *prima donna*, partly by curiosity, and partly by a genuine love of musical art, which, in this instance, was embodied in its most distinguished form. So great has been the financial success of the concert that it is anticipated that a sum of between £700 and £800 will be available, after defraying all the incidental expenses, for the Swansea Hospital. This may be regarded as a free gift on the part of Mdme Adelina Patti to the Swansea charity. It is true that she was assisted in her concert by a number of eminent artists, but it is no disparagement of their motives to say that their services were rendered out of regard to their hostess rather than as acts of individual charity. I have heard her many times in grand opera, and on the concert-room stage, but never in finer voice; nor can I believe that she ever strove more earnestly to please her audience than yesterday afternoon in the music-hall at Swansea. Her first piece, "The Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, was magnificently given and rapturously applauded, whereupon she sang her always welcome "Home, sweet home" with a grace and pathos that has never been excelled. In the second part her duet with Signor Nicolini, "Parigi o cara," from *La Traviata*, was re-demanded and repeated accordingly. But it was when, at the close of the concert, the--*bénéficiaire*, I was almost going to write, but I recollect myself and substitute the more appropriate phrase, benefactress—sang Verdi's "Ernani involami" that the enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. The house rose at the fair *prima donna*. Showers of bouquets were thrown upon the stage, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and "bravissimas" were shouted with tremendous effulgence. In vain Mdme Patti bowed to every portion of the audience; they would not let her pass from their sight. So, with a charming readiness to oblige, she motioned to the conductor and sang "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Town." When her voice had died away the acclamations of the audience again rent the air, and the beautiful singer was cheered to the echo as she left the stage. Then we all experienced a delightful surprise, for unsolicited, and of her own free will, the Queen of Song came back and sang "Coming thro' the rye." It would be impossible to describe the witchery and vivacity which were imparted to the rendering of this charming little song. The space at my disposal will not admit of more than a passing reference to the artists who assisted Mdme Patti. Signor Nicolini was in capital voice, and by his rendering of the music entrusted to him added greatly to the interest of the concert. Mademoiselle Thérese Castellan's violin solos will be long remembered as most marvellous performances upon a most marvellous instrument. Signor Bonetti sang with much humour and ability. Signor Tito Mattei's pianoforte solos were of themselves worth all the money that was paid for the concert. The ease and grace of his execution, the taste and feeling of his expression were a lesson the audience must have profited by. Nor must I forget to mention the services rendered by Herr Ganz the conductor. Suffice it to say that his services were worthy of the occasion, and of the distinguished artists with whom Herr Ganz was associated. I believe all the artists, together with Mr Josiah Pittman and Mr Edward Hall, of the Covent Garden Opera, are at present the guests of Mdme Adelina Patti at Craig-y-Nos. Crowds of people assembled to witness the arrival and departure of the *prima donna*, and so great was the interest that the streets from the station to the music hall were decorated with bunting and appropriate devices, whilst from various public institutions flags were displayed. In conclusion the general sentiment of Swansea was that by this gracious act of charity Mdme Patti has won a high place in the estimation of her neighbours, who henceforth will never think of the Lady of Craig-y-Nos without remembering how to the generous impulse of her heart is due a queenly benefaction to a deserving institution.

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MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY AT BADEN-BADEN.

Mdme Montigny-Rémaury has achieved the conquest of all the *dilettanti* here. She played yesterday at the grand concert, with all the dash, fire, and spirit characterizing her splendid talent, Beethoven's Concerto in C (No. 1), together with an "Introduction and Allegro" by Benjamin Godard. The applause burst forth so vehemently after Beethoven's Concerto that she was compelled to resume her seat and play a short solo piece. Seldom have we seen our public—which is cosmopolitan and consequently little homogeneous in its tastes and aspirations—so unanimous in applauding a foreign artist. It is a great triumph for the French pianist, who was presented with a gorgeous silver crown. We sincerely congratulate her and add: "May we soon seen you again."—(*Correspondence of the "Ménestrel."*)

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A LIVERPUDLIAN VIEW OF THE "NIBELUNGEN."

(Concluded from page 574.)

The *Walküre* is in many respects more interesting to listen to; there is some human interest in it, and the music is far more vocal than that of the *Rhinegold*. Wotan now appears as the father of two mortals—twins, and, as a matter of course involves them in the direst misfortune. These wretched creatures, by his permission, if not instigation, form an unnatural attachment for one another, although they are aware of their relationship. It is an unpleasant episode, quite unnecessary for the development of the story, and need not be dwelt upon. No sooner is the mischief done than Fricka, who suddenly becomes the representative of indignant virtue, though she ought surely to have become inured to similar lapses amongst the "gods," appears before Wotan, and by dint of scolding forces him to punish by death and destruction his unhappy offspring. Was there ever such a poor, miserable "god," able to work nothing but ill to his creatures! He has, moreover, nine daughters, born of Erda, the goddess of primæval wisdom, and these frisky young ladies pass most of their time on horse-back, riding through storms to battlefields, where they devote to slaughter the bravest amongst mortal combatants, in order to carry them off to Walhalla to become demi-gods and boozing companions of old father Wotan! In order to fulfil his promise to Fricka, Wotan commands Brünnhilde, one of the nine daughters, to lead Siegmund, his devoted son, up to slaughter, which she at first undertakes to do. When, however, she sees Siegmund, and his half-dying wife, she compassionates them, and endeavours to avert the doom which her presence should tell her is inevitable. She makes the attempt, however, and the result is that Wotan himself has first to assist in his son's despatch and then to punish his luckless agent by striking him dead. The music of this scene is very protracted, and consequently wearisome to listen to, but the ride of the Walkyries is full of character, though noisy. The mechanical representation of the ride was, to say the least of it, unfortunate, and more provocative of mirth than terror. To close the act, there remains but the punishment of Brünnhilde for disobeying old Wotan, and "relenting" in so undignified a manner, so the All-father storms at her, degrades her, and not being able to do anything worse, puts her into a magic slumber from which she is to be awakened by the kiss of a mortal, and to become subject to him by the power of love. The whole of this scene is highly dramatic, and much more melodious than anything that has gone before. If shortened to reasonable limits, it is even capable of giving pleasure; but, spun out as it is, it is a heavy tax on the hearer, who has to guess at a not overpoweringly interesting story from 7.30 till 12.15, at which time the first opera-drama *Die Walküre*, ended. Before proceeding further, I should in fairness mention that the love duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, in the first scene, is in places very fine—full of melodious and impassioned writing, showing what Wagner could do if he did not fetter himself by his own theories. There is, however, too much repetition of familiar phrases; and as this is done at caprice and regardless of length, the hearer is rather wearied than interested.

The second section of the "Trilogy" is devoted to the story of

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Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde. He, it appears, has fallen into the hands of a "designing dwarf," who educates him. While still in pupilage he forges a magic sword, "Nothung," with which he sallies forth to kill the dragon that guards the Rhinegold, achieving which, and in possession of sundry other potencies, he arouses Brünnhilde from her mysterious sleep, and with the inevitable love rhapsody the piece concludes. *Siegfried* is not so interesting a drama as the *Walküre*, nor has it so much engaging music; it is just as oppressive from its extreme length, the final love duet lasting about half an hour, in which a remarkable love motive borrowed from Chopin's Andante Spianato, comes over and over again *ad nauseam*. The bird's song, and scene of Siegfried under the tree, is charming, and makes one think over and over again that it is a pity that Wagner cannot conform to ordinary operatic rules as to length, self-restraint, and the partiality of the majority for the song form, as he would no doubt be able in that case to appeal successfully to a less restricted circle. But Wagner has evidently no respect for singing as an art. In these dramas it is nearly all declamation, and in the nearest approach to *cantilena* it is in the strident school of Verdi, and is hardly more than impassioned yelling. Of course, the nearer the singers get to breaking a blood-vessel, the more the unintelligent applaud, and so I suppose, as some find this easier to do than to sing artistically, it will remain the vogue so long as the public encourage it. As to the matter of tune, so far as Wagner attains to it, I do not consider him original at all. Many of his best phrases—most indeed—are Weber's and Meyerbeer's; nor is he uninfluenced by Verdi and Chopin. Wagner's individuality is most signally manifested in his orchestration, which may be considered as a development of what Meyerbeer and others have done, and very much influenced by the works of Hector Berlioz; to me it seems overdone, entailing needless expense, an overpowering noise, and conditions which render their adequate presentation almost impossible. The pantomimic effects in this section, including the slaying of the dragon and deliverance of Brünnhilde, were poorer than anything I ever saw in a pantomime, and in the first instance moved a very sympathetic audience, "fit though few," to frequent laughter.

As the concluding section of the Trilogy, called the *Götterdämmerung*, consists of a prologue and three acts, the audience were required to be present as early as half-past six—another addition to the disagreeables of this exacting work. The prologue begins with a dreary and uninteresting scene between the three Norns, who foretell the approaching destruction of the "gods." On their disappearance Siegfried and Brünnhilde enter; *he* has donned *her* armour, in order, on the steed Grane, to go forth in quest of adventures. Why, when he is in possession of everything necessary to his happiness, is only known to Wagner and himself. After a noisy and protracted scene between the lovers, Siegfried departs and "she is left lamenting."

The third part of the Trilogy opens in the halls of the Gibichungs. Here is found the villain, Hagen, son of Alberich, now dead, and a noble chief, Gunther, with his sister, Gutrune. These two seem innocent people enough until Hagen puts it into their heads that Gunther ought to possess Brünnhilde in order to ensure perfect happiness, and Gutrune to be mated with Siegfried. How this is brought about by means of a magic potion administered to Siegfried, who shortly after appears on the scene; how Siegfried consequently forgets all about Brünnhilde and devotes himself to Gutrune; how Siegfried makes Brünnhilde over to Gunther, to that lady's intense disgust; how Siegfried goes out hunting and is treacherously slain by Hagen; and how everyone gets killed save Brünnhilde, who commits suicide after restoring the accursed Rhinegold ring to the Rhine nymphs—it would serve little purpose to tell, and would demand no little time and trouble, which after so much said may fitly be dispensed with. The final catastrophe somehow brings about the end of the "gods," though one would have thought that restitution having been made, the "gods" might have avoided their doom; but so it is, and in the midst of a tremendous disturbance of the elements, the Rhine rising to the heavens, and the heavens being in flames, this extraordinary farrago of power, impotence, crime, and cruelty, incoherent throughout, comes to an end. As a specimen of "rational" opera as against the old style of thing, it is no whit the better; and, if a drama is to be treated vocally at all, surely it is preferable that it should be done by pleasing and appropriate strains rather than by howls and yells and descriptive noises in the orchestra, however illustrative. With his strong dramatic instincts and power of orchestration, Wagner might have carried on the grand tragic operas of Meyerbeer, or the more romantic series commenced by Weber, where the vocal charm gives relief to the declamatory passages necessary for the due conduct of the story; instead of which throughout the Trilogy there is nothing but declamation, unrelieved by melody, save of the feeblest kind; and it is difficult to believe that for the general musical public such works can have any attraction. As for the scenic and dioramic effects, though well enough imagined by Wagner, they cannot be carried out as they should be, and become puerile and merely pantomimic. The Rhine catastrophe, for instance, where the river is supposed to overflow its banks, was represented by the ordinary green cloth elevated in a very clumsy way and waved about vigorously. What idea did this give of the overflow of a mighty stream? The conflagration of Walhalla in the heavens was represented by a poor transparency; and as for the dragon, it was more like a cow or a hippopotamus in appearance, and manifested no sign of animation save in opening its mouth. The poor horse that represented the fiery steed Grane was a weedy-looking animal, selected, of course, because of its being able to stand being sung at, and not minding fireworks much, and equally of course it showed no sign of a fiery, untamed nature, but the reverse; it was led in and out carefully, but it was evident the poor animal was by no means happy, and the declamatory shrieks of Brünnhilde at the last seemed to fill it with misgiving, not to say disgust. It seemed the only rational creature in the very absurd situation. I should not dwell on these manifest failures, which are no worse than those of the *Magic Flute*, for instance; but in that and such like works we go for the music and care little if the scenic effect is poor. With Wagner it is different. He has claimed so much in the way of having bettered on the old methods—which he has covered with unsparing ridicule—that one cannot avoid the obvious comment. As for the music, there is little to say about it after having said that its effect lies in the orchestration. From the necessity of its construction it is so fragmentary and broken up that it is impossible to judge of it as music. Then, throughout these works singing as an art is nowhere manifested, and I should judge, consequently, that Wagner knows nothing at all about it. It is all declamation, nearly always awkward to sing; intervals are taken that it is almost impossible for the singer to take in tune, and there is much that is unpleasant and painful to listen to. As an illustration of the text, moreover, it is so overdone as to overpower the voices; consequently much of the point of it is lost. As stated before, as a melodist Wagner is feeble and by no means original, and as for developing an idea, it does not seem to be in him—there is abundant reproduction of it in different keys, but no elaboration of a fine thought. With all this, there is an abundance of poetical feeling, airy fancy, and charming effects. How far these may tell on a general audience I have no means of judging. I should say that for the proper appreciation of them a man ought to be an advanced musician, and, moreover, should agree generally with Wagnerian theories. Of course there is no knowing how far musical knowledge may develop in the future, but until it becomes more general and profound, one can hardly expect such music dramas to become popular, or to find even moderate acceptance.

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WAIFS.

Several new compositions by the Commendatore Francesco Schira will shortly be published by Ricordi, Milan.

Bianca Donadio is singing at Barcelona.

A new theatre is being erected at Mantua.

Mr F. B. Jewson has returned from Ramsgate.

The Théâtre Bériot at Louvain has been burnt down.

Mr Handel Gear has returned from his tour in Germany.

A new opera, *Iolanda*, by Villafiorita, has been given at Adria.

Mrs Jewson and family have returned from St Leonards-on-Sea.

"Blind Tom," the musical negro, has been studying the flute.

Rovira, manager of the Teatro Real, Madrid, was lately in Milan.

Emil Götze, tenor, is re-engaged for five years at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mr Ignace Gibsone has returned from his visit to Shanklin (Isle of Wight.)

A new Mass by Franz Liszt is to be performed at the end of next month in Vienna.

It is said that Mad. Anna Bishop is about to write her recollections of the stage.

The Madrid Sociedad de Conciertos have given a series of performances at Bilbao.

The Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, will be opened on the 30th inst. with *Les Huguenots*.

Joseph Staudigl, of the Theatre, Carlsruhe, is created a Grand-Ducal Chamber-Singer.

Wagner will again spend the autumn and winter in Italy. His resting place is Venice.

King Albert of Saxony has accepted the dedication of Carl Gramman's opera, *Thusnelda*.

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Maurice Strakosch arrived in New York on the 31st August, after an absence of two years.

Mad. Nicot-(Bilbaut)-Vauchelet, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, has been safely delivered of a daughter.

Joseph, brother of the late Joachim, Raff, is living at Oswego, Cayuga County, state of New York.

Tagliana commences on the 1st January a four months' engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Pianoforte Manufactory of Hardmann, Dowling, and Peck, New York, has been destroyed by fire.

Miss Rosa Kenney is engaged at the Imperial Theatre to play the character of Phœbe in *As You Like It*.

A new German National Theatre is to be erected in Prague on the site now occupied by the "Neustädter."

Miss Francesca J. Ferrari, who has been passing her vacation in Scotland, has arrived in town for the season.

Marianne (Kundry) Brandt concluded a successful engagement at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, as Leonore in *Fidelio*.

Tamberlik, foremost of the C sharp tenors ("*de poitrine*") took part recently in a concert at the Casino, Trouville.

Pauline Lucca's appearance at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been postponed from next December to April, 1883.

Emma Thursby's first New York concert is fixed for the 3rd October. (Comfortable New Yorkers!—Dr Blitge.)

Theodor Eisfeld, conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, died on the 4th inst. He was born at Wolfenbüttel in 1816.

Max Albert, the well-known zitherist, died in Berlin on the 1st inst. in his fiftieth year. He was born in March (1833).

Messrs Remington are publishing a biography of Balfe (by W. A. Barrett), with portraits of the musical celebrities of his day.

Das steinerne Herz, romantic opera, book and music by Theobald Rehbaum, of Berlin, is accepted at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Johannes Elmblad, the popular concert-singer, has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, as the Commander in *Don Juan*.

Not being considered safe in case of an outbreak of fire, the Stadttheater, Kiel, has been closed by order of the municipality.

The managers of the Scala, Milan, and Teatro Apollo, Rome, intend entering into partnership and working the two theatres in common.

Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon*, with pretty little Lablanche in the principal female character, has been produced at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Ullmann is organizing for next season a concert-tour, with Etelka Gerster as leading vocalist, in Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia.

Willem de Haan, conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, has composed the music of a grand opera, *Die Kaisertochter*, book by W. Jacoby, of Mayence.

The prize offered by the Real Istituto Musicale, Florence, for the best five-part chorus, has been awarded to Camillo di Nardis, Naples. There were thirty competitors.

Mdlle Feyghine, whose sad death has caused so great an impression, was a cousin of Servais, the celebrated violoncellist, and a niece of Joachim. (Joseph?—Dr Blitge.)

Signor Bevignani, who has returned from his tour in Italy, leaves London for St Petersburgh on Monday next, to fulfil his engagement as conductor of the Imperial Italian Opera.

"Grasp the Flag."—Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept, and to approve of, the new patriotic song (poetry by Carleon, music by Hugh Clendon), entitled "Grasp the Flag."

Eduard Strauss and his band commence on the 25th inst. a concert tour, during which they will visit Stuttgart, Cologne, and Munich. The first concert, in the large hall of the Musical Association, Vienna, is announced for November 5th.

Mr Oberthür has arrived in town from his tour in Germany. After leaving Munich, he explored parts of the Tyrol, and then proceeded to Vienna, where he was *fêted* by Herr Zamara and his many friends. From Vienna Mr Oberthür visited Salzburg, Stuttgart, Baden-Baden, and Frankfort, stopping, of course, at Drexel's (Hotel de Russie), where he met his *cara sposa*, accompanied by her niece (little Miss Mischief), and returned, *viâ* the Rhine and Cologne, to London.

Madrid.—A feature of the approaching Italian season, under the management of Rovira, at the Teatro Real is *Mefistofele*, got up and conducted by Arrigo Boito himself. The season is to be inaugurated on the 1st October with *Les Huguenots*, the leading parts sustained by Elena Theodorini and Masini. The second opera being *Lucia*, for the *début* of Marcella Sembrich as the ill-starred heroine, supported by Lestellier as Edgardo and Pandolfini as Enrico. The third, *La Juive*, with another *début*, that of Mdme Fursch-Madi. The fourth and fifth operas are to be *Dinorah* and *Le Prophète*, Sembrich impersonating the heroine in each.

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Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, September 23, 1882.*

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

That the programme of the 159th meeting of the Three Choirs was judiciously varied, and the execution in most respects all that could be desired, is generally admitted. Mr Langdon Colborne, organist of the Cathedral, and, by traditional prerogative, conductor at the Festival, had engaged an orchestra of the highest efficiency, with Mr J. T. Carrodus as leading violin, and first-class London professors at the head of each department. His chorus, too, was unusually good, and lent no small attraction to the performances in the Cathedral. At these, although no absolute "novelties" were brought forward, some things of real importance were included, all the more welcome because previously unknown to Hereford and its Festival. At the same time it is of no use hiding the fact that the *quasi*-novelties proved far less remunerative than the long-established favourites. The largest attendances at the Cathedral were on the first and fourth days, when *Elijah* and *The Messiah* were respectively performed; the second, devoted to a copious selection from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, followed by other pieces, comprising Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, the expressive setting of the 137th Psalm by the late much-regretted Hermann Goetz, and the better known "Magnificat" of J. S. Bach—a veritable surfeit of good music—coming next in order. The smallest attendance was that on the third day, when a short oratorio, entitled *The Shunamite*, succeeded by Beethoven's Mass in C and a large part of Molique's *Abraham*, were presented. And yet, in the face of all this, we are admonished by some of our present teachers that the Festivals of the Choirs must inevitably collapse unless the oratorios of Handel (including *The Messiah*) and Mendelssohn are put aside to make way for new things, no matter from what source they may spring. The directors of these institutions, however, know better. They know that *The Messiah* has taken a hold on the English mind likely to be maintained for a century hence, and that *Elijah*, as a Biblical drama set to music, stands nearest in its chances of enduring popularity to the sacred masterpiece of Handel. They also know that without these compositions the financial prospects of their festivals must, at the best, be gravely doubtful; and so, with wise discretion, they adhere to them. Of course, a Birmingham Festival without *Elijah*, the introduction of which shed such lustre on its then promoters, is not to be thought of. People who talk extravagantly about M. Gounod's *Redemption* forget to take into account the peculiar interest attaching to the composer of *Faust*. They also forget, or purposely ignore, the fact that the *Redemption* has only been heard twice, while *Elijah*, during thirty-six years, has been heard not only in Birmingham, but wherever an efficient choir and a respectable orchestra, with a conductor who knows his business, can be got together, and yet, as its frequent performances all over the country can testify, has lost none of its vogue and freshness. The Festivals of the Three Choirs, for reasons not far to seek are more closely bound by these considerations than even the great triennial meeting in our Midland emporium of commerce; it is but natural, therefore, that they should consult their own interests no less than those of the admirable charity to which they afford help and countenance. Moreover the criticism occasionally levelled at them is unfair even from an artistic point of view. There were novelties, for example, and more or less interesting novelties, at last year's Worcester gathering; and if Hereford this year had done nothing more than revive Bernhard Molique's *Abraham*, originally written for and brought out at the Norwich Festival of 1860, and very rarely heard since—but once, indeed, in its entirety, if we are not mistaken—enough would have been effected to stamp the occasion on the memory of all true amateurs. *Abraham* may be "Kapellmeister's music," as certain of our "advanced" instructors insist; but if so we can only retort that Kapellmeister's music is very fine music, and that it would be well if more of such music were vouchsafed to us just now. That Molique, living so many years in England, honoured by all who knew him, was more or less influenced by the fascination of Mendelssohn's style, and was not altogether indifferent to that of Spohr, must be conceded; but why a musician should not belong to a "school" as well as a painter, and produce masterpieces in that school entitling him to consideration as one of its foremost representatives, it is not easy to explain. Such, at the least, was Molique, and every one capable of appreciating genuine art must look up to him with respect and admiration. Had he written nothing more than *Abraham*, where the keenest sense of musical expression, a perfect mastery of counterpoint, without a knowledge of which no musician can give fluent utterance to his ideas, and an unmistakable dramatic instinct are apparent, he would take high rank among composers. Its performance, indeed, apart from the old and universally or (*pace* the "advanced") *almost* universally recognized masterpieces, was the most striking incident of the Festival; and though the execution—no wonder, coming as it did at the end of so lengthy a selection—was not altogether perfect, it evidently impressed all hearers. That more of *Abraham* will be heard ere long may be taken for granted. About *The Shunamite* of Dr Garrett, and *The Ode to the Passions*, charmingly and congenially set by Mrs Meadows White to the well-known poetry of Collins, we shall have another opportunity of speaking, as they are at no distant date sure to be reproduced in London. The leading singers at this Festival—Mdmes Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams, Marian Fenna, and Hilda Wilson; Messrs E. Lloyd, C. W. Fredericks (a local professor), Frank Boyle, F. King, and Santley, all in their best form, enhanced no little the general excellence of the performances. We should add that the evening concert of Wednesday was devoted to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. In the miscellaneous selections at the Shire Hall, our distinguished violinist, Mr Carrodus, created a lively impression by his admirable solo displays, while Mr James Taylor gave a spirited and conscientious rendering of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*. About the vocal displays of Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr Santley, &c., who all contributed more or less familiar and admired pieces, it is unnecessary to say more than that their efforts were appreciated at their just value. On the whole the Festival may be recorded as a complete and well-merited success.—*Graphic.*

* * * * * *

The meetings of the three choirs, held each year successively at Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, must be numbered amongst the foremost of those provincial gatherings which, while ostensibly ministering to the cause of charity, promote and substantiate the cause of art. It is the fashion to decry such celebrations as possessing merely a local interest; nevertheless, they continue to exist, and are likely to flourish until—as the Vicar of Bray has it—"the times do alter." People who shower blame on these festivals on account of the feeble influence they exert on contemporary musical art, do so unthinkingly; the charge of re-producing familiar works is easily met with the counter statement that the local patrons are not educated* up to the times, and are quite content to hear *Elijah* or *The Messiah* performed by a fine orchestra and solo artists of world-wide celebrity. A real objection might, truly, be taken to the celebrations, quite apart from the question of local or general interest; and it might be founded upon the disproportion of the results achieved to the means employed. Never mind the old wrangle between the Worcester clergy and laity; lay aside for the moment the bone of contention between musical reformers and musical conservators; the bare fact remains that the Hereford Festival, now chosen for the exemplar of the three associated gatherings, owes nothing whatever to its entertainments, but everything to voluntary donations. The sale of tickets cannot be expected to cover the expenses of engaging artists from London, &c.; a certain deficit will be incurred, and so as many stewards as will agree to become responsible are banded together as guarantors to pay for the festival, after the balance of accounts has been struck. The collections are paid into a separate fund, and these go in bulk to the charity—I need hardly state that this charity is for the relief of the orphans and widows of the clergy of the three dioceses and the assistance of necessitous clergymen—while the festival receipts proper are devoted to the liquidation of the debt incurred in the preparations for the entertainments. There is obviously something wrong somewhere, but it is almost hopeless to expect that the triennial festivals will ever be made paying speculations in the humble centre of an agricultural district. All that can be ascribed to them is the virtue of promoting the practice of choral music, and the merit of inducing those to loosen their purse-strings, which, but that the time breathed of charity, would remain tightly fastened. Sham sentiment is worse than mock heroics. The Three Choirs Festival exists because it has a precedent of over a century and a half to speak in its favour, and, above all, because English people will not willingly suffer old institutions to die without a long and strenuous protest.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

—o—

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

On Saturday last a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Festival was held, the chair being occupied by Mr J. H. Arkwright, Chairman of Stewards. Present:—The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford, Rev. Canon Musgrave, Mr T. Llanwarne (Mayor), Sir H. S. Stanhope, Bart., Rev. Custos Duncombe, Rev. Canon Powell, Mr J. F. Symonds, Mr J. G. Woodhouse, Mr Langdon Colborne, Rev. Berkeley L. S. Stanhope (hon. sec.), and Mr Capner (secretary).

The Chairman moved "That the grateful thanks of the stewards be respectfully offered to Her Majesty the Queen and the other

"Educated" is good!—Dr Blinge.

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members of the Royal Family for their continued patronage of the Hereford Festival." The Dean of Hereford seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously. The Chairman proposed "That the thanks of the Committee of Stewards be given to the Lord Bishop and the Dean and Chapter for the effective aid and countenance afforded by them to the Festival, and for their hospitality on all occasions." The Mayor of Hereford seconded, and the resolution was carried. The Dean proposed, and the Rev. Canon Musgrave seconded, a vote of thanks to the Rev. Sir G. H. Cornewall, Bart., for his very excellent sermon preached on behalf of the Charity, and the wish was expressed that it might be printed for circulation. The resolution was carried. The Dean of Hereford moved "That the thanks and congratulations of the Stewards be offered to Mdme Albani and the other soloists, both vocal and instrumental, on the great success which has attended their performances." The Rev. Canon Musgrave seconded, and the resolution was carried. The Chairman proposed "That a vote of thanks be accorded the members of the Chorus for their careful and spirited work throughout the week." Mr Colborne (conductor) seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously. Sir H. Scudamore Stanhope, Bart., proposed "That the thanks of the stewards be tendered to Mr Langdon Colborne for his able and efficient services as conductor." The Rev. Custos Duncombe seconded, and the resolution was carried. Mr Colborne briefly acknowledged the compliment, testifying to the willing support he had been accorded in the orchestra. The Rev. Canon Powell moved "That the best thanks of the Stewards be offered to the Rev. Berkeley L. S. Stanhope (hon. sec.), and Mr J. W. Capner (secretary) for their indefatigable and highly successful efforts, which have made the Festival of 1882 eminently satisfactory." The Mayor seconded, and the Dean of Hereford supported, the resolution being carried unanimously. Mr Alderman Symonds proposed, and the Rev. Berkeley L. S. Stanhope (hon. sec.) seconded, "That thanks be offered to the several railway companies for the convenience of visitors to the Festival."—Carried unanimously. Mr Langdon Colborne proposed, and the Rev. Custos Duncombe seconded, "That the thanks of the Stewards be conveyed to Dr Stone and Mr J. Taylor for their valuable and voluntary services during the Festival, and to Dr Garrett for the care and attention he had bestowed on the production of his work, *The Shunamite*, the rendering of which had afforded him so much pleasure and satisfaction."—This was carried unanimously. The Mayor moved, and Mr J. G. Woodhouse seconded, "That thanks be conveyed to the Press for their full and careful reports of the proceedings."—This was also carried unanimously. The Chairman proposed "That the best thanks of the Stewards be tendered to the City Decoration Committee for their spirited and energetic efforts in decorating the city upon the occasion, and to the citizens generally for their support, with congratulations upon the pleasing result, and that the Mayor be requested to convey the same." The Dean of Hereford seconded, and the resolution was carried. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Supt. Davies, and the City Police force, for their successful arrangements during the Festival week, and for the preservation of order in the vicinity of the Cathedral. The Dean of Hereford proposed, and the Mayor seconded, "That the best thanks of the Stewards be given to the Chairman for presiding on this occasion, and for the unabated interest he has taken in promoting the success of the Hereford Festival." The resolution was carried unanimously.

The collections, which were made after each service and oratorio in the Cathedral, amounted in the aggregate to £806 10s. 3d., which has since been increased to £841 19s. 2d., among the recent donations being that from Mr W. Farrer Ecroyd, M.P., £5; Rev. T. Shackleton, £5 5s.; Rev. Lister Venables, £2 2s., and other sums. As several Stewards and others who, from various causes, were unable to attend the Festival may be anxious to contribute to the Widows and Orphan's (Clerical) Fund, we are authorized to state that the list of contributions will be kept open until October 15th, and that the Rev. Berkeley L. S. Stanhope, as the Hon. Sec., will gladly receive, and pay over to the Treasurer, any sums which may be forwarded to him for that purpose. As regards the financial result of the Festival, we are not yet able to give the figures, several accounts being still outstanding, but we are informed that the Steward's guarantee fund will in all probability cover the deficit, and that there will not be occasion for any further call.

Offers from all parts of the States asking for Miss Emma Thursby's services, so we learn from the New York *Music and Drama*, are pouring in upon her manager, Mr Maurice Strakosch.

The new Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, was to be inaugurated this evening, the 30th inst., by the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, as a tribute to Boieldieu, a native of the town, and the first four acts of *Les Huguenots*.

Lehrer-Personal*

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,, Professor Dr Philipp Spitta, ständiger Sekretär der Musik-Section der Königl. Akademie der Künste, Vorsteher der gesammten Verwaltung der Königl. Hochschule.

I. ABTHEILUNG FÜR KOMPOSITION UND THEORIE.

Herr Professor Friedrich Kiel, Komposition.
,, Professor Benno Härtel, } Theorie
,, Reinhold Succo, Königl. Musikdirector, } und
,, Franz Schulz, } Komposition.
,, Professor Woldemar Bargiel, Partiturspiel.
,, Professor Dr Philipp Spitta, Geschichte der Musik.

II. ABTHEILUNG FÜR GESANG.

Herr Professor Adolf Schulze, Gesang.
,, Professor Gustav Engel, dramatischer Gesang.
,, Professor Rudolph Otto,
Frau Anna Schultzen- v. Asten,
Herr Felix Schmidt } Gesang.
Frau Elise Breiderhoff,
Herr Dr A. Schwarz, Declamation und dramatischer Unterricht.
Fräulein Elise Bartels, Declamation.
Herr Angelo Pirani, Italienische Spaache.

III. ABTHEILUNG FÜR ORCHESTER-INSTRUMENTE.

Herr Professor Dr Joseph Joachim,
,, Professor Heinrich De Ahna,
,, Emanuel Wirth, } Violine.
,, Heinrich Jacobson,
,, Robert Hausmann, Violoncell.
,, W. Sturm, Königl. Kammermusiker, Contrabass.
,, H. Gantenberg, Königl. Kammervirtuos, Flöte.
,, P. Wieprecht, Königl. Kammervirtuos, Oboe.
,, J. Pohl, Königl. Kammervirtuos, Clarinette.
,, J. Liebeskind, Königl. Kammermusiker, Fagott.
,, Fr. Lehmann, Königl. Kammermusiker, Horn.
,, J. Kosleck, Kgl. Kammermusiker, Trompete u. Posaune.

IV. ABTHEILUNG FÜR KLAVIER UND ORGEL.

Herr Professor Ernst Rudorff,
,, Professor Heinrich Barth, Hofpianist,
,, Friederich Grabau,
,, Johannes Schulze,
,, Oscar Raif, } Klavier.
,, Alexander Dorn, Kgl. Musikdirector,
,, Karl Schwiedam,
,, Karl Heymann,
,, Professor A. Haupt, Director des Königl. Instituts für Kirchenmusik, Orgel.

* See paragraph in our last number.

Carl Schröder, of Sondershausen, officiates as operatic conductor this season at the theatre, Eisenach.

PORT ELIZABETH (Algoa Bay).—Miss Ellen N. French gave a *soirée musicale* at the Liedertafel Hall with great success. The reputation of this lady as a most accomplished pianist had preceded her from Grahamstown, and, in consequence, the audience, which included the *élite* of Port Elizabeth, was numerous and appreciative. Miss French has a perfect command over the pianoforte, and plays with a brilliancy and delicacy rarely combined. Besides her performances on the pianoforte, Miss French sang Taubert's "In a distant land," and Roeckel's "A bird in the hand." We subjoin the programme:—

Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3 (Beethoven); Barcarolle in F (Rubinstein); Valse (Chopin); "Clarici"—"A te o cara" (Fumagalli); La Legerezza (Moscheles); Spinnlied (Litolff); Fantaisie Impromptu (Chopin); La Truite (Stephen Heller); and Fantasia on *Carmen* (Leybach).

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OSWESTRY TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Sept. 23.

The second Oswestry Triennial Musical Festival was held yesterday in the Powis Hall, Oswestry, under the direction of its founder, Mr Henry Leslie. At the first Festival, which was held in September, 1879, the performances of the choir, which numbered about 200 voices, fully justified Mr Leslie's anticipations, and the profits of the Festival enabled the committee to found the Oswestry School of Music, out of which has grown the organization of village choirs. Last year a very successful Festival of village choirs was given, when they competed, as they will again to-day, for the banner of honour. In the preparation for this year's Triennial Festival Mr Leslie and his coadjutors have had to encounter unforeseen difficulties. In the Ruabon district the prolonged strike of colliers which took place last spring resulted in such widespread distress and disturbance that a large number of excellent voices were lost to the Festival Choir, while depression of trade and other temporary circumstances have also had an adverse influence upon the Festival both as regards the choir and the general attendance. In addition to the voice tests which were imposed in 1879, compliance with a certain standard of musical knowledge has been required as a preliminary condition of admission to the Festival Choir, so that the choir yesterday, though smaller in numbers than at the last Festival, was still more efficient. The morning's programme consisted of the first and second parts of the *Creation*, and miscellaneous selections. The choir, numbering about 150 voices, was supported by a fine band of nearly 50 performers. That the principal singers were Miss Anna Williams, Mr Joseph Maas, and Mr Henry Blower was a sufficient guarantee that the solo numbers of Haydn's great work would be adequately interpreted. Musical festivals upon a scale of any magnitude are costly undertakings. On Thursday the committee found the sale of tickets had been so unsatisfactory that they issued a circular in which they pointed out that in the event of the Festival proving a financial failure there was imminent danger of the Festival Choral Society and the whole organization of the School of Music being dissolved. The town has been decorated, though rather sparsely, in honour of the occasion.

The performance began about half-past one, when the spacious hall was not filled; but the attendance was better than had been expected, and a considerable number of county families were represented. Lord Harlech brought a large party from Brogyntyn, which included the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, Lady Florence Duncombe, and Lady Penrhyn. Mr Leslie, on taking his seat as conductor, was cheered by the orchestra and the audience. The National Anthem was sung to an arrangement by Mr Leslie, and the performance of the *Creation* (the first and second parts) was then proceeded with. The choir, on the whole, did their work admirably. The parts were well balanced and the voices were young and fresh; and although the performance was not free from a few small blemishes, it more than satisfied a not uncritical audience. It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the band, and no other fault can be found than that they now and then slightly overpowered the choir. Miss Anna Williams sang with her accustomed devotional feeling. Mr Maas sang in a manner worthy of the high reputation he has achieved, and his rendering of the air "In native worth" was exceedingly fine. Mr Henry Blower, who is less known to fame, made a very favourable impression. In the miscellaneous part of the programme were Sterndale Bennett's part-song, "Come, live with me," charmingly sung by the Festival Choir; "O, ruddier than the cherry," by Mr Blower, which was re-demanded, but not repeated; Boccherini's minuet for stringed instruments, which was encored; "Cujus Animam," and another selection from the *Stabat Mater*, in which the airs were sung by Mr Maas and Miss Williams with fervour and pathos; and the march from *Le Prophète*. Mr Leslie conducted with his usual success. A miscellaneous concert was given at night, in which Miss Anna Williams, Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Henry Blower, Mr John Thomas, Mr Percy Mull, and the Oswestry Festival Choir again took part.

For the excellence of the arrangements for the Festival special acknowledgment is due to the honorary secretaries, Captain Arkwright and Mr M. H. Roberts. To-day, at noon, the village choirs will compete for the banner of honour. Mr John Thomas will adjudicate. In the afternoon there will be a combined performance by the choirs and the Oswestry Volunteer Band.

Sept. 25.

The programme of Friday night's concert contained a happy admixture of classical compositions with those of a lighter kind. The audience were rather unreasonable in the matter of encores. Mr Joseph Maas excused himself from repeating "The Bay of Biscay" upon the plea of a cold, from which Mr Leslie assured the rather sceptical audience he was suffering. Several glees and part songs, as well as Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," were well sung by the Festival choir. During an interval in the programme, Lord Harlech, the president, proposed a vote of thanks to the distinguished artists, to whom he said Mr Leslie had placed himself to a considerable extent under obligation for the help they had given him in the work of the festival. Mr Leslie, in responding to a vote of thanks to himself and the honorary secretaries, Captain Arkwright and Mr M. H. Roberts, proposed by the vicar of Oswestry, said the town and neighbourhood of Oswestry possessed a festival choir of which they ought to be very proud, and it would be a matter for great regret if, for want of adequate support, the School of Music, which had been so remarkably successful in promoting musical education in the district, should cease to exist.

The second annual Festival of Village Choirs was held on Saturday in the Powis Hall. About half-past twelve the choirs entered the hall, each carrying a distinctive banner, under which they took their seats in the orchestra. The adjudicator was Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). The first competition was for juvenile choirs, the subject being the Angels' trio from *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes." Four choirs competed. The first prize was awarded to the Bronygarth choir, conducted by Mr Hughes, and the second prize to the Guilsfield choir, conducted by Mr R. E. Jones. Mr John Thomas, in giving his adjudication, spoke in the warmest manner of the work Mr Leslie is doing in the cause of musical education in this part of the country, and said that those who had attended the festival performances must have been struck with the remarkable results which he had already achieved. The conductors of the successful choirs were then invested by Mrs Leslie. Various prizes awarded for sight-singing and knowledge of elementary music were presented by Mrs Dumville Lees. The examination was conducted by Mr Leslie, who described the competition as exceedingly good. The principal prize was awarded to Emily Morris, of Llansilin, who is only nine years of age. The chief event of the day, the competition for the banner of honour and a silver medal for the conductor, followed. The banner, to be held from year to year by the choir gaining the prize, was the gift and work of Mrs Leslie, and is a very handsome one. Last year it was won by the Maesbury choir. This year's subject for competition was Mr Leslie's beautiful part-song "When the shades of eve descending." After an interesting competition, in which seven village choirs took part, Mr John Thomas adjudged the banner to the Lodge and Bonygarth choir, containing 41 voices. The conductor of the successful choir, Mr H. M. Hughes, of Oswestry, was invested, amid loud cheers, by Lady Harlech.

At three o'clock there was a performance of the combined choirs and the Oswestry Volunteer band. The attendance was larger than in the morning, but the hall was not filled. The soloists were—Miss Wakefield, Mr John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, and Mr Percy Mull, Principal of the School of Music. Mr Henry Leslie again conducted. The combined choirs sang "The March of the Men of Harlech," "See the conquering hero comes," with band accompaniment, the part-song "O, who will o'er the Downs so free," and the National Anthem as arranged for choirs by Mr Leslie. The Oswestry Festival Choir sang three part-songs with much precision and effect. Mr John Thomas greatly pleased the audience by his performances on the harp. Two songs by Miss Wakefield, in which she was accompanied by the eminent composer Mr Randegger, and a violin solo by Miss Clara Smith were encored. The Festival from a musical point of view was exceedingly satisfatory, but it is feared it will result in rather heavy pecuniary loss. The expenses amount to £400. The Committee will do well in future to make the Festival more widely known than they appear to have done this year.—*Times Report.*

[From the foregoing it may be surmised that Mr Henry Leslie intends making the Oswestry Festival triennial.—D. T.]

BAYREUTH.—The orchestra at the *Parsifal* Performances consisted of 31 violins, 12 violas, 12 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 2 alt-oboes, 4 clarinets, 2 bass clarinets, 4 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 7 horns, 3 trumpets, 4 trombones, 1 tuba, 2 kettle-drums, 5 harps, and the "bell instrument" especially constructed for the occasion, making a total of 106 instruments.

DRESDEN.—Hermann Götz's *Widerspenstigen Zähmung* has been well received at the Theatre Royal, and will probably become a stock piece.—There died here a short time since, aged eighty-five, Herr von Schober, long well known for his friendly relations with the artistic and literary notabilities of Germany, especially Franz Schubert, for whom he wrote the libretto to *Alfonso und Estrella*, Liszt, Moritz von Schwind, &c. He resided for many years at Weimar. He married Thekla von Gumpert, the clever authoress of numerous works for young persons, but the match did not prove a happy one and was dissolved in 1864.

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MUSIC FROM THE EAST.

The presence amongst us of an orchestra and troupe of dancers—or, rather, dramatic performers—from the far East has naturally had the effect of reviving attention to a phase of art peculiar, if not absolutely unique, in its interest, and may stimulate further inquiry into a subject of which Sir W. Jones, Laborde, Jomard, and others only touched the fringe. We are accustomed to look towards the "cradle of the human race" for the origin of things, not without the special reason that comes from the changelessness of Eastern forms and customs. Against that, however, has to be set our own changefulness, and when we fail in identifying what we seek, the result is often due to the obscurity of some steps in the process of development or transmutation. Music is frequently called the youngest of the arts. We of the West claim it as a creation of the last few centuries, and as something that has sprung from our own advancing civilization. This is true enough in a sense. A symphony by Beethoven, for example, belongs to the West, and is the product of a seed sown within comparatively recent times. But the art of music, as distinct from a particular development of it, appertains to the far as well as to the near past. Its origin, like that of all things most ancient, is shrouded in myth and fable, and we cannot go back to the remotest point of national history without encountering it in a position of importance as an element of social life. It is worth while to have these facts in mind by way of guard against the limitation of sympathy and research which comes of despising whatever lies beyond our own circle. Such limitation should especially be avoided with reference to Eastern music, since the more we know of the form and spirit of an art which has been handed down almost unaltered from age to age, the nearer we get to the fountain-head whence flowed all the streams that have fertilized the world. It may be now that we can appropriate nothing useful from this source. It may be, on the contrary, that there is yet something to learn. Music, of all the arts, can least afford to overlook that which is humble and mean. Its development has always been from below, and our noblest composers have gone, not condescendingly, but with eagerness, to the gipsy and the peasant for ideas upon which to work. The time may come, therefore, when Eastern music will contribute more fully than it has yet done to the resources of its Western offshoot. We call to mind numerous examples either of its direct transference or of its reflected spirit in the works of classic masters. Beethoven, Weber, Glück, Romberg, David, Mozart, are names that at once recur, and, though it be true that these composers aimed at special effects of "local colour," it does not follow that materials from the same source are useless for other purposes in connection with an art whose fullest development will be reached when it is most cosmopolitan.

A contemptuous frame of mind, or one that seeks only a bizarre amusement, is certainly the worst company in which to visit the Javanese musicians, and will not be taken into the presence of those interesting performers by persons of intelligence. It is something, if only to meet with a form of art distinctly typical of that which obtains among the oldest nations of the world, and one, undoubtedly, that has come down from remotest times. We are told of the pure Javanese stock to which our visitors belong, that while their religion and language have changed, and in many respects they themselves have become degenerate, their drama and music remain intact, the sole survival of a golden age. Who then shall measure the antiquity of the entertainment just brought to our doors? But more important than its antiquity is the fact that here we have the Eastern equivalent of Western opera, and, in some respects, of its most advanced form. The combination of music, dancing, and drama, first effected in Italy under the name of opera, is not three centuries old, and between it and the Greek stage, the glories of which its founders sought to emulate, lies a huge gulf of time. Java, more fortunate than Europe, preserved its primitive musical drama without breach of continuity, and no more curious or suggestive relic of the far past of a far away land was ever offered for our inspection. The drawback is that we have no key to much of its significance. No scholars have given us a clue to the purport of the music, or to the meaning of the gestures, and the whole story, though obviously told with infinite artifice, is as one spoken in an unknown tongue.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this curious drama is the predominance of the dance. Music continuously accompanies it, and there are frequent passages of recitative, very much of the Wagner pattern, but the dance ranks before all. It possesses however, hardly anything in common with our Western cult, since the legs are little used compared with the upper part of the body, every joint of which has its flexibility tried in a series of elaborate yet carefully measured movements. In his "History of the Indian Archipelago," Mr John Crawfurd mentions this as distinctive of all Malay dances. "Whatever be the occasion in which dancing is exhibited," says the author just named, "it is always grave, stately, and slow, never gay nor animated. As in all Asiatic dancing, it is not the legs, but the body, and especially the arms down to the very fingers, that are employed. Dexterity, agility, or liveliness are never attempted." There is the further peculiarity that no idea of seductive grace seems to be entertained—a fact which places the dramatic dance of Java a long way from the dance pure and simple of neighbouring races. Indeed, the attitudes of the performers are often as angular and awkward as the most æsthetic spectator could desire. Obviously, therefore, some higher purpose than that of mere sensuous pleasure governs the art, and, if we had the key of the movements, we should no doubt discover their connection with and subordination to the argument of the play. If the superior position assigned to the dance be thought trivial and undignified in an entertainment of which recitation forms part, the idea is promptly corrected by reference to the exalted position in which Javanese custom places this exercise. "All orders executed in the presence of a Javanese monarch on public occasions," says the author before quoted, "are accompanied by a dance. When a message is to be conveyed to the royal ear, the messenger advances with a solemn dance and retreats in the same way. The ambassadors from one native prince in Java to another follow the same course when coming into or retiring from the presence of the Sovereign to whom they are deputed. When the persons whose business it is to let the tiger loose from his cage into the hollow square of spearmen have performed their duty, and received the Royal nod to retire—an occasion, one would think, when dancing might be spared—they do so in a slow dance and solemn strut, with some risk of being devoured by the tiger in the midst of their performance." Java is, therefore, a dancing nation. It appreciates the eloquence, if not the poetry, of motion, and we cease to be surprised at the subordination of language in its musical drama. Coming to the subjects represented we find ourselves in contact with things less strange, because a touch of nature makes us kin. As a rule, they are drawn from ordinary life, the virtue of the myth, recently proclaimed in Europe, not being recognized to any appreciable extent. Love, of course, prevails. Four women plot and counterplot to win a gallant gay Lothario, who, after exciting the hopes and fears of each, takes them all. A page becomes enamoured of his mistress, and conquers through the agency of a love potion. A prince out hunting comes upon a castle wherein is confined a beautiful princess till she shall accept the man chosen for her. The pair fall in love, and, as in all countries and ages, love laughs at the locksmith. We have met with something like this before, and there seems to be a great deal of human nature in Java. In performance something of the "argument" may appear to those who understand the spoken language, but the gestures are a study of themselves, and so, for that matter, is the music in its connection with the drama—a connection which appears to be of the closest. "To understand the music," we are authoritatively told, "it is necessary to understand the story it accompanies, as it forms an integral part of it, just as the intoned declamation and the gestures do."

The hero of Tennyson's *Maud* calls upon a "happy day" to blush certain happy news from East to West, "till the West is East." When reading the quotation given above, we are conscious that the confusion of opposite points has actually been achieved. The principle of Javanese music-drama, as thus laid down, is nothing more nor less than that promulgated from Bayreuth. So the remote past and the "future" join hands. Wagner, pushing westward, with his back to civilization, has touched the East; "the West is East," and the earth is round. There are curious points of resemblance in detail between these far extremes. It may be said, at any rate, that the Javanese are votaries of an "infinite melos." Their orchestra, like Dr Watts's sun, "never tires nor stops to rest," but keeps hard at it from beginning to end of the drama; repeating certain melodic passages with a persistence that inclines us to accept them, without further proof, as representative themes. Sometimes, moreover, it is as hard to distinguish a dominating musical idea in the Javanese orchestra as in that of Wagner. Both get "mixed," while the harmonic combinations are, in the one case, no more referable than in the other to any known law. What are we to conclude from this phenomenon? Perhaps that art moves in cycles, like Wagnerian performances, and that the "advanced" people have got round to the starting place.

Let us, however, set aside all such speculations, the more readily because they are not needed to create interest in the Javanese band and their music. As will be assumed, the instruments are nearly all of the percussion class, the tomtom and cymbal uniting their

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changeless voices with the sounds of graduated metal vessels suspended in a wooden framework, and struck with padded sticks. The *ensemble* is not at all unpleasant even to Western ears; but amateur listeners find more to engage their attention in the nature of the music performed—in its melody, for example, which is characteristically Eastern by reason of the employment of intervals not existing in our scale. A first impression is, that the instruments are imperfectly tuned—precisely the idea our own music conveys to Orientals accustomed to quarter-tones. After a while, however, this wears off, and then the piquancy of the effect and its power of acute expression begin to be perceived. The reiteration of short phrases usual to Eastern music is not wanting here, but, as dancing is concerned, the apparently erratic variations of rhythm observable in vocal melodies are absent. This must, however, be said with a qualification. What we may call the fundamental rhythm goes on unaltered, but, in certain cases, various subordinate rhythms are combined therewith. If, for example, the piece be in "common time," a performer will occasionally strike in with crotchet triplets, and so on. Analogous to this is the sometimes polyphonic structure of the music, short inferior phrases being now and then associated, by no means harshly, with the superior theme. As for the harmonic laws observed—if any such crystallization of harmonic custom exist—their study would be interesting, since the effects to which they lead are so beyond a doubt. Referable to no rule of our own art, those effects, by their systematic recurrence, point clearly to a rule somewhere, and though strange, convey an idea that Western music does not embrace every possible good. The whole subject of Eastern music in its various applications is one that should receive more attention than seems now given to it. We are year by year extending our knowledge of Eastern poetry, and discovering that the lands towards the rising sun have given birth to singers sweet as our own. The Javanese musicians, whatever the merit of their particular art, will serve a useful purpose if they stimulate curiosity to know more of the music indigenous to the venerable lands which had a civilization of their own when savages ranged the hills and plains of Europe. —*D. T.*

BRESLAU.—At the Festival Concert lately given by the Municipality to celebrate the presence here of the Emperor Wilhelm and his princely visitors, and which went off most brilliantly, Mdme Annette Essipoff played Franz Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia." Mdme Schmitt-Czany was the vocalist and Herr Bernhard Scholz conducted.

BERLIN.—*(Correspondence).*—The Italian performances at the Philharmonie are much in vogue. The leading members of the company, Signore Varesi and Ciuti (who made her *début* as Norma), Brogi, the barytone, and Bimboni, the conductor, have become favourites.—During the season just concluded and extending from the 6th May to the 17th inst. inclusive, at Kroll's Theater, there were 134 performances, thus apportioned among 31 operas: 12 performances, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau;* 7 each, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor, Czar und Zimmermann;* 6 each, *Joseph en Egypte, Il Trovatore, Das Nachtlager in Granada, Faust;* 5 each, *Der Freischütz, Fidelio, Undine, La Dame Blanche, Le Nozze di Figaro, Lucia di Lammermoor;* 4 each, *Entführung aus dem Serail, Waffenschmied, La Sonnambula, La Juive, Les Huguenots, Norma, Rigoletto;* 3 each, *Diana von Solange, Un Ballo in Maschera, Don Giovanni, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Stradella;* 2 each, *Hans Heiling, Martha, Guillaume Tell, Robert le Diable, La Muette de Portici;* 1, *Die Zauberflöte.* Herr Theodor Wachtel played fifteen times, and netted as his percentage on the receipts £1,200, or £75 a night.—Herr Bilse inaugurated his concert season very successfully on the 16th inst. at the Concerthaus. The new band, in place of the old one, which threw off its allegiance and set up for itself, gave general satisfaction. Two of its members, Herr Cornelis, violinist, and Herr Henric Chaussier, harpist, won especial distinction as soloists, the first with the "Fantaisie caractéristique" of Servais, and the second with a "Concerstück" of his own.—Two "Cycles" of three concerts each, under the direction of Dr Wüllner, of Dresden, will be given this winter at the Philharmonie. The first three will take place before, the last three after, Christmas. Mdme Sophie Menter will play at the inaugural concert. The band will be the whilom "Bilse Orchestra," reinforced for the occasion.—In accordance with a very generally expressed wish, the class for ladies' choral singing at Stern's Conservatory has been expanded into a class for mixed chorus, under the direction of the Royal *Capellmeister*, Herr Radecke.—In consequence of being compelled to leave its old domicile in the Raczynski Palace, which will be pulled down to make room for the new Reichstag Palace, the Royal High School for Music has found a new home at a fine mansion, No. 120, Potsdamer Strasse, with a large garden in front, and extensive park-like grounds in the rear.

WE'LL CONQUER OR WE'LL DIE.

Who says that Britain's sun has set
In clouds to rise no more?
That ne'er again her sons will fight
As fought their sires of yore?
From Egypt's arid sandy plains
There comes the bold reply,
"Where proudly waves our British flag,
We'll conquer or we'll die!"

Chorus.

Then march, march, march,
Where the bullets thickest fly,
Old England's sons, behind their guns,
Will conquer or they'll die.

The Highland host, with serried steel,
Are eager for the fray,
And right and left the Lowland blade
Awaits the coming day.
Mark Erin's sons, behind their guns,
What says each flashing eye?
"Where proudly waves our British flag,
We'll conquer or we'll die."
Then march, march, march, &c.

Let Britain's foes this lesson learn,
Her flag still rules the wave;
'Tis blazoned on a thousand fields
Where sleep her noble brave.
Still handed on from sire to son,
We hear the thrilling cry:
"Where proudly waves our British flag,
We'll conquer or we'll die!"
Then march, march, march, &c.

WETSTAR.

LEIPSIC.—In honour of the numerous visitors from all parts to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the Gustavus Adolphus Foundation, a special concert was given at the Gewandhaus, when the programme comprised Haydn's "Oxford Symphony," Mozart's "Pianoforte Concerto," D major, No. 26 (C. Reinecke), Schumann's overture to *Genoveva*, "Notturno" and "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Beethoven's Symphony in A major.

MUNICH.—Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* will be produced here next May, one performance at least being exclusively for the King, in conformity with the usual practice. The cast will be as follows: Parsifal, Vogl; Kundry, Mad. Vogl; Amfortas, Reichmann; Gurnemanz, Siehr; Titurel, Kindermann; Klingsor, Fuchs. Wagner will lend the costumes but scenery will have to be painted on purpose, on account of the difference in size between the Theatre Royal here and the Theatre at Bayreuth. Mad. and Herr Vogl have left on a seven months' holiday; Herr Levy has been resting after the fatigues of Bayreuth; Mad. Weckerlin has been indisposed for some little time, and Mdlle Aglaja Orgeny has been temporarily filling her place. In December, Herr Gura will play a certain number of nights with a view to obtaining a permanent engagement, and succeeding Herr Reichmann, who goes to Vienna.

VIENNA.—Adam's one-act *Chalet* is about to be revived at the Imperial Operahouse, where it has been frequently given since 1858. On the 19th November, Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, with Mad. Friedrich-Materna, Herren Beck, Bignio, Broulik, and Rokitansky, in the principal characters, will be performed for the first time here. *Boccaccio* has been brought out, under von Suppé's personal direction at the Theater an der Wien.—Herr Julius Sulzer, conductor at the Imperial Burgtheater, has composed new "*Faust* music," including an overture. It is to be played at a performance of Goethe's work in November.

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MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 19th, at the parish church, Plymstock, South Devon, by the Rev. W. H. Colmore, M.A., Vicar of Moseley, assisted by the Rev. T. Coulthard, Vicar of the parish, REGINALD BLAYNEY COLMORE, Lieutenant Royal Navy, seventh son of the late Thomas Colmore, Esq., of Ashfurlong, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, to FLORENCE EMMA, second daughter of Thomas Bulteel, Esq., of Radford, near Plymouth.

On Sept. the 27th, at the Cathedral, Canterbury, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Precentor Hake, M.A., MORRIS ALFORD, second son of Thomas Alford Chubb, Esq., to MARY SOPHIA, second daughter of W. H. Longhurst, Esq., Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the re-opening on Saturday of the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, Professor Macfarren, the Principal, delivered an address. Among the professors present were Messrs H. C. Banister (harmony and composition), G. Benson, M.B., Cantab., F. R. Cox, W. H. Cummings, P. Goldberg, F. Walker (singing), H. R. Eyers, W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, A. O'Leary, Brinley Richards, A. Schlösser, Harold Thomas, Thomas Wingham (pianoforte), and Mr John Gill, the secretary. There was a large attendance of students.

Professor Macfarren, after remarking that this was the sixty-first anniversary of the institution, said he hoped to enhance the interest of the students in their studies by offering them a glance at the history of the art. It was curious to note that, while savage nations had all some kind of music, with the civilized people of remote times it seemed to have been more a spirit of calculation than of impulse and impressionability. Music and astronomy were regarded as kindred, the different effects of music being assimilated to astronomical phenomena. For a long time the attention of musicians was spent in the calculation of mathematical niceties of intonations, and their ideas of what we called musical beauty seem to have been little in accord with the impression entertained by persons in times dating back already several hundred years from the present moment. There was a story related of Pythagoras, which had been repeated for hundreds of years and which, impossible as it was, had gained ready credence —the story that he observed the difference of the fifth and fourth and measured their ratios in consequence of hearing smiths at an anvil beating with hammers of different weights, and thus producing the different sounds. He (Professor Macfarren), however, thought it was within the range of every one's observation that the sound produced from any resonant body, whether it were a string or a plate, depended on the intonation of that string or plate, and not the weight or the lightness of the instrument used to play on it. Curiously, not only had this story been repeated from classic to mediæval and thence to our own times, but it had even been plagiarized in a story of more recent origin—that Handel, while living at Stanmore, listened to smiths working at their anvil, and from the effects of their different productions of notes by the weight of their hammers observed a melody upon which he constructed a variation and named it "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Handel, however, did nothing of the kind, and could have done nothing of the kind. It was remarkable that we could not determine where the ancient Greek system of music ceased and where modern music began. Doubtless there must have been an overlapping of one and the other, and both must, to some extent, have been practised at once, as was the case with the heathen religion and the Christian. In many particulars music advanced in England earlier than in other regions. At the end of the 12th century, a Fleming who founded the first musical academy that had been known—the Conservatoire in Naples—writing of the new art of counterpoint, said, "*This is practised in England with greater success than elsewhere.*" Again, in the early days of the thirteenth century, they found counterpointed compositions in this country of an elaborate nature, and there were also persons to practice them when other countries had not yet so far advanced. It seemed to have been at the beginning of the sixteenth century, from 1500 onwards, that musical erudition was turned to secular subjects. Hitherto, music had been practised among the people without tuition or known principles. All learning on this, as on other subjects, had been confined to the Church, and as Italy was the centre of the Christian Church of the period, so music was drawn towards Rome. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, musical scholarship began to be applied to secular uses, and in the madrigals, which were then first written, exemplifications were found of the same rules which previously had been applied only to sacred works. Much was credited to the Roman school of musical composition, but it was very remarkable that this Roman school rose from the tuition given by Flemings in Rome to persons who went thither for the sake of their instruction. What might be said to have been the means of converting the ancient into the modern of music, or changing the strict of the former use into the free of the present practice, was the first employment of the chord of the dominant seventh. The first person to whom, as yet, any trace could be made as to this chord, in the free manner in which it was now employed, was a Fleming, Jean Mouton, who, he believed, was born in 1475. It had been customary to ascribe the invention to Claudio Monteverde, who lived a hundred years later. It was at the verge of 1600 that some noblemen in Florence surmised that the music, the extraordinary effects of which were described by persons who had witnessed them in Greece, and whose writings had then become patent to all modern Europe, must be capable of re-production. Opera had its first home in Italy, was introduced into France by an Italian, and, in course of time, came the employment of opera in England. We were too much aware of the general notion that this country was incapable of musical excellence, that we could pay for, and perhaps enjoy, music, or affect to do so, but that we could not perform or produce it. There was, however, nothing in our soil, or our climate, or our physical construction which prevented Englishmen from rising to the highest in the attainment of this art. After observing that, in opposition to many, he held that science and art supplemented each other, he commented on the relation of these two pursuits to music, and urged them to think of the power the musician had to give to poetry a higher meaning than the words seemed to convey, and still further, apart from all words, to produce a deeper effect on the feelings, by instrumental music, than written words could ever express. Then they would have a just right to believe in the high vocation they followed. * * * * Standing amongst the works of great masters, they might with pride, and yet with becoming humility as to their own powers, repeat, with a slight alteration, the exclamation of a great painter, and say: "I, too, am a musician."

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MR A. C. MACKENZIE'S *COLUMBA*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your issue of last week you reproduced a paragraph from the *London Figaro*, in which it is stated that "in accordance with his desire to produce during every season in London at least one work of pretension by a native writer, Mr Carl Rosa has commissioned Mr Francis Hueffer to write, and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, to compose, a new and original opera on the subject of *Columba*, the story of which will be founded upon Prosper Merimée's famous romance of that name."

I have pleasure in complementing the above by informing you, and, through you, the musical world in general, that, so far from being still "in nubibus," *Columba* is an accomplished fact. This morning's post brought me a letter from my friend Mackenzie, dated Strada, per Borgo alla Collina, Sept. 21st, in which he says "*Columba*, by F. Hueffer and your humble servant, was finished yesterday." Yours &c., C. A. B.

Sydenham, Sept 25, 1882.

[Who said "in nubibus?" Not we. Perish the thought! All to be hoped is, that Mr Mackenzie may give us as much of himself, and as little of Wagner-Liszt as possible. Fancy Wagnerizing the impulsive Columba and the beautiful Miss Neville! Oh! No "superfluous seconds" on any account. Prosper Merimée, a hater of superfluities, could not abide them.—D. T.]

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GEORGE GROVE'S "DICTIONARY."

Musical amateurs had to wait long for the just issued instalment of Mr George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (Macmillan and Co.), but, in possession of a double number, they no doubt find it easy to forgive delay, the more because there never was any difficulty in assigning a reason. The course of his laborious progress through the alphabet had brought Mr Grove to the letter S, and it was not likely that he would entrust the articles "Schubert" and "Schumann" to other hands than his own. Nor was it at all probable that, being full of matter and sympathy, he would deal with those composers save in the most copious form. This, of course, took time, but at last the Schubert and Schumann papers are before us, and extremely valuable ones they prove to be. That on the first-named master fills sixty-three closely printed pages, and that on the second occupies forty. It may be said that these are biographies, not dictionary articles; but few will raise against them a purely technical objection, in view of the mass of carefully arranged facts they present, and the amount of original information they contain. The editor's enthusiasm for his heroes detracts somewhat from the value of his criticism, which, moreover, is out of place in a work of the present kind. On the other hand, enthusiasm has served him well throughout the laborious task of leaving unturned no stone under which the smallest biographical truth could be supposed to lurk. The Schubert article especially is a monument of research, and, we believe, the most successful attempt at lifting the veil that so long concealed the details of an obscure life. For obvious reasons we cannot follow Mr Grove into particulars, but we may say emphatically that amateurs will obtain a clearer view and a better knowledge of Franz Schubert through the medium of his paper than has heretofore been possible. A most valuable feature in the article deals with facts concerning the first publication and performance of Schubert's multitudinous works. By its aid we are able to trace the gradual appreciation of the master's genius which, step by step, and tardily though surely, raised it from obscurity to a pinnacle of fame. Even more acceptable to students is a catalogue of Schubert literature, alphabetical lists of his published works, and a complete enumeration of all his productions, whether published or not, in chronological order, with key, opus number (if any), and exact date. For this, musicians, those especially who are concerned in the literature of the art, have cause to be grateful. We may add, incidentally, that Mr Grove brings the total of Schubert's compositions up to the astounding number of 1,131! Yet the master had but just passed his 31st year when death claimed him! The article on Schumann, if less striking than its fellow, is full of interesting details, and contains a mine of information bearing not only upon the nature of his genius, but his character as a man. It should be read by all who desire to understand a somewhat difficult master. As usual, in the later numbers of the *Dictionary*, Mr W. S. Rockstro occupies a prominent position with his rather prolix and not always well-judged compilations. Mr Rockstro fills fifty-five pages with an article on "Schools of Compositions," and the space is not out of proportion to the importance of his theme. But instead of giving us a clear and full idea of what the schools taught, with examples, he makes the mistake of introducing the professors, and telling us about them that which should be said under their respective names. The reader of Mr Rockstro's article will learn a good deal concerning persons, but not as much as he desires about principles. Moreover, the closing pages are taken up by a mass of comparatively trivial details regarding modern English music and musicians, and ends with a puff direct of the proposed Royal College of Music. Alike in scope and character, the article, which should be one of the most important in the *Dictionary*, inflicts a disappointment upon intelligent students. At the same time, we are glad to know that Mr Rockstro is sound upon the burning question of Wagner's innovations, and can give a reason for his faith. Here is a short but pointed utterance: "If evil combinations and unconnected arguments, and a weary waste of interminable recitation, be really necessary to the existence of dramatic music—so necessary that the genius capable of delighting us with pleasant harmony and structural symmetry, and melodies of acknowledged beauty, must needs deny us these luxuries, in order that the lyric drama may rest upon a philosophical basis—there are not a few among us quite ready to vote for a retention of the luxuries, even at the cost of leaving the lyric drama in the condition to which Mozart and Weber reduced it. Granted that the combinations are not always evil, the argument not always unconnected, the recitative not always dreary, nor always unrelieved by tuneful episodes and delicious instrumentation, still there must be something radically wrong in a system which admits the introduction of deformity, under any circumstances whatever."

Among other articles in this issue, one on Scottish music, from the pen of Mr. J. Muir Wood, stands conspicuous by its learned treatment of a subject anent which more is said than known. Mr Wood shows a thorough acquaintance with authorities bearing upon the subject, and presents his information in a very condensed and intelligible manner—one which other writers for the *Dictionary* might imitate with advantage. Few relics of early Scottish music survive, but Mr Wood shows, by interesting and amusing extracts from the Lord Treasurer's accounts (fifteenth century), that musicians were in high esteem and request. Approaching nearer to our own time materials accumulate, and we learn from the painstaking writer a host of facts regarding songs and tunes that are closely interwoven with Scottish life. The whole article, in point of fact, is readable and valuable; while the student of national art will find much to exercise his thoughts in the sections on "Scottish Scales and Closes" and on Gaelic music. Mr Wood's contribution is supplemented by some remarks upon Jacobite songs and Scottish dance music, from the pen of Mr T. L. Stillie, a Glasgow amateur familiar by name to all who have watched the recent development of art in Scotland. These also are of striking interest and sufficient authority. In a word, the subject of Scottish music is one of the best treated throughout the entire work, as far as it has yet gone.—*Daily Telegraph.*

* * * * * * * *

[Furthermore we (the *Musical World*) would draw attention to a most interesting and exhaustive article on Burkat Shudi, the eminent harpsichord maker, from the pen of Mr A. J. Hipkins, than whom no one more thoroughly competent could have been appointed to treat the subject. To this we may find occasion to recur.—D. T.]

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The dates for the forthcoming Musical Festival are, October 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. The president is H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., and Mr Charles Hallé will conduct a band and chorus of nearly 500 performers. The general programme includes *Elijah*, *The Redemption*, *Moses in Egypt*, Beethoven's Mass in D, and Haydn's "Spring," *The Messiah*, and a secular cantata, called *Jason*, by Mr Mackenzie. We shall return to the subject.

DUNDEE.—The chief of Scottish song commenced a short series of entertainments on Monday last. We quote the following from the *Advertiser*:—"Regarding Mr Kennedy's work in the Kinnaird Hall at the first of three entertainments nothing more need be said than that it was, in every respect, equal to the best he has ever presented in Dundee. He was in excellent voice and in perfect form, as that word is now used to indicate a performer's general condition before his audience. He sang his Scottish songs and told his subtle, pawky, and irresistibly humorous stories with all his accustomed raciness and point, convulsing his audience with laughter at every 'cute turn of humour. As to the audience, it was large, and sympathetic to the last degree, which largely accounts for the spirit with which Mr Kennedy and his family conducted their interesting programme. Quite one-half of the programme was re-demanded in a manner that left the performers no choice in the matter. Mr Kennedy's 'Get up and bar the door,' 'Woo'd and Married and a''; Mr Robert Kennedy's 'March of the Cameron Men' and 'Sound an Alarm'; Miss Helen Kennedy's 'Caller Herrin''; Miss Marjory Kennedy's 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie' were all repeated. Of the concerted pieces with which the entertainment was pleasantly varied, 'Ae fond kiss,' as a duet by Miss Helen and Mr Robert Kennedy deserves special mention. Miss Maggie Kennedy, though but in her pupilage, gives promise of having a very useful voice. Her singing of 'We're a' noddin'' was remarkably good. We might point to the improvement in quality of tone manifested by Miss Helen, Miss Marjory, and Mr Robert Kennedy on what we have been accustomed to hear from them, as showing the progress made under recent study, but enough has been said to indicate the quality of last night's entertainment and the enthusiastic reception accorded. This may be taken as a sure augury of the pleasure in store for the audiences of to-night and to-morrow night."

MANCHESTER.—The fourth season of the "Popular Chamber Concerts," established and directed by Mr S. S. Stratton, began at the Masonic Hall on Monday night. There was a discriminating audience, whose applause betokened perfect satisfaction. The programme consisted of Mr C. Villiers Stanford's quartet in F major for pianoforte and strings (given at one of the Popular Chamber Concerts about two years ago, and on Monday repeated in reply to a "*plébiscite*" of Mr Stratton's subscribers), played by Messrs Alfred Luton, T. M. Abbott, W. Griffin, and J. Owen; J. S. Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, in D minor (Mr Luton); Gade's

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Sonata, in D minor, Op. 21, for pianoforte and violin (Messrs Luton and Abbott); Chopin's Ballade, in A flat, Op. 47 (Mr Luton); and Haydn's Quartet for Strings, Op. 64, No. 4 (Messrs Abbott, Abbott, jun., Griffin, and Owen). At the next concert (October 30th) a Quartet, in G major, for strings, composed by the late Mr Charles Lucas, is included in the programme.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 578.)

After this duet there is some spoken dialogue in which Florestan begs Rocco to send a message to his wife, Leonora, in Seville, and begs him to give him water. Rocco refuses to send the message, but consents to give him wine from their flask. Leonora recognizes the voice and face of her husband, and eagerly runs to him with the wine.

The dialogue which grows from this is set as a trio in the form of a sonata. Florestan gives her thanks for the refreshing draught, and prays that she may, in better worlds, have the reward he is powerless to give. This is the first subject.

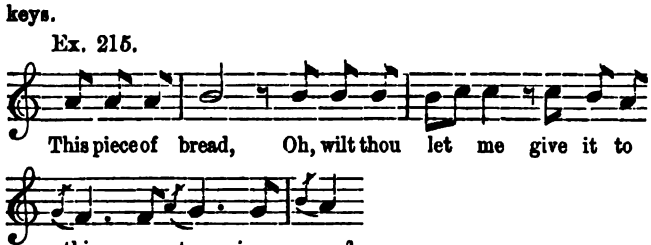
Ex. 213.

Rocco's words of willingness to have fed the poor man are set as the connecting link between first and second subjects. Leonora's cry that her heart throbs violently between joy and pain begins the second subject in the dominant key,

Ex. 214.

which is continued by all three, either together or in alternation. Here all have the same direction of thought, Leonora of her throbbing heart and of the fateful hour that is at hand, Florestan of the pity he sees in the eyes of the other two, and Rocco hating the horrid deed he is concerned in. When the meditative nature of the dialogue gives way to action, the second part or fantasia of the sonata comes, full of changing ideas and keys. Leonora brings out the bread which she has hidden ready for such an opportunity, prays Rocco to let her give it to the starving man, and Rocco dares not; entreaty and answer are alternated for some time with new ideas and new keys.

Ex. 215.



In the accompaniment a good deal of use is made of the phrase (*a*) which is taken from that of the first part at the point where Rocco said he would have fed Florestan if he had dared; and now it is used when Leonora urges him to let her give Florestan the bread.

Ex. 216.

Another new idea comes when Leonora gives it; and when Florestan takes it, the phrase (*a*) comes again. Florestan's halting words of thanks make a restful break in the action, and come fitly into a rest upon the dominant chord of the main key (*b*) as the end of the second part; this point also forms a connecting link to a repetition of his thankfulness, with a return (*c*) to the first subject of the sonata (Ex. 213).

Ex. 217.

From this point the three sing together their meditative words, different, but kindred in thought. The connecting link between the two subjects is here, but transposed, and again with words on the subject of refreshment and pity; and from the half close of this grows, not the second subject, as in the first part, but a coda on thoughts similar to the first subject, which draws the trio to an end.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

HENRY OF STEIER.

(Translated from Scheffel for J. V. Schachner's Cantata.)

"Ye birds of the woodland," the nightingale sings,
"With melody golden the welkin all rings:
Cease, twitt'rers and pipers, you pitiful band,
For Henry of Steier is back in the land!"

The cobbler, uptossing his bonnet in glee,
Cries—"Merciful Heaven is mindful of me,
Such dancing and romping no leather can stand—
Gay Henry the Fiddler, is back in the land!"

Now hies to the lindens each beautiful maid,
Bewitched and bewitching, in garlands arrayed,
Why tarry the lovers at Cupid's command?—
Bold Henry of Steier is back in the land!"

And who tucks her kirtle and trips it along?
To-day wrinkled Grannie again will be young;
She steps and she strides like a stork in the sand—
"Smart Henry of Steier is back in the land!"

"The host leaves his flagon, the herdsman his cows,
The ostler his horses, the ploughmen their ploughs;
The bailiff and farmer in vain would withstand—
"This fiddler, this Henry, is back in the land!"

Dark-hooded, is weeping, 'mid flowerets bright,
A nun in the convent that stands on the height;
"Sad sister, whose bosom all pleasure hath banned—
Thy Henry of Steier is back in the land!"

In silence his fiddle he raised to his breast,
Half dreaming, half playing, though round him they pressed;
Like fire sped the sound from the master's deft hand—
"For Henry, the Minstrel, was back in the land!"

G. S. EDWARDS.

HERR LEVI.*

(From a Correspondent.)

Herr Levi, *Capellmeistr* at the Theatre Royal, Munich, who conducted the *Parsifal* Performances at Bayreuth, denies the current report that he is about to marry a step-daughter of Wagner's, and that he has turned Christian.

The programme for next season at the National Theatre, Pesth, will include *Herodias*, *Orpheus*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Der häusliche Krieg*, and the ballets, *Der Spielmann* and *Renaissance*.

* See paragraph in Waifs.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 577.)

After producing his *Elisa* at the Théâtre Feydeau, Cherubini kept aloof from the stage more than two years, not returning to it till the commencement of 1797, when he brought out *Médée*. It was at this epoch that he began writing, like Méhul, Lesueur, Catel, and Gossec, some of the occasional songs or patriotic hymns, which the Republican Government caused to be performed with great solemnity and an amount of display often touching and superb, at the grand national festivals and the anniversaries of important events. I find several entered in his Memorandum Book, under the date of 1795. Here is the list as given by himself:—

"Hymn of the Panthéon, with grand chorus; Hymn to Fraternity; Song for the 10th August; Hymn and Funeral March on the death of General Hoche; Ode on the 18th Fructidor; Republican Saltpetre; Hymn for the Festival of Youth; Festival of Gratitude."

The list was followed by a note thus framed:

"These pieces, of which I have not in every instance the exact date, were composed at various epochs of the Revolution, ranging from this year to the year 1798."

As mentioned in the note, these pieces, some of which were of great importance and admirable in style, belong to different epochs. The titles are not always quoted correctly, as, for instance, in the case of "Pompe funèbre du Général Hoche," of which I shall speak further on, under the date of the performance, and also in that of the "Ode pour l'anniversaire du 18 Août," for which Cherubini wrote, to Lebrun's verses, some extremely remarkable music. "Le Salpêtre républicain" was sung in the month of Pluviôse, Year II., at the festival given to celebrate the commencement of the manufacture of saltpetre. The "Hymn to Fraternity" was performed some months previously, on the 1st Vendémiaire, Year II., in the Tuileries Gardens, the lines having been written by Desorgues. Those of the "Festival of Youth" (10th Germinal) were by Parny; those of the "Festival of Gratitude" (10th Prairial), the music of which was superb, by Mahérault.*

At this epoch, when I do not find any other compositions entered in his Memorandum Book, it may be supposed, I think, that Cherubini was completely absorbed in the duties of inspector, which he had been appointed to fulfil at the Conservatory. We know how conscientious and methodical, what a slave to duty, he was, and, at a time when everything had to be created and organized in the new institution, he devoted himself no doubt entirely to the task. As, however, Hoffmann, the celebrated critic of the *Journal des Débats* and the colleague of Méhul and Nicolo, had entrusted him with a three-act libretto, he set to work and wrote a new score.

The libretto was that of *Médée*, and the reader may consider the subject rather gloomy for the place, the Théâtre Feydeau, where it was destined to be brought out. Hoffmann, moreover, had not been able to invest the horrible story with more interest than the immortal poets, no others than Seneca, Euripides, and Pierre Corneille, who had treated it before him. Cherubini, failing, perhaps, to perceive the original defect of such a dramatic theme, could owe only to himself the success which he hoped to achieve with his work, and which, indeed, greeted it. *Médée* was produced on the 13th March, 1797, its principal interpreters being Mdme Scio (Médée), Gaveaux (Jason), and Dessaules (Créon). The result was for the composer a genuine triumph, and one in which the poet was not called upon to claim a share. All the papers were unanimous in finding fault with *Médée* for the too great length of certain portions and for offensive improbabilities, as well as for a want of interest inherent to the subject itself, but all agreed in pronouncing the music admirable, and in recording the impression which such music—severe, grandiose, and passionate, at one and the same time—had produced on the spectators.

"The first act," says one, "contains portions that are too long, dumb show, choruses that never end, marches, and a great deal of mere spectacle. The second act is more dramatic and closer than the first, while the music is majestic and imposing; in the part of Medea it *rends the soul*, it paints. The third act is full of action; the catastrophe is truly moral; Medea is punished and crime does not triumph. Lastly, the music is broad, expressive, majestic, and terrible. Perfect execution of the choruses, correctness and richness of the costumes—nothing has been neglected in this opera."†

The *Journal de Paris* remarks in its turn:

"The success was complete, and the execution as good as is compatible with a first night. Overture, recitatives, duets, and trios in the forms of dialogues, concerted pieces, marches, choruses, and accompaniments, are all rich in melody and perfectly adapted to the action on the stage."‡

Finally, this is how the *Courier des Spectacles* chronicled the reception accorded to the work:

"Never did a first performance attract more people than were seen last night at the Théâtre Feydeau. The lyric tragedy of *Médée* achieved a most brilliant and most deserved success. The music, which cannot be too highly praised, is by M. Cherubini, and the book by M. Hoffmann, already known by several agreeable productions. The scenery is magnificent; in fact, nothing was wanting to render the opera worthy of the highest admiration. The public called for M. Cherubini, who appeared, and so did M. Hoffmann. Mdme Scio played the part of Medea with the greatest talent; among her pieces there were some in which she was in very great force; there was a call for her at the end and she came on again, the public testifying their satisfaction by the loudest applause. At the conclusion of the piece, M. Gaveaux read some verses in honour of M. Cherubini."§

Even at this epoch Cherubini was bound to Méhul by affection as profound as it was sincere, and Méhul gave him a strong and public proof of it. A journal—one of the most honest of that day, be it parenthetically remarked—the *Censeur*, wrote, when noticing *Médée*: "The music, by Cherubini, is often melodious and sometimes virile, but the public noticed in it reminiscences and imitations in Méhul's manner." Méhul immediately took up his pen and sent this reply to the paper:

". . . O, *Censeur*, you do not know this great artist. But I do know him, and admire him because I know him well, and I say, and will prove to all Europe that the inimitable author of *Démophon*, *Lodoïska*, *Elisa*, and *Médée*, never required to imitate in order to be successively elegant or tender, graceful or tragic, to be, in a word, that Cherubini whom some few may accuse of imitating others, but whom they themselves will not fail to imitate *unfortunately* at the first opportunity. This justly celebrated artist may find a *Censeur* to attack him, but he will have as defenders all who admire him, that is: all who are capable of understanding and appreciating the highest talent. "MÉHUL."

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK.—Mr Mapleson begins his Italian season on the 19th October, but Mad. Patti will not appear till the third week. Sufficient subscriptions have been received to place the season on a secure basis, financially.—Aimée and Capoul open a three weeks' season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 9th October. They will sing alternately three nights a week and also divide the *matinées*. After Mad. Théo's departure for Europe, in January, M. Grau will split his company into two, putting Mad. Aimée at the head of one and Capoul at that of the other.—Mad. Théo made her first appearance on the 9th inst., in *Madame L'Archiduc*, and met with a very cordial reception.

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* Castil-Blaze, though he could not have been so well informed as Cherubini himself, attributes to him (*Académie impériale de Musique*, vol. I., p. 15) two other patriotic songs: a "Hymn to Victory," of which Carbon de Flins is said to have written the verses, and a "Funeral Hymn on the Death of General Joubert," the verses of which are attributed to Chaussard. Cherubini mentions neither the one nor the other.

† *Journal d'Indications* of the 25th Ventôse, Year V.

‡ *Journal de Paris* of the 26th Ventôse.

§ *Courier des Spectacles* of the 24th Ventôse.—The verses in question are far from being good; I will, however, quote them as a curiosity:

Poursuis, Cherubini, ta brillante carrière;
Chaque jour te conduit à l'immortalité.
L'envie aux grands auteurs est trop souvent contraire;
Goûte en paix les douceurs de ta célébrité.
De Gluck en toi renaît le talent admirable;
Par tes accords divins, on se sent transporté:
De Médée en fureur tu peins si bien la fable,
Qu'elle prend à nos yeux l'air de la vérité.
De fleurs et de lauriers que n'ai-je une couronne?
Je brignerois l'honneur de te la présenter;
Mais en t'applaudissant le public te la donne.
L'obtenir est moins doux que de la mériter.

CHEVALIER, *chef de bureau de l'Intér.*

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PIANO PLAYERS AND PLAYING OF THE NEAR PAST.

I remember when I was quite a little fellow, a stout good-natured looking German paying a visit to our house. He complained that his fingers were getting so fat that he would have to leave off pianoforte playing, or that the keys would require to be made broader. The stout good-natured looking German took a good deal of snuff, some of which, I remember, got into my eyes as I stood watching his performance. I can also remember that he partook freely of sauerkraut, and that he had no objection to a glass of "Schnapps" to settle his digestion. His name was HUMMEL, and, although now said to be but a "dull classic,"* he had a touch so light, and a style so pure, that even to this day I can distinctly remember the impression he left upon my youthful mind.

My height had hardly increased a couple of inches, when another visitor came to our town—one so essentially different, that, although he also was a German, he had nothing in common with the first, excepting that he played on the same instrument. I have no difficulty in recalling his face and figure. He was a young man, with long flowing hair and classical features; but he appeared so painfully affected, and so filled with the idea of his own greatness, that I candidly acknowledge his startling ability did not impress the circle I mixed with. His execution was the theme of musical society, for the name of LISZT was even then whispered with a certain amount of adoration I could hardly understand. True, in after years, he lost much of the affectation that distinguished his youth, and raised for himself a host of friends, attracted as much by his kindly manner as his undoubted ability.

Again, a recollection comes before me of a sprightly little Frenchman, who sat at the piano as if he had sprung from the key-board, and never seemed happy when away from it; who ran his fingers over the keys in a light and airy manner, and made himself agreeable to every one in a moment. We had a dance on the particular night when he paid his first visit, and as the quadrille pianist had not yet made his appearance, he asked whether we should like him to play a set of quadrilles, and he did play his first set, not published for many years afterwards. HENRI HERZ was a great favourite, both in public and in private, and the quadrille which I danced to his playing is a pleasant memory to this day.

Another face comes before me associated with this period of my life—a handsome, expressive face, full of animation, with eyes that appeared always to look on kindly and approvingly. When he sat at the pianoforte he seemed like a giant; his large hands running over the keys appeared to make nothing of difficulties, and although even then regarded more in the light of a musical "scene painter" than in that of a great artist, his broad style and powerful execution won the sympathies of all. THALBERG cannot readily be forgotten by those who heard him, and must be remembered with additional pleasure by those who frequently saw him, and particularly by those who had an opportunity of speaking with him. Free from affectation, he acknowledged that he took his effects from the playing of the harpist, Parish Alvars, who was also a good pianist and a genuine artist.

The faces of many that have now departed readily appear before me as I knew them in life, and the countenance of JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER is stamped indelibly on my recollection. * * * * Some may have surpassed Cramer in execution, and, as a composer, he was decidedly weak;† but who can forget that marvellous equality of playing, that charming expression, coming from the heart, that distinctive touch common to both hands, which placed him apart from the common herd. His playing of his own studies was like the recitation of so many poems; you could hardly say that this arose from any remarkable excellence of their own.‡ The love song was there, but it was the singing of the lover that imparted to it its distinctive charm, and, as he played some of his advanced studies, their tenderness and exquisite expression gave the listener more pleasure than any powers of execution could possibly do, for he belonged to a school that excelled in taste and feeling.

I recal, a few years later, CHARLES NEATE, one of the best informed but most egotistical of pianists, whose admiration for, and acquaintance with, Beethoven made his society at all times enjoyable. To hear him relate, at the residence of Thomas Tomkinson, the well-known pianoforte manufacturer and art critic, how they first tried over some of the great German Master's quartets, *sent to him in MS. by the composer* (?), was a rich treat. Neate lived a great deal in Brighton, where he died on the 30th March, 1877. His Majesty George IV. had a high opinion of his ability, and Neate used to relate with great gusto his being ordered to attend at the Pavilion one evening when the King was entertaining some foreign guests. The hours passed on, and still the pianist was not called upon, until at length the concert terminated. Neate, incensed, returned home, but did not sleep all night. In the morning, a messenger came from the King desiring to see him, and, before the irritated musician could ask an explanation, his Majesty said: "*I have no doubt, Neate, that, after being in attendance last night, you were surprised at not being called upon to play; but the truth is, my guests were more numerous than I at first anticipated, and we had to dine in the Octagonal Chamber, and, as some of my friends had been speaking somewhat disparagingly of English music and English musicians, I determined that you should not be heard to so great a disadvantage as you would have been in a room so badly fitted for sound. This evening our number is less, and we dine where you can be better listened to.*" "In my intercourse with the King," Neate added, "I always found him a staunch supporter of his countrymen, and upon every occasion he encouraged English musical talent, *when he could get it.*" ‖

Neate introduced into England many celebrated works of Beethoven, Weber, and Hummel—*and he did not forget, when you were in his society, to let you know it.*

Another active worker of this period, and, indeed, a distant relative of my father's, was CIPRIANI POTTER. A good firm all-round pianist, and a thoroughly sound musician; his concerts were my delight, and it was in the Hanover Square room, under his direction, I first heard Beethoven's *Pastoral*, and many other works that have become familiar. I only speak now of pianists whom I have heard in private and public at a very early period, before the pianoforte was the universal instrument it has since become. From the beginning of the century, indeed, a change has come over most players, influenced no little by the construction and compass of the instrument itself. In those days attention was more particularly directed to touch; *cantabile* playing was cultivated, and crispness as contrasting with indistinctness was held in the highest estimation. The quantity of notes that could be played in a given time was not so much a consideration as their quality. The player in those days regarded his piano as the violinist does his violin, and carried it about with him, so that he could ensure the production of his usual tone, and the exhibition of that touch upon which he prided himself. If the present pianist would try in some measure to follow the example of the past, we should have more effective performances—at least in chamber music—and less dependence upon a large body of tone that sometimes is little better than an unmeaning noise.

PHOSPHOR.

It is proposed to give this winter at Antwerp a performance of the oratorio, *Le Paradis Perdu*, music by BLOCKX, book by VAN BEERS.

Mdlle Carlotta (Dorè) Desvignes, the accomplished young singer whose fine *mezzo-contralto* voice has been so well cultivated by our Maestro Sangiovanni, and who, during the last musical season in London, sang with such distinction in concerts with Mdme Patti and other celebrities, is now in Milan, where she is studying hard for the Lyric stage. Mdlle Desvignes will make her *début* in the part of the Capraio, in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, at Vercelli, in December next.—*Il Trovatore.*

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* "Said to be"—by whom?—Dr Blidge.

† I wish Arthur Chappell—classical-music-purveyor for the people—would (*pace* the "Advanced") give his ever-increasing flock an opportunity, once in a way, of testing this question.—Dr Blidge.

‡ Beg pardon. I have often said thus much, and shall persist in saying thus much till I am undeceived and (as the late Manfredo Maggioni would say) "taken from my error."—Dr Blidge.

‖ "When he could get it" is good. All this about Neate is "nate, mighty nate"—but clear moonshine all the same. To say that Neate was a pianist and composer for the piano, who lived to the ripe age of ninety, would be to sum up his career. He was, in short, a ripe professor who played occasionally at the Philharmonic. Nevertheless, that he died at Brighthelmstone is too true.—Dr Blidge.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 3.

1785.

(Continued from page 581.)

The "Ode for the New Year" was composed by Mr Stanley, master of the King's band, and composer of the odes, as well as the minuets danced at Court on their Majesties' birthdays. After these places became vacant on the death of Dr Boyce, in 1779, Fischer the oboe player, who was one of the Queen's band, posted off to Windsor to solicit the King to appoint him composer of the minuets. When he arrived there he found his Majesty had gone to the stables. Fischer followed him, and, in his odd sputtering way, thus preferred his suit:—"Please, your Majesty, I can write minuets." "Can you?" said the King, "then you may go and play them." His Majesty had previously appointed Mr Stanley to both places.

The manager of the King's Theatre, who felt the loss of Pacchierotti, and who had made every endeavour to obtain efficient performers, presented to the public, on the 21st of January, the serious opera of *Demetrio*, in which Signor Crescentini and Signora Ferrerese made their first appearance. The singing and acting of Crescentini, though by no means equal to Pacchierotti's, was at all times neat, and often brilliant. Ferrerese had a sweet voice, and sang with taste, but she was not calculated to shine as a *prima donna*. They were both much applauded. Cherubini, who selected and composed this opera, was a scholar of Sarti: he was a young man of genius; and the overture, and the duet in the third act, gave promise of future greatness. Cramer led the band. The comic opera was considerably aided by the appearance of Signor Franchi, on the 24th of January, in "Il Pittore Parigiano." Franchi's voice was clear and powerful, and he sang with great taste. The manager, being desirous of strengthening the serious opera, engaged Signor Tenducci, who had been singing with success at the Hanover Square concerts: he appeared on the 11th of May in Sir Christopher Gluck's opera, *Orfeo*. Nearly the whole weight of this opera lay on Tenducci, who, though an Atlas of former times, found his physical powers so much diminished, that he was unable to bear the pressure to the satisfaction of the public. Signora Ferrerese was not equal to the part of Euridice. No other novelty was presented that season.

In the early part of this winter, Mr Crosdill, the celebrated violoncello player, who had the honour of being instructor on that instrument to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, called on me to enquire if I could attend a concert on the following evening at Carleton House. I replied that I should be happy to do so, but I must ask permission of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre before I could decide. He said he would call on me for my answer the next morning; which he did, when I had the mortification of being compelled to inform him that Mr Harris had refused me. Mr Crosdill observed, that he was sorry for it, for when he attended his Royal Highness to state my answer of the former day, the first question he asked was, "Does young Parke come?" At that time I had not sufficient experience to know that the commands of my Prince should have superseded every other authority.

The latter part of last year (1784) Giardini left England for Italy, under the patronage of Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador to the Court of Naples, a gentleman highly distinguished for his love of the arts. Before his departure, I was introduced to Giardini, at the house of a friend, and, after dinner, sang a part in his popular glee, "Beviamo tutti tre," with him and Mr Shield. As a young man, I was much gratified at being introduced to one who possessed such splendid talent, and had rendered such essential benefit to his profession. Giardini, who was a sensible and gentlemanly man, with a high and honourable spirit, had for several years given musical instruction to the Duchess of M——h, and had been in the habit of passing two or three months of the summer for that purpose at the family seat, B——m, in O——e, where he had lived as one of the family. The duke, who was a very reserved man, at length considering his presence at meals to be a restraint, caused the duchess to request Giardini would have a table furnished for him in his own apartment, which he refused, declining to stay any longer at B——m. He, however, attended her Grace as usual in London, till the end of the following winter, when the duchess, who was said to be fond of money, observing to him, whilst settling his account, that he had charged one lesson too much, deducted half a guinea. Giardini, whose pride was greatly hurt, bowed submission, but would never afterwards attend her Grace. For many years after his arrival in England he was so popular, that while performing his violin concertos in public, he was as much applauded as Garrick. His favouritism in private life was also very great, and he was patronized by a host of the nobility, &c., who almost idolized his extraordinary talent. Among his numerous admirers Lady Bingley was conspicuous. That lady, whenever his annual benefit was announced, always gave a grand party at her house; and, during the evening, addressing her friends individually, said, good-humouredly, without specifying her object, "Give me five guineas, my lord,"—"Give me five guineas, my lady," and so on, which being of course complied with, she in return presented them with a ticket for Giardini's benefit. Lady Bingley was not only Giardini's living but dying friend, for on her death-bed she bequeathed him four hundred pounds per annum during life.

Lolli, the great violin player of the continent, who had lately arrived in England, gave a public concert, in which he performed a concerto. His execution was astonishing, and the tricks he played in various parts of it excited the risibility more than the admiration of the auditors.

The Pantheon concert commenced on Thursday, the 2nd of February; Mdme Mara and Signor Franchi were the singers. Crosdill performed a concerto on the violoncello, in which he evinced such power, brilliancy of execution and taste, as to defy competition. This gentleman possessed an uncontrolled dominion over the finger-board of the violoncello. I have heard him play the favourite minuet of Handel's in the overture to *Ariadne*, in three parts, as distinctly and as perfectly as if they had been performed by three of our most finished performers. Salomon led the band, and played a violin concerto, in which he displayed original and powerful talent. Salomon, in his own country, attended the Prince ———. After teaching him for some time, the prince said to him one day, "Well, Mr Salomon, how do I get on?"—"Please your highness," said Salomon, "der are tre stages of music. First, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad—out of time, out of tune, noting at all. Now your highness has just got into de second stage."

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Mad. Minnie Hauk starts to-day for New York in the "Servia."

"Sic te Diva potens Cypri," &c.

An Orchestral Society is being formed at Palermo.

The Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts begin on the 5th October.

Rothmühl, tenor, is engaged at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Marin, the tenor, is reported to be engaged at the Milan Scala.

A new artistic journal, *La Giralda*, has been started in Seville.

After leaving Venice, Wagner will go, as last year, to Palermo.

It is proposed to erect a monument to Méhul, in his native place, Giset.

The foundation-stone of a new theatre will shortly be laid at Carlsbad.

Herr Otto Booth has returned to town from his tour in Norfolk and Kent.

Angelo Neumann, with his *Nibelungen* company, has visited Königsberg.

Turolla (Mr Gye's lost lamb) has been singing at the Teatro Rossini, Lugo.

The Carola Theater, Leipsic, closed since May, has been re-opened with *Fatinitza*.

Etelka Gerster will appear in the near future at the National Theatre, Pesth.

Stagno, the tenor, is at Rome. He has been in negotiation with Milan and Nice.

Roeder's opera, *Vera*, will be performed this winter at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

P. Benoit has engaged to compose an oratorio, *Le Rhin*, book by Jules de Geyter.

The Grand-Théâtre, Toulon, is now under the management of a lady—Naddi-Vallée.

Mahr von Pfortzheim succeeds Giehne as director of the St Cecilia Association, Carlsruhe.

A new opera, *L'Usuraio*, music by Dessy, is to be produced at the Teatro Civico, Cagliari.

M. Mierzwinski will, it is said, after his return from America, sing at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Ferrari, manager of the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres, has re-engaged the Scalchi for next season.

Francis Planté, the pianist, took part in a concert recently given by the Société d'harmonie, Verviers.

Captain Herbert Gye, R.N., has gone to New York, accompanied by Mr Lumley, his private secretary.

Albert Niemann has commenced his annual five months' engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

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The will of the late Mr. William Hutchins Callcott has been proved for over £14,000.

The Orchestra of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, commenced their "Symphony-*Soirées*" on the 22nd inst.

The inauguration of the Bellini Monument, Catania, is now definitely fixed for the 28th November.

Fursch-Madi has been in Madrid some little time. Masini was expected by the 25th inst., at the latest.

Reinthaler's opera, *Das Kätchen von Heilbronn*, has been favourably received at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Ilona Eibenschütz, the young pianist, commences in November a concert-tour through Germany and Russia.

Cécile Ritter is engaged for December and January at Vicenza to play the leading parts in *Carmen* and *Mignon*.

Mdme Montigny-Rémaury has been created an "Officier d'Académie." (*Connu! Connu!*—Dr Blidge.)

According to the *Arpa*, Mancinelli has completed the opera he was commissioned to write by Ricordi of Milan.

Professor Wylde's Lectures on Music are announced for the 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th of November at Gresham Hall.

Tomaso Salvini, the great tragedian, had a fall some time since, on leaving his house, and was rather severely shaken.

Bottesini has set a "musical idyll," *Nerina*, book by Duke Proto. It will be first performed in the Ducal Palace, Bivona.

Lablanche, ("*la petite blonde*") has been favourably received as the heroine in *Mignon* at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Bottesini has been commissioned by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction to re-organize the School of Music at Parma.

The new zarzuela, *El gran Tamerlan de Persia*, music by Señores Caballero and Nieto, has not proved successful at Madrid.

Verger and Santa Athos, baritones, have declined engagements at the Milan Scala, not deeming the proposed terms satisfactory.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, was lately in Milan. He has had the misfortune to lose his father, who died at Roncal, in Navarre.

The receipts at the third German Singers' Festival, Hamburgh, were 200,005 marks and the expenses, 158,000, leaving a surplus of 42,005 marks.

Sophie Heilbron makes her re-appearance on the lyric stage not, as originally intended, at Monte Carlo, but at the San Carlo, Naples.

Petri, of Hanover, has been appointed leader at the Leipsic Stadttheater and Gewandhaus Concerts in place of Schradieck, who resigned.

Levy, the Israelitish conductor at the late Bayreuth performances, has been baptized. Is this a result of the effect produced on him by *Parsifal*?

Mdme Adelina Patti will leave for New York, by the Servia, next month, to fulfil her engagement with the Royal Italian Opera Company, Limited.

Wilhelm Hartkäs, the Nestor of Berlin organists, died in that capital on the 12th inst., having been born at Bennungen, near Rossla, in 1805.

The Carltheater, Vienna, after remaining closed five months, has been re-opened, with the buffo-opera, *Javotte*, under the management of Herr Strampfer.

Salvator Rosa was lately played at Pernambuco for the benefit of the composer, Carl Gomez, who, after the performance, was treated to a torch-light serenade.

Mdme von Decker, from 1828 to 1832 the popular *prima donna* at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, died, aged 71, on the 9th inst., at her Eichberg estate near Hirschberg.

Signor Arditi has gone to New York by the S.S. City of Chester, to fulfil his duties during the ensuing season as conductor of the Royal Italian Opera Company, Limited.

A grand opera, *Herrat*, by Felix Draeseke, Dresden, has been accepted at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, by Herr Pollini, despite the great scenic difficulties it is said to present.

Blumner's *Fall Jerusalems*, Bach's *Johannes Passion*, and Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, will be performed successively at the Berlin Singakademie's three concerts in the coming season.

The *Nazione* of Florence, and other influential Italian papers, bestow great praise on a new mass by Sig. Ciro Pinsuti, which has recently been performed at Sinalunga, his native town.

Anton Rubinstein will, at the beginning of November, conduct the first performance in Leipsic of his opera, *Die Maccabäer*. The cast will include Mdlle Marianne Brandt.—(Lucky Anton!—Dr Blidge.)

A part of Ferrari's Buenos Ayres Company, including Signorina Borghi-Mamo et Sgra Schalchi, have been singing at Rio Janeiro.

Theodor Vollmer is appointed director of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, during the absence, through illness, of the Intendant, Baron von Wolzogen.—(The Wagnerian?—Dr Blidge.)

A new Fantasia, "Russia," written by Anton Rubinstein, and founded entirely on characteristic Russian airs, followed by the Russian national hymn sung by a chorus, has been performed at Moscow.

Several French papers announced the death of Lesage, formerly a member of the company at the old Théâtre-Lyrique. The announcement, M. Lesage says (and he ought to know), is utterly incorrect and premature.

The King of Wurtemberg has conferred the Frederick Order, Second Class, on Steinhardt, Musical Director, and the Gold Medal on Krüger, Royal Chamber Virtuoso, in commemoration of their 40th official anniversary.

The season at Kroll's Theater, Berlin, was brought to a close with *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, the leading principal part sustained by Theodor Wachtel.—(Wachtel must have played this character eleven thousand and eleven times.—Dr Blidge.)

Mdlle Eugénie Coulon, the accomplished pianist, has left Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she has been passing her vacation, and has returned to London, to the regret of her admirers in la belle France, but to the delight of those in "*Perfide Albion.*"

Bernardino Ferrari, born in 1810, has died at Vercelli, his native place. He was at one time first violinist in the Ducal Orchestra, Parma, and then conductor at the Milan Scala, as well as teacher in the Conservatory and Institution for the Blind. During the latter years of his life he was deaf.

The *Whitehall Review* of Sept. 21st contains an article, headed "Mad. Marie Roze-Mapleson," well worth reading by the many admirers of that popular artist. It is from the brilliant pen of Mr Dion Boucicault, and is accompanied by a photograph likeness of her as Leonora, the heroine of Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

Dr Spark's "special performance" on the organ at the Town Hall, Leeds, "in celebration of the triumph of the British army in Egypt," was attended by at least 2,000 persons. Dr. Spark had composed for the occasion a descriptive fantasia called "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," which was received with uproarious applause.

A story is told by a pastor of the Biganny Church in the city of Cushna, U.S. The organ loft and choir gallery, immediately in rear of the pulpit, were a little elevated. The organist, a German not remarkable for presence of mind, and easily disconcerted, was also a little elevated. The hour for afternoon service was three, the organist was in his place, but the choir had not arrived. By some mishap the key of the organ had been misplaced. The minister, not knowing these facts, slowly and solemnly arose, and after reading a hymn, took his seat. There was no response from the organ or choir. Silence reigned supreme. Time passed on. The minister and congregation were becoming uneasy. All eyes were turned to the organ loft. At length the organist with a fidgety manner and face as red as a beet, came to the railing in front of the loft, and in a tone evidently intended as a whisper, but distinctly heard by all, gave the following explanation:—"*Mister breecher, mister breecher, ve von't have no singing dis afternoon. De key not coomed, and de lady vat sings de sobrana bees not coomed, and de rest of de peobles vat sings be not coomed, and de organ bees not opened, and ve von't have no singing dis afternoon, mister breecher, dat's so.*" The effect was past description.

Great excitement has been caused in Frankfort-on-the-Maine by the arrest of a popular favourite upon the charge of theft. The well-known tenor * * *, member of the opera company, and formerly of Berlin and other European capitals, is now in gaol. For some time a series of thefts had been perpetrated in the dressing-rooms of the Frankfort Theatre, and suspicion had fallen, unjustly in each case, upon various servants of the stage of a lower class. Nothing, however, could be traced home. Actors and actresses, returning from the stage to their dressing-rooms, found that small articles of value had been abstracted from the pockets of their ordinary clothes. Recently one of them discovered that her jewel-case had been burst open while she was occupied on the boards, and that some jewels, upon which she set great store, were missing. She went staight to the police court, and insisted upon a strict search being made all round. The result took everyone by surprise. One of the stones was found in Herr ——'s possession, and the police discovered that he had been in the habit of selling or pawning similar articles. He was consequently arrested, and is now in the gaol on the Klapperfeld, a caged songster of unusual quality. Naturally enough the previous thefts are attributed to him, and he will probably put forward kleptomania as his defence.

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WAGNER AT KÖNIGSBERG.—Many English votaries of the Wagnerian cultus are unaware that two important events in their High Priest's early life occurred at Königsberg, the Prussian Coronation City. It was in the Town Theatre of this ancient stronghold that William R. Wagner, commonly called Richard Wagner, when a young and unknown musician, first wielded the *bâton* some six-and-forty years ago. A few months after he had been appointed to the post he was married, in Tragheim Church, to Christine Wilhelmine Planer, third daughter of Gotthilf Planer, a Dresden mechanician. The wedding was solemnized on the 24th November, 1836, Wagner being just twenty-four, and his bride one year younger. Twenty-five pairs of lovers were united on the occasion. William and Christine were the twenty-second, and the last entry but three in the church register recorded their marriage, as well as a declaration upon oath by the bridegroom to the effect that he was neither married nor betrothed to any other person than to "Spousa Planer." This declaration the future author of *Parsifal* signed in full, "William Richard Wagner, Music-Director." The *Königsberger Gazette*, to which we are indebted for the above interesting details of the "Great Tone-Poet's" youthful career, deems it likely that the autograph—which can be seen upon application—is unique of its sort, the Master dropping his "front name" shortly after—for what reason our contemporary does not state.—C. B. K.

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PARSIFAL AND *REDEMPTION.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—From Bayreuth to Birmingham—from *Parsifal* to *Redemption*—was a tremendous leap!—Many, confirmed Wagnerites as well as Gounodites, would probably aver that the respective works of the German and the French master should not be mentioned in the same breath. Still, it seems worthy of observation that their two most recent works have more in common, both generally and particularly, than one would have expected.

To speak generally: both are pervaded by a profoundly religious spirit; the Saviour is the protagonist of both—allegorically represented in the one, actually personified in the other. In both the "eloquence" is for the most part sustained by the orchestra rather than by the voice.

On this latter point I ask: Has not the immortal Mozart furnished a sufficient precedent for such a mode of procedure, though with him it appears to have been one rather of precept than of practice? In a letter, dated Mannheim, Nov. 12, 1778, Mozart wrote (I quote from Lady Wallace's translation):

"I have now something to say. I may *perhaps* make forty louis d'or here. To be sure, I should have to stay six weeks, or at most two months, in Mannheim. Seiler's company is here, who you no doubt already know by reputation. Herr von Dalberg is the director. He will not hear of my leaving this till I have written a duodrama* for him, and, indeed, I did not long hesitate, for I have often wished to write this style of drama. I forget if I wrote to you about it the first time that I was here. Twice at that time I saw a similar piece performed, which afforded me the greatest pleasure; in fact, nothing ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that a thing of this kind would make no effect. Of course you know that there is no singing in it, but merely recitative, to which the music is a sort of *obbligato recitativo*. At intervals there is speaking while the music goes on, which produces the most striking effect. What I saw was Bender's *Medea*. He also wrote another, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and both are truly admirable. You are aware that of all the Lutheran Capellmeisters Bender was always my favourite, and I like these two works of his so much that I constantly carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at now composing the very thing I so much wished! Do you know what my idea is? that most operatic recitatives should be treated in this way, and the recitative only occasionally sung *when the words can be thoroughly expressed by the music.*"

From the above quotation it seems then that Mozart advocated even a *less musical* mode of procedure (as many would call it) than either Wagner or Gounod have adopted.

In reference to the monotonous (I use the word in its technical sense) manner in which Gounod has treated his recitatives and the homophonic character of many of his choruses, I would remark to those of his Birmingham critics whose minds seem to have been greatly exercised thereby, and who have credited him with extreme originality, that this is no new thing, and that, especially in the case of the choruses, an ample precedent is to be found in a series of motets by Gounod, published in Paris in his very early days, and reprinted some years ago by Novello & Co., as well as in the choral recitatives of Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette*, and in Liszt's setting of the hymn, *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, in his oratorio, *Christus*.

Mention of Liszt reminds me that, by way of illustrating the doctrine of the Holy Trinity (in the last chorus of *The Redemption*), Gounod has made use of a long succession of tonic triads. With a similar aim, Liszt has done the same thing both in the *Credo* of his *Graner* Mass and in his *Dante* Symphony. I would ask, therefore: With which of the old ecclesiastical composers did the idea originate that the tonic triad is symbolical of perfection? This is a question to which I have never yet been able to get a definite answer.

Reverting to the particular points of agreement between *Parsifal* and *Redemption*, I confine myself to one—but that is a very remarkable one, and again involves a series of questions. For the Wehelaute (lamentations) in the Heilandsklage (Saviour's mourning) motive in *Parsifal*, as von Wolzogen has designated it, Wagner has made use of the following chromatic passage:—

In a similar situation, depicting Christ upon the Cross, Gounod accompanies the speech of the impenitent thief thus:—

And, again, when the Virgin Mother addresses her Son and Saviour, the following modification of the same theme is used:—

These three passages, it will be seen, are identical in their germ, though not in their outcome. Collusion between the two masters being impossible, the following questions suggest themselves:

(1). Has Wagner, as in the case of the Grail motive in *Parsifal*, for which he has adopted the well-known Dresden *Amen*, again appropriated an old ecclesiastical phrase, regarding it as common property? (2). Has Gounod done the same thing? (3) And if so, to whom did the passage originally belong?

Since writing the above, a further consideration of Gounod's fondness for exercising his ingenuity in harmonizing the chromatic scale, both ascending and descending, as instanced in other passages in the *Redemption* than those quoted, as well as in *Gallia*, has led me to suspect that after all, perhaps, I have been hunting on a wrong scent, and that the coincidence may be purely an accidental one. It is only, therefore, after some considerable hesitation that I send you the above rambling remarks, the determining point being a wish to elicit a reply to some of the queries suggested by them.—Yours, &c.,

C. A. B.

Sydenham, Sept. 29, 1882.

* Elsewhere in Mozart's correspondence spoken of as a monodrama and a melodramatic opera.

M. GOUNOD'S *REDEMPTION.*

Charles Françoise Gounod, like Joseph Haydn, is one of the few musicians who have been permitted to inscribe upon the pages of a life's history a complete artistic narrative. If it may not be claimed for him that he possesses the exuberant melodic flow of a Mozart, or the elegiac mind of a Chopin, he has at least been granted opportunities for demonstrating what can be done in a long career by a union of genius and industry. At the very threshold of life circumstances were favourable to him, as his very earliest surroundings were musical. To his mother, a pianist of no ordinary ability, he was indebted for thorough initiation in the rudiments of the art of which he was destined to become a brilliant exemplar. The ecclesiasticism with which he speaks when opportunity serves is also doubtless the result of early impressions. Indeed, so much did this at one time influence him that, seriously contemplating a novitiate, he for two years was an out-pupil of the Catholic Seminary. After gaining his Bachelor's degree at the Lycée, Gounod placed his name upon the books of the Paris Conservatoire in 1836, and the year following tried for the Prix de Rome with his cantata *Marie Stuart et Rizzio*. This obtained the second place, but the next competition resulted in his carrying off the coveted honour with his work *Ferdinand*. One of the privileges of the prize being facilities for a temporary residence in Rome for the purpose of studying the works of the older masters, advantage was at once taken, and the pages of

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Palestrina and others occupied the attention of the young prize-holder. Returning in due course from the "Eternal City," he was offered and accepted the post of organist and choirmaster to the "Mission Etrangers," and it was during the earlier part of his tenure of this office that he underwent the theological training before alluded to. During the latter part of this decade—1840-1850—Gounod appears to have utilised most of his time in study, and the almost solitary production of *La Messe Solennelle* showed that his labours had not been in vain. Through the instrumentality of Mdme Viardot Garcia, Gounod became known to Dr. Hullah, and immediately discerning the ability of the author, the English musician took tangible steps to place four excerpts from the Mass before the public. To Dr Hullah and a British audience Gounod is indebted for the first real presentation to the world, and the memorable event happened at St Martin's Hall, London, January 15th, 1851. Opinions soon travelled across the channel, and a commission for an opera, *Sappho*, very speedily followed. Barely four months elapsed ere the MS. was ready for the Academie, and the creation of the principal part was undertaken by his stedfast friend, Viardot Garcia. In 1858 *La Médecin Malgre lui*, an opera comedy drawn from Molière's book, written for the Théâtre-Lyrique, did not do much to expedite a success slowly but surely coming, and it was reserved for *Faust and Marguerite* to enable him to reach the summit of the lyric pillar at one bound. Strange to say, though it created an extraordinary sensation, with Miolan-Carvalho as the heroine, it took the opera over four years to travel to the British Metropolis. It was not until nearly the end of the spring season of 1863 that a London impresario could be induced to mount the opera. We believe we are right in stating, on the authority of Dr Hullah himself, that the same kindly and genial sponsor of the four numbers of the *Messe Solennelle*, had no inconsiderable share in the persuasion which induced Mr Mapleson to put *Faust* on the bills for June 11, 1863. Its subsequent fate is a matter of history, and in all probability "music of the future" notwithstanding, it will, if for the Kermesse and Garden scene alone, maintain its position against all comers. Henceforward, in his own school, having no lyrical adversaries worthy his steel, he might have rested. However, he elected to continue, and, if the truth be told, cannot be said to have approached this success, as neither his *Reine de Saba*, his pastoral, *Mirelle*, his *Polyeucte*, and the very last opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, have in any way emphasised the verdict won by the imperishable setting of "Gretchen's" story. In the department of sacred music, save and except his *Messe Solennelle*, Gounod is practically unrepresented, and no inconsiderable amount of interest arose on the announcement issued some time ago that he had turned his attention to a work of the dimensions of an oratorio.

At first sight, it is difficult to see the reasons prompting Gounod to the choice of his subject matter, but when the pages are put under closer consideration, and the treatment and musical setting re-judged collaterally, a deeper meaning appears. The inscription on the imprint, *Opus vitæ meæ*, may have as a further comment, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." There is not much doubt that he has deliberately formulated his epic not merely as a sequence of events, but intends and does speak subjectively his mind on a great Christian dogma. If this be so, the parallelism between the text and music is at once evident, especially if we may grant—and that also appears almost certain—that Gounod intended his musical ideas to be so clear that "he who runs may read." Although there is from end to end a genial smoothness, and nothing either unworthy or empirical, there are no results attempted that are unachieved. Neither is length anywhere in excess of interest, and the simplicity with which the "old story" is told is rarely, if ever departed from. We look in vain for the sonorous effects so largely characterizing the modern school in the logical expression of Gounod's thoughts. Considering his ripe scholarship and inventive faculty, he must have exercised much self-control to refrain from elaboration and adopt now, a simple *canto fermo*, then, harmony of anything but an abstruse kind. The student of fugue will not find any subtleties of his art within its boundaries, and will search without success for mere scholasticism in canonical treatment. In short, considering, doubtless, that art slips when pushed beyond a certain stage of definiteness, Gounod articulates his notions of the personal and sentimental part of the tale, as well as its reflective phases, in plain and unvarnished language. From the comparatively meagre data of a pianoforte score it is manifestly impossible to give an exhaustive *resumé* of the work, while to give an ultimate opinion of it from the experience of choral rehearsals, minus the orchestral parts, would be just as unfair. Gounod has challenged the issue in his departure from the present style of musical unrest, and can afford to await a verdict when all the conditions favourable to an unbiassed judgment are at hand. Bearing in mind the foreshadowing in Holy Writ of the dogma as well as its complete consummation on Calvary, and the subsequent Pentecostal phenomena, Gounod very naturally turns to the first book of the Pentateuch for his prologue. This closely follows the Mosaic account of a primæval happiness, the fall and the promise of a Saviour. The first section proper includes the latter part of the history of the crucifixion and resurrection; the second narrates the re-appearance of the Messiah and his ascension; and the third, which is styled an epilogue, conveys the visitation at the day of Pentecost. The work opens with a short instrumental introduction in the key of C major, in which are to be noted changes and rhythmical device by the agency of *soliliquæ;* the chain of events is told alternately by narrations severally allotted to tenor and bass solo voices. They tell in quasi-recitative, the episodes of the Creation, and at once follows a brief chorale for celestial choir, "The earth is my possession." This finished, Part I. begins with the scene at Calvary, starting from the condemnation by Pilate at the Forum, which is given by the bass narrator. Gounod does not make the central figure of the great tragedy impersonal, but allots to a third voice—baritone—the utterances of the Messiah, and they are uniformly given in the first person. In this section we have the expostulation, "If my deeds have been evil." The march to Calvary is depicted by a lengthy orchestral interlude in the key of A minor, after which some sustained chords for the wood wind lead to the chorus, plain song, "Forth the royal banners go," the *canto fermo* being relieved by a semi-florid accompaniment for strings. This is in E major, and has for its full close the customary cadence. The adjuration, "Ye daughters of Israel, weep not for me," is next succeeded by a shorter orchestrel prelude, a brief reflex of the initiatory one, and afterwards the *canto fermo* before alluded to again occurs with identical treatment, only this time in the key of A minor. It cannot be said that the translation invariably carries the force of the original, and the occasional confusion of tenses might, perhaps, be excused on the plea of hasty preparation. If "*Helas! ils vout Li'mmoler sur la croix*" can just be passed over when rendered, "Alas! they go then to put him to death," "*Alors Jesus le front inclinne' vers la terra,*" might surely have had a better interpretation than "And Jesus, then, on the ground he was looking." To revert again to the narrative, the tenor solo details the nailing to the cross in a recitative and aria, and the railings of the bystanders are conveyed in a not over tumultuous chorus in plain harmony, "Ha! thou that destroyest the temple." In these deriding cries the priests ultimately join, with "Can he not save himself." To a short passage for the narrator and a brief prayer for Jesus, "Pardon their sin, O my Father," succeeds a rather elaborate concerted piece in D minor, called the Reproaches, "O my vineyard." The appearance of the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross and the short narration of the evangelist as to her being confided by Jesus to the care of the "Faithful disciple" is told in a dialogue for the sufferer and the bass narrator. Here, again, a hiatus in translatian arrests the eye, "La mere du Saveur, immobile" is not over elegantly or correctly given, "A face the mother wears." A short and extremely simple melody for the Virgin is placed at this juncture, "While my watch I am keeping," and this is a little later on given as a choral antiphon in plain song, accompanied by full organ, trumpets, and trombones. Proceeding, according to the chronological order of episodes, next come the mocking remarks of the impenitent thief, and the earnest plea of his companion, who appeals for mercy. These are given to bass and tenor voices respectively, the latter having a short solo in addition, "Lord, remember me." The climax of this part of the detail forms the basis of a chorale in plain harmony, "Lord Jesus, Thou to all bringest light and salvation." Perhaps the scene now imminent—the death of Jesus—shows more than any other number the rigid self-control of the composer. Not even the appalling phenomena that then occur tempts his mind to wander from his self-imposed path. There is a total absence of full polyphony, technically considered. The rending of the veil of the temple, the breaking of rocks, and the opening of the tombs are told by the narrators in the same style as the other parts, the suitable colour for the orchestra being apparently attained without the slightest attempt at graphic scoring. The asseverations of the Centurion is preliminary to a chorale of Doric-like simplicity, "For us the Christ is made a victim," which also forms a climax for the first part. The second division, which takes in the movements of the now scattered disciples and the miraculous reappearance of the Messiah, opens with a choral apostrophe, "Saviour of men," fully accompanied. A short pastorale in A minor, strings muted, leads up to the trio for the three holy women, who were anxious to visit the sepulchre, "How shall we by ourselves," in the same key and *tempo*. With strings still muted the realization of their hopes is indicated by the tenor narrator, and on the advent of the angelical visitant to the group, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" the harp is employed, and the harmonies are sustained by the flutes and

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clarionets. Rapidly and just for a moment the events at the Sanhedrim now come in review—viz., the story of the watchers at the tomb, and the endeavours of the priests to bribe the soldiery to say the disciples had effected the abduction of the body. In short ejaculatory phrases the events of the night are set forth by a chorus for male voices, and the entreaties of the members of the supreme council are similarly treated. The discomfiture of the plot serves to bring in the full choir with a chorus, "Now behold ye the guard." Leaving the baffled priesthood, the assembly of disciples is visited, and a melodious and jubilant trio for three sopranos, "The Lord is risen," is interpolated, but this does not settle the doubts of the mourning group, who express their misgivings in a short chorus, "Though we fain would have believed you." A pertinently placed soprano solo, "From Thy love as a father," one of the two most important in the book succeeds, and upon this is engrafted a chorus for the full complement of voices, which ends with an apostrophe to faith. This finished, the Divine appearance is immediately manifested, and the colloquy between the Messiah and his disciples is carried on by the customary means. The commission to the eleven for the evangelization of the world is narrated quietly, yet with a masterful use of orchestral resources. Without at all approaching the dangers of an anti-climax, the chorus, "Unfold, ye everlasting gates," in which the voices are occasionally duplicated, supplies a fitting termination to the scene at the Ascension.

Although, as might be expected from the foregoing remarks, it contains no fugue, and is planned in the simplest style, it immediately claims serious attention by the boldness of its declamatory phrases, and the richness of its scoring. The consolidation of the Apostolic college being now complete, Part III. shows its expectant members in the upper room awaiting the promised visitation. A pastoral chorus, didactic in nature, ushers in this sub-division. It is to be regretted that a little alteration in the formulation of the vocal parts had not been made so as to accommodate different words for "Ah quils sont beaux, sur la montagne," instead of "Lovely appear over the mountains." However, the coincidence of rhythmical and musical accent coming here upon the penultimate preclude the employment of the better known and much more suitable lines. The accompaniment to this appears to be a model, in that it judiciously supports the voices without abstracting a single iota of interest indisputably belonging to the several melodic phrases given to each. To this is attached a second soprano solo, "Over the barren waters," the initiatory chorus being again employed at its completion. A short instrumental number is preparatory to the narration by the bass voice of the descent of the Holy Ghost, upon which musical treatment Gounod also seems to have given scrupulous care and attention. Here, again, there is no sign of overscoring, and the only departure from simplicity is the occurrence twice of a sequence of chromatic sixths upon a pedal bass, the voice having also phrases built upon one note only. A vigorous duet next succeeding supplies the sequel. "At once the Spirit came upon them." A valedictory solo for soprano conveys the Divine imprimatur upon their mission, "Go ye forth on your way," and the last number extended so as to employ occasionally the solo quartet, "The Word is flesh become," brings the oratorio to a close.

THREE STARS.*

Three stars there are that ever shine
So brightly and so clear;
They shed o'er all a light divine,
Life's rugged path to cheer.

The first is Faith, a glorious star,
That with its radiance bright
Fills old and young both near and far
With an undying light.

The next is Hope, whose brightest rays
Are seen 'midst grief and pain,
Assuring us that happier days
Will soon return again.

With Faith and Hope, the Star of Love
To *all* on earth is given,
By Him who rules us from above,
To draw us near to Heaven.

* *Copyright.* EMILY JOSEPHS.

DRESDEN.—During the recent visit of the German Emperor, Ignaz Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz*, a favourite opera with his Majesty, was given at the Theatre Royal, with Mdlle Malten and Erl in the two leading characters. There was, also, a Court Concert.

LYONS.—A phenomenal tenor named Desflages has been discovered in a smithy, and the Municipal Council have voted 1,200 francs to enable him to enter the Conservatory. ("Phenomenal" as usual!—DR BLIGE.)

STATISTICS.—The following is a list of the monthly salaries of the artists at the Paris Opéra-Comique:—Talazac, 6,000 francs; Isaac, 5,000; Van Zandt, 5,000; Nicot-Bilbaut, 4,500; Nicot, 3,000; Stéphane, 3,000; Taskin, 2,500; Bertin, 2,500; Herbert, 2,500; Fugère, 2,200; Mouliérat, 1,000; Merguillier, 1,000; Cobalet, 1,000.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 611.)

Cherubini thanked Méhul by dedicating his score to him in the following terms:—

CHERUBINI TO MÉHUL.

Receive, my friend, from the hands of Friendship the homage she delights in paying to a distinguished artist. Your name placed at the head of this work will lend it a merit it did not possess, namely, that of appearing worthy of being dedicated to you, and this will serve it as a support; may the union of our two names everywhere attest the tender sentiments which bind us to each other and the respect I entertain for real talent.

CHERUBINI.

This noble score of *Médée*, though certainly its style now appears to have grown somewhat antiquated, and though it is sometimes disfigured by instances of excessive length, is written in superb musical language, and contains pieces of exquisite beauty. Its greatest defect, inherent to the subject which inspired it, is a certain monotony, a sort of too persistent majestuousness, occasioning in the long run downright fatigue. But, on the other hand, to what splendid pages we can point in the grandiose and powerful work, with its severe lines and its accent full of pride! In the first act the delicious introduction sung by the women: "Quoi! lorsque tout s'empresse," the chorus: "Tendre hymen," and Medea's expressive and touching air: "Vous voyez de votre fils la mère infortunée"; in the second, the fine quartet: "Ah! du moins à Médée accordez un asile," and a superb *finale*; and, lastly, in the third act, Medea's wild air: "Eh quoi! je suis Médée et je les laisse vivre!"—all these pieces are full of grandeur, nobleness, and poetry, and were calculated to excite the admiration of audiences then little accustomed to a style so virile and so pathetic.*

Mdme Scio, as I have said, was far from having no share in the brilliant success of *Médée*, in which she proved herself to be as remarkable a tragic actress as she was a vocalist full of fire and passion. The dialogue of *Médée* was written in verse, frequently well turned and finely sonorous, and she distinguished herself particularly, it seems, by the manner in which she delivered it. "Not only," said a critic, in connection with this point, "was she a great singer, but she gave her lines like a skilful tragic actress." She was truly admirable in the part, which set the seal upon her reputation, and all Paris flocked to the Théâtre Feydeau to see her in a work in which she was successively touching and impassioned, harrowing and arrogant, wild and timid, to a degree that defies description. It was in this character that she inspired one of her admirers to write the following verses:—

"O toi, de qui les chants pénètrent tous les cœurs,
Étonnante Scio, reçois ce pur hommage;
C'est le seul convenable aux attraits enchanteurs
Dont tu sais chaque jour embellir chaque ouvrage.
Médée obtient par tes accents
L'intérêt que l'on doit aux larmes d'une mère;
Ses forfaits sont par toi rendus attendrissants,
Et son art, à nos yeux, est le seul art de plaire.
Suis dans ton vol hardi
La noble et brillante carrière
De Sainval, de Saint-Huberty;†
Tu nous seras toujours plus chère.
À qui sait réunir des charmes si flatteurs
On doit une double couronne;
Euterpe et Melpomène en tressèrent les fleurs
Et l'amour des talens en leur nom te les donne."‡

* Being at Rome in 1813, and writing thence to a friend, Anson, a violinist in Paris, at the time that *Medée et Jason*, a bad work by Fontenelle, had just been performed at the Opera, Herold says: "I have read in the papers the sorry success of the new *Médée*, whom I consider very audacious to come and show herself, when she knows she has an elder sister, the very remembrance of whom is sufficient utterly to confound her." We see how highly Herold esteemed Cherubini's *Médée*.

† Mdlle Sainval was one of the best actresses of the Comédie-Française; as for Mdme Saint-Huberty, the inspired interpretress of Gluck, she was, as we know, the glory and honour of the Opera.

‡ Babault's *Annales dramatiques*.

The great success of *Médée* was, according to the custom in those days, consecrated by parody. On the 27th March, 1797, the management of the Théâtre de la Cité-Variétés produced for the first time *La Sorcière*, "a one-act parody, with vaudevilles (songs), of *Médée*." It was written by Sewrin

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VIII.

Cherubini's health at this period was delicate. The fatigue he had to undergo in bringing out *Médée* compelled him to take a little repose. For this purpose he thought it advisable to leave Paris and seek refuge once more with his good friends the Louis, at La Chartreuse de Gaillon. Thither he proceeded in the latter part of April, 1797, and it was thence that, on the 9th Floréal Year V (28th April), he sent his wife, who had remained in Paris, the following letter, which shows what tenderness he felt for those connected with him, what sincere affection he entertained for his friends, Méhul among the number, and how little the Cherubini here revealed resembles the harsh, insensible, and cold portrait which some of his biographers have left us of him :§

"*Gaillon, the 9th Floréal.*

"I have at length received a letter from you, my darling, and hope to receive another to-morrow. I thank you for the pleasure you have procured me, for it is a pleasure to hear about you and my little Cocotte.‖ Pretty dear ! So, she often asks for me, does she ? Kiss her well for me, as I cannot have the satisfaction of kissing her myself. It is horrible weather here ; nothing but wind and rain. This is exceedingly annoying, for I wanted very much to go out walking. This arises perhaps from the fact that I walked five leagues at first going off, and the rest I have had since this prank does not suit me. I have not as good an appetite as the first day I came. However, I shall go out to-day after dinner,¶ for the weather is not so bad as it was. Not having *Madame Angot* to amuse me,** I pass my life in eating and sleeping, for we go to bed at half-past ten. We have a little music and play the remainder of the time ; occasionally we have billiards and harmless games in the evening.

"I am delighted that you, also, are amused. You are very lucky to be able to go to the first performance of Méhul's piece.†† I shall look forward anxiously for the news of his success. If he achieves such a success as I hope he will and as the work deserves, he will have a great one. The only thing that annoys me is not being able to be present at his good fortune so that I may share it with him and be the first to tell him what gratification it affords me. But I shall have one delight the more on my return, in hearing my friend's new work after having previously been informed of its success. Remember me kindly to him as well as to his Aunt. Tell him I expect an answer to the letter I wrote him. Greet everyone for me. I am glad to learn that dear Minette has come to keep you company during my absence. Try and make her stay as long as you can. Adieu. Give my dear Victorine, who writes like a little angel, a thousand kisses for me. All the ladies here desire their kind regards ; they wish you had been with me, but that will be some other time. Good bye, my darling ; with very best love I remain your affectionate husband and friend, "CHERUBINI."

"When you see M. Sageret,‡‡ thank him for thinking of me and give him my compliments. Ask him how they are getting on with the design for the title of the score of *Médée*. Just add I hope he will make what haste he can so that it may be ready as soon as possible. Ask him when the concert will be given, and beg him not to forget *Médée*, but to have it played at least twice a decade."

(To be continued.)

DESSAU.—The first day of the fourth Anhalt Musical Festival was devoted to Schneider's oratorio, *Das Weltgericht*. On the second there was a vocal and instrumental concert—the whole was under the direction of Thiele, Ducal *Capellmeister*.

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and performed by Dumont, Frédérik, Brunet, Mdmes Brunet, Desarnaud, and Julie. Annexed are the final lines ; they are very bad, but flattering for the authors of *Médée:*

"*Auteurs de l'ouvrage charmant*
Qu'aujourd'hui tout Paris admire,
Pardonnez si pour un moment
Chez vous nous cherchons de quoi rire.
Nous célébrerons en tout temps
Le vrai mérite, le génie :
L'on peut rendre hommage aux talens
Sans exclure la parodie."

§ Before them all, Berlioz.—DE BILLE.

‖ "Ma petit Cocotte" (*sic*).

¶ Cette après diner" (*sic*).

** It was the period of the immense success of *Madame Angot*, at the Ambigu, in 1796.

†† The piece in question was *Jeune Henri*, produced on the 1st May at the Théâtre Favart.

‡‡ Sageret was then manager of the Théâtre Feydeau.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

The theatres which closed after the summer season have, one by one, re-opened their doors. At the Grand Opera, *Françoise de Rimini*, withdrawn for a short period in consequence of the absence of certain artists, has cropped up again in the bills with the original cast, except that Mdlle Rosita Mauri, being indisposed, is temporarily replaced by Mdlle Subra in the ballet. Another principal fact of interest is the promised production early next year of M. Saint-Saëns' *Henry VIII.*, with Mdlles Gabrielle Krauss, Richard, MM. Lassalle and Sellier in the principal characters. Meanwhile the "business" is good. Even during the month of August the nightly receipts averaged between 18,000 and 20,000 francs.—Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* was played for the 195th time on the occasion of Maurel's last appearance previous to his holiday. Mdlle Griswold, who, by the bye, as well as Mdlles Anna de Bolocca and Fouquet, has been engaged by Sig. Vianesi for the Italian season at Nice, was Ophélia. Mdme Marcella Sembrich occupied a private box and followed the performance with unflagging attention. She will sing the part at the Teatro Real, Madrid, and came to Paris for the express purpose of studying it with the composer himself. She left for the Spanish capital on the 29th ult.—The 360th representation of Ch. Gounod's *Faust* inaugurated the resumption of the non-subscription nights.

The new season at the Opéra-Comique was inaugurated by *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, preceded by *Le Châlet*. Then came *Les Contes d'Hoffman*. *Roméo et Juliette*, also, and *Philémon et Baucis*, have re-appeared in the bills, Ch. Gounod himself, fresh from Birmingham, being present at the rehearsal of the former work. Mdlle Isaac was Juliette, MM. Talazac, Belhomme, Mouliérat, and Barré, Roméo, Frére Laurent, Tybalt, and Mercutio, respectively. Mdlle Pierron, who, together with two other prize-winners at the Conservatory, Mdlle Rémy and M. Labis, has been engaged by M. Carvalho, made her *début* as the Page, Stephano, a part formerly sustained by Mdme Engally. MM. Belhomme and Mouliérat replaced MM. Giraudet and Furst. The latter is no longer a member of the company, having left to try his fortune in grand opera. The barytone Dufriche is likewise a seceder. The cast of *Philémon et Baucis* included Mdlle Merguillier, Baucis; Nicot, Philémon; Taskin, Jupiter ; and Belhomme, Vulcan. Merguillier had on a previous evening sang for the first time as Catarina in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and, despite considerable nervousness, was indulgently received. Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet is rapidly approaching convalescence, and will be able in about a fortnight to resume the part of Benjamin in Méhul's *Joseph*.—Report speaks highly of a *tenore robusto*, Lescoutras by name, discovered by Carvalho, at Bordeaux, on his return from Vichy, and immediately engaged, but when the lucky Lescoutras, who is just finishing his twenty-eight days as a "réserviste," will make his first appearance at the Salle Favart is yet unknown. Mdlle Marie Vanzandt has been back about a fortnight, and is busy studying her part in Léo Delibes' *Lakmé*, which will probably be the first novelty, to be succeeded by M. Ferdinand Poise's *Carmosine* and M. J. Massenet's *Manon*, not forgetting a one-act trifle, *Le Fermier de Franconville*, by Félicien David, the overture to which has just been found, completely finished and ready for the orchestra.

La Fille de Madame Angot is the present attraction at the Folies-Dramatiques, having been performed there for the 745th time on the 16th ult. Ch. Lecocq was in front the first night, and after the first act went behind the scenes. In the matter of novelties, the public are promised at the Renaissance a work, on a Spanish subject, by M. Emile Jonas, Johann Strauss' *Joyeuse Guerre* (*Lustiger Krieg*), and a posthumous comic opera, temporarily entitled *La Tabatière*, of Albert Grisar's; at the Bouffes-Parisiens, *Gillette de Narbonne*, by M. Edmond Audran, and *La Fée aux Perles*, by M. Olivier Métra ; at the Folies-Dramatiques, *Fanfan la Tulipe*, by M. Louis Varney, *La Princesse des Canaries*, by M. Ch. Lecocq, and *François les Bas bleus*, by M. Firmin Bernicat ; at the Nouveautés-Brasseur, *Le Cœur et la Main*, by Lecocq.

Marie Sass's School of Singing was inaugurated on the 15th September.—Some time ago Government commissioned the sculptor Matabon to execute a bust of Félicien David for the Opéra-Comique ; he is now ordered to furnish a copy for the Institute.—Faure spent a few days here lately, accompanied by

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his son, a law student.—Alice Bilbaut, younger sister of Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet-Nicot, has married M. Labis, who is engaged by Carvalho.—Denizot has become the new manager of the Fantaisies-Parisiennes.—The Eden-Théâtre is to be opened on the 1st December.—Referring to the late lamented Edmond Membrée, the *Ménestrel* of the 17th September says :—

An event, as unexpected as it was sad, has happened this week and carried consternation into the world of music. In the country, on the estate of M. Glandaz, at Domont, in the midst of his family, even while he was at table and opposite his friend Jacque, the painter, Edmond Membrée, author of the *Esclave*, and of many charming melodies, was suddenly struck down by death. He was only 62, and leaves a young wife with two young daughters plunged in profound grief.

Born at Valenciennes on the 14th November, 1820, Edmond Membrée began to study music in his native town. His natural taste for it, aided by hard work, attracted the attention of his fellow townsmen, and he was sent to the Paris Conservatory, with a modest but useful allowance granted him by the Municipality. After completing his studies under the direction of Zimmermann and Ch. V. Alkan, for the piano, of Dourlen for harmony, and of Carafa for composition, he sought in teaching resources which might enable him to find leisure for composition. His first essays were successful, and his interesting vocal melodies displaying a taste new for France, and the elevated style which constituted the glory of Schubert, could not fail to attract the attention of artists. They were, moreover, fortunate enough to please the public, thanks, doubtless, to the admirable manner in which the celebrated tenor, Gustave Roger, delighted to render them. The first melody of Membrée's which was especially remarked was not, as is generally supposed, his grand scene, which became so popular, of "Page, Ecuyer, Capitaine." Before this was published, Roger, fond of making the public acquainted with new composers, had interpreted with as much talent as success the ballad of "Ondine et le Pêcheur" written by Membrée to Schiller's ballad poetically translated by Henry de Latouche. This was the first gem in the melodic crown of him who gave us the opera of *L'Esclave*, performed with genuine success on the boards of the Ventadour — when our National Academy of Music was compelled to transport its Penates thither in consequence of the burning of the house in the Rue Le Peletier. We know that Lassalle and Mdlle Mauduit especially reaped a plentiful harvest of legitimate applause in this score, which was, we must confess, followed by two others far less fortunate, *Les Parias* and *La Courte Échelle*. Edmond Membrée's first lyric essay was produced in 1857 at the Grand Opera, where he succeeded in getting the management to accept and perform *François Villon*, a work in one act, of which his friend Got, of the Théâtre-Français, wrote the book. With reference to the latter theatre, I must mention the stage-music and the choruses written by Membrée for the *Œdipe Roi* of Jules Lacroix, which was recently revived there. Among other dramatico-lyric works not yet brought out, Edmond Membrée has left in his portfolio a score written on Mérimée's *Colomba*, and a grand five-act opera, *Freyghor*, poem by MM. Foussier and Got, assisted by M. Jules Barbier. This work, to judge from what is said by those who know it, is Edmond Membrée's crowning work—the work destined to mark his definite place on the stage.

As regards drawing-room music, Edmond Membrée not only published a volume of melodies which has placed his name high in the speciality of the French *Lied*, but he wrote several trios for violin, violoncello, and piano, dedicated to his friend Edouard Lalo, which obtained for him the Chartier Prize, in 1873. MM. Armaingaud and Jacquard very frequently performed with the author these "genre" trios, entitled *Aux champs* and *A la ville*.

Snatched away so prematurely from musical art and his family, this fertile producer was conveyed last Wednesday, by numerous and devoted friends, to his last resting-place. Two addresses were delivered at his tomb; one by M. Ludovic Halévy in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors, and another by M. Victorin Joncières, representing the Society of Musical Composers.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—To commemorate the centenary of laying the foundation-stone of the "Curhaus," a vocal and instrumental concert, under the direction of Brennung, was given in that building. Among the solo performers was Emile Sauret, the violinist.

AGRAM.—Wilhelm Müller, composer, and formerly conductor at the Nationaltheater, has died here, aged eighty-two. His father was Wenzel Müller, once so popular in Vienna, composer and conductor at the Leopoldstadttheater in that capital. (Wenzel used familiarly to be styled "the People's Composer."—Dt Bllgt.)

THE SONG OF THE SUNBEAM.

Over the meadows I glide along,
Up from the depths of the azure blue,
Waking the lark with his matin song
To plume his wing in the morning dew;
And pausing to kiss a maiden's cheek
That is pale with thoughts of what may be,
I hasten away o'er the mountain peak
To brighten the path of her love at sea.

Merrily dancing, gliding along,
To the joyous trill of the feathered throng,
And roving the woodlands through and through,
I sprinkle with gems the morning dew.

Into the city I gladly stray
As the bells ring out a merry peal,
And down where the ragged children play,
Through their crowded courts I love to steal.
I tell them of flowers, and fields, and streams,
That I touch with gold as I pass along,
Till they seem to hear in their childish dreams
The voice of the lark in his matin song.

Merrily dancing, gliding along,
To the joyous trill of the feathered throng,
And roving the woodlands through and through,
I sprinkle with gems the morning dew.

WETSTAR.

THE KENNEDYS IN DUNDEE.

It cannot surely be necessary nowadays to dilate upon the qualities of the Kennedy entertainments. Time has been when it was advisable, and perhaps needful, for the reviewer to touch upon their salient points, that public taste might the better appreciate the new, the stronger, and the purer light which Mr Kennedy's native genius casts upon the poetry and music of Scotland. In a similar line Wilson and Templeton had been educating the public, greatly delighting the ear, the one with his pleasant tone and neat mechanical expression, the other with his manly voice and graceful mannerisms; but both were singers more than interpreters. Kennedy, following, hit a deeper vein. He grappled with the heart of his songs, felt with the poet, and with vocal ability as highly cultured as that of his predecessors struck at the emotions of his audience, causing his hearers to forget the artist in the faithful pictures which, with artless art, he drew of national life and character. Herein lies Kennedy's greatness—in subordinating the music he sings to the expression of human feeling, and thereby, as an inevitable consequence, touching the hearts of his auditors. Whoever has listened to Mr Kennedy without discovering this secret does not yet know what is the highest mission to which a vocal artist can aspire. There cannot be many such among Scotchmen at least, and as Scotchmen are to be found everywhere, so Mr Kennedy, with his family, have been everywhere singing to them of their native mountains and glens, and streams and flowers, and cottages and shielings, of their loves and their quarrels, their merry-makings and their deadly wars, until the world, which has been his audience, has learned to acknowledge him as King of Scottish Song.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

VIENNA.—*Der Kleine Prinz*, a new *buffo* opera, music by Adolf Müller, the younger, book by Julius Rosen, is to be produced at the Theater an der Wien.

Vianesi (late conductor at the Royal Italian Opera) is in Paris. There is a talk of his engaging Galli-Marié for four appearances in *Carmen* and *Mignon*, during the Italian season at Nice.

Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, has been playing at concerts in Tudela and Pampeluna for charitable purposes. During this month and the first half of the next he will give twenty concerts in Galicia and Asturia. He is accompanied on the tour by the Spanish pianist, José Tragó, who, like himself, received his musical education in Paris.

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MARRIAGE.

On October the 3rd, at St. Thomas's, Camden New Town, by the Rev. H. Walter Reynolds, HENRY JOSEPH GRABURN MARRIS, of Berners Street, W., to ANNIE MARGRETTA, second daughter of E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. Doc., of 23, St. Augustine's Road, Camden Square, N.W. New Zealand papers, please copy.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

Amphigouri.

"So mote it be."—*Roger Bacon.*

KUNDRY.—I demand surrender!

PARSIFAL.—That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Wait a while.

Professor Macfarren's Address.

(In Full).

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the re-opening, on Saturday, September 23rd, 1882, of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor Macfarren (the Principal) delivered his annual address to the Students. Among the Professors present were Messrs H. C. Banister, G. Benson, F. R. Cox, W. H. Cummings, H. R. Eyers, W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, A. O'Leary, Brinley Richards, A. Schloesser, and Mr Harold Thomas. Mr John Gill, the Secretary, was also present.

Professor Macfarren, in greeting the Professors and Pupils on the opening of the sixty-first year of the Institution's work, said: Times past must be regarded as a mirror, in which we shall see at least the hopes of the future. Let me speak to you, Professors, many of whom, having gained your musicianship by the studies you have pursued in this Academy, reflect great honour upon the past. Many others, who have not been Students here, who are kind enough to give us the benefit of your experience in the training of the Pupils, still are stimulated in your endeavours by the remembrance of important things effected here, and with a determination that the time to come shall compare with honour and with advantage with the time that has gone by. Let me speak of the many former Students of the Academy who have passed away from the world, and have left the reputation of their doings and of the honours they have brought to the Institution—those who have been excellent performers; and those others who are still among us in the works they wrote. Let me speak to you, Students, who return to your work, of the interest which you prove in the tasks before you from this very fact of your return; the courage you show, though in some instances you have not as yet accomplished the success at which you aim, proves that you are willing to persevere, and intend from future fortune to accomplish what as yet remains to be done, but what is by no means beyond trustful expectation. Let me speak to you, new-comers, whom I meet here for the first time, and urge you to feel all the confidence you may from the example of your elders in the Institution, from those who preceded them, and from the fact that musical history has run side by side with the Academy's progress for sixty years, and that many of the most important things which have been effected in the course of the Art's development have emanated from this Institution; that you are members of the working body, and that upon you rests the responsibility to hold up the Academy's honour and to raise the importance of Music in England.

I hope to enhance the interest you have all evinced in the tasks you have before you, by offering to you a rapid and very concise glance at the history of the Art we study. Incomplete it must be from the limit of time in which there will be to tell a long story; incomplete it will be from the inability of him who has to tell it; but it will at least show you that there is so much matter in the subject as to prompt you to make further inquiry into it, and many particulars that stand out more conspicuously than others and may help you to a general knowledge of how music has grown into what we now know it.

The earliest cultivation of music seems to have been by the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Assyrians, and from them to have proceeded to Egypt and thence to Greece. It is curious to know that while savage nations have all some kind of music, with these civilized peoples of remote times, it seems to have been more a subject of calculation than of impulse and impressionability. Music and astronomy were regarded as kindred. The different effects of music were assimilated to astronomical phenomena, and for long and long the attention of musicians was spent in the reckoning of mathematical niceties of intonations, and their ideas of what we call musical beauty seem to have been little in accord with the impression entertained by persons of modern times, which date back already several hundred years from the present moment. So in the earliest ages was perceived a phenomenon that is worth the attention of all musicians now and of any future period—the distinction of the perfect intervals from those which may be major or minor, and augmented or diminished, all of which, distinguished from the perfect, are flexible. In Egypt, the year is divided into three seasons, instead of into four as in the north and west—the inundation of the Nile beginning in July, seed time in November, and reaping in March; and there of old the interval of the fourth was symbolical of Winter, the interval of the fifth, of Autumn, and the interval of the eighth, of Summer. Again, as to the scientific regard of music, what was the equivalent to the key-note of our consideration was not at the bottom of the musical scale, as with us, but in the centre; the sun was then supposed to move about the earth, and to be the principal of the planets pursuing this orbit; so was the key-note of the planetary scale, having above it three notes and below it three notes—for the lyre of the period owned but seven strings; and comparing with the stars, there were on the one side of the central, Sun, Mercury, Venus, and the Moon, and on the other, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Saturn, being the remotest from the Earth, was represented by the longest string; the Moon being nearest to the Earth, by the shortest. It is a curious mistake of some persons who have discussed antique music, to say that the Greeks, and the Egyptians before them, reversed our sense

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of high and low in sound. The longest string was of course the highest, and represented the deepest sound; the shortest was of course the lowest string, and represented the highest sound; and thus their sense of high and low in pitch was precisely the same as ours. If you look to the strings of a pianoforte or harp you observe the same regulation of shorter and longer—the terms having then been applied to the length of string by which we define the acuteness or gravity of sound. Among the Greeks still this study of perfect intervals was made a matter of great nicety, and there is a story related of Pythagoras, who was one of the first to introduce from Egypt into his own country the most important branches of learning—a story which was repeated for hundreds of years, and which, impossible as it is, nevertheless has gained repeated and repeated hearing, and repeated credence—the story that he observed the difference of the fifth and the fourth, and measured their ratios in consequence of hearing smiths at an anvil, beating with hammers of different weights, and thus producing the different sounds. Now, I think it is within every one's range of observation that the sound produced from any resonate body, whether it be a string or a plate, depends on the intonation of that string or plate, and not on the weight of the instrument that is used to play upon it. If you strike the pianoforte string with a hammer of any more or less lightness, and with any more or less force, it will give the same note so long as the string is at the same tension; nay, if you struck it with a sledge-hammer, if it sounded and did not break under your blow, it would produce the same note. And so it is utterly fabulous that Pythagoras, or any one could have noted the difference of the fifth and the fourth, from the striking the metal of an anvil by different weighted hammers, or with a different amount of force by several smiths engaged in the task. Curiously, not only this story has been repeated from the classic to the mediæval, and thence to our own times, but even it has been plagiarized in a story of more recent date. It is related of Handel that when he lived in the little village of Stanmore, up the Edgware Road, he listened to smiths at work at their anvil, and from the effects of their different productions of notes by the weight of their hammers, observed a melody upon which he constructed variations, and named his piece "The Harmonious Blacksmith." He did nothing of the kind, and could have done nothing of the kind, any more than Pythagoras so many hundreds of years before him. The various heat of a bar of iron, according to the various exposure of its different parts to the fire, may induce a slightly different pitch in sounds produced from these several parts, but this is wholly independent of the ponderosity of the blows. These are examples of the readiness of hearers to swallow, if not digest, any curious stories that may be offered to their notice; but they should be warnings to us not to be too ready to believe everything stated.

We cannot trace where the ancient Greek system of music ceased, and when modern music began. Doubtless there must have been an overlapping of the one or the other, and both must, to some extent, have been practised at once, as was the case with the Heathen religion and the Christian. The first records that appear of a distinct method of music from that which prevailed among the classics belong to the end of the fourth century, and refer to St Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan. We are told that he organized certain musical scales, and required that music in his episcopate should be framed upon those scales. This appears to be one of the many errors of imperfect investigation. St Ambrose did certainly organize the orders of the prayers, the ritual, and the musical arrangements of the Cathedral of Milan; but these musical arrangements consisted of the adoption of the Hebrew practice of singing psalms alternately by one side and the other side of the choir, instead of by all the voices together, and had nothing to do with the choice of melody to which these psalms were to be sung. It is ascribed to St Ambrose that he composed the "Te Deum," and, because the word "composed" is somewhat vaguely employed, it has been suggested that he made music for that grand hymn. He selected, and, of some passages, wrote the text, but certainly he did not supply the music, though such and such forms, having had long prevalence in the early Church of Milan, go by the name of the "Use of St Ambrose." The term refers not merely to his period, but to the Musical Use of that diocese for long subsequent.

It was in the fifth century that a Roman philosopher, Boethius, framed a code of musical regulations professedly upon the principles of his Greek predecessors, and his name is very conspicuous in musical history, because his work on the subject was studied by all musicians throughout the entire of the middle ages. In our Universities it was the text-book by which all musicians were proved; and this is to be accounted for from the fact that the Latin tongue in which it was written was more generally understood than Greek, and the book was supposed to be a faithful representation of the Greek principles. Such is, indeed, not the case. There are many highly important things that he has totally misrepresented, one of which is the fact to which allusion was now made, of mistaking the highest string for the highest note, whereas the longer the string the lower the note; and another is in the division of the scale itself. We are accustomed at large to speak of tones and semitones, as if those two terms comprehended equal divisions; but there are major and minor tones, and those who have listened with nice ears and careful discrimination to a performance of the musical scale have again and again observed that the interval between the key-note and the second is a slightly larger degree than that between the second and the third of the key, these being the major and the minor tone. Now Pythagoras arranged in his plan of the musical scale that these two tones should be equal, and so reduced the interval between the third and the fourth of the scale to something less than what we term a semitone. Hence the interval of the major third was then accounted a discord, because it was larger or sharper than the major third of nature. It was not till the time of Claudius Ptolemy, who gave his name to the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, that it was clearly defined there should be this arrangement of a smaller tone between the second and third, and a larger tone between the first and second, the difference being in the proportions of eight to nine, and nine to ten. Boethius reversed this arrangement, which all subsequent science has tended to confirm. Boethius was a philosopher, Boethius was a statesman. He had enemies in the State who accused him of treason and wrought his downfall, and he was publicly beheaded. One must always regret the untimely end of notable or historic personages, but if that was to be his fate—if the Roman Emperor of the time did listen to these false accusations—we can only regret that the event did not happen before Boethius wrote his volume on music.

The next person of note is the famous Saint Gregory the Great, who came into office at the end of the sixth century, and who gives his name to the Use that prevailed in Rome, and so instead of saying Roman Use, it is common to say Gregorian Use; and there is ascribed to him the selection and arrangement and regulation of musical models. The Greek practice of employing the letters of the alphabet to represent musical sounds had entirely passed into disuse, and there is no trace of any other system of notation having been yet devised. Saint Isidore of Seville was an intimate friend of Gregory; he lived until a very long time after Gregory's death, and there is an extant statement of his, to the effect that except those melodies be retained in the memory they cannot exist, for there is no means of writing them. So you will see how totally false is the ascription of any particular melodies that are treasured in the Church to Saint Gregory himself, since there is no means but memory—which varies from person to person, and age to age—by which these melodies could have been traditionally followed, and they belong to a period far later than his, the term "Gregorian Use" meaning the "Use of Rome." A fallacy may now be dispelled which has had general prevalence in historic accounts of the course of music, and this is the high respect that is supposed to be due to a monk of Arezzo, Guido—such high respect, that lately a monument in that town has been erected in his honour. It is said that Guido invented the staff and the musical notation upon it. It is said that he taught the use of the red coloured line to denote the sound we call F, and the saffron line to denote the sound called "C." It is said he was the first to employ the initial syllables of six lines of a hymn to St. John the Baptist, as the names of musical notes, "ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la." All these things are untrue. In his own treatise, "Micrologos," the things he does mention he speaks of as established things, and not by any means as things of his own framing. The staff which he described had the syllables of the text inserted in higher or lower spaces between lines, to indicate the higher or lower sounds to which they were to be sung, but this staff had nothing written on the lines themselves. Guido is known to have been alive in the year 1067. There is a book extant which belongs to Winchester Cathedral—a service book—comprising a prayer for King Ethelred and the English people, set to musical notes, which notes are written on a staff of four lines (some on lines and some in spaces), and King Ethelred died in the year 1016. It is quite obvious then that in this country of England music was in a very far higher state of advancement all those fifty-one years, before we know Guido to have been alive and active, than it was in that part of Italy in which he collected the particulars stated in his own dissertation on music. Thus he is not the great musical pioneer he is supposed to be, and music was in a higher state in the north than in that country famous for musical aptitude among the people, and musical scholarship among the learned, which lies in the south of Europe. It is to note that in many other particulars, music advanced in England earlier than it did in other regions. At the

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end of the twelfth century, Tinctor, a Fleming, who founded the first musical academy known, the Conservatorio of Naples, writing of the new art of counterpoint, says this is practised in England with greater success than elsewhere, and specially has been defined by John of Dunstable in more clear terms than by other theorists. Again, in the early days of the thirteenth century, shortly after the period of this John of Dunstable, even while he still lived, we find counterpointed compositions in this country of an elaborate nature; often has been quoted of late a round or canon, truly a six-men's song, dating prior to 1240. It is gratifying to find that the persons who repeatedly bring this instance into notice have spent time in the quest of such erudition; it would be more gratifying and far more useful if the same persons spent equal pains in ascertaining the musical history of our own day, rather than in propagating views that are apt to mislead hearers who have not means at hand to refute them.

There has lately been deposited in the British Museum some manuscript music bearing date 1260, which is in counterpoint of sometimes two, sometimes three parts, and there has been no composition in harmony traced to any other country of so early a period. Thus it is found that not only had our forefathers writers among them to theorize on the uses of counterpoint, but to practice them when other countries had not yet so far advanced.

It seems to have been at the beginning of the sixteenth century—from 1500 onwards—that musical erudition was turned to secular subjects. Hitherto music had been practised among the people without tuition, or without known principles, and all learning on this, as on other subjects, had been confined to the Church, and as Italy was the centre of the Christian Church of the period, so music was drawn towards Rome. It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century that musical scholarship began to be applied to secular use, and in the madrigals which were then first written we find exemplifications of the same rules which previously had been applied only in sacred works. We find that the secular music of that period was written on the same principles as ecclesiastical music. Such likewise has been the case throughout the whole career of the social music of the people—the concert music of public performances, and the ecclesiastical music which was written specially for the sanctuary. Music may be more grave or gay, more plaintive or more bright, according to the subject to which it is applied, but the same technical principles for its construction have always prevailed coincidently for the Church and for the chamber, for the opera, theatre, and for the oratorio. Antiquaries have thus far been unable to trace the origin or meaning of the word madrigal, and have shown only that there were Spanish poems, so styled, to which the first musical compositions were set that are classed under the definition. At the same time, when scholars were constructing their elaborate pieces which took the name of madrigals, music of the same class was written in England, not so-called, but of which specimens are preserved in a collection that goes by the name of the Fayrefax Manuscripts, from a certain Dr. Fayrefax their collector, of the time of Henry VIII., which are for the most part pure in counterpoint, and are generally of a pastoral, but some of an amatory character, and these are quite equal in merit to the scholastic productions of other lands. The composers are little known to the present generation, but their names stand to their works, and their works are at least a monument to the curious of the ability of the writers who produced them.

Much is credited to the Roman school of musical composition, but it is very remarkable that this Roman school rose from the tuition given by Flemings in Rome to persons who went thither for the sake of their instruction. The first of those of note was Ockenheim of Hainault, who formed many renowned scholars. One of the chief of them was a composer who is known by the name of Josquin Després, or, in Latin, Josquinus. He was a singing boy in the cathedral of St Quentin, and his playmates converted his baptismal name of Josse into the pet form of Josquin, and by that name he is now generally known. He went to every court in Europe to practise his art. He dwelt long in Rome, and there disseminated his principles. It may enliven our story to repeat an anecdote of this said Josquin Després—that when in Paris, at the time of Louis XII., he very greatly wished to have some fixed appointment at the Court, and he found a nobleman who promised to befriend him and obtain for him such an engagement as he desired. From time to time he met his pretended patron, and from time to time he received no appointment, and whenever he applied to the said dispenser of favours for the promised post, my lord always met him with the Italian reply to his enquiry, "Lascia fare mi."

Josquin left him to do everything, but still nothing was done; and so he wrote a Mass, in which the principal musical subject consisted of the notes la, sol, fa, re, mi, and this was many times repeated in the course of the composition: the work was performed in the nobleman's presence, who felt the admonition; the words "lascia fare mi" were taken out of his mouth—he said them no more, but exerted himself successfully to obtain for the composer the post he desired.

Another important Fleming was Claude Goudimel. He is classed as a Fleming, though we find his birthplace is now in French territory. He was the first person who opened a school for music in Rome, and the famous Palestrina and another Fleming who went to Rome and who Italianized his name, Orlando di Lasso, with many more, were his pupils. The career of Goudimel was cut short in that terrible historical event, the massacre of St Bartholomew, he being in Lyons on the fatal night of the 24th August, 1572. He did great things for music; what more he might have done, but for the bigotry of the assassins, it is impossible to conceive.

An incident of this period may be said to have been the means of converting the ancient into the modern of music, or changing the strict of the former into the free of the present practice. This was the first employment of that very remarkable and distinguished harmony which we know as the chord of the dominant seventh. The first person in whose music as yet any trace of this chord has been found—employed in the free manner in which it is now used, without any preparation and with due resolution of its two discordant notes, the third and the seventh—was a Fleming (Jean Mouton), born in 1475. It has been customary to ascribe the invention of this chord to Claudio Monteverde, who lived a hundred years later; or let me rather say discovery than invention, for the notes of this beautiful harmony are combined by a natural law, the first perception of which laid open a great scientific fact to the world. It is the case with most of the chief facts in science that they have been simultaneously or almost co-incidentally discovered at about the same period by different persons; and at that age, when communication was not so rapid as at present, one cannot account for the wide discrepancy of a hundred years as representing so remote a period as it does in modern times; and though Mouton wrote his dominant seventh, it by no means follows that Monteverde knew his work, but this master may also have employed the chord without knowing of a precedent. His use of the chord elicited the most stringent blame from the censors of his day, and Artusi wrote a strong stricture upon the impropriety of employing this unprepared discord. Monteverde replied, and the polemics that passed between these two writers made famous the use of Monteverde; whereas his predecessor gave no larger publicity to his discovery than might accrue to it from the insertion of the chord in his music. For a long time to come it remained that whoever employed this chord of the dominant seventh and analagous harmonies, comprising higher discords than the seventh, did so only from the precedent of others, or in the brave self-reliance that enabled them to trust a good effect which as yet had no rule for its justification. Only consider for a moment, when we listen to the delightful sound of this now everyday, familiar musical combination, what must have been the impression of those who first heard it, and first distinguished it from the discords of previous use, which had the imperative necessity of preparation by the sounding of their discordant notes in the preceding harmony. It must have been as a revelation of a new principle which, in fact, was really the case.

But although these chords, the dominant seventh and its analagous harmonic kindred, were employed by musicians, the fact of their derivation was still unproved until, in this country, in the year 1676, two graduates of Oxford, one of Merton College and the other of Wadham, one named Noble and the other Piggott, not working together—another example of coincident discovery of the same phenomenon by different observers—found the wonderful fact that a string set in vibration will divide itself into several nodes, and that each node yields a harmonic sound, and that this series of harmonic sounds is the real occasion of the musical combination being so satisfactory to our ears, which is composed of harmonics only, and which has been described as this particular chord.

There is to speak of another great invention in which Monteverde was concerned, though he was not the man to whom its origination is due. You are aware, of course, of the revival of learning in Europe after its torpor in the middle ages, which was first promoted by Petrarch, and which introduced anew the literature and the sculpture of the classics into European knowledge. It was at the verge of the year 1600 that some noblemen in Florence surmised that the music, whose extraordinary effects were described by the persons who had witnessed them in Greece, and whose writings had now become patent to all modern Europe, must be capable of reproduction—that these wonderful effects must have resulted from the combination of music with words, and the higher declamation which could be given to a poetic text, with music as accessory, than when speaking was the sole medium of utterance. The complicated music of the schools, consisting of canonic or fugal imitations,

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where several voices would be singing different words at the same moment, could not be assumed to give just expression to the poetry, though, perhaps, presenting a general aspect of the sentiment. The ballad tunes of the people, neither, could be supposed to represent a continuous poem in which the sentiment would vary from stanza to stanza; whereas the same melody would be repeated again and again. These Florentine nobles conceived that a musical recitation might be formed in which the sense of the words, and the particular emphasis of special words, might be thrown into such prominence as would produce a higher effect than could proceed from speech. Among them was the father of Galileo, the notable astronomer, and he made one of the first essays of composition in this school, which, because it is a recitation of words for the sake of words, and for the sake of the expression they are to convey, goes by the name of *recitativo* or *recitative*, or speaking music. More important was it, that instead of indulging his own love of composition, he was the means of engaging two notable singers of his time—Peri and Caccini—to write vocal music to passionate verses, their calling having naturally qualified them to experimentalize in the new direction. The success of their tentative efforts induced Monteverde to apply his skill as a contrapuntist, and his strong insight into the resources of harmony, to a like task; and in 1607 he reproduced, in Mantua, an opera that was set almost throughout in the style now described. His musical renown and skill, more than the excellence of the work, established general acceptance of the principle, and so, in a twofold sense, he was a great musical innovator. His work may be said to be the pediment on which all modern music has been constructed.

Let us now glance from this origin of opera, dating from the year 1600, to note the last change through which that branch of music has passed, and how large a resource of pleasure it has been to hearers, how grand an exercise of imagination it has been to artists. Let us notice the rise of music in different nations, and you will find that opera had its first home in Italy. Then in France it was introduced by an Italian. Lulli was a Florentine, who was taken to France first in the capacity of page; but when he displayed his musical powers he deserted his menial occupation, and became the admired and respected of all the highest persons of that very artistic age and country.

Next, in course of time, came the composition of opera in England—I repeat, in England—where the forerunner of Handel and Bach, the great Purcell, lived and wrote. I say again, in England, in association with the forward march of music because we are too much aware of the general notion that this country is incapable of musical excellence; that we Englishmen and Englishwomen can pay for music, can perhaps enjoy it—though possibly we only affect to do so—but that we cannot perform or produce it. The several instances already named are, I trust, enough to show that there is nothing in our soil, or our climate, or our physical construction, which prevents Englishmen from rising to the highest in the attainment of this art; and from such a fact, I think we may all take courage to work our best, and to believe that if excellence is not in ourselves, whatever steps we take to approach it may afford an encouragement to others who are more fortunately gifted, and who will still be the country's honour, and prove us to be a musical nation (applause).

There is to speak of the branch of music which may be classed under the name of Symphony, and which comprises instrumental compositions whether for a full band—in that term of symphony is the technical word employed; or for a single instrument, when we call it sonata; or for a larger or smaller number of solo instruments, which we call trio, quartet, or the like; but which, whether for a more or less number of performers, still presents a certain arrangement of musical ideas—an arrangement built upon physical or, may I say, scientific principles—not the accidental current of one or another of even great men's thoughts, but a fabric that is constructed upon certain natural rules that spring from the harmonic system, to which we owe not only particular chords, but particular arrangements of keys. You will read through the sonatas or the compositions for instruments which may come under your studies, and under the direction of your professors you will trace in these a particular plan or design as obvious as may be traced in any of the beautiful productions of Nature, and in this respect Art may be assimilated to Nature. In fact, every great work of a true artist is framed upon a plan constructed with a design, and fulfils a principle; such principle you will trace in the dissection of a flower, in the anatomy of any animated being, and such principle of structure is to be found in a work of Art.

It is said that Haydn was the father of the symphony. Well, if that is to be admitted—and we will not for ever be disputing popular fallacies—we must then admit that Emanuel Bach was the grandfather of the symphony, because Haydn expressly stated on many an occasion that he based his views of musical plan upon the example of Emanuel Bach; and the particular arrangement of ideas and the juxtaposition of the keys that constitute the plan of one of these compositions of which we speak, was incipiently practised by composers long prior even to the time of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, the grandfather, to whom in truth it had yet descended through a long line of musical ancestors. The fact that this very plan is, as I hope I have convinced you, framed on natural principles, with that of its slowly reaching to maturity, again exemplifies the truth that many explorers, successively or simultaneously, bring to light one scientific phenomenon. It is to con with gratitude the works the great masters in our art have left us to admire—with still higher gratitude the examples they have left us to study, whence we may learn how to pursue the same course which they successfully followed.

Let us think of the names of the greatest men who have practised this art of symphony—compositions for one or many instruments. Let us think of Haydn, let us think of Mozart; and let us compare those two men, who it is customary to suppose lived in the successive order in which I have named them. But I must beg you to remember that though Mozart was born many years after Haydn, he died eighteen years before him, and that Haydn produced his most famous and many of his most beautiful works even after the death of Mozart, and that though Mozart may have learned, and freely owned he did learn, from the example of Haydn, Haydn took back the lessons and learned greater from Mozart. Nothing more distinguishes the character, the greatness of Haydn, than the lovable modesty with which he deferred to the excellent genius of Mozart, and the pretty story is worth remembering that when Kozeluch, an inferior composer, but one of some merit still, being in company with Haydn, listening to the first performance of a composition by Mozart, observed, "That is an unheard-of progression; you and I should not have written such stuff." "No," said Haydn, "because you and I could not." After this comes the gigantic name of Beethoven, before which all musicians bend with reverence, and yet with pride. But, be it remembered, had not these men written before him, there could have been no Beethoven, and all his greatness has been based on the firm foundation which his predecessors laid; and be it remembered that many of the characteristics which are most especially ascribed to Beethoven are to be traced in the writings of Mozart.

It is too much the use nowadays to speak of Mozart as old-fashioned—to speak of Haydn as *rococo*. Oh, do believe there is endless youth, eternal spring, in the writings of those men, and that the more scrupulously we look into the beauties of their work, the more fit we are to understand what has been written since, and the more capable we are of enjoying it all.

Review of the symphony must not be dismissed without acknowledgment of the delight we have enjoyed and the lessons we have learned from the rich sweetness of Spohr, the glowing ardour of Mendelssohn, and the passionate yearning of Schumann, and with these men must be associated the ever young and always graceful Sterndale Bennett. Their noble art has living representatives; and when the future can make retrospect of the present, it will select musicians of our own time to class with those who have rendered the past undying.

Our story has advanced longer in time than I wished to have detained you, but I will allude to a matter which has engaged much attention in these last two decades. It is assumed by one class of students that science is usurping the place in general study of literature, and advocates of scientific discovery and of poetic pursuits are, so far as friendly relations may evidence, in hostile camps. It is unquestionable that these two pursuits of the human mind, Science and Art, each supplement the other—that the artist draws his materials from the accumulation of Science; that the scientist finds suggestions for his explorations in the works of Art. It is notable to us musicians that our pursuits must naturally comprise both these fields of activity for the mind. Instrumentalists exercise their mechanical powers and their anatomical functions in their performances; vocalists, still more, in the employment of the organs of respiration, exemplify in every note they utter some power in their physical organization. You may remember the interesting lectures given here by Dr Llewellyn Thomas on the use of the vocal organs, in which he proved to us that the singer's art is illustrated by the science of the physiologist. I believe—nay, I hope—that no player or singer thinks of the dissection of the human frame when he produces the sounds with which he delights his hearers. While, however, we think not of physical formations when exercising our musical functions, we know that our organs are in active employment, and that we are exemplifying natural facts in the application of these specialities to our musical productions. Composers know that the system of harmonies yield what has been adduced already as to the combination of notes in harmony and the succession of keys in

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the structure of musical plan, and all musicians must feel that the wonderful phenomena of acoustics, which are especially evidenced in music, display the immensity of creation in one of its grandest manifestations.

The ancient philosophers spoke of the music of the spheres. They compared music with astronomy, they spoke of stars as emblematical of notes. It is a fact, that every sound which is uttered, sets the air in vibration; that the quicker or slower vibrations of the air which are induced either by speech, singing, or by instrumental productions, are carried on in larger and larger circles. The planets rotate in their orbits by the same law that impels the air in waves of sound; they move in unbroken order; they return as faithful to their position as does a trembling string; and it is this strictly periodic movement which is in truth the point that separates musical sound from accidental noise. So much for the scientific relation of music, and now for the art's relation.

Let us think of the power the musician has to give to poetry a higher meaning than the words seem to convey, and still further, apart from all words, to produce a deeper effect on the feelings, by instrumental music, than speech can ever exercise. Then you will have a just right to believe in the high vocation you follow in pursuing the study of music. It is notable that an Englishman, Dr Edward Young, the predecessor of Sir Humphrey Davy in the professorship in the Royal Institution, was the first who discovered and enunciated the priciple that sound moves in waves, and it was the motion of the sound waves which first suggested the observation that we have waves of light, and that the motion of light, much more rapid than the motion of sound, is upon the same or an analagous principle. You hear the voice of the lark when he springs up to greet the daylight; the tiny bird is lost to your sight; the sunshine and sound of his song come to you as one—light and music united. That is the combination of science and art.

And now let us, when we recall the names of those great instrumentalists, and those great vocalists, who, though we can no longer witness their performances, have stamped their names on musical history—let us still more, when we listen to the compositions of those great men whose works are their monuments, of which the beauties are as integral in the music, and as obvious to our perception, as they were at the moment when the authors lived—let us exclaim as a painter did, when surrounded by great master-pieces of his art—let us exclaim, but with the same becoming humility, paraphrasing his expression, "I too am a musician."

Professor Macfarren resumed his seat, amid warm and repeated applause.

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 610.)

In grand contrast with the beauty and tender emotion of the movement just past, the quartet which follows is full of fierce excited action. The words are dialogue except towards the end. They are with constant change of idea, though with frequent recurrence of the same; and in accordance with this the music, though with fantasia-like changefulness of key and idea, agrees in the general outline with the sonata form without a second part. First there is the entry of Pizarro with the cry "Thou diest!" followed by his fierce ravings to Florestan. His numberless different thoughts take the music into many different keys, but the thoughts are all included in the main idea of revenge, and so the keys are all enclosed within the main key (D) of the first subject.

Ex. 218.

Florestan's calm words, "A murderer stands before me," make the bridge between the first and second subjects, and bring the music to the key of A. Once more Pizarro recalls the degradation which he suffered in former years at the hands of Florestan, and with this the music of the first subject (Ex. 218) begins again, but in the new key of the second subject and differently developed (see Haydn's symphony in Part I., pp. 11, 12). Now he prepares to stab Florestan, but at that moment the music is stopped in its flow by an interrupted cadence (*a*), and Leonora rushes forward.

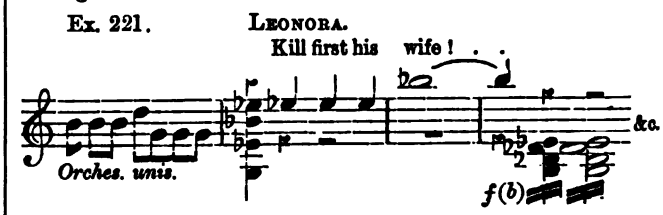
Ex. 219.

And then continues "Thou must first pierce through this breast." The main idea of the second subject now comes; Leonora has sworn death to him for his lust of murder.

Ex. 220.

It is in a new key, and is again worked in another, in alternation with the accompaniment of Pizarro's first idea (Ex. 218), and is carried on with ejaculations from the other singers up to a sudden stop, when Leonora again rushes in front of Florestan as a protecting shield.

Ex. 221.



This, with her declaration that she has sworn comfort to Florestan and ruin to Pizarro, and the astonished ejaculations of the others—for even Pizarro cannot help admiring her courage—forms the long preparation for the return of the first part. Following the last quotation is the long hovering on the chord of E flat with its minor 7th (*b*) (Ex. 221), and by-and-bye the longer stay upon the dominant of D which brings back the original key in its major form. Pizarro again tries to stab Florestan, and with that comes the recapitulation of the first subject (Ex. 218) in the original key of D, but much compressed. Leonora is still there protecting, "Pierce first this breast," so the second subject (Ex. 220) is also recapitulated, though in new keys. The recapitulation ends with a half cadence on Leonora's drawing the pistol.

Ex. 222.

On this ominous word, *dead*, comes the trumpet call from the back. The State Minister is at the gates, and Pizarro dares do no more. The music is now the coda, beginning with the episode in B flat contained in the middle of the overture. There is relief from tension—the end of the struggle—there is no more to be done. Here we may begin meditation again, though there is not strength for much. Leonora and Florestan can but say, "Thank God," and the music says the rest for them, while Pizarro and Rocco vent their chagrin or astonishment.

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Ex. 223.

Flute & 'Cello.

The remainder of the coda, after Jaquino's spoken announcement of the arrival of Prince Fernando, is the more lengthened expression of feeling on the hour that has arrived; and, with its simple harmonies and transient modulations to the minor key of the supertonic, which serve but to confirm the key, draws the piece to its close.

After Pizarro and Rocco have gone, the husband and wife express their joy at being re-united. Their words are not many, but the music speaks clearly. The duet is in the form of a sonata of delicate proportions and without a second part. The first subject, sung partly in alternating phrases, partly together, is of the nameless joy of their union after such heavy trials. Several short ideas are comprehended in the second subject, and it therefore goes through several keys before settling finally into the key of the dominant (Part I., pp. 17, 18). Another idea, "Thou art Florestan," "Thou art Leonora," with manifold repetitions of the dear names, falls to the long passage which draws back the recapitulation of the first part and ideas. The first subject is here much abridged, and is followed by one of the ideas of the second. This is also much abridged, and transposed into the main key; and a few notes of coda bring the duet to an end.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

CONCERTS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—A considerable number of those who love good music assembled on Wednesday evening, and listened with great interest to a selection of classical pieces, amongst which were the overtures, *Leonora* and the *Scotch Symphony*, repeated "by special request." To the foregoing were added other works of a lighter character, such as the variations on "God Preserve the Emperor," composed by Haydn for his well-known quartet. These, however, were not performed according to the master's design, but in the shape of an arrangement for orchestra and military band. The author of the bold travesty in question conceals his name, and we trust he does so because he is ashamed of his work. He may rightly consider himself as having gained a bad eminence; absolute genius for wrongdoing being required even to conceive the notion of so treating Haydn's most delicate music. This comes of taking such comparatively venial liberties as Mr Manns permits himself at the Crystal Palace when quartet-music is played by "all the strings." It is the old story. Once leave the right road and there is no knowing to what quagmire the wrong path may lead. Three movements—*gavotte* and *musette*, *cavatina*, and *finale*—from Raff's Suite for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 200, offered a more legitimate attraction, but was indifferently performed, not only by the pianist, Mr Frederic Cliffe, but by the orchestra. Here let it be said, once for all, that the classical pieces, with scarcely an exception, suffered much through the imperfect rendering they received. We will not accuse the instrumentalists of carelessness; but the effect was the same as though they had been guilty of that unpardonable sin. The higher merits of orchestral work were wanting, while, as for intelligent and consistent "reading," we could not discover that it was attempted. It may be said that we ought not to look for great excellence at nightly promenade concerts, and the observation has weight; but classical music, if given at all, should be given well. It places all who touch it under an obligation impossible to evade or weaken—an obligation affecting not merely the credit of the executants, but the repute of the composers, and the artistic interest of the public. Maurer's favourite Concertante for four violins and orchestra served to introduce a quartet of very youthful artists—Miss A. Ward, Messrs E. Parfitt, E. Crook, and Mr Bernard Carrodus—by whom the pleasant and, to the performers, grateful music was played with considerable success. It is but fair to say that the young lady held her own among her male associates, and it is imperative to state that this exhibition of rising talent gave promise of future distinction. The vocalists were Miss Ella Lemmens, Mdme Isabel Fassett, and Mr Burgon. Miss Lemmens was obviously indisposed, and ought not to have sung such a trying piece as the *polacca* from *Mignon*. Physical weakness, however, could not conceal evidence of admirable training and abundant talent, such as must clear a path for their possessor to an enviable place. Mdme Fassett's singing of Hasse's "Rivornerai fra pooo" gave satisfaction; but Mr Burgon took more liberties with the *tempo* of "O ruddier than the cherry" than was fair either to the music or to Mr Barrett, whose piccolo *obbligato* deserved praise all the more.—*D. T.*

(Omitted from our last.)

PROVINCIAL.

IPSWICH.—Messrs Lindley Nunn and Edwin Nunn, conductors of the Ipswich Musical Society, have announced their intention of giving three concerts during the ensuing season. The first, in December, in aid of the Essex Hall Asylum Building Fund and the Ipswich Nurses' Home; an oratorio concert in January, and a miscellaneous concert in April. The first "practice" took place at the old Museum, an excellent room for the purpose.

BRIGHTON.—Mr A. King, the borough organist, began a series of organ recitals on Monday afternoon in the Dome. His programme consisted of Smart's *andante* in A and an arrangement of one of the choruses in Handel's *Solomon*; an *allegretto* in B flat, by the late M. Lemmens; Bach's St Anne's fugue, &c., concluding with the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*.

MANCHESTER.—The performance of Gounod's *Faust* by Mr Carl Rosa's English Opera Company, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on Saturday evening, was marked by an innovation which, although improvised, proved so successful that it will not be surprising if it should in some degree form a precedent. *Faust* was announced for the evening's performance. But, almost at the last moment, Miss Burns, who was to have played and sung the part of the heroine, in which she is, deservedly, a favourite, fell ill, and the management was placed in a difficulty. Marguerites are not to be found at five minutes' notice. At the most accentuated point of this operatic crisis Mdme Marie Roze was appealed to, and the result was that she consented to sing the part in French, as she had never studied it in English. When the announcement of the novel arrangement was made by Mr Rosa, before the commencement of the opera, the applause of the audience showed their approval of the solution of the difficulty. It is probable that, when, for the future, *Faust* is sung, as it ought to be in England, in English, the audiences will, judging from the experience of Saturday evening, prefer that the part of Marguerite should be rendered by Mdme Marie Roze in French. The effect of her marvellously realistic acting, when accompanied by the freedom inspired by the use of her natural tongue, was electric. The experiment was all the more interesting to those aware of the perils of the situation, because of the supposed possibility of some of the other artists failing to take up the "cues." But, as a matter of fact, no difficulty of the sort occurred. As for the artistic effect of the curious *ensemble*, the performance abundantly proved that in opera there does not exist the objection to a mixture of languages which prevailed so strongly in the case where Rossi attempted to play Shakspere in Italian with an English company. The poetic influence of song destroys the incongruity which obtrudes itself where an attempt is made to give a polyglot representation of the non-lyric drama. Mdme Marie Roze may well be proud of her successful, although unrehearsed, effort to meet the exigencies of an unanticipated crisis.—*Manchester Latest News, Sept.* 25.

EALING.—At Mr Harold E. Stidolph's "Popular Concert," given in the Lyric Hall, on Wednesday evening, the singers were Mdlle Lilas Spontini and Miss Ida Meynell; Messrs Bernard Alfieri and G. Busch. The instrumentalists were Messrs Rooke, Acraman, and Stidolph, who gained the approbation of the audience by their performance of movements ("Rondo alla Turca," and "Rondo all' Ongroise") from trios by Hummel and Haydn. Mr Rooke also played a Gavotte, for the violin, by Rameau, and, with Mr Stidolph, De Beriot and Osborne's duet for violin and pianoforte, on airs from *La fille du Regiment*. Mr Alfieri sang with effect Pinsuti's "I fear no foe," and Gatty's "The gallants of England," Mr Busch winning applause for W. H. Cummings' "Just as of old," and Mrs J. Stafford Bush's "Arise." The ladies were no less successful, Miss Meynell rendering Wellings' "Golden love," and Molloy's "Little Match Girl," with taste and expression, Mdlle Lilas Spontini "winning all hearts" by the charming style in which she sang Ignace Gibsone's deservedly popular song "Sail on, O love, sail on," and Michael Watson's "When I meet you." Besides the two songs just named, Miss Spontini gave (owing to the indisposition of Miss Alice Davies) Marziali' "Summer Shower," and the favourite old ballad "Meet me by moonlight alone," gaining hearty applause and "re-calls" after each. In the course of the evening, Mr Ernest J. Stidolph recited, with effect, "Christmas-day in the workhouse." The concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

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WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

The usual autumnal migration of distinguished artists from London to New York is about to begin. Mr Mapleson starts from Liverpool with the greater part of his opera company, of which during the coming season the principal *prima donna* will be Mdme Adelina Patti. Mdme Patti and Signor Nicolini will not arrive in New York until a week or so after the rest of the *troupe*. Mr Mapleson will commence his season at the so-called "Academy of Music," the name given to the New York Opera House in memory of the Grand Opera of Paris, early in November. Mdme Patti will sing twice a week, and receive for the services of herself and Signor Nicolini £880 a night, the extra £80 representing the commission of 10 per cent. on her salary payable to her agent. These are the highest terms that a *prima donna* has ever obtained, and they must be looked upon, even in Mdme Patti's case, as exceptional. The directors of the Academy of Music considered it necessary to engage her at no matter what expense, in order to render unavailing an opposition by which they were threatened. Mdme Christine Nilsson takes ship for America on the 14th of October, and will give her first concert at Boston on the 28th. Mdme Nilsson will be accompanied by one of the most perfect of our vocalists, Miss Hope Glen, who sings much as Mdme Nilsson would sing if instead of a soprano she had a contralto voice. A Swedish tenor, too, will form one of the concert party, which will be completed by the addition of a string quintet. Mdme Nilsson and her associates will probably appear not only in the concert-room but also on the stage. It would be a pity, indeed, if the Americans were denied an opportunity of hearing her in her best dramatic impersonations. — *Manchester Guardian.*

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"THE INITIALS."*

(From the "Musical Times.")

The title of this piece is suggested by the initials of Professor Macfarren's Christian names, and the Sonata commences accordingly with the notes G. A., each occupying an entire bar. Although the "Initials" are thus impressed upon the ear, they only occur at the opening and in the closing bars of the composition—effectively, however, and with sufficient significance to justify its name and to prevent its being spoken of merely as "Sonata in B flat minor." There is much good writing in the first movement, the second subject of which, in the relative major, is extremely melodious, and passes gracefully into B flat major, in which key the movement ends. The *Allegretto* which follows, in F sharp major, has a charming principal theme and is treated throughout with appropriate simplicity. There can be little doubt that this will be the favourite movement of the piece, as, apart from the attractiveness of the subjects, the passages make no great demands upon the executive powers of the performer. The final movement, *Allegretto Scherzando* is musically, we think, the best of the three, but this by no means proves that it will be the most popular. The light and playful theme with which it opens derives much of its effect from the chords against the natural accent in the left hand, a figure which is kept up throughout. The appearance of fragments of this subject in various keys, and its return, after a pause upon the dominant harmony, in the original key—B flat minor—are points which cannot but interest the attentive listener. The Sonata—which has been performed by the composer at a Concert of the Musical Artists' Society—is appropriately dedicated to Madame Natalia Macfarren.

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WAIFS.

Mrs Ole Bull, widow of the violinist, has returned to America.

Del Puente is engaged to sing with Christine Nilsson in America.

The son of Ed. Colonne, the well-known Parisian conductor, died recently.

Emma Thursby was to sing at Chickering Hall, New York, on the 2nd inst.

Eugen Ysaye, violinist, lately gave a concert at Pawlowsk, near St Petersburg.

Mdlle Pfeil, from Kroll's, Berlin, is engaged at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

A new zarzuela, *La Sotana y el Manteo*, music by Barbieri, is being rehearsed in Madrid.

The Augsburg Stadttheater re-opened with *Les Huguenots*, with Ucko, the manager as Raoul.

The visit of the Lucerne Liedertafel to various towns of Italy, including Milan, has been successful.

Carlotta Patti, and her husband, Ernst de Munck, begin their concert tour in Germany next month.

An English version of von Suppé's *Schöne Galatea* has been produced at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York.

Bernhard Scholz's comic opera, *Vornehme Wirthe*, is to be produced at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, in January.

Maschinka Schubert, formerly Mdlle Schneider, a favourite at the Theatre Royal, died recently in Dresden.

Lhérie, ex-tenor, is announced to appear in *Hamlet* with Donadio at Barcelona, and with Sembrich at Madrid.

Hermann Fliege is appointed conductor of the Czar's Private Band, consisting of 100 Imperial Chamber Musicians.

Mdlle Jona has made a successful *début* at the Theater An der Wien, Vienna, as Boccaccio, in von Suppé's popular opera.

The Theatre Royal, Munich, is to be connected telephonically with the Royal country palaces of Berg and Hohenschwangau.

The Alhambra-Theater (formerly the Woltersdorf), Berlin, was opened for *buffo* opera with *Der Graf von Gleichen*, by Hellmesberger, jun.

The Municipal Council of Montpellier approve the plans for rebuilding the Grand-Théâtre at an estimated cost of four millions of francs.

Mr Albert McGuckin, the young barytone (brother to Mr Barton McGuckin), is engaged by Mr Kuhé for his forthcoming festival at Brighton.

Regina Klein, of Berlin, who has abandoned *buffo* opera, is engaged at Prague, the part of Valentine (*Les Huguenots*) being selected for her *début*.

The Corporation of Mannheim have voted 66,000 marks over and above the usual yearly grant of 54,000 marks to the Court and National Theatre.

The Grand Theatre, St Petersburg, repaired and re-decorated, opened with Glinka's *Life for the Czaar*. The second opera was Anton Rubinstein's *Démon*.

Josef Kotek, hitherto professor of the violin in X. Scharwenka's Conservatory, Berlin, is appointed by Joachim to a similar post in the Royal High School of Music.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has bestowed the Silver Cross for Merit of the House Order of the Vandalic Crown on *Capellmeister* Tömlich, Hamburgh.

Bouhy, the barytone, has returned to Paris. Previously to Sembrich's departure for Madrid, he rehearsed *Hamlet* with her, under the direction of Ambroise Thomas himself.

The artists already engaged for the Milan Scala are Bruschiatti, Turolla, and Datti (sopranos and contralto); Vergnet, Morin (tenors); Verger, Bianchi (barytones); Medini (bass).

Mdme Anna Bishop—*The American Art Journal* informs us—has received a special invitation to sing at the Worcester Festival where she scored triumphs in former years, and won a host of friends in the society, which will again be honoured by the presence of the world-renowned vocalist.

MEMORIAL OF BALFE.—It has been arranged that the tablet erected in Westminster Abbey in commemoration of M. W. Balfe, the eminent musical composer, will be unveiled on the 20th inst., that day being the anniversary of his death. The ceremony will take place at three o'clock, after the usual evening service.

MR WILLING'S CHOIR.—The prospectus of this new musical association has just been issued, and from it we gather that, in view of the dissolution of the Sacred Harmonic Society, some members of the chorus determined to resolve themselves into the above association, under the presidency of the Earl of Lathom and an influential committee, with Mr Willing (sub-conductor of the late society) as conductor. A series of four subscription concerts is announced to take place in St James's Hall, at the first of which, on December 12th, will be produced, for the first time in London, Niels Gade's cantata, *Psyche* (written for the Birmingham Festival), in conjunction with Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. The Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication of *Psyche*, and it is expected that Her Royal Highness will be present at this performance. At the remaining concerts, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Handel's *Messiah*, and a miscellaneous concert, including a new work, will be given. The orchestra, entirely professional, complete in every department, with Messrs Carrodus, Doyle, Howell, White, &c., as principals, will, together with the chorus (including many of the most efficient members of the late Sacred Harmonic Society), number about 250 performers. The principal vocalists announced include Mdmes Marie Roze, Anna Williams, Mary Davies, Orridge, Rosse, and Patey; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Vernon Rigby, Joseph Maas, Frederic King, C. Henry, and Lewis Thomas. Exeter Hall has been secured for rehearsals, which will be shortly resumed.

* "The Initials." Fantasia-Sonata. By W. H. Holmes. (Forsyth Brothers.)

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MISS FANNY DAVENPORT.—It will interest many old Brightonians to know that Miss Fanny Davenport, the "American" actress, who has appeared recently in London, and who will appear at the Brighton Theatre on October 16th, is the grand-daughter of the late Mr Frederick Vining, for many years lessee of the Brighton Theatre, though it was directed chiefly by his mother, Mrs Bew, he himself being absent so much from Brighton, as stage-manager of the Haymarket, and could only occasionally come down here. His daughter (the mother of Miss Fanny Davenport, and widow of Mr Davenport, deceased, formerly of Boston, U. S. A., an actor of repute both in England and America) was a great favourite with old Brighton playgoers, familiarly known as "Little Fanny Vining." From a letter to Mr C. F. Dennet, of 1, St George's Place, an old school-mate of the Davenports, we learn that Mrs Davenport ("Little Fanny") made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, when three years old, in a piece called "The Hunter of the Alps." She remained at Brighton until eleven years of age, ; then went to a boarding-school in London ; and when just over fourteen made her first appearance at some provincial theatre with Charles Kean, playing the round of juvenile business. Miss Fanny Vining afterward travelled with Macready, and eventually appeared with success in London. She was married to Mr Davenport in London (where Miss Fanny and her sisters, Blanche and Lily, were born), and subsequently appeared with her husband in the United States, she taking the leading female characters. Mr Davenport died in 1877, but his widow still "frets her hour upon the stage," and with as much success as ever. It is an interesting fact that, after all these years, a daughter of Mrs Davenport should appear on the same stage where her mother won her earliest triumphs ; and it would, perhaps, be not too much to say that she may safely count upon a cordial welcome from all old Brighton playgoers who knew "Little Fanny."—*Brighton Guardian, Oct. 4.*

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Oct. 14, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Overture, *The Wood Nymphs* (Sterndale Bennett); "Hymn to Happiness," *Lelio* (Berlioz); Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (Brahms)—first time in England; "Waldweben," *Siegfried* (Wagner); Walther's Prize Song, "Die Meistersinger" (Wagner); Symphony No. 7, in A (Beethoven). Vocalist—Mr Edward Lloyd. Piano—Mr Oscar Beringer. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable Tickets for Seats at the Twenty-five Concerts, Two Guineas and One Guinea; Single Seats, 2s., 1s., and 6d.

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MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON begs to announce that she will be at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS during February Next, and requests all communications to be addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 221, Regent Street, W.

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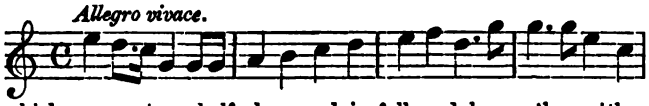
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 629.)

The *finale* to the second act begins with the entry of the State minister, attendants, people, and prisoners. The chorus first sing "Hail to the day! the door of the prison-grave is open." This, after introductory chords, is to a simple strain:

Ex. 224.

Allegro vivace.



which comes to a half-close, and is followed by another with a full close and a coda. Fernando's address to the people and prisoners is recitative in time; it is declamation in music. A pause in his address is filled up by a repetition of a phrase of the chorus, "Hail to the day" (Ex. 224). Again Fernando speaks, and is interrupted by the entry of Rocco with Florestan and Leonora. Rocco brings the pair to Fernando, and tells their tale to him. It is not a simple narrative, but is made a dialogue by the constant interruptions of the others by question and ejaculation. Pizarro tries in vain to stop him; Fernando will hear it all. He is astonished to see Florestan, whom he thought dead—the noble fellow who strove for truth. Leonora and Marcellina have their words to say, and the chorus has a cry: "Punished be the wicked one." After the story is told, Fernando has one word more, to direct first Pizarro and then, instead of him, Leonora, to take the chains off Florestan; and the action of the drama is all over. The whole of this part of the scene, from the beginning of Fernando's speech, is comprised in a fantasia section, like the second part of a sonata. It is the action of the scene, and throughout there is change of idea and change of key and rhythm. At the close of this part, when action is done, and settled idea, by meditation, begins again, there is also return to settled key and rhythmic form. All (save Pizarro) thank God and attribute justice to his ways. This is set to a rhythmic melody in F, first divided between the principal voices and the orchestra, and afterwards given, with some changes, by all, together with the chorus.

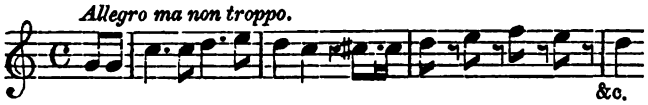
Ex. 225.

Sostenuto assai.

At the close of this they praise the noble wife, Leonora, for all her brave deeds. This is expressed in an air repeated in ballad fashion and with variations in the accompaniment.

Ex. 226.

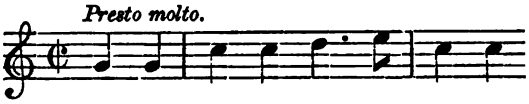
Allegro ma non troppo.



First it is given by the chorus, with a second strain divided between Florestan, Leonora, and the chorus. Next, the air is given by Florestan with a different effect in the orchestra and an ejaculatory accompaniment of the men of the chorus. Next, it is given by Leonora with new words, "Love hath rent thy bonds," the other principal voices accompanying her with the original words, and yet another orchestral accompaniment. Following this is a coda, worked out of the same idea (Ex. 226) in quicker time, recomposed and extended.

Ex. 227.

Presto molto.



It is sung by all the solos and the chorus, sometimes in alternation, sometimes together; and the union of all voices brings the opera to an end.

Form, in an opera, consists then in the designed and justly balanced alternation of restfulness and changefulness of idea, both musical and poetical, with tonal or key-form to strengthen or make clearer the design of the ideas. These ideas are expressive partly of feelings and partly of the actions which are either the cause or the effect of those feelings. Some say that meditation is not wanted in a drama—that action is wanted, and nothing but action; and, as a consequence, there should be no settled key-forms, but a continual free fantasia or second part aided by the lamp-lights of *leit-motiv*.* But do we not want to know what the different characters think, as well as what they do? It concerns us very much who are in the audience to know that Pizarro is enraged and terrified at the thought of the coming of the State minister, and his possible discovery of Florestan, the prisoner. How else should we know the reason of his dastardly plan to murder his chained prisoner? If we do not know Leonora's thoughts we should be as much in the dark as to her identity as were the gaoler and his daughter and Jacquino, and should lose all the growing interest of the opera from the overture up to her declaration, "Kill first his wife!" We should lose for all that time the sympathy which we have for the brave, struggling wife, who, when he who should have been her protector was rendered helpless and suffering, was enabled, by the strength of her love, to be his protector and saviour. All honour to the rough man, Beethoven, who chose for his ideal woman one whom love made strong, instead of the usual operatic ideal woman whom love makes weak—proof enough, in a woman's eyes, of Beethoven's own nobleness of character.

Music is to pourtray and express the emotions, and some emotions require time for their pourtrayal. Pizarro's revenge is a feeling that has been in his mind for years; surely some little time is necessary to show it to the audience. Leonora's hope has borne her up for two years of anxiety and wandering. Florestan's thoughts of his own integrity in the past and his dream of Leonora have been his only companions in all this long time of darkness. Reflection is the truest expression of such lasting thoughts as these. They cannot be dismissed in a phrase or two, and if the words which express them are short, the music must carry out the fulness of the ideas and of the way in which the thoughts come again and again into the mind, now from this direction, now from that.

It is not only the feelings of the persons in the drama that require time for expression, for in some cases the restful idea is one of action—of continued action in the same direction. For instance, in the grave-digging duet the continued action of preparation is to be expressed. In the prison-quartet the persistent action of Pizarro in his efforts to murder Florestan, and Leonora's constant efforts to prevent him, justify the use of formal design, while the manifold ideas within the set purpose of the two justify the freedom of its treatment.

What more appropriate means could there be of expressing a lasting thought, whether of action or of feeling, than the use of a rhythmic movement or portion of a movement, which, by its extension of one musical idea, extends and makes more lasting the emotion of which it is the expression.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

CASSEL.—The inauguration of Spohr's statue, which had been fixed for the 23rd ult., has been postponed till next April. The statue is ready, but the Swedish granite, destined to form the pedestal, is still untouched by the chisel.

MOSCOW.—Max Erdmannsdörfer, from Sondershausen, who has accepted a professorship at the Conservatory, together with the post of conductor at the concerts of the Society of Music, has entered upon his new duties. His wife, the well-known pianist, Pauline Fichtner-Erdmannsdörfer, must, doubtless, have felt gratified.

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* There is something small and puny in this application of the word *motive* to that which is little more than a theatrical gag without its fun. We have seen the same smallness in a journal of needlework, "motive in Russian point": a pattern of lace stitch. We are in danger of forgetting the grand English meaning of the moral motive—the moving power of a man's actions, the thought which draws his character towards good or towards evil, and which may be the wreck or the salvation of his whole life. Far better than the musical mis-use of the word is that of the painters, who apply it to the whole ideal subject of a painting—that which gives it poetical meaning and raises it above mere technical workmanship.—O. P.

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THE FUTURE OF ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Allow me a few words on this subject. First, we are asked why artists should be brought to London to sing to us in a language understood only by a small part of the audience. The answer is that there is no living language, except Italian and Latin (which cannot be called dead), so well adapted phonetically and mechanically to music. In English the recurrence of the letter "s" is terrible, as everyone has heard in the dismal hiss of an oratorio of Handel; and English is not spoken with the open mouth of Italian. In French there is, among others, the difficulty of the "e" mute, as in "*belle.*" In Italian "*bella*" is a perfect musical word. Perhaps your readers are not aware to what an extent the "poet" of an opera has been bullied by singers, who insist on having particular words which they consider favourable to their voice. It is true there is the word "*si;*" but there the open, broad "i" makes up for the "s." Where can we find in English such musical words as these in *Semiramide*—"*Bella immago degli dei;*" and in *Otello*—"*La dolce speme fuggi dal cor?*" Translate it—"Sweet hope fled from my heart;" "sweet" cannot be sung. The beauty of Italian singing is that the words combine homogeneously with the notes. I will only quote another passage from *Semiramide*:—"*In odio al cielo, in odio al ciel tu sei: Ma sei mia madre, ma sei mia madre ancor.*" The "s" in "*sei*" is followed by the open "ei," and the words are music. Then, take the open mouth in *Te Deum laudamus* and *Magnificat Anima mea Dominum*. But the words must be pronounced *ore rotundo*, like Italian. We have heard the sonorous and powerful voice and Roman pronunciation of Pio IX. chant from the gallery of St Peter's, "*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.*" No other language except Italian could fully display such a volume of melodious sound.

The next question is why we have not now the great singers of Italy whom we, many of us, remember. The land of Guido, the Monk of Arezzo, must always contain great musical talent and science. But where are the great singers? Fra Giovanni, the Franciscan, was the last illustrious tenor, and he died young a few years ago. Italy has not now a great European artist to sing the divine compositions of the masters. Why so?

It will, perhaps, be admitted that political agitation and revolution, the feverish excitement of factions, the struggle for existence, the greediness for money, the violence of partisans, and the discouragement and persecution and oppression of religion are not favourable to high art.

There is another cause for the want of great singers—I mean an enormous standing army maintained by the conscription. This calamity must injure every branch of the fine arts. I am convinced that if you were to search the ranks of the Italian Army you would find men with splendid voices and all the qualities of a great artist serving as common soldiers. You would find there also the "mute, inglorious Milton," and men intended by nature for the highest departments of art and science. Let us beware ourselves.—Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BOWYER.

Oct. 5.

THE VOICE OF ONE WE LOVE.

There is one sound that's ne'er forgot,
Though years betwixt may rove,
Though joy or sorrow be our lot,
The voice of one we love!

From infancy to end of time,
As on thro' life we move,
The echo of that voice will chime
The voice of one we love!

It is as music wondrous sweet
Sent to us from above; [beat
When heard our hearts with rapture
The voice of one we love!

Through sickness, poverty and pain,
This fact 'twill always prove:
It cheers us, soothes us, the refrain,
The voice of one we love!

* *Copyright.*

EMILY JOSEPHS.

STOCKHOLM.—The centenary of the opening of the Theatre Royal was celebrated on the 30th ult. The proceedings commenced with a "Festival Overture" by L. Normann. This was followed by a Prologue by Professor Nyblom, and illustrated with nine *tableaux vivants* of groups from the most popular operas, tragedies, comedies, and melodramas. The final tableau represented the apotheosis of Gustavus III., founder of the theatre. The prologue was spoken by Mdlle Börkagren, in the character of Thalia. Then came *Cora and Alonzo*, a three-act opera, by G. G. Adlerbeth (founded on Marmontel's *Incas où la destruction de l'Empire du Pérou*), music by Naumann, with which, performed by the members of the Royal Academy of Music, the theatre was first opened on the 30th September, 1782, in presence of the King, &c.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

Having brought his provincial tour to a successful end, Mr J. L. Toole was at home again on Saturday night, with a theatre full of staunch admirers, and ringing with applause and laughter. Dramatic London, in the absence of the comedian who may be called everybody's favourite, is sensibly incomplete, and this, no doubt, lent vigour to the welcome Mr Toole received. His coming back marked the re-opening of a fountain of bright and healthy amusement; for the mirth Mr Toole calls forth is that which need never be ashamed of itself; and the pleasure of the crowded audience simply represented the just satisfaction of all who love drama that neither perverts nor sullies. Mr Byron's comedy, *The Upper Crust*, again occupied the place in the bills with which it has so long been familiar; doing so now, however, only as a stop-gap during the rehearsals of a new piece by Mr Pinero. That there is no actual need to put *The Upper Crust* on the shelf was made clear by unquestionable evidence of continued life. Its humours moved the house as readily as when they first stirred up laughter; and we hardly exaggerate in stating that every act was played to a continued accompaniment of spontaneous mirth. So much freshness where it was reasonable to expect the staleness that comes of familiarity may be credited in great part to a performance of exceptional merit. The comedy has seldom or never been played with such unflagging spirit and vivacity as on Saturday night. It had not a dull moment, nor one in which the audience felt conscious of a relaxed hold upon their amused attention. As the cast was that of last season, it is superfluous to say that there were no weak points in it, and equally needless to enter into particulars. Enough that the Lady Boobleton of Miss Emily Thorne, the Sir Robert of Mr Garden, and the Lord Heaketh of Mr Billington were again recognized as in all respects worthy to be associated with Mr Toole's inimitable Doublechick. Nor could the services of Miss Ada Mellon, Miss Effie Liston, Mr Ward, and Mr Shelton be overlooked. They completed an *ensemble* which use and wont, combined with no mean art, have perfected.

The comedy was followed by a new musical piece in one act, entitled *Mr Guffin's Elopement*, the joint production of Mr Arthur Law and Mr George Grossmith. A new development has begun, it seems, at Toole's Theatre, and—the audience had Mr Toole's own word for it on Saturday night—threatens portentous expansion. "We shall get on to Italian opera next season," said the genial manager; nevertheless, the initial step is a modest one, and need not give Mr Gye cause for immediate alarm. Dramatically speaking, *Mr Guffin's Elopement* presents the slightest of sketches. The hero—represented, of course, by Mr Toole himself—turns up at a country inn, where he has arranged to meet a romantic widow (Mrs Trundel) for the purpose of a secret marriage. Having floundered through a bog on his way, he presents himself in a pitiable plight, and is suspected of burglarious proclivities by Susan, a waitress of strong imagination. Presently comes, thirsting for vengeance, Mr Collingwood Hannibal Trumpington Sampson, cousin, lover, and trustee of the fair widow. He does not recognize Mr Guffin, and invites that gentleman to enter into the fun on hand, showing him a choice selection of whips destined for the person of his rival. In due course Mrs Trundel appears, and an explosion seems imminent. Happily, however, Mr Guffin sees the landlady, Miss Crump, an old and unforgotten "flame." Incontinently he reverts to his first love, Mr Sampson takes the widow, and, rounding matters off, Policeman Robert Beate, sent for to arrest the supposed burglar, captures Susan instead. The burden of this little piece mainly rests upon the shoulders of Mr Toole, who bears it as lightly as, from its character, may be assumed. Nothing can be funnier than his setting forth of Mr Guffin's perplexities and terrors, more especially in the scene with the vengeful Sampson, where affected enjoyment of the sport in prospect struggles hard with the very real fright of the too conscious victim. The musical numbers of importance are three, namely, a song for Susan as she speculates upon the vocation of her destined husband, a duet for Sampson and Guffin, and a song wherein the personage last named recounts the legend of "The Speaker's Eye." In each case Mr Grossmith's music is bright and tripping, full of humour and "go," as, under such circumstances, music should be. "The Speaker's Eye" will soon take rank with the most popular of comic effusions, doing so none the less readily because it touches one of the burning questions of the hour. It would be hardly fair to disclose the "argument" of the ditty. Let those who enjoy a laugh go and hear it sung, with admirable humour and skill, by the actor among whose successes it already counts. Mr Toole was well supported by Miss Thorne as Miss Crump; Miss Eliza Johnstone as Mrs Trundel; and Mr Ward as Sampson; the part of Susan falling to Miss Isa Marsden, a *débutante* whose personal advantages and good voice promise well when the nervousness natural to her position has worn off.—*D. T.*

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BALFE.

The unveiling of the monumental tablet in memory of Michael William Balfe, erected in the Abbey Church of St Peter, Westminster, will take place on Friday next, October 20th, the anniversary of his death, after evening service at 3 o'clock p.m. That permission should have been granted to raise this tribute to the most tuneful of modern English composers reflects the highest credit on the Dean of Westminster; and to the Very Reverend cleric and Chapter of the Abbey the warmest thanks of all friends of Balfe and all lovers of our national music are due. I have seen a photograph of the tablet, which is surmounted by an oval medallion portrait of the composer, in high relief. The inscription simply recites the dates and places of Balfe's birth and death, and that he was a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France, and a Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. In his own country he was not even a "Mus. Doc."—G. A. S.—*Illustrated News.*

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KENNEDY AND SCOTTISH CHRISTIANITY.

(From a Dundee Correspondent).

The extraordinary enthusiasm with which Dundee welcomes Mr Kennedy and his family is a sign of the times. There have always been in Scotland not a few—Scottish Episcopalians chiefly and "Moderates"—who have refused to abstain from innocent amusements. The true-blue Presbyterian and all the more pronounced evangelicals have eschewed all mirth, all places of secular pleasure. A flower show, or a bazaar for religious purposes, has been the limit of a Seceder's folly. A Free Kirk elder, indeed, might sometimes be seen, so it was said, in a London theatre when there on a "deputation," or as a railway witness, but that was generally understood to be a mere spiteful and unfounded scandal. But Mr Kennedy, like Jeannie Deans, may do anything he likes, and sing anything he likes, and reverend Presbyters and the most sanctimonious elders, and the most douce and circumspect maiden ladies laugh until their "sides are sair." No doubt Mr Kennedy is careful to make his entertainment of the very best kind. He does not go beyond *Tam o' Shanter* and "Green grow the Rashes, O." Still, it is delightful to see the most straitlaced and devout captivated with the humour and the pathos of Robert Burns. There has, we fear, been a sad misunderstanding in Scotland of the true use of laughter. Mr Gladstone, a grave Scotchman, who, if he had not been Prime Minister, would certainly have been Archbishop of Canterbury, leaves the cares of an Empire, and laughs like the rest of the world at the delightful nonsense of twenty love-sick maidens in *Patience.* Surely if so devout and serious a statesman as Mr Gladstone refreshes himself with such an amusement, the rest of us may not allow our consciences to accuse us for following his example. It is a delight to the nation to know that the venerable Prime Minister can enjoy an hour of such perfect rest and relaxation. But we all go, as a matter of course, to hear Kennedy; and the effect of his mirth has been altogether beneficial.

The fact that a man so well known as a warm friend of Sabbath Schools that his own girls and boys are always seen in the church choir wherever he goes, proves that he is in sympathy with all that is best in Scottish Christian life. His very sorrows have endeared him to all who have borne bereavement; and there is no fireside but has one vacant chair. All this gives a meaning and an emphasis to the effect of his mirth, which is doing not a little to liberate our national Puritanism from its artificial and pernicious portentousness, and to restore to Scottish Christianity the naturalness and innocent mirth displayed by John Knox. The sour sanctimoniousness of some evangelicals and revivalists is a caricature of the seriousness of the early reformers, as well as an utter misrepresentation of Him whose first miracle was to turn water into wine at the marriage festival at Cana. The gloomy visage, the whining voice, and the total absence of mirthfulness display only a lack of joyful, healthful Christian life.

The creation of artificial sins stains the conscience of the young with supposed faults, and ultimately prevents right and wrong from being clearly distinguished. Not the least advantage of Mr Kennedy's life has been to destroy the remaining vestiges of this pernicious cant. He has indeed done much to improve congregational singing; he has, with his children, mingled in the Sabbath School life of both Scotland and America; and best of all, he has proved that mirth and laughter are not only innocent, but that the highest and best, the most earnest men and the noblest women in Scotland, by their appreciation of his delightful entertainments, can not only share in the pathos, but enjoy the laughter-giving mirth.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A revolution has just taken place in theatrical and operatic management in this city. Messrs Coppin, Greville, and Hennings, who for many years past have been lessees of the Theatre Royal, have retired from that position; Mr Frederick Marshall, the comedian, has abandoned management at the Princess Theatre; and Mr Musgrove has relinquished the office of sole *impressario* at the Prince of Wales Operahouse. Messrs Coppin & Co. and Mr Marshall retired on account of their leases having expired. The outcome of all this is that a partnership has been entered into by Mr J. C. Williamson, Mr Arthur Garner, and Mr Musgrove, and that those gentlemen are now the joint managers of the three houses of which I have spoken. The Theatre Royal was opened under the new management, on the 1st July, with Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience,* which ran till the 11th inst. The principal members of the company were Miss Alice Rees (Patience), Miss Fanny Liddiard (Lady Angela), Mr H. Vernon (Bunthorne), Mr G. Verdi (Grosvenor), and Signor Riccardi (Calverly). The musical director was Signor Giorza. *The Pirates of Penzance* was reproduced by the same company on the 12th inst., and is to run for a week, after which a dramatic season will be commenced, the first performance being *Hamlet,* in which Miss Louise Pomeray will play the part of the "melancholy Dane."

Miss Emilie Melville, an old Melbourne favourite, who has recently re-visited Australia, has been appearing for some weeks past at the Prince of Wales Operahouse. She has already appeared in *La Perichole, Giroflé-Giroflà,* and *Les Cloches de Corneville.* The last-named opera is at present being performed. In the third act Miss Melville interpolated Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle Lark." Miss Jennie Lee is the bright particular star of the Princess's just now; but it is understood that after the dramatic season at that house is brought to a close, on the 20th inst., Miss Melville will remove from the Operahouse to the Princess's. The leading artists assisting Miss Melville (Serpolette), are Miss Nellie Stewart (Germaine), Mr Armes Beaumont (Grenicheux), Mr T. S. Casselli (Gobo), Mr E. Farley (Henri), Mr E. Kelly (Gaspard) and Mr G. Leopold (the Bailie). Mr C. Van Ghele is the musical director, and Mr T. Zeplin the leader of the orchestra.

Messrs Dunning and Wallace have just arrived from Europe with an opera company, who will open in a few weeks at the Operahouse. The principal members of the troupe are Miss Kate Chard, *prima donna,* late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company; Miss Annette Ivanova, from the Alhambra Theatre company, Leicester Square, London; Miss Agnes Mitchell, from Booth's Theatre, New York, and the Strand Theatre, London; Mr Knight Aston, late of the Alhambra; Mr Guillaume Loredan, from the London opera and opera-bouffe theatres; Mr Dean Brand, late of Mr D'Oyley Carte's opera-bouffe companies; Mr Edgar, from the the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; and Mr T. B. Appleby, late of the Opera Comique, and the Olympic Theatre, London. It is stated that Messrs Dunning and Wallace have brought with them a number of novelties for Australia, amongst them *Boccaccio* (Von Suppé), *Manteaux* (Bucalossi), *Monopole,* and *Le Jour et la Nuit* (Lecocq).

The Mastodon Minstrels have had a good season at St George's Hall. With the aid of some members of the dramatic profession they are now playing *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

The bi-weekly Organ Recitals at the Town Hall, by Mr D. Lee, the city organist, are as attractive as ever.

Melbourne, 14th August, 1882.

J. L. T. F.

BERLIN *(Correspondence).*—Stern's Vocal Association will resume their concerts on the 4th November with a Mendelssohn commemoration, in which Joseph Joachim has promised to take part. In the course of the winter the Association will give Max Bruch's *Odysseus,* a Mass by Cherubini, and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus.* The Italian season at the Philharmonie, just over, has been successful. Several of the artists have become great favourites, especially Varesi, whom some of the leading critics declare one of the finest exponents of the lyric drama, both for singing and acting, known for many years.—Teresina Tua has been playing here, delighting everyone. She gave her farewell concert at Kroll's on the 1st inst.—Y. L.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 4.

1785.

(Continued from page 613.)

The Hanover Square concert, now for the first time styled the "Professional Concert," it being undertaken by a company of professors, began the same evening. Harrison and Tenducci were the singers. Fischer's oboe concerto was replete with taste and expression, and the veteran Abel, who had recovered from a severe indisposition, performed a solo on the viol di gamba with his accustomed elegance and sensibility.

Abel, who had for many years made large libations at the shrine of Bacchus, had ruptured a small blood vessel, which confined him for some time. During this illness he was ordered by his physician to keep in bed, and to abstain from wine. The latter injunction mortified him extremely. When the doctor made his daily visit, Abel, with great anxiety, asked him of what colour the saliva was, when, if he replied that it was red, Abel would sink his head on his pillow and exclaim in despair, "Oh! I shall never taste my beloved old hock again!" On a future day, however, Abel having put the usual question to the physician, and receiving for answer that it was white, cried out in an ecstasy of joy, "Ah! tank Got! I shall taste my beloved old hock once more!"

Their Majesties honoured the oratorios at Drury Lane Theatre with their presence on the six Fridays in Lent. The first was on the 11th February, when was performed *The Messiah*. The principal vocal parts were sung by Messrs Norris and Reinhold, Misses Phillips and George; and the concertos were performed by Crosdill, on the violoncello, the elder Parke on the oboe, and Miss Parke (first time) on the pianoforte. This young lady displayed neat and brilliant execution, together with great taste and expression. She was loudly applauded. The leader was Mr. Richards, and the conductor at the organ Mr Stanley, who, though blind, performed with the utmost accuracy. This eminent organ player was deprived of his sight when a child, by falling on a marble hearth with a wash-hand basin in his hands.

Some few years ago, his Majesty George the Third patronized and honoured with his presence the oratorios at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on the Friday evenings during Lent, conducted by Mr Bach, the celebrated German composer, who was musician to the Queen. These performances notwithstanding were so thinly attended throughout the season that they might (as the theatrical hero has it) have been termed "a beggarly account of empty boxes." On Friday morning, General Fitzpatrick meeting Mr Hare, the witty member of Parliament, said to him: "Do you go to the oratorio in the Haymarket this evening?" "Oh, no," replied Mr Hare, "I have no wish to intrude on his Majesty's privacy."

The concert of ancient music, which was for the first time honoured with the presence of their Majesties, commenced at Tottenham Street, on the 19th February. Mdme Mara, Miss Abrams, Mr Harrison, and Signor Tasca sang to the entire satisfaction of their Majesties and the subscribers. Cramer led the band, and Mr Bates presided at the organ.

A new opera in two acts, called *The Nunnery*, written by Mr Pearce, was produced at Covent Garden on the 12th April. The overture and the rest of the music were composed by Mr Shield, whose abilities were never more successful. At the rehearsals of it Mrs Webb, an excellent though very irritable actress, in the line of *The Duenna*, &c., being unable to articulate the word *inexplicable*, and Mr Harris, the manager, having frequently, though in vain, endeavoured to set her right, she at length impatiently exclaimed: "What the devil does the author mean by writing such damned nonsense in his piece?" This lady, who was one of the tallest and most bulky women I ever beheld, coming to the theatre one morning, complained of a pain in the small of her back, and was incensed beyond measure at a gentleman saying to her, "Pray, Mrs Webb, which is the *small* of your back?" Mrs Webb was a great favourite with the public, and acted in play or farce, often in both, every night. She was in the habit of recruiting herself after the fatigues of the week by dining in bed on Sundays, even in the dog days, off a hot roasted leg of pork, stuffed with sage and onions!

Mr Hull, the respectable stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre, having determined to give for his benefit, on the 22nd April, Milton's *Mask of Comus*, and intending to bring forward, as an attractive novelty, Mrs Pinto (the once celebrated Miss Brent, the original Mandane in Arne's *Artaxerxes*), to sing the song of "Sweet Echo," requested I would do him the favour to call on her, and rehearse it with her, the responses being made with the oboe. I accordingly went to her residence the next day, which was at a shop in Blackmoor Street, Clare Market, one half of which was occupied by a confectioner, and the other by a vender of bark and rhubarb, a combination of callings calculated to show that the sweets of life are seldom to be met with unaccompanied by their concomitant bitters. I was introduced to Mrs Pinto, and rehearsed the song with her. Although nearly seventy years old, her voice possessed the remains of those qualities for which it had been so much celebrated—power, flexibility, and sweetness. On the night *Comus* was performed she sung with an unexpected degree of excellence, and was loudly applauded. This old lady, as a singer, gave me the idea of a fine piece of ruins, which, though considerably dilapidated, still displayed some of its original beauties.

There were this year four grand performances of sacred music from the works of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on the same grand scale as last year, by command of their Majesties, the profits of which were applied to the fund for decayed musicians and their families, the Westminster Hospital and St George's Hospital. The whole of the performances, the first of which was on the 2nd June, were executed with great effect, in the presence of their Majesties and full and fashionable audiences.

A new comic opera, in three acts, written by Mr Cobb, was presented at Drury Lane Theatre on the 8th December. It was entitled *The Strangers at Home*. The music was composed and compiled by Mr Linley, one of the proprietors of that theatre. Mrs Jordan, the fascinating comic actress, in the song, in male attire, "When first I began, sir, to ogle the ladies," to the old tune of Alley Croker, enraptured the audience, who honoured her with a loud encore. The music of this opera is highly creditable to the talent of Mr Linley. Mrs Jordan, though not what could be termed a regular singer, occasionally introduced into her characters in comedy a ballad or two, which she sang without accompaniments, in a style of such exquisite sweetness and expression, as uniformly delighted her auditors.

1786.

The Italian opera was this year aided by Signor Babini and Signora Sestini. They appeared, for the first time, in a new opera of Paesiello, entitled *Il Marchese Tulipano*, under the direction of Cherubini. Babini possessed a pleasing voice, and sang with great taste. In the beautiful air, "Madamina," he was greatly applauded. This air in English words, beginning "For tenderness formed," was afterwards introduced and sung by Mrs Crouch, at Drury Lane Theatre, in General Burgoyne's comedy of *The Heiress*, with universal approbation. Signora Sestini, as well known on the English as on the Italian stage, sang and acted with great animation; and in the duet with Tasca, "Nobile al par che bella," was loudly encored. The music of Paesiello deserves the highest praise. Mdme Mara, who was engaged for the serious opera, made her *début* on the 11th February, in Anfossi's *Didone abandonata*, to the fullest house during the season. This opera afforded Mara full scope for the display of her extraordinary powers. She sang five airs, and a part in a terzetto, and in all evinced the utmost energy, taste, and expression. She was vehemently applauded. The serious opera was at length rendered complete by the first appearance of Signor Rubinelli, in conjunction with Mdme Mara, on the 4th May, in a new serious opera, composed by Tarchi, called *Virginia*. Rubinelli's figure was good, his acting chaste and expressive; and his voice (a contralto) and style of singing incomparable. He gave the utmost satisfaction, and was vehemently applauded. Mara, who, on account of her *hauteur*, had received some sharp rubs from the public, sang with great effect; and all her airs, with the exception of those she herself assumed, excited great admiration.

Shakspere, in his *Comedy of Errors*, has drawn two characters (the two Dromios) so much alike in person that they are continually mistaken for each other. This has been generally considered a dramatic fiction, calculated to produce amusing incidents, and to bring about a striking *dénouement*; but it is believed that no such thing ever occurred in real life. This opinion, however, must be founded in error, for we have on record a well attested case, in the wife of a gentleman in France, whose twin children grew up so much alike that the mother was at length compelled to fasten a coloured ribband round the waist of one of them to distinguish him from his brother! An instance of a similar kind, in adults, which comes within my own knowledge, exists in this country. His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, brother to George the Third, had amongst his household band of musicians two Germans, brothers, who resembled each other so strongly that when they occasionally attended separately to play on the violin at Vauxhall Gardens I have frequently discovered that I was speaking to Casper when I imagined I was addressing John. Nay, even the members of the duke's household were at a loss to recognize them when they were not together. Likenesses also, where no degree of consanguinity existed between the parties, have been so powerful that persons have been very seriously inconvenienced thereby, as the following fact will show:—there lately belonged to the orchestra of

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the King's Theatre in the Haymarket a highly respectable and clever musician (a foreigner) named Gehot, who, according to the custom of the performers of that establishment, was in the habit of frequenting the Orange coffee-house on the opposite side of the street. This gentleman, as it proved, bearing a strong resemblance to a thief, was watched into the coffee-room one Monday evening, and was there apprehended for a highway robbery, committed between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the preceding Saturday night. When taken before the magistrate at Bow Street for examination the prosecutor swore most positively to his identity; and he must have been committed to prison for trial had not an alibi been clearly proved by the manager of the King's Theatre, the leader of the band, and a host of the performers swearing that he was, as usual, engaged professionally in the orchestra during the performance of an opera, from seven till twelve o'clock on the night on which the robbery was perpetrated.

The concert of ancient music commenced at Tottenham Street, January 31st. Their Majesties honoured it with their presence. The Earl of Exeter was director, Mr Cramer was the leader, and Mdme Mara and Mr Harrison the principal singers. The professional concert began in Hanover Square on the 6th February. Signor Tenducci, Signor Babini, Miss Cantelo (afterwards Mrs Harrison), and Signora Ferrerese were the singers. Clementi presided at the pianoforte, Cramer and Fischer played concertos on the violin and oboe, and Abel performed a solo on the *viol di gamba* inimitably.

A week before this concert commenced, I met Abel at dinner, at the house of Mr B——l, where, according to custom, he indulged so much in the pleasures of the table that he was with some difficulty got into the drawing-room in the evening to a music party. Abel, having repeatedly refused to play, Mr Richards, who led the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre, an intimate friend of his, said to him good-humouredly, "Come, come, Abel, pray oblige us; if you'll play I'll play, though I know how much I must suffer by comparison." On hearing this, Abel, whose constitutional vanity was roused, stared at him indignantly, and exclaimed aloud, "Vat, shallenge Abel! No, no, dere ish but one *Got* and one *Abel!*"

(To be continued.)

—o—

DIBDIN'S GRAVE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Two ladies told me that they went to see Dibdin's grave at the Cemetery, Pratt Street, Camden Town. They had great difficulty to get into the place, as the gates were closed, and no notice up with information. At last they saw a man in the place at work in a vegetable garden in the Cemetery, who, it seems, is the man in charge of the place (his name is Bloomfield). They quietly asked if they could see Dibdin's grave; he spoke to them in a very insolent manner, and after a great deal of trouble they were allowed to enter, he following them and using the most disgraceful language, so as to attract a crowd. I was so surprised that I went myself, and found it even worse than I was told. I found poor Dibdin's grave in a very bad state, dirty and scarcely readable, the rails rusty, and pieces of old bricks pushed under to keep them up. The man began the same kind of conduct, until I gave him my card, and asked him the meaning of his behaviour towards the ladies. He did not deny that the ladies had told the truth, and could not explain his insolent conduct. The cemetery was in a very neglected state, and a large heap of rubbish was shot close to Dibdin's grave, and the vegetables growing within a few inches of other graves. I went to St Martin's-in-the-Fields Church (to which the Cemetery belongs), and saw the Chaplain, but got nothing satisfactory. He said the Vicar was away, and referred me to the Churchwardens. I wrote to them nearly two months ago, and have had no answer. I now write because I know the public would not allow such a state of things to exist if it was known.—Yours, &c.,

CH. J. BISHENDEN.

20, *Duke Street, Portland Place, W., Oct.* 7.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Some charming examples of Astorga, Pergolesi, Rossi, &c., occur in Ashdown's "Gemme D'Antichità."—Yours truly, but painfully,

Nice, October, 1882. R. E. L.

AUCKLAND (NEW ZEALAND).—The new church of St Benedict was consecrated on the 23rd July, the musical part of the ceremony being under the direction of Professor Carl Schmidt, who was presented by the Church Committee with a conductor's stick.

ORATORIOS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 26, 1806,

will be performed

A Grand Selection

OF SACRED MUSIC,

From the most Favourite Composers.

PART I.

OVERTURE - - - - - Occasional.

Air, Mrs BLAND 'No more with unavailing' - - Bach

Recit., Mr DOYLE 'My cup is full' - - -

Air 'Shall I in Mamre's' - - - - - } Joshua

Chorus 'For all these mercies' - - - -

Song, Mrs SALMON 'See where gay spring' - - J. Ashley

(Fagotto obbligato, Mr Holmes.)

Cantata, Mrs DICKONS 'From rosy bowers' - - Purcel

Recit., Mr BRAHAM 'O loss of sight' and

Song 'Total eclipse'

Chorus 'O first created beam' - - - - - Samson

Air, Signora STORACE 'Let the bright seraphims'

(Tromba obbligato, Mr Hyde.)

Chorus 'Let their celestial' - - - - - - Samson

PART II.

Fourth Concerto - - - - - Avison.

(Violino obbligato, Mr Ashley.)

Song, Mrs SALMON 'So shall the lute' - - Judas Mac.

Duet, Mrs DICKONS and Mrs BLAND 'My faith truth' Samson

Song, Signora STORACE 'Lord what is man' - - Redem.

Chorus 'Gloria in excelcis' - - - - Pergolesi

Air, Mr BRAHAM 'Gentle airs' - - - - - Athalia

(Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr C. Ashley.)

Verse, Mrs Salmon, Mrs Bland, Mr Pyne, and Mr Doyle

'Blessed is he' - - - - - Requiem—Mozart

Song, Mrs BLAND (by desire)

'New blessings, new life' - - - - - Dr Arne

Introduction and Chorus, 'From the censer' - - Sol.

PART III.

Overture - - - - - Ariadne.

Recit., Signora STORACE 'Ye sacred priests,' and

Air 'Farewell, ye limpid' - - - - - Jephtha

Song, Mr BRAHAM 'Lord, remember David' - Redemption

Recit., Mr DOYLE 'I feel, I feel' - - -

Air 'Arm, arm ye brave' - - - - } Judas Mac.

Chorus 'We come, we come' - - -

Air, Mrs DICKONS 'The soldier tir'd' - - - Dr Arne

Duet, Signora STORACE & Mr BRAHAM

'Together let us range' - - - Dr Boyd's Solomon

Coronation Anthem,

'GOD SAVE THE KING.'

Principal Vocal Performers,

SIGNORA STORACE,

Mrs SALMON, Mrs BLAND,

And Mrs DICKONS,

Mr BRAHAM,

Mr GIBBON, Mr PAYNE, Mr SMITH,

And Mr DOYLE.

Leader of the Band, Mr ASHLEY—Organ, Mr J. ASHLEY.

The BAND and CHORUSES

(which are numerous and complete) by the most approved Performers.

☞ In consequence of the great overflow from the PIT, the Theatrical Orchestra will in future be added to it.

*** *Correct Books of the Performance (with the Imprimatur of E. Macleish) to be had in the Theatre only, price 6d.—those Sold in the streets are spurious and imperfect.*

BARCELONA.—Obiols, pupil of Mercadante, has composed a "Hymn" to be sung by the Italian opera company in the Teatro Lirico at the inauguration of the monument to Christopher Columbus.

MAESTRICHT.—The Netherlandish Society of St Gregory held its third general meeting on the 27th ult. Compositions by Arcadelt, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Casali, &c., were performed in St Servais' Church.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE CONCERTS of the Twenty-fifth Season will take place as follows, viz.:—

Monday, October 16, 1882; Monday, October 23; Monday, October 30; Monday, November 6; Monday, November 13; Monday, November 20; Monday, November 27; Monday, December 4; Monday, December 11; Monday, December 18; Monday, January 8, 1883; Monday, January 15; Monday, January 22; Monday, January 29; Monday, February 5; Monday, February 12; Monday, February 19; Monday, February 26; Monday, March 5; Monday, March 12; and Monday, March 19.

Subscription Tickets will be issued for the whole Series of 21 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, Oct. 16, to March 19; price £5 5s. for each Sofa Stall.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follows, viz.:—

Saturday, October 21, 1882; Saturday, October 28; Saturday, November 4; Saturday, November 11; Saturday, November 18; Saturday, November 25; Saturday, December 2; Saturday, December 9; Saturday, December 16; Saturday, December 23; Saturday, January 13, 1883; Saturday, January 20; Saturday, January 27; Saturday, February 3; Saturday, February 10; Saturday, February 17; Saturday, February 24; Saturday, March 3; Saturday, March 10; and Saturday, March 17.

Subscription Tickets are issued for the 20 Morning Concerts, extending from Saturday Afternoon, October 21, to March 17; price £5 for each Sofa Stall.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet, in G major, Op. 36, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "Suspicious terrors, vanish" (Handel)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Variations Sérieuses, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Ries)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Songs, "Intermezzo" (Schumann), "Frühlingslied" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Quartet, in D minor, Op. 42, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 21, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "O, ruddier than the cherry," by desire, (Handel)—Mr Santley; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha; Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Maid of Athens" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in F major (No. 9 of Haffé's Edition), for pianoforte and violin (Mozart) Mdlle Janotha and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d. Stalls, 7s. Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be obtained at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Grosvenor Gallery Library, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

THE Popular Ballad Concert Committee commence their winter series of Concerts for the People this (Saturday) evening at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. In the first concert Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr John Radcliff, and other artists will take part. Mr Clifford Harrison will also give recitations, and the choir, which has been trained for the committee during the summer months by Mr W. Henry Thomas, will appear for the first time and give variety to the programme by part songs.

PLANQUETTE'S new opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, has been in rehearsal for several weeks, and will be produced this evening (Saturday), at the Comedy Theatre. It promises to be a great success, as the music is is said to be sparkling and beautiful, and the story well sustained from beginning to end. The dresses and scenery are unusually attractive. The composer has been present upon several occasions during rehearsal, and highly complimented all concerned upon the success of their efforts.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

THE JAVANESE GAMELAN.

That a great and healthy art-movement has London for its central pulse, that London, indeed, is becoming the very heart of the art-world, few unprejudiced persons will refuse to believe. Out of many arts more or less effete, a new art is arising to live and thrive in our modern atmosphere, and, from the radical influence exercised on it by the *Japanese* and kindred styles, the visit of *Javanese* musicians to this city must be regarded as constituting an artistic event of the utmost importance. Between the words *Japanese* and *Javanese* there is but the difference of two letters philologists tell us may easily be interchanged. And this fact alone would seem to indicate that the Djocjokartans, as our visitors are called, were related to the subjects of the Mikado. Attentive observers will soon have their minds set at rest. For the Javanese entertainment is suggestive of nothing so much as of an animated Japanese fan. The attitude, gestures, and attire of the performers, their curious voices, and the music they declaim, all tend to heighten the impression, though certain minor details should be excepted. If this product of a far away land and an old time be considered in a liberal disposition of mind, its many intrinsic beauties cannot fail to be acknowledged. Javanese art, now-a-days, may be likened to the ruins of a once beautiful palace, wherein music, poetry, and dancing lived in the unity of the complete drama.* After surviving countless generations of men, the palace has become a ruin covered with ivy and haunted by a ghost.

Unfamiliarity with Java and things Javanese need not hinder speculation, for ruins look best by night. But there is one side of ruins which, unillumined by the moon, is generally hidden in impenetrable shade. That side consists here of the language spoken, our ignorance of which renders it quite impossible for us to appreciate what wise of connection the poetry may have with the music and dancing. Nor does the meagre information vouchsafed in the programme render much assistance. It may be said that, considering how the dramas enacted have been handed down by a long tradition to the present race, much of their significance is veiled even to the Javanese themselves. At all events, the Javanese are provided with a lantern, so to speak, where we are compelled to grope in the dark.

Concerning the musical part of the drama we are better able to form an opinion. At first, despite a certain wildness and gorgeous colouring, chiefly due to the soft yet powerful resonance of the percussion instruments, a feeling of monotony is experienced. What we hear seems disconnected, much as though each member of the orchestra were following the bent of his own caprice. Soon, however, the ear gets acclimatized, and we are swayed by an intimate charm which leaves behind it the desire for further hearing.

To describe the Javanese music otherwise than vaguely would be unsuitable. Suffice it to say that intermittent declamation, frequently not unmelodious, appearing and disappearing like foam on the mid-sea wave, an almost continual use of syncopation, combined with—enharmony, shall we call it?—are its characteristics. They prove the analogy and sympathy existing between the most ancient-known exemplification of art in a far away country, and what is, now and nearer home, being evolved in accordance with the spirit of the age. Many pleasing effects are noticeable—one particularly where, after a spell of unaccompanied declamation, the muffled note of the tom-tom, in a syncopated measure, joins the voices and gradually leads back the remainder of the orchestra. A piece called "Senantie Solo; or, The Flower of the Land of Solo," affords several instances of this effect.

To finish off on sundry notes which include neither the tonic nor dominant of the key is a prevalent custom, from which a

* Still harping on my Richard.—DR BLIGE.

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beautiful duet, played on the harmonicon and the quaint two-stringed violin, happily deviates by arriving at a close on the tonic of the key in the minor mode. The foregoing application of the musical terms, "key" and "mode," must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The Javanese orchestra contains two harmonicons—instruments with a soft, mellow tone, whose performers display not only technical facility of a high order but also an unmistakable artistic sentiment. The two-stringed violin resembles an eccentric viola, and often sounds rather out of tune, owing, no doubt,* to the quarter-tones.

A curious feature in these performances is the absence of men's voices. The singing devolves exclusively upon the ladies of the company, whose voices and method of delivery will occasion no surprise to anybody that has previously heard the Japanese. On the dancing, which lives in the weird meandering music like a fish in water, the verdict can only be one of sincere admiration.

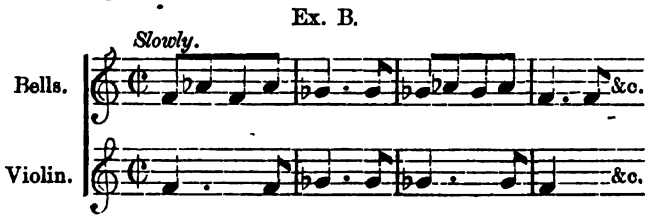
With Europeans, dancing is little better than a fascinating amusement.† With the Javanese, it has been exalted into a fine art, not unworthy of taking part in religious ceremonies. This is as it should be; and anything of a more truly poetic nature than this slow and graceful dancing would be hard to imagine. Of course, violent and rapid movements are almost entirely dispensed with. More use is made of the upper than the lower part of the body, the elaborate, yet lively action of the hands being full of expression. Fine differences of gesture are to be observed among the various characters of the play. We are told that the Javanese race is physically degenerate. This probably explains an over-refinement and attenuation of limb which reminds us of the Hindoo. But these exquisitely fashioned hands and lissom fingers are peculiarly well adapted to motion-designing in its subtlest intricacies. The whole aspect of the dance is harmonious, and certainly reveals the most interesting side of the Javanese drama.

In conclusion, we have only to express our firm belief that benefit could be derived from the conscientious study of the Javanese Gamelan. In many ways our taste is capable of improvement, and this exotic art, ancient and ghostlike notwithstanding, may still give us a lesson, not only in generalization, but in style:‡ let us hasten to make the best of it. By an eternal law, the stream of life must follow in the track of the sun. As our forefathers, in pre-historic time, wandered hither, following the sun, as Columbus sailed to the discovery of America, following the sun, so, with reviving influence, come even these strange Art-notes from the region of the source of all things.

We append a few reminiscences of the Javanese music—rough jottings, consisting of mere scraps and shreds of sound, only possessing some slight interest for those who have already witnessed a performance at the Westminster Aquarium. Nor do we answer for their accuracy in any way:—

Ex. A.

Ex. B.

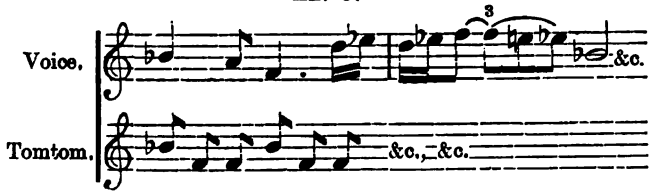


* —to its being played out of tune.—Dr Blinge.

† "Dancing is a mean and vulgar thing."—*Bacon*.

‡ "Style?" What is style?—Dr Blinge.

Ex. C.



In the last example the time is difficult to define. We have taken in all the foregoing examples two or three instruments only, though the rest of the orchestra is playing throughout.

Polkam.

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—We read in the *Worcester Journal* that the grand ballad concert which was given in the nave of the Exhibition did not prove such an attraction as was anticipated, and it is doubtful whether it will result in any material contribution being made to the surplus which it is confidently expected will accrue from the holding of the Exhibition. Regarded from a musical standpoint, it was an unqualified success. The vocal portion of the programme, which comprised eighteen selections, was rendered with the efficiency which every one would expect to characterize the performances of such accomplished vocalists as Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Orridge, Mr Maas, and Mr F. King. Their efforts evoked expressions of the liveliest satisfaction, and encores were rather the rule than the exception. Mdme Roze rendered three solos, "Softly sighs," "Bend of the river," and "Nothing else to do," and acknowledged the demand for an encore called forth by the last-mentioned selection by singing "Coming through the Rye."* Miss Orridge was also responsible for a trio of selections, including "Huntingtower," which was enthusiastically encored. In response "The Banks of Allan Water" was given. "The Death of Nelson," "Rita," and "The Message" were sung by Mr Maas, who was in excellent voice, and gave "Come into the garden, Maud," as an encore to the first-mentioned of the songs. Mr King's efforts were fully appreciated; as was also Mr Ffrench Davis' artistic playing on the harp. Mr F. Cliffe officiated as accompanist, and opened the programme with a pianoforte solo.

[* *Who would not have come through the rye had he known that Marie Roze was an involuntary obstruction? "Gin a body kiss a body" would necessitate no further explanation.*—Dr Blinge.]

BRIGHTON.—The second of Mr A. King's series of Organ Recitals was given at the Dome on Monday afternoon. The selections were of a varied and interesting character, and Mr King played with his customary excellence. The programme consisted of—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Andante in C (H. Smart); Prelude and Fugue in G minor (Bach); Fantasia (J. L. Hatton); Barcarolle from 4th Pianoforte Concerto (S. Bennett); Meditation on a Prelude of Bach (Gounod); Fanfare (Lemmens); and the Coronation Anthem, from *Zadok the Priest* (Handel).—At the Royal Aquarium on Monday evening, Mdme Alice Barth's "Operetta Company," consisting of Misses Marchese and Yorke, Messrs Dudley Thomas, Eric Lewes, John Cross, Arthur Hyde, and H. D'Egville, gave *Widows Bewitched* and *A Storm in a Teacup*. The company will play every evening during the week. Mr. Corder's farewell concerts at the same place were given on the morning and evening of last Saturday, and on the Wednesday evening previous Mr. George Watts gave the first of his "Philharmonic Concerts," with Mdme Christine Nilsson as the "star."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The Royal English Opera Company commenced a six nights' engagement at the Tyne Theatre on Monday evening with complete success. The immense auditorium was filled, and the house presented a most brilliant spectacle. The opera was Gounod's *Faust*, given with an amount of completeness and finish very satisfactory to the audience. With the exception of the Carl Rosa *troupes*—for whose performances the ordinary tariff of prices is always raised—no English Opera Company that can be compared with this has visited Newcastle for very many years. The task of presenting before the public operas in English, is a very difficult one, and has been fraught with disaster to many that have undertaken it. Between the palmy days of the Pyne and Harrison companies and those of Mr Carl Rosa's enterprise there was a long and dreary interregnum, during which operas in English were very often represented in a most inadequate fashion. Vincent Wallace, Balfe, Barnett, Bellini, and Verdi were often very roughly handled by some of the small and badly equipped companies that travelled the provinces, and the net results of their campaigns were generally

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disastrous to the caterers who found the necessary capital for them and equally damaging to the cause they represented. They had not the means of presenting the works of the leading composers in a manner at all satisfactory to the musical public, so that section of the community was conspicuous by its absence, whilst, on the other hand, the style of entertainment which they furnished was of a kind not appreciated by the votaries of the music halls. Of course, there were brilliant exceptions to the dead level of inadequacy, and amongst these may be mentioned Mr Loveday's companies, of which Miss Florence Lancia was *prima donna*, and one or two of Mr Elliott Galer's companies. Mr Carl Rosa has made English opera an entertainment at which musical people can assist with pleasure, and the movement which he has done so much to forward will be materially aided by the success of such a *troupe* as that appearing this week at the Tyne Theatre. The Royal English Opera Company is composed of a double set of leading artists, with whose names at least every musician in the kingdom is familiar. The principal sopranos are Mesdames Blanche Cole and Rose Hersee; the tenors, Messrs Packard (late of the Carl Rosa Company) and Parkinson; the basses, Messrs Aynsley Cook (of the Carl Rosa Company), Richard Temple, and Mr James Sauvage; buffo and tenor, Mr Charles Lyall (late of the Carl Rosa Company). Misses Helen Armstrong and Phillipine Siedl are also included in the company, together with Messrs Faulkner Leigh, Ernest Harrison, and other well-known vocalists. The conductors are Messrs Arthur Howell and Julian Edwards, the band and chorus travelling with the company numbering fifty. A *corps de ballet* is also included in its arrangements, and the leading *danseuses* are the Sisters Annie and T. Elliott.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle, Tuesday, Oct.* 10.

Worcester.—A concert was given on Monday night at the Exhibition by the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry band combined with that of Messrs Synyer and Gilmer. Mr D'Arcy Ferris sang military songs. Mr Garton presided at the organ. The total attendance was 6,582. The number admitted by season ticket and otherwise was 611, leaving the number who paid for admission 5,971 the largest attendance yet recorded.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

THE OSWESTRY FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Read the subjoined report, extracted from the columns of our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Monmouth News:*

"At the meeting of the Oswestry Festival Committee, it was reported that the late triennial festival and festival of village choirs had resulted in a total deficit of £180. It was resolved to appeal for voluntary subscriptions for the purpose of making up the deficiency."

What?—already so early with the hat?—notwithstanding the high support received! It would appear that this newly-organized Lesleyan "Festival" is likely to collapse. It is perhaps not quite distant enough from Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester to make promoters of the time-honoured "Three-choir" meetings shake in their shoes. They have existed for more than a century, and will continue to exist for another century, in spite of all preaching to the contrary. Nevertheless, 'ware Oswestry. Oswestry is a great matter. And then there is Chirk to fall back upon. 'Ware Chirk!—Yours respectfully, P. Joyce Twrst, M.D.

Leominster, Oct. 12.

[We have omitted a part of Dr Twest's letter as irrelevant.—D. T.]

Georgetown (Demerara).—*(From "The Colonist.")*—Mr Miller, composer, and master of the Militia Band, proceeded to England in the "Roraima," on the 19th inst., on leave of absence. On the previous day Mr Miller was presented with a handsome silver cup, and the following address, by the members of the Portuguese Philharmonic Club:—

J. Miller, Esq., Bandmaster.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the Philharmonic Club of the 1st of December, beg you will accept the accompanying Silver Cup as a token of our esteem.

The interest you have always taken in the progress of the members of our Club in their musical studies, and your universally kind and amiable ways, have endeared you to every one of us. We hope you will enjoy your trip home, and when you return it will be with renewed energy and strength that you will renew your duties with us.

A. C. Faria, Jose Martins, M. P. Jorge, M. G. Loija, M. G. Janica, J. G. Jesus, J. J. Roza, Jose F. Govela.

FEMALE COMPOSERS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Some of your contemporaries have lately been writing in a wondering tone as to the scarcity of female composers; and I do not see why I should not give you a woman's ideas on the subject. I admit freely that I know no feminine names among the composers of the past: but for the past I cannot account. I also admit that there are fewer composers now among women than among men; and I wish to give some reasons for that deficiency.

First, there is the grand reason that dates from Adam and Eve—I mean matrimony. Now, I am not, I hope, one of the shriekers of the world; and I honour a good matron quite as much as I honour a good old maid. At the same time, matrimony is quite enough of a profession for one woman to do well, without undertaking a second. Then, again, a young woman may often be deprived of the aid necessary for the genuine study of composition, as it is considered she is sure to marry some day; and even if she professes not to wish to marry she is kindly smiled at. This acts against the long years of persistent study necessary for composition more than it does against other arts, because there is small hope of rapid or large earnings; and the study requires more persistence in the student and outside aid from the friends.

Another reason I believe to be, in the immense strength and endurance of brain required for thorough composition. I believe that a woman's mind is quite equal to man's in what I would call *quality* (I might quote the mathematician, Dr Whewell, in support of this)—comparing, of course, exceptional with exceptional, ordinary with ordinary, dunce with dunce, and making allowance for difference of temperament. But I believe that the lesser strength of body of the woman goes against her capability for the long, hard study, the hours and hours of brain and nerve work necessary to build up the knowledge of a Mozart or Beethoven.

Now, supposing these two objections overcome, and that neither matrimony nor want of strength have hindered a woman from being a composer, there remains yet another.

I wonder whether people ever think of the amount of *fight* that is necessary for a man to make his way as a composer, and to make himself known and understood. There are many men composers not naturally fitted for fight, who prefer to remain unknown and to write on in hopes of the someday coming when their writings will make a way for themselves; and this, not from want of musical power, but from want of fighting power—want of self-exaltation. This is true of past as well as present. Now apply this to women. Is the real woman's nature fitted for fight and self-exaltation? Is not the best woman nature quiet, gentle, tender, unasserting? A good composer, being a man, must be possessed of the best of manly qualities; and being a woman, of the best womanly qualities. Now, I will not deny that a good man may be a fighter: but for a woman to be a fighter will go dangerously near taking away her womanly qualities, and then what becomes of her power of writing womanly music?

There *is* a great deal of woman's music in the world now. I know symphonies, overtures, quartets, operettas, and songs and choral music without end, written in spite of difficulties by different women, the knowledge of the existence of which has hardly gone beyond the composers' homes. I think if your contemporaries were so daring as to advertise, "Wanted—A Female Composer," their waste-paper basket would be very full the next day.—I remain, yours faithfully, O. P.

Connaught Theatre.—This theatre has been sold, subject to the approval of the Court of Chancery, by Messrs Thurgood and Martin of Chancery Lane. The premises, after decoration, will be opened under the management of Mr John Baum.

Bristol Musical Festival.—The revised programme for the festival, which commences on Tuesday next, is published. On Tuesday (17th) the oratorio will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with Miss Williams, Mr Santley and Mr Maas as principal singers, and in the evening Beethoven's Mass in D, followed by a secular selection. On Wednesday morning Gounod's *Redemption* will be given; and in the evening a miscellaneous selection, including a part ("Spring") of Haydn's *Seasons*. On Thursday morning Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, and in the evening a new cantata, *Jason*, by Mr A. C. Mackenzie (composed expressly for this festival) will be produced, the festival closing on Friday morning with Handel's *Messiah*.

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WAGNER AND ROCHE.*

Edmond Roche supplemented his duties as clerk at the Board of Customs in the day-time by acting as *chef d'attaque* of the violins at the Porte Saint-Martin in the evening. On one occasion, working in his gloomy office, his attention was aroused by the noise of a somewhat lively altercation hard by. A new arrival, a German, was with difficulty struggling against the formalities which the authorities of the Customs heap up beneath the traveller's steps. Roche interposed; the stranger's name was Wagner. Making a bow, Roche placed himself at his service, and, when Wagner thanked him, replied, "I am only too happy to oblige a great artist." "You know me then!" exclaimed Wagner, surprised at finding any one attached to the French Customs familiar with his name. Roche smiled, and, for sole reply, hummed some fragments from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. "Ah!" said Wagner, in great delight; "it is a good augury. The first Parisian I meet is acquainted with and appreciates my music. I will at once write to Liszt. But we shall see each other again, Sir." And they did see each other again. The author of *Tannhäuser* had long yearned for a devoted and earnest translator, penetrated with admiration for the books as well as the music of his operas. Roche, the translater for whom Wagner had yearned, told his friend Sardou what his task was when working with Wagner on Sundays.

"At twelve, one, or sometimes and frequently two o'clock, worn out and dying with hunger, I let fall my pen and felt as though about to faint. 'What is the matter?' Wagner would inquire in great surprise.—'I am so hungry!'—'Ah! True! I never thought of that. Well, we will make haste and have a bit of something, and then go on.' So we hastily swallowed that something, and, when evening came, it found us still at work. I used to be utterly exhausted, with my head on fire and my temples feverish; I was half mad with the pursuit of the most uncouth words, while he, still erect and as fresh as the moment we began, walking to and fro, and tapping away on his piano, ended by frightening me with the big, hooked shadow which danced round me, amid the fantastic rays reflected by the lamp; like one of Hoffmann's personages, Wagner would cry out—'Go on, go on;'—filling my ears with cabalistic words and notes from other worlds."

This work, which took Roche a whole year, was destined to prove sterile. We all know about the failure of *Tannhäuser*. Perhaps it hastened the unhappy translator's death, which occurred on the 16th December. Roche carried with him to his dying moments a firm hope that the day of triumph would eventually come for his favourite composer, to whom he dedicated by way of consolation the subjoined verses:—

"Quand la Fatalité semble vous terrasser,
Penseurs, levez le front—C'est Dieu qui fait passer,
Pour que l'idée en vous se ranime et s'enflamme,
L'archet de la douleur sur les cordes de l'âme."

ALBERT DAYROLLES.

* From the *Bien Public*.

OPERA COMIQUE.

In Vienna and in all the large cities on either side of the Danube, even as far away as Constantinople, the ladies' orchestra is a recognized institution. It is impossible to go into a coffee-garden, a public singing-room, or any place where pleasure lightly resorts, without finding a band of very capable female musicians. Every instrument is pressed into the service; there are ladies with the violin and violoncello, ladies with the flute and clarionet, and ladies ready to come on with the triangle and the drum. There is nothing ungraceful in the practice; the ladies are well behaved; and if the Austrians, the Greeks, the Hungarians, the Armenians and the Turks choose to sip their coffee and drink their beer to such a musical accompaniment who shall say them nay? The ladies do not offend and the people like it.

The happy thought of introducing the ladies' orchestra to England has evidently struck Miss Lila Clay, who, owing to the extraordinary and mixed legislation connected with places of public amusement, is compelled in self-defence to seek refuge for herself and her musicians in the theatre. The music-hall would naturally be the place for a variety entertainment, however well done or however startling; but so incomprehensible are the statutes connected with those simple words, "*Music and Dancing*," that Miss Lila Clay is no doubt well advised in seeking protection from the Lord Chamberlain instead of risking the caprice of a magistrate's licence for anything that is unusual. Accordingly playgoers at the Opera Comique on Monday night, unaccustomed to novelties, were surprised to see a stage fitted up and adorned as it would be in a Vienna beer garden. It was a startling sight. First a complete row of crimson damsels—crimson as to their gowns, and crimson as to their prominently displayed hose—then a complete row of cream-coloured ladies, then of Prussian blue, then of mauve. High up at the back was ranged the orchestra, with harps, tambourines, and timbrels, and in the centre at the piano sat Miss Lila Clay, in short white skirts, conducting her female band with much modesty and no little skill. Unfortunately, it was impossible to reproduce the taste of Vienna intact. Englishmen require stronger meat, and so to the Viennese ladies' orchestra was added just a faint flavour and suspicion of the negro serenader. The front row of crimson maidens was, in reality, a red nigger band. There was a corner woman with jokes and castanets, and an opposite corner woman with a tambourine. A solemn leader in petticoats gave out the songs with well-considered emphasis. This was the division of the programme labelled "something new," and, on the whole, it really was not very bad. The comic songs were not very inane, and some of the sentimental songs and glees were remarkably good. There was genuine enthusiasm, for instance, when Miss Alice Aynsley Cook, daughter of a well-known singer, sang the popular ballad, "Dreaming," with very excellent expression, and the genuine spirit of fun in Miss Emma d'Auban was quickly recognized. So far so good. But when the concert was over the gaiety and grace of the entertainment seemed to fade and faint, the songs, dances, and ballads that followed were of indifferent merit, and the promise of the commencement was not fulfilled except in an American shadow and boot dance, again led by the clever and vivacious Miss Emma d'Auban. Then came a decided change. The ladies filed into the orchestra proper. Miss Lila Clay, surrounded by garlands and bouquets, presided at the piano, and the curtain rose on an operetta by Mr Robert Reece and Mr Meyer Lutz, called *On Condition*, which was rather too ambitious an effort for the majority of the performers. The conductor's wand was severely wanted, and a considerable amount of discipline might have been imposed on the lady low comedians, whose vivacity was unchecked. But Miss Edith Vane and Miss Aynsley Cook did their utmost to counteract the obtrusiveness of their comic sisters. The experiment is no doubt a strange one, and though only partially successful, there were bright moments in it. But the entertainment is given in distinctly the wrong place. The variety show is not yet acclimatized to the theatre, and it may be hoped it never will be.—*D. T.*

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The opera season is over, thank goodness, for *Les Huguenots*, *La Favorite*, and other "grand" works, interpreted by artists of second-rate talent, could not make the effect they ought on an intelligent audience.

The winter season has begun with vaudeville, drama, opera comique, and bouffe, and I hope, for the sake of M. Berard, it will be a success. Hitherto the theatre has not been crammed, but "*nil desperandum*." We know our manager is an excellent caterer for the public. The latest novelty has been *La Poudre d'Escampette* (by the author of *La femme à Papa*), a *folie-vaudeville* in three acts, the *mise-en-scène* of which is laid at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The plot consists of the "escampette" of the directors of a company who wish to establish at the "French Queen of Watering Places" a mineral water drinking establishment, but find that the money of the shareholders comes in better than the water, so that they appropriate the former and leave the latter to "run" by itself. Suffice it that all ends happily. An English company buys up the shares at an "enormous premium," and, in conclusion, the directors appeal to the audience to take shares, or, at all events, grant their patronage to the new company.

Le Parisien, by Ferrier, author of *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, was played last night. *Les Braconniers* (opera-bouffe), *Les Victimes Cloitrées* (drama), and *Nos Députés en robe de chambre*, are in rehearsal.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, October 4, 1882.

Varesi, on the conclusion of her engagement at the Philharmonie, Berlin, goes to Warsaw, where she is to sing at various concerts.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 622.)

Under the date of the 17th Floréal (6th May), I find this second letter from Cherubini to his wife. He was then preparing for his return to Paris:

"I thank you for all the news you sent me, my dear. I have hardly any to tell you in return. I have always the same song to repeat, namely: that the weather continues detestable, and that, had I thought I should have had such a bad time of it, I would have put off my visit for a month. Talking of visits, M. and Mad. Louis, and M. and Mad. Ethis, have pressed me very much to come down with you to Chartreuse next summer. I should be delighted, if the idea suited you, and my business allowed me to carry it out. Mad. Ethis, who is going to Paris in a few days, is sure to invite you. All the inhabitants of La Chartreuse desire their kind remembrances. I am sorry the concert is given on the 9th of the decade;* had I only known it, I would have set out from here a day earlier, so as to arrive in Paris on the 19th. But my place is taken in the coach, and I am now unable to make any change. It is not necessary for you to answer this, for your answer would not find me here. I suppose that on the day of the concert you will dine at M. Sageret's, for I am sure he has invited you. Do not refuse, for it would not be polite on your part to reject his amiable attentions. As for your brother's marriage, I am not at all offended at his contracting it without me. On the contrary, I am glad he spared me the trouble of it. All the worse for him if he is wanting in respect towards his parents. But who were the witnesses who attended the ceremony? You must tell me all this on my return. Papa† sent me a letter in which he tries to excuse himself for not being able to prevent his son's marriage being solemnized without me. I am about to reply to set his mind at ease and show that my tranquillity is not disturbed by the matter. I am delighted the public acted justly to Méhul; they were certainly bound to give him that slight compensation. I wrote two days ago, endeavouring to console him for the disappointment he has had. He has doubtless told you so himself.‡ Best compliments to everybody. I thank all who have tried to amuse you during my absence. Good bye, dear, I shall see you soon. A kiss for my Victorine and the same for you. Your faithful husband,

"CHERUBINI."

We learn from this letter that Cherubini had returned to Paris by the early part of May, 1797. He, no doubt, immediately resumed his duties at the Conservatory, and appears not to have engaged in any kind of composition, for his catalogue at this epoch is perfectly dumb. However, an unexpected circumstance was about to make him shake off for a moment his inaction. The sudden death, with the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, of Hoche, that hero who, like Bayard, might be called the chevalier without fear and without reproach, had struck France with stupor. Paris determined on rendering striking homage to the glorious soldier, grand patriot, and noble citizen, whose soul was characterized by virtues worthy of the times of antiquity. To carry out this idea, Joseph-Marie Chénier and Cherubini were commissioned to write the words and music of a grand lyric scene to be executed simultaneously at the Opera and the Théâtre Feydeau. It was entitled the *Pompe funèbre du général Hoche*, and performed, as intended, at the two theatres mentioned on the 19th Vendémiaire, Year VI (11th October, 1797). The programme was published with Chénier's verses, and is curious enough to induce me to quote it:§

Scene of the third act of *Roméo*.—Towards the centre, and raised a few steps, the sarcophagus of the hero-pacificator. It is covered with a *tricolour* cloth and surmounted by a funereal urn, surrounded by palms of victory and all the attributes of a general's rank. At the rising of the curtain, a Woman in tears is leaning against the tomb; on the opposite side, some distance off, a group of Old Men, motionless with grief; on the steps, fronting the audience, a young Child, supported by its Mother and gracefully presenting an offering as pure as justly deserved. On the left, in front of the stage, a group of Women and Maidens, invoking the Supreme Being. To the right, on the same level, a Mother presses with emotion her two sons to her breast, while the father, already of a certain age, holds the eldest of the boys by the hand and seems to indicate to the Hero's spirit that they are being brought up to defend in their turn the cause for which the Hero died. Behind them is an Ensign in an attitude of despair; a little further, on a raised platform, there is seen a group of Women offering as a model to several Generals him whose exploits have conducted him to immortality. A General-in-Chief, stationed at the back of the stage, has in his hand a crown of laurel and cyprus, which he holds out from a distance towards the mausoleum. All the Staff take part in this act of homage. The *tricolour* flag is majestically suspended at the top of the picture, which is surrounded by various bodies of National Guards under arms. After a long silence, and at three rolls of the drums separated by as many blows on the tamtam, the picture is further developed; a funereal march begins. The Maidens respectfully approach the tomb, which they salute and then commence in chorus the first stanza of a funeral hymn; at the burden, they lay down their garlands and cover with flowers the steps of the sarcophagus. More rolls on the drums and more blows on the tamtam. The Old Men advance, the other personages making way for them; they sing the second stanza of the hymn; at the burden, they pass before the tomb, and, in their turn, lay down oak branches as a tribute of their gratitude. At the same time, the General-in-Chief, followed by all the Staff, comes down the stage and crowns the funeral urn. His comrades in arms, grouped round the mausoleum, indicate that this act of homage is that of their hearts. They sing the third stanza. At the burden, the Commander-in-Chief and his followers draw their swords, and cross them over the tomb. At a given signal, all the Troops hasten down the stage and defile past the sarcophagus. The Women, by a counter-march, advance simultaneously to the highest part of the platform previously occupied by the Troops. The fourth stanza is sung; the Troops give a running fire, and a general group, arranged in a manner contrary to that at the beginning, terminates the ceremony. The curtain falls amid the beating of drums and a military flourish of trumpets.

"HYMNE FUNÈBRE, PAR CHÉNIER, MUSIQUE DE CHERUBINI.

"LES FEMMES.

"*Du haut de la voûte éternelle,*
Jeune héros, reçois nos pleurs;
Que notre douleur solennelle
T'offre des hymnes et des fleurs.
Ah! sur ton urne sépulcrale
Gravons ta gloire et nos regrets;
Et que la palme triomphale
S'élève au sein de tes cyprès.

"LES VIELLARDS.

"*Aspires à ses destinées,*
Guerriers, défenseurs de nos lois:
Tous ses jours furent des années;
Tous ses faits furent des exploits.
La mort qui frappa sa jeunesse
Respectera son souvenir:
S'il n'atteignit point la vieillesse,
Il sera vieux dans l'avenir.

"LES GUERRIERS.

"*Sur les rochers de l'Armorique*
Il terrassa la trahison;
Il vanquit l'hydre fanatique
Semant la flamme et le poison.
La guerre civile étouffée
Cède à son bras libérateur;
Et c'est là le plus beau trophée
D'un héros pacificateur.

"*Oui, tu seras notre modèle;*
Tu n'as pas terni tes lauriers;
Ta voix libre, ta voix fidèle,
Est toujours présente aux guerriers.
Aux champs d'honneur où vit ta gloire,
Ton ombre, au milieu de nos rangs,
Saura captiver la victoire
Et punir encor les tyrans."

(To be continued.)

* A grand concert given at the Théâtre Feydeau on the 19th Floréal.

† "Papa" was Mdme Cherubini's father.

‡ The piece meant is still *Jeune Henri*. In consequence of the worthlessness of the libretto, by Bouilly, the work was a failure, and was not allowed to be finished, despite the beauties scattered about the score. But, while hissing the librettist, the audience wished to do justice to the musician, and enthusiastically encored the overture. The latter survived the shipwreck, and became celebrated under the title of "La Chasse du Jeune Henri."

§ *Programme of the "Pompe funèbre du général Hoche," performed for the first time at the Theatre in the Rue Feydeau, on the 19th Vendémiaire, Year VI. of the French Republic.*—Seven pages, 8vo.

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"YES, I HAVE DARED TO LOVE THEE."

This little ballad, which is causing such a sensation in the fashionable world,—has thrown so many a tea-table into confusion, and cooled the muffin on the lip of female beauty—this little ballad had its origin in the following startling incident:—In an aristocratic family, not five thousand miles from Belgravia, the youngest daughter of the house was a creature all gaiety and gushiness, who added to the carol of the lark, the eye of the eagle, the neck of the stag, and the ringlets of the raven. That heart, having all the softness of the sponge, had absorbed the delicious ballad of "Will you love me then as now," and she was in the habit of trilling it out from morning till night in her boudoir not five thousand miles from Belgravia.

Among the numerous serving-men in the vast establishment of her father was one who evidently had a heart of Indian-rubber bounding about under a waistcoat of red plush, and who, in the course of his duties, frequently came into close communication with the Belgravian maiden. His impressible fancy soon took the image of the eagle-eyed, stag-necked, raven-ringleted creature, and the rosy fetters of Cupid were continually tripping him up when he entered with the coals, or came to deliver the card, the message or the *billet*. This went on for some time, until on one occasion he entered the *salon* just as the syren of Belgravia had commenced her accustomed word-larking of the popular ballad, "Will you love me then as now?" when, seized with a sudden inspiration—the bounding heart fluttering under the waistcoat, causing him to forget the plush, and reducing him as it were to a non-plush,—the sensitive serving-man bust forth with the passionate exclamation of "Yes, I have dared to love thee!" A popular composer, hearing of the incident, availed himself of the circumstance with his usual tact, and the result has been the ballad, which is now in every lady's mouth, upon every lady's piano, and in every boarding-school music bill.—*Punch*.

"YESTERDAY."*

(For Music.)

A rose tapped at my window-pane
But yesterday—but yesterday!
It said: "The summer's here again"
(But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!)
"Then wander in the garden ways,
And hear what one who loves you says,
For love is for these golden days,"
Oh, yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
The sun is shining—the roses bloom,
But Life and Summer must pass away,
And Love will linger a night—a noon,
And then—it will be yesterday!

The grass was green and gold with flowers
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
And oh, the brief and laughing hours
Of yesterday—of yesterday!
We lingered in the jasmine bowers,
Our feet were set in summer flowers;
A little space of love was ours
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
The sun is shining, &c., &c.
* * * *

It seems a weary while ago
That yesterday—that yesterday!
My heart it was not aching so
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
There is no rose upon the tree,
The breeze it sighs so wearily,
And all we dreamt of—cannot be
Since yesterday! Oh, yesterday!
The sun is shining, &c., &c.

* *Copyright.* RITA.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE GREAT ORGAN.—The great organ in the Crystal Palace transept has been for some months in course of thorough reconstruction by its builders, Messrs Gray & Davison, and will be inaugurated to-day (Saturday), by Mr. A. J. Eyre, organist to the company. Arrangements have been made for recitals by the most distinguished English and foreign organists on successive Saturdays.

WAIFS.

BALFE.—I read in the papers that a memoir of the Life and Work of Michael William Balfe, the gifted composer of the *Bohemian Girl* and of a hundred works as charming, which will live as long as English music lives, is in the press. The author of the memoir is Mr W. A. Barrett; and the book, it is hoped, will be ready by Oct. 20th next, the anniversary of Balfe's death, and the day fixed for the unveiling of the monumental tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—G. A. S., *Illustrated London News, Sept.* 19.

ALBANI.—We are happy to inform our readers that Mdme Albani has most kindly consented to sing at a concert to be given in the New Public Hall, in aid of the Broadway Church Restoration Fund, on Tuesday, the 14th or 18th November; and it is expected that several distinguished amateurs will assist on the occasion.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

Max Bruch is expected in America next month.

Engel, the tenor, has been singing at Aix-les-Bains.

Mad. Wilt has begun a series of performances at Trieste.

Ponchielli is writing a Mass for the Cathedral, Bergamo.

Mad. Zagury-Harris has signed with Mr Mapleson for America.

Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, remains in New York another year.

Mr J. Rosenthal, the accomplished violinist, has returned to town.

Scalchi, the contralto, is engaged by Mr Mapleson for his American season.

The Italian season at the Teatro Solis, Montevideo, was a failure.

Stagno, the tenor, was lately in Milan, and may possibly appear at the Scala.

Campanini, Mr Mapleson's once most cherished tenor, has been singing at Parma.

Suppé's *Donna Juanita* is in preparation at the Teatro de la Alhambra, Madrid.

After her benefit at Messina, Teresa Singer's admirers gave her a torchlight serenade.

It is said that Angelo Neumann will take his *Nibelungen* Company next month to Milan.

A new Politeama, accommodating upwards of 2,000 persons, has been opened at Alessandria.

A new ballet, *La Cetra incantata*, by Pulini, has been produced at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

An Italian opera company, under Scalvini, has been performing at the Alhambra Theatre, Madrid.

The "Théo" is expected back in Paris some time next month. (Happy Parisians!—Dr Blitz.)

Aimée has cancelled her engagement with Maurice Grau, and will not revisit America for the present.

Bianca Bianchi will fulfil an engagement in November at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Tamberlik, "the Great," is at the Circo-Teatro, Vigo, in the double capacity of manager and singer.

The pupils and admirers of the late Theodor Kullak intend erecting a monument over his grave at Berlin.

Kleopatra, an opera by W. Freudenberg, is to be brought out next month at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

After an interval of nearly thirty years, Spontini's *Vestale* has been revived at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

Desirée Artôt and her husband, Padilla, have gone to Baden, to sing at a concert before the Empress of Russia.

Mr Wilhelm Ganz has arrived in town from his tour in Germany, returning viâ Frankfort, Mayence, and Cologne.

It is said that Friedrich-Materna, accompanied by a full German operatic company, will revisit America next season.

The season at the Teatro Lirico, Barcelona, was inaugurated with *Rigoletto*, to be followed shortly by *Die Zauberflöte*.

Gisela Koppmayer, a pupil of Mad. Marchesi's, has made her *début* as Amneris, in *Aïda*, at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

After the conclusion of the Italian opera season at Athens, the company left to fulfil an engagement in Constantinople.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* is to be performed, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, this winter at Chicago.

Among the novelties announced for the approaching Italian season in Cadiz are Boïto's *Mefistofele* and Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*.

The first theatres in Germany lighted by electricity will probably be the Court, Residence, and Gärtnerplatz Theatre, Munich.

A buffo opera, *La bella Portoghese*, music by La Monaca and Rispetto, has been produced at the Teatro Metastasio, Rome.

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Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist, will play in November and December at the concerts of the Rhenish Musical Association.

The principal characters in Boïto's *Mefistofele* at the Teatro Real, Madrid, will be sustained by Teodorini, Masini, and Nannetti.

Aglaja Orgeni (once a *prima donna* under the late Mr Frederick Gye), is fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Coleridge was not a member of the Blue Ribbon Army. Did he not say: "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink"?

Sangiorgi, the composer, already a Knight of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, has been decorated with the Cross of Italy.

An opera, from the pen of a young composer, English by birth, but educated in Paris, is promised at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

A fire broke out on the 25th ult. in the Theatre at Oerebro, Sweden, and left only the bare walls standing. No lives were lost.

Hofmann's opera, *Aennchen von Tharau*, will shortly be given, under the direction of Arno Kleffel, at the Stadttheater, Magdeburgh.

Amalie Tellini (von Thelen), formerly *prima donna* at the Stadttheater, Bremen, is engaged—to Lieut. Col. von Walthoffen, Vienna.

David Popper is in Lisbon, whence the violoncellist (husband of Sophie Menter, the pianist), starts on a six months' tour in Spain and Portugal.

Several managers in Italy have announced their intention of giving performances for the benefit of sufferers through the inundations there.

Two new compositions, a Mass, and an "Ave, Maris Stellæ," by Ciro Pinsuti, were recently performed at a church festival in Sinalunga, (Italy).

Léo Delibes spent two or three days in Brussels lately, to superintend the initiatory rehearsals of his *Jean de Nivelle*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

Abbey intends giving three "Christine Nilsson Concerts" at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 28th and 30th November, and the 2nd December.

A three-act buffo opera, *Die Jungfrau von Belleville*, music by Millöcker, has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Carmen will be played this autumn at Treviso, Vicenza, Ancona, and Palermo; *Mignon*, at Florence, Genoa, Vicenza, Cagliari, Madrid, and St Petersburg.

Mdme Leslino, formerly of the Grand Opera, Paris, has completed a very successful twelve nights' engagement with the Italian opera company, Warsaw.

Emil Paur, *Capellmeister* at Mannheim, has written a Violin Concerto, which E. Sauret, the violinist, will include in his reportory for the coming season.

The "Florentine Orchestra," consisting of 70 performers, 12 of whom are soloists, will shortly make a concert tour through Austro-Hungary and Germany.

Teresina Tua, the young violinist, has played by special invitation at the Imperial Palace, Potsdam. The Crown Prince was profuse in his compliments.

In setting up the "costly trousseau of the bride," the compositor of course got it "trousers," and it was some time before the editor could pacify the angry bridegroom.

Nothing positive is yet known concerning Gayarre's reported engagement at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.—(This would, to untutored intelligence, seem more or less credible.—Dr Blidge.)

Aida is being performed at Genoa for the sixth time. On the first occasion it ran 32 nights; on the second, 16; on the third (with Adelina Patti), 2; on the fourth, 8; and on the fifth, 18; making a total of 76.

The Municipality of Verona have determined to hand over, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, the sum intended for the Teatro Filarmonico, which will consequently remain closed during the Carnival.

New Novel.—Charles Quentin's new novel, published by Richard Bentley & Son, is entitled *A Fearless Life*. We look forward with lively curiosity to the perusal of another work from the pen that wrote *Through the Storm*.

At the exhibition held at Christchurch, New Zealand, a gold medal was awarded to Messrs P. J. Smith & Co., of Bristol and Princes Street, London, for their iron-strutted pianofortes, all of which found purchasers in the colony.

La Primavera, a "Symphonic Poem," by Sig. Nodoreda, was performed at a recent concert of the Euterpe Vocal Association, Barcelona. ("Symphonic Poem" is a convenient name for those who, like Liszt, cannot compose a symphony.—Dr Blidge.)

CHANGE.

When the autumn leaves are falling,
Blown o'er hill and dale apace,
Tell me, can I but remember
That sad look in that sad face?

When the springtime, with its freshness,
Brought back brightness to those eyes,
I forgot the autumn sadness
When I saw the orbs I prize.

Yes! I prize them summer, winter,
Autumn, springtime, and a look
Tells me there is no more sadness,
And I *read* them—as a book!

Boulogne-sur-Mer, September, 1882. X. T. R.

Catania.—The unveiling of the Bellini Monument has again been put off—this time for a year. The principal reason assigned for the postponement is a wish that the new Theatre, which will bear the composer's name, and is still in an incomplete state, may be inaugurated simultaneously with the Monument.

The Royal Albert Hall was filled "to the roof" on Thursday night, the occasion being Mdme Christine Nilsson's and Mr Sims Reeves' "Benefit Concert" and the last appearance this year of Mdme Nilsson, who leaves England for a lengthened concert-tour in America. Particulars in our next.

An Extinct Race.—From the *Trovatore* we learn that Velluti was the last "man-soprano" who sang at the Milan Scala. He did so in 1814. It was chiefly owing to Rossini that such male sopranos made way for female contraltos.* In 1798, on the other hand, a woman, Gazzotti, assumed male attire and sang the soprano part in Zingarelli's *Pirro*, and in 1806, Schmalz, followed her example, in Nicolini's *Abenamet e Zoraide* and Federici's *Idomeneo*.

* Bravissimo, Rossini! Twenty Wagners in one—or rather, no Wagners in twenty.—Dr Blidge.

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BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Bristol, Tuesday.

It is now possible to congratulate this ancient city upon having taken a permanent place among festival towns. Not that the triennial music meeting at Bristol has passed beyond the period of youth. It was born only nine years ago, and the present solemnity, therefore, is but fourth in what we all hope and trust may be a long list. What the institution lacks in age, however, seems made up in earnestness, and in the widely-expressed sympathy of influential persons. As regards this last feature, the current programme deserves to rank among curiosities. Its opening pages look like a "Court Guide," so great is the array of impressive names. After the patron, her Majesty the Queen, and the president, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, come 148 vice-presidents, including nearly all the titled and untitled aristocracy of the Western shires, to say nothing of a group of Mayors, the rear being brought up by 500 members of the "Musical Festival Society," who are not chorus singers, be it observed, but guarantors of £10 each. Obviously, the Festival managers believe, with Napoleon, that Providence is on the side of big battalions, while it is not less clear that public opinion in the district goes heart and soul with them. This is well, but something which would be better if results could be greater than their cause remains to note. The familiar locution, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," stands for every form of constructive good, and the Musical Festival Society is one of the local institutions which justify Bristol in accepting the compliment that form of words conveys. Kindred societies elsewhere let their light shine before men only once in three years, or are satisfied with keeping up their organization by means of an occasional performance. Here, on the other hand, work of a most practical kind is always being done, the festival body having established itself as a teaching body also. In what manner this has been done, and with what results, let the following extract from the prospectus show:

"The diffusion of sound musical education amongst the people being one of the objects of the society, self-supporting singing classes, under experienced and well-qualified teachers, were established in every district of the city of Bristol, where a sufficient number of pupils offered themselves. The fee charged in order to place these classes within the reach of all was fixed at 3d. per lesson. The committee are happy to be able to report that the experiment was in every respect highly encouraging. During the winter seasons of 1880-81, 1881-82 the classes included 794 pupils, of whom 260 successfully passed examination, and obtained certificates for efficiency in singing at sight, in time and tune."

Carrying on further the mission with which the society thus charged itself, the profits of the present Festival will assist in endowing a permanent scholarship at the Royal College of Music, the medical charities of the city benefitting only by collections made at the doors after each performance. So much zeal for musical education by the leaders of a great community should have fitting acknowledgment. It is a sign of the times and also a precedent which might advantageously be followed elsewhere. Reference to the society's labours outside the triennial meeting would lack completeness if nothing were said about the concerts regularly given each winter. In nine years there have been publicly performed here six works by Handel, three by Beethoven, two by Spohr, eight by Mendelssohn, and one each by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Berlioz, Rossini, Verdi, Schumann, Goetz, Macfarren, Brahms, Gounod, and Gade—in all thirty-two, mostly of large proportions. These are results to which the proverb "Good wine needs no bush" specially applies. They are honourable to the Western city as a place of culture, and indicative of as much "sweetness and light" as we can reasonably expect in a busy town of trade and commerce.

The resources of the present Festival are considerable, if not quite satisfactory. Mr Charles Hallé, besides acting as conductor, provides the orchestra, which is, of course, that located, with himself, at Manchester. It includes fifty-eight "strings," headed by Herr Straus, and the usual proportion of "wind," making in all eighty performers; with whom are associated the 385 voices of the Festival Choral Society. At Birmingham, where fewer voices were employed, the instruments exceeded a hundred, and, as the Midland Hall is better for sound than the Western, it follows that the proportion of singers to instruments must be wrong in one case or the other. The error, in my opinion, is certainly not at Birmingham, since the great power of Sir M. Costa's band, judiciously employed, produced a splendour of effect impossible here. There remains the consideration that, good as is the *ensemble* of Mr Hallé's orchestra, there are qualities in which it necessarily falls short of one picked from the best performers in London. The solo vocalists engaged on this occasion are mostly those about whose Festival doings I have had to speak once or twice of late. Mdme Albani and Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Patey and Mdme Trebelli, Mr Lloyd and Mr Maas, Mr Hilton and Mr Santley, with Mr Harper Kearton and Mr Montague Worlock, make up a force sufficiently strong for the work in hand. Mr Riseley, the Cathedral organist, presides at the fine instrument in the Colston Hall, and Mr D. W. Rootham, who won his spurs as chorus-master three years ago, has again done excellent service in that capacity. Concerning the selection of works for performance, little can be said in disparagement, the committee having taken a common-sense, not a fantastic, view of the situation, and discovered that the road to success lies in pleasing legitimate tastes according to the measure of their prevalence. For those who love standard classical works, there are *Elijah* and *The Messiah*—twin pillars upon which the possibilities of nearly every English festival rest. For the admirers of absolute novelty, a cantata, *Jason*, by Messrs W. Grist and A. C. Mackenzie, is provided, while demand for the merely unfamiliar cannot fail to be met either by Rossini's *Moses in Egypt* on the one hand, or Beethoven's great Mass in D on the other. For the rest there are Haydn's *Spring*, and a number of important orchestral pieces. In the programme, also, is Gounod's *Redemption*, but this occupies a place apart, since it appeals to all by exciting a common curiosity, and I may here add, has appealed so powerfully that tickets now command a fancy price. The foregoing works speak for themselves; and, though it may be possible to prove that others are as worthy, it would be hard indeed to demonstrate that the programme's influence for good falls short of completeness. It remains to state that the Royal President of the Festival, with the Duchess of Edinburgh, will attend the performance of *Moses in Egypt* on Thursday morning, and that the Mayor has requested the citizens to decorate the streets through which the illustrious visitors will pass. There was need for such a request, since Bristol, however proud of its Festival, contrives to hide the feeling with singular success. A few weeks ago, I saw the large city of Hamburg resplendent with colour in honour of a gathering of singers. That is the German way of doing such things; we have a rule of our own, which consists in leaving them undone, and saves expense and trouble at the cost of the outward and visible poetry so lamentably absent from English common life.

The performance of *Elijah* this morning was attended by a very large audience, who filled nearly every seat in the hall—proof thus accumulating upon proof that Mendelssohn's oratorio is a matter of public demand. A healthy interest in the proceedings seemed to be taken by all present. The principal artists were cheered as they came upon the platform; Mr Hallé was loudly applauded in turn, and the proper Festival spirit evidently pervaded the throng. As usual on such occasions, the National Anthem served as prelude, the solo verses being sung by Miss Williams and Mr Maas, after which the audience settled down to hear the oratorio in silence, according to the committee's request. A detailed notice of the performance would be superfluous, and comment might with propriety limit itself to such evidence of the quality of band and chorus as was afforded. The Bristol chorus is undoubtedly a good one, the contraltos and tenors deserving especial mention for an admirable blending of sweetness and strength: while, if the basses seem deficient in volume, no other fault can be found with them, nor any at all with the sopranos. In point of fact, these singers sustain the excellent character so quickly won under the late regretted Alfred Stone. An occasional want of simultaneous "attack" in the *Elijah* choruses was doubtless attributable to unfamiliarity with Mr Hallé's beat, as I understand there had been no previous rehearsal. This, however, and certain other shortcomings in matters of detail, hardly amounted to sensible, and assuredly escaped being prominent, disfigurements. The solos were not divided, as usual, amongst a double set of artists; each part remaining in the same hands throughout. Thus Miss Anna Williams sang all the soprano music, and Mdme Patey all that for contralto; Mr Maas taking the tenor airs, and Mr Santley once more, as grandly as ever, impersonating the Prophet. At least one advantage resulted from this arrangement. Under ordinary circumstances the contralto air, "Woe unto them," is in the hands of an artist who feels that she ought to have been entrusted with, "O, rest in the Lord," and is not in the mood to bestow great pains upon the less popular though much finer song. To-day no such conditions prevailed, and "Woe unto them" was given with all the effect of which it is capable. Rarely has it made a greater impression, or more powerfully vindicated the judgment of the composer. How the solo music generally was sung can be imagined. Enough, that all the artists concerned sustained their reputation, and it is only requisite to add that Mr Santley's reading of the Prophet's part was more remarkable than ever for powerful and elaborate dramatic expression.

The hall was by no means as well attended this evening as in the morning, for the reason, perhaps, that many "weak-kneed"

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amateurs knew just enough about Beethoven's Second Mass to make them evade further difficulty with the problems it presents. Still, the gathering was more than respectable in point of numbers, and even those who were not connoisseurs heard the work, which must have been to them quite enigmatical, with exemplary patience and attention. The Mass in D, like the Choral Symphony, is no longer considered an impossibility even where moderate resources are available. It has been performed at a Festival of the Three Choirs, and we hear of it from time to time in other unexpected places. Nevertheless, its impossibility remains. At the best only an approximation to that which was in the mind of the composer can be made. Neither human skill nor human voices are equal to the demands of this music, and it follows that the best performance leaves behind a sense of dissatisfaction. The interpretation which the work received to-night was distinctly not the best, yet I know not how to blame those engaged in it, for certainly the chorus may claim immunity from censure. They had studied the music well, and had mastered it as far as the idea of masterhood enters into the matter at all; while it can readily be granted that Mr Hallé's instrumentalists are individually competent to the task they had in hand, and that artists like Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Hilton leave little to be desired. As, however, every effect must have a cause, blame is fairly due somewhere or other, and may, perhaps, be justly laid at the door of those who neglected to provide for sufficient preparation. It will hardly be credited that the week's programme was supposed to be rehearsed yesterday between one o'clock p.m. and midnight. The arrangements, it is true, contemplated a special trial of Mr Mackenzie's cantata on Thursday morning, but, allowing for this, how much time could be devoted on Monday to Beethoven's gigantic work? Obviously not half enough, and hence the shortcomings of this evening, some of which were made serious by the omission or muddling of whole phrases in the instrumental score of the "Et vitam venturis." In such a case it is the unfairest thing in the world to rate the performers—they are fellow-victims with the composer to the wretched perfunctoriness which disgraces so many of our English festivals, and, in order to save the penny of a little extra cost, sacrifices the pound of artistic efficiency. Another time Bristol must follow in the steps of Birmingham, whose Festival managers have at length learned wisdom and mastered the lesson that George Eliot put into few words, "God loves good carpentry." The miscellaneous selection which followed the Mass, was, it may be presumed, much more to the taste of a majority among the audience. Its instrumental numbers included the overtures to *Rienzi* and *Ruy Blas*, together with the Sylph Ballet and Hungarian March from Berlioz's *Faust*. The vocal pieces were contributed by Mdme Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Patey, Mr Hilton, and Mr Lloyd, who may be congratulated upon the addition to his repertory of the beautiful prize song from *Die Meistersinger*. This charming example of the Proteus among composers suits him, and he secures for the music more than ordinary effect.

Wednesday.

Gounod's *Redemption* was performed this morning for the third time in England, and for the first time apart from the festival at which it was produced. Bristol rapidly caught the excitement regarding this work which prevailed at Birmingham, for no sooner had the committee here announced an intention to give it a place in their programme than applications for seats began to pour in. As in the midland town, the less affluent classes of amateurs found themselves out of the running. I am told that of the vast crowd in Colston Hall this morning less than two score occupied unreserved seats. The fact betokens a genuine curiosity, not less notable than rare, in connection with musical things. As a rule, our public, firmly attaching themselves to excellence which is familiar, are comparatively indifferent about prospecting for excellence that has to be discovered. I wish this were not so; but the fact remains, and it would be ridiculous to fly in its face. The fact remains, notwithstanding a universal desire to know Gounod's work. This apparent phenomenon, indeed, is no phenomenon at all, in the sense of being unexpected and surprising. We may rightly look upon it as only a varied manifestation of the instinct which attaches the English public to whatever they have learned to admire. Precisely the same thing happened thirty-six years ago, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was produced. The name of Mendelssohn was a power, and the force of it, rather than an abstract desire to make acquaintance with novelty, caused the work to run like wildfire through the land. In the matter of *Redemption* history is repeating itself, though Gounod be not Mendelssohn and his oratorio not *Elijah*. I suppose the audience assembled this morning deserved the title of "distinguished." At any rate, the Vice-Presidents' gallery was crowded, instead of being half empty as on previous occasions. It is pleasant to record this fact, because appearances had begotten an idea that the imposing array of titled names in the prospectus was only so much Dutch metal and cheap splendour. Since one vice-president in the flesh is better than a whole row of names, the serried ranks of this morning were good to look upon.

Redemption having been so largely discussed a few weeks ago, the public memory needs no present help towards recalling its scope and character. The real question for consideration now is how far first impressions are confirmed, modified, or removed by closer acquaintance. On this head, my own task is easy, as must, I imagine, be that of all who entered at first into the mind of the composer; recognizing his indisputable claim to be judged according to his purpose, and upon the basis of those canons of art which exist distinct from the teachings of individuals or of schools. There are two considerations all should have in mind who would form an intelligent opinion upon the new oratorio. One of these recognizes in *Redemption* a feature common to works of the kind, namely, the musical treatment of distinctly lyrical passages, such as abound in the third part of the work. No question of principle, but rather of method and expression, is involved here. M. Gounod has approached the lyrical text in his own way, and the only thing for an audience to do is to determine whether the way suits them. The more important consideration remains. M. Gounod, departing from all previous forms, has produced an oratorio that, as to the bulk of it, is a musical setting of narrative. Generally speaking, such works employ narrative as a means to the end of lyrical or abstractedly musical expression. Here it is itself the end, and not only so, but the idea of the composer has evidently been to keep his art subordinate—in attendance, so to speak, upon the verbal text, and taking therefrom its "cue" as to form and colour. If we admit his right to do this, we must judge the result with reference to the design, and then the question stands: Is the narrative made impressive by appropriate musical surroundings? If we are conscious, as the "wondrous tale" goes on, that it touches the heart and excites the emotions, that the events seem brought nearer to us, and made clearer to that inner perception which an old writer has called the "eye of the soul"—this, I take it, constitutes M. Gounod's justification, and, more, his success. The favour of the public turns, of course, upon the perception of this fact, and as to that I have very slight misgiving. M. Gounod's art is assisted by the overwhelming interest of the story he has chosen to illustrate, so much assisted that it is a moot point whether the composer is not more indebted to the subject than the subject to the composer. The question so raised need not be considered, because when the one and the other stand so nearly on a level there can hardly be a question of disparagement on either side. It would, perhaps, be rash to prophesy as to the future of *Redemption*, but I venture to record an impression that the work will hold its ground, not by comparison with oratorios constructed on a different model, but because of its own distinctive features, which are in all essential respects those of a masterpiece.

The performance to-day cannot be compared with that given at Birmingham, under the composer's direction. It lacked completeness, nothing short of which, however, could be set down against the chorus, who were obviously prepared to do the work all possible justice; nor could the solo vocalists be blamed save in so far as a single mishap of no particular consequence affected the result. It follows that the orchestra were most at fault, and here I take the earliest opportunity of inviting those who may know better than myself to correct a report which, if untrue, should at once be set right. It is said that Mr Hallé's band had not rehearsed the *Redemption* music till they were called upon to do so late on Monday night, after having left Manchester at a very early hour in the morning. If this be a fact, it is no wonder that slips occurred here and there, the wonder being, indeed, that the oratorio was gone through at all in anything like decent fashion. Nor can it amount to a marvel that the *Redemption* suffered generally from a reading which was not that of the composer's at Birmingham. Mr Hallé took many of the important numbers perceptibly faster than did M. Gounod. Among these were the "March to Calvary," which became almost trivial, and the triumphal chorus, "Unfold ye portals everlasting," which lost much of its dignity. It is the old English story, not to be told in different fashion even by a German conductor, and the old story says, "Do not be particular; get through the work somehow. Possibly no one will be any the wiser." Against this I protest, and shall protest. Better do nothing than not do the best possible. The world groans under the infliction of that which is merely tolerable. As far, however, as the principal vocalists were concerned, there was not much occasion for groaning. Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley repeated their Birmingham triumphs; while Miss Williams, Mr Worlock, and Mr Hilton, in parts which were new to them, gave every reason for the most exacting to be satisfied. There is a temptation, indeed, to dwell upon the manner in which some of

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the solos were rendered, and to praise in detail the combined fervour and technical skill of Mdme Albani, the pathos of Mdme Patey in the touching song of "The Virgin Mother," the qualities which earned for Mr Lloyd a distinguished place among musical "narrators," and the marvellous expressive power, without the least undue emphasis, of Mr Santley as the "Redeemer." These qualities stood out prominently, and, aided by the singing of the chorus, rescued the performance from the failure which, in their absence, it must inevitably have been. That the music made a deep impression was obvious. Albeit those who heard it refrained from applause; sensation was "in the air," and the audience were inspired by it.

This evening's programme, though abounding in interest, contained nothing new and very little that the average amateur would regard as unfamiliar. It was clear, however, that the average amateur accounted the absence of novelty no drawback. He came multiplied a thousandfold, and showed himself thoroughly satisfied with the music put before him. I am not going to complain of him on this account. The man must be very hard to please who cannot find pleasure in a programme containing Haydn's *Spring*, Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony, Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G (No. 4), and a number of vocal pieces, among which figured conspicuously, "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Miss Williams), "Pensa alla Patria" (Mdme Trebelli), Weber's "Waft me, ye Zephyrs" (Mr Maas), and Spohr's "Der Kriegeslust" (Mr Santley). The orchestra appeared at its best in the symphony and concerto. Here the performers were on ground accustomed and firm. They knew their way about, and acquitted themselves admirably, as they would have done on each previous occasion had sufficient rehearsal been allowed. The solo in the concerto was undertaken by Mr Hallé, who did it justice as a matter of course, and fairly earned the loud applause that followed each movement. Haydn's delightful *Spring* music made its accustomed effect, perhaps more than usual, so completely were all the executants in harmony with its spirit. Miss Williams, Mr Maas, and Mr Hilton left nothing undone for the solos that skill and sympathy could achieve.

"THE ORGANISTS QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Having had the pleasure to send you, through my publishers, the last part (56) of my *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, I desire to inform you that this October number completes the seventh volume, and the fourteenth year of its existence, a fact I believe to be unparalleled in the history of organ publications. No less than 336 original compositions for the organ have been expressly written for and published in this work, a large number of which bear the honoured names of eminent European organists. When I first started the work in 1868, very little organ music by English writers was sold in England—certainly very little that paid the cost of publication; but matters are very different now, and I hope you will not only regard my work as having had much to do with this happy change, but will give me encouragement to continue my labours with a view to still greater efficiency and usefulness.—I am, yours faithfully, WM. SPARK.

Leeds, October 15, 1882.

MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

"Here's a coil!"

—*Old Play.*

One of the Acts lately passed was to amend the Law of Copyright relating to musical compositions, and to protect the public from vexatious proceedings for the recovery of penalties for the unauthorized performance of the same. On and after the passing of this Act the proprietor of the copyright in any musical composition first published after the passing of the statute, or his assignee, who shall be entitled to and desirous of retaining in his own hands exclusively the right of public representation or performance of the same, shall print or cause to be printed upon the title-page of every published copy of such musical composition a notice to the effect that the right of public representation or performance is reserved.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At the students' rehearsal last Tuesday, Mr Woods played the slow movement, and Mr Robinson the last movement (with orchestra), of Brahms's new pianoforte concerto in B flat (performed, for the first time in its complete form at last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert by Mr Oscar Beringer). Both students, who are pupils of Mr W. H. Holmes, went through their difficult task with remarkable ability, reflecting credit on themselves and on their accomplished instructor.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN BOUGHT A CARPET.

(From the "Boston Herald," U. S.)

He bought a carpet in Alexandria, and the purchase took him three months. One morning, so runs Dr Sullivan's narrative, he was passing by one of the bazaars where tapestries and such things are sold, when a particularly handsome and rich fabric caught his eye. He went in, and, after pretending to look over a lot of things which in reality he did not want, he said to the man who solemnly presided over the place, "And what is the price of that carpet?" "That," responded the dealer, "is not for sale. I purchased that particular carpet at a great cost to feast my eyes upon. It is magnificent—superb. I could not part with that. No, by Allah!" or words to that effect. "Will the English gentleman have a cup of coffee?" The English gentleman would. He would also have a cigarette. After that he went away. In a day or two he came around again, and once more made the pretence of looking through Macdallah's stock. He had obviously failed to fool the sly Egyptian before as to the article he really wanted, so he took more time to it upon this occasion. As he expected, the sedate owner of the bazaar finally approached him. "I have concluded, after several sleepless nights," said the merchant, "to part with that carpet. It grieves me very much to do so, for I have become very fond of it. I had hoped that it would be the light of my eyes in my old age. But the Prophet has counselled unselfishness among his people, and I will sell to the English gentleman." "How much?" "One hundred pounds." "Nonsense. I'll give you £5."

The Egyptian's dignity was obviously wounded. An expression of absolute pain crossed his face. But he forgave Dr Sullivan, and they had another cup of coffee and a cigarette together. Then Dr Sullivan went away, as before. In a week or so he dropped around again. After going through the regular business of looking over the stock, he was again approached by Macdallah. "I have concluded, after much thought," said that worthy, "that I asked you too much

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for the carpet the other day. When Macdallah feels he is in the wrong, he is quick to acknowledge it. The English gentleman can have the beautiful carpet for £90." "Now you acknowledge your error," replied Mr Sullivan, "I will confess that I was wrong in offering you only £5 for your carpet the other day. I did that in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Bless you, no. And since you are prepared to make concessions, I will do the same. Instead of £5, I will give you £6." More coffee and another cigarette. The next time Dr Sullivan went around, the merchant took off £5 more, and the purchaser added £1. So it went on, with haggling and coffee, until Dr Sullivan had finally agreed to give £12, at which price he took away the carpet. It would have cost about 250 dols. in London. He says that the kind of business mentioned is considered the strictly proper thing in Egypt and Turkey. But Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. While he was in Alexandria a gentleman named Morgan, from New York, came along and visited the bazaar of Macdallah. Three carpets struck his fancy and he priced them. "Three hundred pounds," said Macdallah. "Well," replied Mr Morgan, "that seems a fair price, and I'll take them. Here's your money." The next time Dr Sullivan saw the merchant he was almost tearing his hair with rage against the "dog of a Christian." He explained the matter in an injured tone to the sympathizing Englishman, adding that Mr Morgan's method was not "business."

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Coil! Coil! Coil! *

—*Very Old Play.*

Of the various localities in town and country which have been mentioned as the probable scene of the first performance of Mr Gilbert and Mr Sullivan's new comic opera, no one is, we believe, the correct one. For obvious reasons, the management of the Savoy Theatre, where the first serious production in this country—if seriousness may be associated with such an event—is to be given, are not desirous of assembling any very critical audience on an occasion which has no object but that of a formal compliance with the absurd condition of our law requiring that every piece shall be first produced—if it is produced at all—in Great Britain. In what way English audiences could be injured by *Perola* being represented in America before it is represented here, or what harm could be done by preferring to postpone the withdrawal of *Patience* so long as the latter piece continues to attract, are questions which the most patriotic admirers of this provision of our copyright laws would certainly find it hard to answer. As will have been perceived, so loosely is the principle applied that for aught that appears a single performance in one of the remotest of the Western Isles of Scotland would be quite sufficient for the present purpose. *Perola* will then, in the eye of the law, have been given to the world; and the authors will receive a limited protection in the place of the perpetual protection accorded to unpublished works, in return for which the bargain is that when the copyright shall have expired the public are to enjoy the free use both of Mr Gilbert's work and Mr Sullivan's music. It would naturally be supposed from this that some provision is taken for recording the precise nature of the work, which seems destined to waste its maiden freshness upon the desert air of Stoke Pogis or the Isle of Lewis, but there is nothing of the kind. The protection accorded to a patentee is on the strict condition that he shall fully and unreservedly describe his invention and deposit his description in an appointed place. But the dramatist and composer are under no such obligations. If Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan should elect not to print their work—and there are strong reasons of self-interest both for and against that course—it is quite conceivable that the only record of its existence forty-two years hence may be the descriptions in the newspapers or the register of the bare title and authors' names at Stationers' Hall.—*D. N.*

* Wanted some *oil* ("of palms.")—Dr Blige.

VIENNA.—Theresia Schubert, widow of Ferdinand Schubert, School Director, and brother of Franz Schubert, the composer, was buried on the 2nd inst. in the Central Cemetery, a portion of the service having been previously celebrated in the parish church of Währing. She was the only one who performed the last kind offices for Franz Schubert when dying, and was intimately acquainted with his circumstances, concerning which she has left a large number of interesting data. (Good news for Mr George Grove.)

VINCENZO BELLINI.

Tardily recognizing an obligation near upon half a century old, Catania has paid the honour of a statue to Vincenzo Bellini. Better late than never, and better now, perhaps, than earlier. The Catanians were, doubtless, single-minded in the matter, having no idea save the gratification of their pride in an illustrious fellow-citizen; but those who stand afar off can take a wider view of their action, and see in it homage paid to the genius of melody. Bellini was, beyond question, a favourite child of melody. Born under its star, he lived as, in some sort, its incarnation. Few men divinely endowed with the gift of song sang more sweetly and artlessly than he, and his name will stand for ever in musical record as a potent wielder of the mysterious charm which was that of Orpheus, when "to his music-plants and flowers Ever sprung, as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring." Fortune, save in a too early death, was always kind to the fascinating Sicilian. She sent him, for example, to the Conservatorium of Naples, where Tritto, his first master in counterpoint, did not greatly trouble him, and Zingarelli, his second, let him severely alone. He was thus allowed to "form" himself, much as a still greater genius, Rossini, did before him, and the circumstance can be regarded as no other than lucky. It is easy to imagine what sort of influence Zingarelli—who once forbade his pupils to look at the scores of Rossini—would have had upon the delicate wild flower of Bellini's song, which, unmeddled with, budded and blossomed at its own sweet will. Like his famous predecessor, Bellini studied the masterpieces of the schools, but followed his own instinct. No musician did so more completely, and that, as we all know, led him away from scholasticism. He was not a musician in the ordinary sense of the term. An average student in any of our Conservatories probably knows more about the rules of his art than the Catanian composer ever acquired. Yet learned doctors, with fugue at their fingers' ends, plod wearily through long lives, and reap not a tithe of the fame that Bellini gained with a single effort of his inborn genius. It is a story that has often been told. You may, in this subtle art of music, build up elaborate structures, based upon profound ideas, and with tops that seem to reach heaven; but the world sees more charm in the simple flower that has bloomed by the wayside, with the sun shining upon it, and the free air fanning it. Yet scholasticism in music is not superfluous, even where the highest natural gifts exist, provided always that instinct does not reject it. Bellini's instinct did reject it, and when, towards the close of his life, he followed the advice of Rossini and others to aim at a more "musicianly" expression, the result was *I Puritani*. Nevertheless, who would exchange the Paris opera for *La Sonnambula?*

Bellini's good fortune was conspicuous in that, at the time he wrote, great singers were ready to be his interpreters. Rubini appeared in his third opera, the *Pirata;* Meric-Lalande and Tamburini in his fourth, the *Straniera;* Pasta sang in *La Sonnambula*, and Malibran in *Norma*, while the marvellous *Puritani* quartet—Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—is still fresh in the memory of veteran amateurs. It has been said that much of Bellini's reputation was due to the exceptional merit of artists who could touch nothing without adorning it; and that he gained by their co-operation is, of course, true. On the other hand, it is no less a fact that the most gifted performers are unable to endow a lifeless work with vitality. They may dress the corpse in beautiful garments, and adorn it with flowers, but it remains a corpse, and, in the inexorable order of nature, will return to dust. Unhappily, the matter is just now difficult to put to proof under every needful condition. There are plenty of composers able to produce lifeless works; but where are the great singers? We have one or two amongst us, and of these the most renowned has vainly tried, over and over again, to cover with the gold of her genius the base metal of inferior compositions. Bellini owed something, doubtless, to his expositors, but most to his own marvellous gift of melody, from the power of which even an inferior performance can take but little. With this weapon he conquered everywhere; the cold public of the North submitting as readily as his impassioned countrymen. It is said that the advent of his best-known operas in England stirred our undemonstrative public to its depths. Nothing was heard but the idyllic strains of *La Sonnambula*, while of *I Puritani* we are told that London was "steeped" in its music—"organs ground it; adventurous amateurs dared it; the singers themselves sang it to such satiety as to lose all consciousness of what they were engaged in, and, when once launched, to go on mechanically." Not less than the sensation caused by the very different themes of *Der Freyschütz* did all this prove mastery of that element in music which makes it a universal language. Weber, in the one case, and Bellini in the other, spoke with the accent of their respective countries, but were understood in all the fulness of their utterance by people who were foreign to both. This is the

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more to be noted as regards the Italian, because his themes frequently received no aid from dramatic situations and poetic ideas, with which they were at variance. Take, for example, the tenor air in the closing scene of *I Puritani*, or the second part of "Casta Diva," and mark how completely the musical effect is produced in the absence of congenial association rather than by its help. Furthermore, Bellini's melodies are unconnected with the musicianship which so often disguises the poverty of a theme, and, in an artistic sense, makes "the worse appear the better reason." The Sicilian composer's later operas, no doubt, show signs of improvement, and we know from one of his published letters—which, by the way, speaks the very language of modesty—that he had a genuine desire to enlarge his acquirements and to afford his ideas greater scope. But the best of his works is, in point of technique, as crude as might be expected in the case of a man whose vocation was not scholarship, and who, as a matter of fact, cramped his melodic genius in proportion as he endeavoured to make its utterances conform to that of the schools. A severe but not unjust critic has said that, in point of science, Bellini was "little more than an amateur, promising an artist. His power of construction was a mere nothing. His modulations might be pronounced awkward and hampered, had not we lived to see crudities cruder than his set forth, in the case of German writers, as discoveries belonging to an era of emancipation." Yet this unformed musician, with no science, no power of construction, and only an undeveloped idea of truth in dramatic expression, has held our operatic stage for fifty years and still enchants the world.

A great truth underlies the fact just stated, and gives us cause to ask whether the tendency of modern music is not to underrate the most potent resource at its command. This question is sometimes met by an arithmetical argument. We are told that as the tones of the scale are limited in number their combinations and permutations are limited also, and that the composers fortunate enough to live earlier actually exhausted them. The melodist, argue these reasoners according to Coker, must needs plagiarise, and scope for original work can only be found in the region of harmony, tone colour, and so on. It must be allowed that the deeds achieved in his domain are often very original indeed, but the man who turns away from melody because creation is no longer possible has only invented a theory and transferred thereto the flame of his own impotence. Of all the arts, perhaps, music most fully exemplifies the cunning which invents principles to suit conditions. There are composers now before the world who, better than any one else, appreciate the obligations they are under never to desert laws dictated by their own weakness. It is impossible to deny the cogency of their reasoning from the point of view they have taken up. If a man be no melodist the best course is to invent a system of music wherein the smallest modicum of tune can, under some high-sounding name or other, be made to do the greatest amount of service. The economy of certain modern "lights" is, in this respect wonderful. They will take a few notes and hammer them out to cover an area that would astonish a gold-beater. We can understand their action and make allowance for it, but the danger is lest a few blatant men mislead the mass, and a system be established which reduces melody to a minimum. That this danger exists no intelligent observer can fail to see, and should the end shape itself as perfectly excusable fears suggest, the Catania statue to Bellini may be looked upon as the memorial of a lost art. Yet, not a lost art; or, rather, not a lost gift. The fountains of melody no man's hand can close. They bubble up and stream forth independent of his volition, and the course of Nature remains unaffected by fashion. We may, therefore, take heart of grace. The next child of melody born to us will sing as his instinct prompts him. Like Mozart, he may strengthen himself by study, but the voice given him by Heaven will be used in Heaven's own way. J. B.

DRESDEN.—Mdlle Marie Krebs gave a concert on the 20th inst., when she played pieces by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Kirchner, Liszt, and Joseph Rubinstein.

BRUNSWICK.—A grand farewell concert was given in honour of Franz Abt, who leaves for Wiesbaden, where he proposes spending the remainder of his days. It was got up by the four leading Vocal Associations of the town, and the orchestra of the Ducal Theatre, Mdme Tamm-Lammert and Herr Bulss, both members of the operatic company, giving their services. The programme consisted for the most part of compositions by Abt himself, who officiated, probably for the last time, as conductor. The feelings animating all present found appropriate expression in a valedictory address spoken by a former member of the company, alluding in a touching manner to the line, "*Scheiden thut Weh!*" ("How painful to part!") in Abt's well-known ballad: "*Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts zieh'n*" ("When the Swallows homewards fly").

Our Gracious Queen.*

PART-SONG.

No longer now the fiery cross
Speeds on its warning way,
When eager clansmen buckled on
Their armour for the fray;
The piping times of peace are ours,
And, in their radiant smile,
The Thistle and the Rose have joined
To bless our little isle.

Then give three cheers, three hearty cheers,
For Britain's gracious Queen,
The noblest of her royal race
Our island yet hath seen.

The days have fled when feudal claims
Bound vassals to their lord,
When serfs would quail beneath his glance,
And tremble at his word.
A higher law now binds our hearts
To Britain's royal line,
'Tis sealed in love, and ratified
At Freedom's holy shrine.

Then give three cheers, &c.

Long may our Queen's unspotted life
Her diadem adorn,
And may her hours at eventide
Be blest as those at morn.
Abroad, at home, by land and sea,
Where'er her rule is known,
May Britain's sons reflect with pride
The lustre of her throne.

Then give three cheers, &c.

* *Copyright.* WETSTAR.

BRAHMS'S NEW CONCERTO.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Ever since I made acquaintance with Brahms's new Concerto, some six months ago, I have from time to time been haunted by the opening phrase of the first movement, strangely mixed up, however, with the march in *Le Prophète*. I have tried to account for this, but have only succeeded in doing so since hearing the work played (and splendidly played, too) by Mr Oscar Beringer, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last. The two themes are virtually identical.

Voilà.

MEYERBEER.

BRAHMS.

Strange that Brahms—inadvertently, of course—should have gone to Meyerbeer for an idea!

Little as I care for the "noble sport" of hunting "fifths" and "reminiscences," the fact of his apparently having done so seems worth making a note of.—Yours, &c., C. A. B.

Sydenham, Oct. 15, 1882.

[Tweedledum and Tweedledee! It would be well if Brahms had a sackful of Meyerbeer's ideas, and Meyerbeer a sackful of Brahms's counterpoint.—Dr Blidge.]

DURING his summer sojourn at Ischl, Johannes Brahms composed a Pianoforte Trio and a String Quartet, besides setting for chorus and orchestra, in the style of a "Schicksalslied," the song of the Fates from Goethe's *Iphigenie*.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," *Joshua* (Handel)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—Sonata, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, first time (Porpora)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Ye Cupids, droop each little head," and "Absent, yet present" (Maud V. White)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 21, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "O, ruddier than the cherry," by desire, (Handel)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha; Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Maid of Athens" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in F major (No. 9 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte and violin (Mozart)—Mdlle Janotha and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JONATHAN JUNIOR.—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg was born in South Carolina. The other American vocalist to whom Jonathan Junior refers, Miss Fanny Kellogg, is in no way related to her. It is probable that both are of Dutch extraction.

EPES OF IPSWICH.—No. Sir Petipace of Winchelsea is staying with Miles of Malvern, knocked up and very much indisposed.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

A NEW BALLET IN VIENNA.*

Melusina, the beauteous water fairy, after fascinating and ensnaring Count Raimund, has long exercised the same magic spell, though happily without the same disastrous result, on poets, painters, and musicians. And, strange enough, it is on *German* artists that she has done so. Though originally French, the legend of the Beautiful Melusina, the foundress of the Lusignan family, struck far deeper root in German soil than in the South, whence it did not find its way till subsequently. German popular belief has always been fond of busying itself with mysterious spirits of nature, good or bad, and thus Melusina soon became a familiar figure with it. The nation which has artistically immortalized a "Freischütz,"† Undine, Hanns Heiling, and the Flying Dutchman, could not, poetically unmoved, pass by so touching a being as Melusina. Felix Mendelssohn first glorified her in his most celebrated overture; a younger Vienna composer, Julius Zellner, followed with a "Melusina Symphony," which spread out, as it were, into four acts what Mendelssohn had compressed into one. We possess an opera of *Melusina* by Conradin Kreutzer,‡ and another by L. Schindelmeisser; in modern times, absolutely three operatic composers, C. Gramann, of Wiesbaden; Karl Mayerberger, of Pressburg; and Baron Perfall, of Munich, brought Melusina out almost simultaneously on the stage. But in her native land there has been no glorification for her in opera; she has not even served as subject for a ballet. After people there had had enough of mythological ballet subjects or those borrowed from ancient history, the Parisian ballet took a happy turn to fairy lore. The public greeted with enthusiasm a dancing version of The Sleeping Beauty (*La Belle au Bois dormant*) of Cinderella, of the Willis (*Giselle*), and of similar tales, which flung a breath of poetry over French ballet in the thirties and forties. But as yet no French dance-poet has thought of the Beautiful Melusina. Here in Vienna, moreover, it is not a "dance-poet" (as ballet-masters like to be called), but a literary poet with experience of the stage and of dancing, who has now come to the aid of our starving ballet repertory with the legend of Melusina. The play-bill designates this thankworthy collaborator *extra statum* by a mysterious asterisk, which, we hear, is pronounced "Friedrich Uhl." What first prompted him to take up the subject was Schwind's celebrated pictorial series in the Belvedere. Moritz von Schwind, the poet of fairydom among German painters, has, in this series, represented as a connected whole the history of the Beautiful Melusina, from its dreamy commencement to its tragically expiatory termination. These pictures, as charming for their pure beauty as for their musical magic of tone, possess almost the plainness of a spoken narrative. Nay, for a stage-experienced eye, they form, what they really are, a complete scenarium for a plot to be filled up with pantomime, dancing, and music. The author of the new ballet has, indeed, adhered truly to Schwind's illustrations, which, in the shape of pretty little photographs, are actually, like so many guide-maps, printed with the libretto. By adopting this plan, he has cut himself off from all approach to Grillparzer's operatic poem, *Melusina*, of which we at first thought, only he has retained, names and all, the jolly squire, Troll, and Melusina's two sisters, Plantina and Meliora, associating with the two latter, from a due appreciation of the interests of artistic grouping, a third sister. Grillparzer, who, as we know, wrote—though to no purpose—his libretto for Beethoven, altered the popular legend in many essential points—not always, it strikes me, advantageously. In his version, the Knight, Raimund, does not take Melusina home to his castle as his wife, but, intoxicated with love, lives with her in her magic palace, like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. A gradually awakening and ardent desire for home, for human intercourse, and for an active life at last impels him to go forth. Melusina willingly gives him leave, and adds a ring, by means of which he can summon her to him when he chooses. Only he is told that on one certain day of the week he must not do so, if he would not bring about his own destruction as well as hers. He swears to observe this condition, and returns home. His relations and friends retain him there and endeavour to rescue him from magic influence. He is persuaded to marry his cousin, Bertha, and throw away Melusina's ring. A figure with fluttering hair, and covered with scales, rises out of the ground before him and makes a snatch at the ring. Raimund, suddenly seized with regret and re-awakening love, wants the ring back again, and follows the apparition till both reach Melusina's well. "The ring, my ring!" "Here, take it; see!" The well collapses, and a tomb, with "Raimund" inscribed on it, is visible. The earth opens before it, and the apparition throws the ring into the opening. "I will seek it even in the grave!" exclaims Raimund, and, seized by another black figure, sinks dead on the ground. This horrible scene is immediately followed by a kind of apotheosis. Borne aloft on clouds which rise from out the tomb, Melusina, richly adorned, appears with Raimund kneeling at her feet. "Tod versöhnt! Treue gekrönt!" sing the Sisters, and a chorus of Spirits terminate the whole with the genuine Grillparzerian lines:

* From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

† A marksman who, according to German popular superstition, employed *Freikugeln*, *i.e.*, enchanted bullets, endowed with especial virtue by the Evil One, and possessing, among other gifts, the gift of sight. It is upon this superstition that, as we know, the book of Weber's masterpiece is founded. —TRANSLATOR.

‡ One of Mendelssohn's letters from Düsseldorf explains clearly why he also (*pace* Conradin Kreutzer) found it absolutely necessary that another *Melusina* overture should be written.—D. T.

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" Wenn sich höh're Mächte künden,
Muss auf ewig sich verbinden,
Oder nahen mög' er nie:
Halben Dienst verschmähen sie."

For the sake of the dramatic action Grillparzer suppressed what to my mind constitutes the greatest charm of the story: Melusina's marriage with Raimund, and their long and happy home life—the whole middle period illumined by earthly happiness, between the weird-like magic of the beginning and end. A ballet could scarcely have been possible according to Grillparzer's libretto, but it is possible according to Schwind's pictures, and has, with most charming success, become a reality. A certain monotony can certainly not be avoided in the scenic expansion of a thoroughly tender and simply constructed fairy tale. Notwithstanding this, we saw the ballet of *Melusina* with sincere satisfaction; it is a genuinely poetical production, standing out in delicate and noble relief from the commonplace gaudiness and display of most modern ballets. The scenes, faithfully arranged after Schwind, please the eye and heart—the marriage feast, the family scene, Melusina with her water-nymphs in the bath, being probably the most beautiful. At least equal praise is due, however, to one scene which affords no opportunity for material splendour: "Evil Tongues." It is a kind of "Calumny chorus," pantomimically carried out, admirably executed, and provided by Doppler with most charming music. On Melusina's first appearance, and also subsequently, Doppler introduces the principal motive of Mendelssohn's overture; this is at one and the same time a happy interpolation and a piece of delicate homage. A very graceful waltz of flower-girls in the first act, and a fresh peasant dance in the second will, likewise, be remarked in Doppler's music. The motiveless and stopgap character of many dances necessarily brought in to fill up voids in the action is unavoidable in any ballet, and, consequently, was so in *Melusina*. Without the systematized grand *pas de deux*, that unalienable right attached to the crown of the *prima ballerina*, the latter (Mdlle Cerale) would retain but little of her supremacy in a ballet where Melusina towers above every one else. The well-bred Countess Blaniferte plays by the side of the water-nymph Melusina about the same subordinate part that Bertalda plays beside Undine; Kunigunde beside Loreley; Erik beside the Flying Dutchman, and all respectable young ladies who figure as eligible matches in operas with water-nymphs and gnomes. For the poetical figure of Melusina the Operahouse possesses in Mdlle Abel an absolutely incomparable representative. The less thankful characters of the Knight, Raimund, and his Squire, were played by Herren Frappart and Price with their accustomed care and skill.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ and Mdme Norman-Néruda give an afternoon "Recital" at Mr Haynes's Concert Room, Great Malvern, on Wednesday next.

MEININGEN.—Dr Hans von Bülow is seriously ill and unable to perform his professional duties. He will probably have to abandon all idea of the concerts he was to give this winter with the Ducal Orchestra.

BAYREUTH.—According to the last number of the *Bayreuther Blätter*, the repetition of *Parsifal* here is assured not for 1883 alone but for "the following years" as well. We are, however, not informed what is the exact number of which "following" is the equivalent.

GREAT MALVERN.—Mdme Albani passed the interval between the Festivals of Hereford and Bristol here. It is stated by the local papers that Mdme Goldschmidt-Lind has purchased the house, near Windsor Point, South-east Malvern, which was built by the late eccentric Mr Johnson. It is superbly situated. We believe the statement to be correct. Mdme Goldschmidt has been at Malvern for some time.

MESSRS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S new opera, we are informed, will be played for the first time at the Greenwich Theatre on the 19th of November. Its title was originally *Iolanthe*, but that being the name of a drama played a few years ago in London, it has been changed to *Perola*. The Misses Jessie Bond, Alice Barnet, and Leonora Braham; Messrs Temple, Lely, and Thornton will have leading parts assigned to them. The new opera will be given on the same date (to secure the American copyright) simultaneously at two theatres in the United States. And at a future period it will be produced in London at the Savoy.

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The programme of the season, 1882–83, is interesting in several respects, and suggestive of comment in most. It brings English music, and, marvellous to say, English instrumental soloists, to the front. Thus we are to have a new symphony by Mr Thomas Wingham; the orchestral works lately produced at Birmingham by Mr Villiers Stanford and Mr Hubert Parry; the "Scandinavian" symphony of Mr F. H. Cowen, and that which figures so conspicuously among the artistic remains of Sterndale Bennett. The "unmusical country," therefore, is not badly represented in the scheme; but more reason for astonishment may be found in the engagement as soloists of Mr Carrodus and Mr Edward Howell. What does this portend? Is the Crystal Palace to be no longer the happy and well-nigh exclusive hunting-ground of foreigners—especially of second-rate Germans? If so, there will be fright among the legions of the Fatherland, and a firm conviction that nothing less extraordinary than the comet could have wrought such a change. For ourselves, we leave divination of the cause to the legions; take the effect and rejoice therein. The prospectus promises a fair allowance of classical music, including four symphonies—all the odd numbers save No. 1—by Beethoven; Mendelssohn's A minor; Nos. 2 and 4 of Schumann; No. 2 of Brahms; Mozart's "Concertante Symphonie" in E flat, for violin and viola; and Haydn's "Le Midi." In addition we are told to look for Schubert's Symphony in E (No. 7) left unfinished by the master, but now completed by Mr John Francis Barnett. Poor Schubert! Why will they not let thee alone? However, Mr Barnett is not a musical ghoul like the Abbé Liszt, and it may be assumed that, serenely bold as he has proved himself on many occasions, he undertook this job with reluctance and has done it with modesty. We only wish that his reluctance had been absolute and his modesty invincible. In a little while we may hear of somebody repairing the Medicean Venus. The modern school of orchestral music is abundantly represented in the Crystal Palace list, which contains, for example, Rubinstein's "Russian" Symphony, Raff's No. 6—performed "in memoriam" this day (Saturday)—Bizet's suite, *L'Arlésienne*, and works by Dvôrák, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. Besides all this, a number of choral compositions are set down; amongst them Gounod's *Redemption*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and, by way of absolute novelty, the *Requiem* of Berlioz—one of those gigantic structures under the ruins of which Wagner declares that the French composer lies buried. With such a programme before him, Mr Manns will not have a leisurely season; nor will frequenters of the Crystal Palace complain of a dull one. The opening concert was well attended, and its programme could boast a singularly representative character. Thus, for the school which brought modern romanticism into graceful alliance with classic forms stood Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymphs;* Beethoven's Symphony in A was sponsor for Beethoven; while the "Waldweben" from *Siegfried*, and the "Preislied," from *Die Meistersinger*, showed the more intelligible and graceful side of Wagner. To complete the list, Berlioz had a charming representative in the "Hymn to Happiness," from *Lelio*, and the latest development of Brahms's laborious art was illustrated by his new Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (No. 2), performed for the first time in England. With regard to this work, the official analyst—who should be complimented upon a clear and succinct exposition of its structure—declares that two "generally accepted statements of the school books" are by it conclusively refuted. The statements in question are that "a concerto is an instrumental composition designed to show off the skill of an executant," and that it "consists of only three movements." *Argal*, Brahms did not here intend to show off executive skill. Mr Oscar Beringer, who was the soloist on Saturday, would doubtless argue that he has done so nevertheless, and thus we have a striking exemplification of the by no means rare fact that a man going about to refute "school books," which only formulate the wisdom of ages, may unintentionally justify them. If the analyst had said that in this work Brahms has not considered the genius of the pianoforte, but written music which sounds like an arrangement from an orchestral score, and that, therefore, the highest qualities of a pianist cannot appear, he would have been nearer the truth. Regarding the second statement of the "school books"—a concerto has three movements—that is as true in the accepted order of art as that man is a biped is true in the accepted order of nature. Of course a composer may, like Brahms, produce a concerto in four movements and nature may endow a man with three legs, but there is no more refutation in the one case than in the other. It would be almost criminally presumptuous to give judgment upon a work so elaborate and, in some respects, so new as this concerto after a single hearing, and before its text has been studied. The charge of such rashness we are not disposed to incur, but may record an impression that the first move-

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ment belongs to the great things of symphonic writing. It may turn out to be over-elaborated, in the frequent manner of the master, but it fastens upon the attention and impresses the mind. The second movement, which Brahms very properly does not call a *scherzo*, is worthy of the first, and contains an unusual proportion of music grateful to the soloist; while the slow movement, though here and there more curious than beautiful, is often beautiful without being curious. Recognizing that he has made sufficient demands upon his audience, Brahms winds up with a genial *allegretto*, full of tune, and as little scholastic as may be. Altogether, the concerto bespeaks the sympathetic hearing and respectful discussion which it will doubtless receive time and again during the approaching season. The performance, though not faultless, was praiseworthy—the epithet applying with force to Mr Beringer's solo playing. Always conscientious and skilful, if seldom inspired, Mr Beringer acquitted himself well of a prodigiously exacting task. The honour deservedly paid to Mr Manns needs no mention, nor is it requisite to insist upon the fact that Mr Edward Lloyd did perfect justice to the vocal music of Berlioz and Wagner.—*D. T.*

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After the concert came the re-opening of the grand organ (in the Handel orchestra), which has just been reconstructed by the builders, Messrs Gray & Davison. The instrument has cost about £6,000, and is now of exceptional power and capacity. It has four manuals (or key-boards)—and a set of pedals, with independent stops, and a compass of thirty notes; the total number of stops (including those of combination) being 80. The wind is supplied by three of Joy's hydraulic engines, and the motive power is taken from the water of one of the great towers. The machinery for this purpose is under the organ, and is shown to visitors who desire to inspect it. The opening performance on Saturday evening was given by Mr A. J. Eyre (appointed organist to the Crystal Palace Company), who played a varied selection of music—sacred and secular—affording proofs of his own skill and of the good qualities of the instrument. Weekly performances by other eminent organists will be given on successive Saturdays up to December 16, inclusive.—*D. N.*

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Time deals gently with these concerts. They entered last night upon their twenty-fifth year, which is almost old age in the short-lived family of musical institutions, yet there does not appear the smallest sign of waning vigour. The public are attracted by them as much as heretofore; the old activity in building up an enormous repertory is yet shown, and the accomplished artists who have been associated with their fortunes so long remain faithful. Mr S. Arthur Chappell, who has managed the concerts from their beginning, is entitled to be proud of such good fortune and to identify himself with its cause in no slight measure, for assuredly tact, skill, and knowledge in the director were required to bring it about. Mr Chappell's prospectus is never eloquent nor ostentatiously confidential regarding the arrangements of the season. Of this nobody complains. His patrons are willing to trust him where he gives no opportunity of tracing him, and do not ask to know more than the manager chooses to tell. What he has revealed just now can be put into a very small compass, but it is all satisfactory. For example, we are to have Herr Joachim at two different periods of the season—that is to say, during December, and from the end of Feburary to the close of the series. The change is good, since it tends to raise the interest of the pre-Christmas performances, and thus to equalize attraction. Mdme Norman-Néruda will be more often heard than usual. She is engaged to lead the quartet during the whole of three months and part of a fourth—a conclusive evidence, by the way, of her great popularity, though whether a variety of talent in so important a position might not be desirable remains an open question. The pianists announced to appear are Mdlle Janotha, who entered upon her share of work yesterday; Mr Charles Hallé; and Herr Pachmann, the Russian *débutant* of last season. Nothing is said of Miss Marie Krebs, but this, in the absence of proof to the contrary, must be regarded as an oversight. Surely so accomplished an artist, and one so familiar at these concerts, has not been left out in the cold. Herr Ries again takes the second violin, Messrs Straus, Holländer, and Zerbini will play the viola as heretofore, and the useful artist last named continues in his place as accompanist. Finally, "Signor Piatti will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions"—an announcement which conveys much in few words. Monday night's programme contained a varied and, in all respects, admirable selection of works, ranging from Haydn to Brahms. The old composer came last, of course, because in that position he is more than ever welcome, with his unfailing tunefulness and his clear, because masterly, art. Clouds and darkness may precede Haydn, but when he comes the sun shines and puts everybody in good spirits. On this occasion the Austrian musician was represented by his quartet in D Minor—not the often played Op. 76, but the seldom heard Op. 42. Mr Chappell did well to produce this beautiful work three years ago, since when it has not been neglected, nor ever will be while true connoisseurs survive. The performance by Mdme Néruda, MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, was thoroughly sympathetic. That it was also able goes without saying. Mendelssohn contributed to the programme his *Variations Sérieuses*—undoubtedly the most striking exemplification of the mastery he had acquired over a form now neglected, but in which all the great composers of the past took delight. The distinctiveness of this work lies in the happy success of an endeavour to treat the variation form in a graver spirit than that which usually makes it a mere plaything of fancy. Mendelssohn has shown how this can be done without sacrifice of dignity, and his composition occupies a special place by right thereof. The Variations were entrusted to Mdlle Janotha, who proved herself mistress of their letter, if not an obviously ardent sympathiser with their spirit. Brahms's Sextet in G for strings was associated with the foregoing examples of masters who have left us. Though not so well known as the companion work in B flat, owing to its introduction as recently as 1879, the Sextet in G ranks among favourites, and holds an assured place in the working repertory of these concerts. It would be idle to contest the justice of this, or to enter upon comparisons in a case where each and everything must be judged for itself. Certain it is that we should rejoice in the continued life of a composer able to write a piece that even its worst detractors must credit with nearly classic importance. In the hands of Mdme Néruda MM. Ries, Holländer, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti, the Sextet, difficult though it be, was of course quite safe. Mdme Néruda chose for her solo, Franz Ries's prelude, Romance and Scherzo (Op. 27), playing each movement not only with consummate skill but perfect charm; and the vocalist, Miss Carlotta Elliot, sang acceptable songs by Handel, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, to the judicious accompaniment of Mr Zerbini.—*D. T.*

A CONCERT was given at St James's Hall on Saturday evening with the laudable object of aiding the fund for educating the slave children in Cuba. The movement is under the patronage of the Spanish Minister, the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, &c., and the concert was organized by Signor Vergara, who is giving similar performances in the provinces. But little need be said of Saturday's concert beyond recommending the purpose for which it was given. The programme consisted of a varied selection of vocal and instrumental pieces. Mdme Carlotta Patti, eminent sister of an eminent *prima donna*, contributed some successful performances, and Mdme Selika (a Creole lady) was favourably received in airs of different styles. The other vocalists were Mdme Evans-Warwick, Messrs Vergara, P. Blandford, and J. Lynde. Solos were performed by De Munck (violoncello), Papini (violin), and Tito Mattei (pianoforte).

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—If it may be said that the programme of the "benefit" concert given on Thursday evening by Mdme Christine Nilsson and Mr Sims Reeves was drawn up rather to attract a crowd than to exemplify art, there can be no question of the further fact that its object was attained. The crowd gathered, and, what is more, were pleased to the extent of enthusiasm, if by that name we may call a sensation of never having had enough of the good things going. Encores prevailed throughout the evening; with reference, at any rate, to the work done by the principal artists, who often accepted them in the Hibernian sense—as demands for something else. Thus Mdme Trebelli, asked to repeat "Voi che sapete," substituted Mr Carter's "What the waves said," and later on, preferred her favourite air from *Carmen* to a repetition of Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne." In like manner Mr Santley replaced "O! ruddier than the cherry" by "To Anthea," and Mdme Nilsson gave a new ballad in lieu of Sullivan's familiar "Let me dream again." This latitude did not, however, always prevail. Mr Santley sang Tosti's "For ever and for ever" twice; Mr Sims Reeves, after a prolonged struggle against an unreasoning audience, did the same with the "Bay of Biscay;" Mdme Nilsson and her co-beneficiary consented to repeat the duet, "Da quel dì," from *Linda di Chamouni*; and the Swedish songstress, with Mdme Trebelli, gave a second time, "La luna immobile," from Boïto's *Mefistofele*. It would be as superfluous to tell how the artists acquitted themselves in such well-known pieces as to account for the favour they received. Nevertheless, under the special circumstances of the case, we may state that Mdme Nilsson—whose reception the audience emphasized in a fashion distinctly marked—did all her work so as to encourage high hopes of forthcoming Transatlantic success. She is well known and liked in the States, where, however, she will not be under the necessity of depending in any measure upon repute gained in the past. The Swedish artist showed herself on Thursday night not less able than heretofore to fascinate an audience by the charm of her voice and manner. In addition to the performers already mentioned, Miss Clements, Mr Herbert Reeves, and Mr Barrington Foote took part, with more

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success than is usual when great names and long-recognized talent overshadow comparative beginners. The band of the 2nd Life Guards, under Mr Winterbottom, contributed a number of well chosen pieces, and played them tastefully.—*D. T.*

Bow and Bromley Institute.—The Organ Recitals continue their successful career—and deservedly so, considering the excellence of the programmes. The organists include some of our best players, assisted by well-known vocalists. Last Saturday a crowded audience assembled to hear Mr Wrigley (of High Wycombe) play, and Mdme Enriquez sing. To-night (Saturday) Mr Frank J. Sawyer (of Brighton) will play, and the vocalist will be Mdme Marie Klauwell. Engagements, we understand, include Mr W. T. Best, on Nov. 11; and M. Alex. Guilmant, on Dec. 9.

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PROVINCIAL.

Birmingham.—There ought to be no room for doubt now as to the popular attractiveness of Beethoven's *Fidelio* when adequately presented—at all events in Birmingham. Time was when Beethoven, like Shakspere, spelt ruin in the managerial lexicon; but Mdme Roze, like Sganarelle, has *changé tout cela*, and by the inexorable logic of facts *Fidelio* is shown to be the most attractive work in Mr Carl Rosa's repertory. The first performance of the opera last week brought together a large and brilliant audience, but that which assembled to witness the second performance was even larger, the dress circle in particular being crowded to overflowing. Public interest, of course, continues to centre in the Leonora of Mdme Marie Roze, which improves, not merely "upon acquaintance"—to use the conventional phrase—but as a matter of fact, and as a necessity, apparently, of that in-born process of development which is the surest note of an original and living creation. The Marcellina of Miss Clara Perry, with its graceful simplicity and *naïvete*, supplies the needful foil to the sombre grandeur and intensity of Leonora; and the Florestan of Mr McGuckin is, in regard to vocalization, a most effective and gratifying performance. Mr Ludwig's Pizarro is not his best character, but it was more satisfactory last night than on the previous occasion. Mr Snazelle acquitted himself creditably as Rocco; but the substitution of Mr Stilliard for Mr Leslie Crotty in the part of the Minister cannot be considered an improvement. The choruses, and especially the famous Prisoners' Chorus, were admirably executed, and the playing of the band under Mr Pew's conductorship left little to be desired.—B. P.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The remarkably successful series of operatic performances at the Tyne Theatre came to a conclusion on Saturday night, when Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* was given, with Mdlle Philippine Siedl as the Colleen Bawn, Miss Helen Armstrong as Mrs Cregan, Mr Faulkner Leigh as Hardress, Mr Charles Lyall as Myles, and Mr Richard Temple as Danny Mann. The performance, especially as regards the artist above-mentioned, was a very successful one. Miss Siedl gave a very charming delineation of the innocent Eily, and Mr Faulkner Leigh did full justice to the part of Hardress Cregan. This gentleman possesses a very fine tenor voice, which has been well trained, and his singing evoked hearty applause. The most popular character of the opera, however, was the Myles of Mr Charles Lyall. It is many years since we first saw Mr Lyall in this character, but it has lost none of its freshness. We know of no operatic artist who could equal Mr Lyall in the part of Myles, so thoroughly has he identified himself with it. Mr Richard Temple was Danny Mann, and Mr A. Howell made an excellent Father Tom. The sisters Elliot again appeared in the ballet scene with quite as much success as on former occasions. The band and chorus, as usual, contributed materially to the success of the performance, and deserve much praise.—N. O. T.

Truro.—A "Grand County Musical Festival" is announced to take place at the Market Hall on Tuesday morning and evening next, October 24, in aid of the hospitals of West Cornwall, under the patronage of a host of noble county families, including the Right Hon. the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, the Right Hon. the Earl of St. Germains, the Right Hon. Viscount Falmouth, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Truro, the Right Hon. Lord Robartes, and the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Truro, &c. The principal singers are Miss Annie Marriott, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli; the pianist, Mrs R. H. Carter; organist, Mr Richard White, jun.; and the musical director and conductor, Mr J. H. Nunn, M.R.A.M. The band and chorus will consist of members of the Choral Societies of Truro, Penzance, and Camborne, numbering about 400 performers. Mr M. G. Rice will be leader of the first and Miss L. M. Nunn of the second violins. *The Creation* will be performed in the morning, and in the evening there will be a miscellaneous selection from the works of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Gounod, &c. The programme is quite worthy the occasion, and we have no doubt of the festival being brought to a successful issue—it must artistically, and ought to be pecuniarily.

MUCH ADO AT THE LYCEUM.

Much has been said of the now famous revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* at the Lyceum. Much has been said of the performance as a whole. The beautiful scenery and the excellent stage-management has been eulogized in every possible way. But far too little, in our humble opinion, has been said of the individual acting of the two most prominent characters; and we venture to prophesy that many a day will pass before we see again two such ideal representatives of Beatrice and Benedick as Miss Terry and Mr Irving. To be sure the former has a much less difficult task than the latter, for she has only to be her own charming self, and there stands Shakspere's merry heroine ready made. Up to a certain point, therefore, success was a foregone conclusion as far as the Beatrice was concerned. That point is the "Chapel scene;" and no one, with all the advantages of person and manner in the world, but a great actress, could play that scene as Ellen Terry plays it, with such tenderness, such brilliancy, and, above all, such inspiration. Divided by three passions—sorrow, love, and anger—the actress throws herself into these varying emotions with utmost abandonment. She gives no thought *then* to picturesque attitude or arrangement of drapery—and yet she has never posed more finely than when she stands in the centre of the stage, and cries: "Oh, God, that I were a man!" All through this scene her tears, her smiles, and her frowns follow one upon the other in the most bewildering and captivating manner. Who could resist this woman? And this is as it should be. For it is here Benedick falls genuinely in love, where before he was only playing at it. For the rest, Miss Terry has but to be her merry self again: and what can be more delightful? A little more dryness might be given to some of her smart sayings. For instance, in the speech beginning "Why, he is the Prince's jester"—and the other—"Do! do! he'll but break a comparison or two on me." But, taking her all in all, we could not possibly see a better Beatrice.

Now for Benedick. We have said Miss Terry had the easier task to perform. This is so, because, to begin with, Benedick is the more difficult part; also, Mr Irving's usual appearance and manner, though admirably suited to Hamlet and all weird and poetical parts, is not one with which we generally connect Benedick. How does Mr Irving make Benedick fit him and his idiosyncrasies, or does he fit Benedick, and mould himself to the part as Shakspere drew it? Why, the latter, to be sure! He is as bluff and soldierly a Benedick as anyone could desire when in the first scene he follows Don Pedro with an easy, self-possessed gait, a good humoured smile of superiority lighting up his face as he catches sight of Beatrice, who is longing to cross words with him. His tone, as he delivers the line, "'Tis certain I am loved of all ladies," denotes at once what a fine opinion Benedick has of himself. His manner is that of a thorough gentleman, but not too highly polished. His voice is firm, and not one of his "good things" misses fire. Never did a scene go so well as did that where Don Pedro and his companions trick Benedick into falling into love. It is splendidly played by all. But we must confess most of the merriment was caused by Mr Irving's ever expressive countenance; for even when left alone, and he stands, looking funny things and saying none, the house roared again and again. Rich in humour, too, is the soliloquy following, in which, out of the generosity of his heart, he resolves to requite Beatrice's love. Then, again, his sheep-faced look, as he stands before his friends, confessed *a lover*, in his gay costume, with his chin close shaven, is irresistibly diverting. It is later on, however, that the hand of a master shows itself. A subtle change has come upon this Benedick by the time he is left alone with Beatrice in the chapel, when the reality of his love for her dawns upon him. With what consummate art does Mr Irving mark this change. It is a different man from the earlier Benedick. His ways are more gentle, his voice softer, his bearing more chivalrous. How full of meaning is his gesture as he ventures timidly to touch her hand. Shall we ever forget the fascination of his manner as he says, "I do love nothing in the world so well as you:—*Is not that strange?*" or the rapture expressed as he exclaims, "And do it—with all thy heart!" to her, "I was about to protest I loved you." He is thoroughly in love, and so happy in his love, we are obliged to rejoice with him. Mr Irving's acting here is beautiful—manly, natural, and perfectly true to the poet's creation. He carries this spirit through to the

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very end of the play, until, as Benedick himself says, no one was ever so "truly turned over and over with love." He ends at last in a very ecstasy of joy as he catches Beatrice in his arms and stops her mouth with kisses. Truly theirs is no made up marriage, as it has so often seemed before, but a real love match. We should delight to dwell further on the many other beauties, and the high finish of the performance of the play generally; but space is scarce, so we will content ourselves by saying—should any one be suffering from the "blues," let them pay the Lyceum a visit, and they will find a complete cure, unless they belong to the great unappreciated—there is no cure for *them*.

ROSA KENNEY.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 635.)

ORATORIO.

In point of musical idea, the oratorio follows the same plan as the opera. It is the musical expression of a complete poem, whether in prose or verse; this expression being conveyed in balanced alternation of changeful and restful ideas, in recitative, solos, and chorus.

In point of verbal idea, oratorios belong to three kinds—the sacred drama, the narrative, and the didactic, which we may call the great anthem. The first aims at the representation of the subject to the eye by action and scenery, as well as by words to the other senses; the second relates the story of the subject; and the third is the devotion or worship called forth by contemplation of the subject.

The first kind, or sacred drama, has its origin in the mysteries and miracle-plays which were used all over Europe about the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, for the instruction of the unlearned, and which consisted of dramatic representations of sacred themes joined to the singing of hymns and carols. Though these plays were in use in all parts of Europe, the development from them of the sacred drama with music belongs to Italy. S. Filippo Neri instituted performances in his church in Rome, the music of which was at first composed by Giovanni Annimuccia; some of these were of a kind similar to the mysteries or miracle-plays, while others were selections of hymns or *Lauds*. These performances were kept up long after the death of S. Filippo Neri, in 1595; and from the oratory in which they were performed they derived the name of oratorio. Cavalieri wrote an oratorio for these performances, called *The Soul and the Body*, which was produced in 1600; and this was in precisely the same style as that which was adopted or invented simultaneously in Florence by Caccini and Peri for the opera. From this time onwards the oratorio in Italy has been written in the same form and has had the same development as the opera. Though also performed without acting, there were seasons in Italy—Lent, for instance—when secular operas were forbidden to be performed in the theatres, and at such times the sacred operas were performed in their place, with scenery and action. This was the origin of Cimarosa's *Sacrifice of Abraham*, Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar*, &c. With the exception of *The Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, Handel's English oratorios were written with a feeling for this stage use, though they were never performed with acting; and the oratorio use in England was distinctly understood to be without acting and character costumes. Thus, while *Belshazzar* and others of his oratorios had stage directions in them, *Esther*, adapted from Racine's play, was advertised for its first performance as "without clothes." The secular *Acis and Galatea*, first performed with acting, was afterwards done "after the manner of an oratorio," *i.e.*, in concert fashion.

The second kind, or narrative oratorio, originated in the recitations of the sacred story of Passion week in the churches, both Roman and Lutheran, in which the narrative portions, or words of the Evangelist, were all allotted to one person among the several performing ministers, while the spoken words of the characters in the story were given to one or more different persons. This kind received its highest development in J. S. Bach's different settings of the story of the Passion, for use in the Lutheran churches.

The third kind of oratorio is the natural development of the anthem, the descendant of the little hymn or music worship of the church. This received its first aggrandisement in S. Filippo Neri's selections of hymns; and it has increased in power and extent with the increase of the capabilities and knowledge of its inventors and performers. Still it remains, as of old, the music of devotion, the expression of sacred meditation, the devotional feeling roused by contemplation of the holy subject selected by the composer; and still, as of old, it will find its friends wherever Christianity and music are friends. Handel's *Messiah* must be considered the greatest example of this kind.

Though the general bent of the different kinds is very clear, they often approach to one another in the course of the work. Thus Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew, a narrative oratorio in its main principle, has some dramatic effects in it. For instance, the chorus for the disciples, "Lord, is it I?" with the anxious re-iteration of the words as from the mouths of each in turn and together;

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the cry of the people with the single word "Barabbas;" the repeated cry, "Let Him be crucified;" and other passages of the same kind. Bach's *Passion* has also a considerable amount of meditation in the choruses and solos, as well as in the more decidedly devotional chorals or hymns which were to be sung by the congregation of the church in which the work was to be performed. *The Messiah*, though in the main a great anthem on the great subject, has a portion of narrative which forms what has been happily styled a Raffaelesque picture of the nativity. This closes with the angel's song, "Glory to God," which is a dramatic effect. *Israel in Egypt* is equally divided between narrative and anthem. The first half is the story from the Psalms of David of the sorrow of the Israelites while in Egypt, and of the wonders worked at their deliverance; the latter half is the song of Moses and the people after their release, and is the expression of the adoration drawn from their hearts by those wonders worked for them.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

STUTTGART.—Wanda Bogdani, who has been singing at the Theatre Royal with a view to succeed Mdme Hanfstängl, has made a good impression as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. She is a Pole, wife of the Belgian Count Vandameere, and may be remembered playing a conspicuous part in the celebrated trial in 1876 at Vienna.

GRATZ.—Plankensteiner-Wilt, determined to embrace the career in which her mother, Marie Wilt, has distinguished herself, made her first appearance on any stage at the National Theatre, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. Her second appearance was in the character of Aïda. She was favourably received on each occasion.

MANNHEIM.—Jean Becker, founder and director of the Florentine Quartet, has determined to establish a Violin School in this town, which has long been his home. His daughter, Jeanne, and two sons, Hanns and Hugo, already known to the artistic world, have formed themselves into a Trio, and will shortly start on their first concert-tour.

CASSEL.—Mdlle Kolderupp, formerly *prima donna* at the Theatre Royal, is dead. Last season she had an apoplectic fit on the stage. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she went to Norway, the land of her birth, in the hope that her native air would restore her to perfect health—a hope not destined to be fulfilled.

LEIPSIC.—The first Gewandhaus Concert went off splendidly. The programme was thus constituted:—Symphony in E flat major (No. 1 of Breitkopf and Härtel's Edition); "Violin Concerto in the Form of a Vocal Scene," Spohr; Toccata (scored by Heinrich Esser), J. S. Bach; Adagio and Rondo from first Violin Concerto, Vieuxtemps; Symphony in F major, No. 8, Beethoven. The violinist was Norman-Néruda, who more than realized the expectations of her legion of admirers here.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 644.)

This work, written for a particular occasion, was necessarily of an ephemeral nature, and not destined to survive the event calling it into existence; I shall, therefore, merely register the following notice which I find of it in a collection of that time:

"A sort of pantomime; a nullity as regards dramatic merit; it was played simultaneously at two theatres, but did not draw at either."*

As, however, small causes often produce great effects, I will venture on a remark which may have some importance. We know what little sympathy Napoleon always manifested for Cherubini, the sharpness with which he treated him, and the perseverance with which he unjustly kept him in the shade as long as the Empire lasted. Now it has frequently struck me that the conqueror at Arcole, who was not much suspected of admiring those who might have become his rivals, must have felt but a moderate amount of affection for the memory of the noble soldier who pacified La Vendée, and that the remembrance of this hero, a genuine worshipper of liberty, must have been somewhat unwelcome to the great captain who wanted to establish his throne on its ruins. From this fact to supposing him capable of bearing great ill-will against the musician imprudent enough to sing Hoche's glory and virtues is but a step, for great men have often singular pettinesses of mind. I attributed, however, only the value of a conjecture to this possible cause of Napoleon's antipathy to Cherubini, when I had occasion to read for the first time the notice Raoul-Rochette wrote on the latter. Now Raoul-Rochette enounces precisely the same opinion, and supports it by a singular fact, which lends it additional strength, and we shall, by the fragment of his notice, see what a direct cause he assigns to the kind of ostracism Napoleon always inflicted on Cherubini:

"The man who then presided over the destinies of France and the world always made a point of showing M. Cherubini the aversion he entertained for him personally as well as for his music. Several causes have been assigned for this unjust sentiment, which weighed on M. Cherubini's fortunes and will always weigh upon Napoleon's memory. It has been said that the too haughty freedom of certain replies had estranged the man who achieved despotism only by the aid of freedom, and was already so intoxicated with his power as not to be able to allow a musician to have an opinion in music. But Napoleon's antipathy for M. Cherubini had, to all appearance, another reason and another origin. The conqueror of Arcole brought back from his visit to Italy a march of Paisiello's, which he wished to hear at the Conservatory. The director, M. Sarette, thought he ought to profit by the opportunity and show the young hero, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed, the entire resources of the new institution, by employing them on a more important composition; so he selected a cantata and funeral march written, to words by Chénier, by M. Cherubini for the funeral of General Hoche. It is a strikingly expressive piece, containing beauties of the highest order, and had made a prodigious impression on the people of Paris, but failed to do so on the conqueror of Italy. The General felt offended that the performance was not limited to what he had said he should like to hear; he thought there was an intention of giving him a lesson by showing that France could do without foreign talent. Perhaps, too, he was wounded at hearing Hoche's praises sung; perhaps, in a word, he already desired hymns for no one but himself. Be this as it may, he appeared displeased. Scarcely was the performance over, when he went up to M. Cherubini, and, without saying a word to him about his march, spoke only in praise of Paisiello, whom he looked upon as the first of all composers, while after him he would hear of no one but Zingarelli, which deprived our composer of the hope of occupying even the second rank. 'I say nothing about Paisiello,' murmured Cherubini, in a low voice, 'but Zingarelli ——.' And that was his only answer."†

We shall see, further on, what was the effect of this hostile feeling of Napoleon's towards Cherubini, and how heavily it weighed upon the illustrious artist's existence.

Soon afterwards, Cherubini again thought of doing something for the stage. Unfortunately, he hit on the ill-advised notion of working with an obscure author, who deceived his confidence. The name of this author was Saint-Aignan, and the book of *L'Hôtellerie Portugaise*, his first work, was far from proving lucky to the musician, who bore all the weight of his colleague's faults. The work, in one act, was brought out on the 7th Thermidor, Year VI. (25th July, 1798), the artists being Réziçourt, Jausserand, Dérubelle, Raffile, Mdmes Lesage, Augustine Lesage, and Dessaules, and was an almost total failure.‡ The composer, as we shall see, was not confounded in the librettist's bad fortune, and the public meted out justice to both. Giving an account of the performance, the *Courier des Spectacles* expressed itself as follows:

"The opera performed yesterday achieved only half a success, or rather, was received, to a certain extent, with disfavour, the cause of which will be evident from the following facts. . ."

After analysing the book, the writer adds:

"The music was very good; the hand of a skilful master was apparent from the very overture, which, like many of the numbers, bore the stamp of Citizen Cherubini, for whom there was a loud call, but he did not respond to it."

(To be continued.)

* *Vérités à l'ordre du jour* (Year VII.), p. 183.

† Raoul-Rochette: *Notice sur Cherubini*, pp. 46, 47.

‡ The other pieces on the first night were *La Famille indigente*, by Gaveaux, and *Jean-Baptiste*, by Cousin-Jacques.

MONTE-CARLO.—The Italian operatic season, which will last from the middle of January to the middle of March, is to be inaugurated by *Les Huguenots*. The other works will be *Faust*, *Le Nozze*, *Mignon*, *Galatea*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Dragons de Villars*, and *La Traviata*.

BRUSSELS.—After an interval of twelve years, Halévy's *Eclair* has been performed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Mdlle Angèle Legault playing the leading character. A one-act comic opera, *Frasquita*, by Laurent de Billé, Selvay, and Dubosch, has been produced at the Théâtre des Galeries Saint-Hubert.

PRAGUE.—Herr Angelo Neumann has abandoned the idea of coming here with his *Nibelungen* company. The Neustädter Theater, where the performances were to be given, cannot be heated, the artists have scruples about singing there at the end of October, and the town lies much out of the route of the tour.

BASLE.—The peerless Norman-Néruda took part in the first concert of the General Musical Society, enchanting all hearers by the manner in which she executed Spohr's *Gesangscene* and the last two movements from Vieuxtemps' E major Concerto. The orchestral works were Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Gade's overture to *Hamlet*, and Schumann's to *Genoveva*.

NEW YORK (*from a Correspondent*).—It was announced in some of the papers that Gounod's *Redemption* would be produced by the Oratorio Society, under Dr Damrosch, in December, but Theodore Thomas had already arranged with Messrs Ditson, representatives of Novello & Co., for the exclusive right to use their manuscript copy of the orchestral score. They have only one, and it is the only one here; so it is probably Mr Thomas who will first introduce the new work to the public of the Empire City. "Certainly," observes *Music and the Drama*, "the Piano and Vocal Score is published, and Dr Damrosch is at perfect liberty to orchestrate it for himself, there being no actual property in the performing right; but, although *Faust* was first given in America under similar conditions, we hardly imagine the Doctor will act on so equivocal a precedent."—I am informed that, as the time approached for commencing his New York season, Mr Mapleson reduced the prices of the boxes left on his hands: 1,000 dollar boxes were to be had for 800 dollars, and 180 dollar seats for 150.—After fulfilling an engagement at Waterbury, Connecticut, Aline Osgood goes to Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana.

A PUPIL OF MR HAYNES'S.—We have frequently had the pleasure of calling attention to the successes of Mr Haynes's pupils, and now we see by the *Hampshire Telegraph and Sussex Chronicle* of last Saturday that Mr C. Blissett, organist of St Mark's, Portsea, and formerly organist of Cowleigh Church and pupil of Mr Haynes, has been giving a successful organ recital. We extract the following from the above-named paper:—"An organ recital was given by Mr A. Blissett, organist of St Mark's Church, North End, in that sacred building on Wednesday evening. Mr Blissett played a series of varied selections, which displayed to the full his ability as an organist. He opened with Best's 'Fantasia and Fugue' on an ancient psalm-melody, the next number being a fine performance of Lemmens' fantasia in E minor, 'The Storm.' He also gave admirably an 'Offertoire in F' by Wély. But his finest performance was Haynes's 'Grand Fantasia' on a French air, an 'Andante in D' and 'Adagio with Finale in C,' by Haydn, and an 'Allegro Moderato' from Handel were the other pieces."—*Malvern News*, *October* 14.

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WAIFS.

Mdme Christine Nilsson was a passenger by the Cunard steamer, "Gallia," which sailed from Queenstown last Saturday. She goes out to fulfil an engagement of fifty nights.

Mdme Adelina Patti leaves for New York to-day by the "Servia" steamer.

Mrs Langtry was a passenger by the Guion steamer "Arizona," which touched at Queenstown last Saturday. Among the passengers who also embarked at that port were Mr Charles Wyndham and the members of his Criterion comedy company, who had been fulfilling a short engagement in Cork. They will appear at the Union Square Theatre on their arrival in New York.

Carolina Dory is at Nice.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is in Lisbon.

Mr Isidore de Lara has returned from his visit to Marienbad.

Emil Naudin, the Franco-Italian tenor, was recently at Milan.

Etelka Gerster intends giving concerts in Breslau and Dresden.

The Spanish violinist, Sarasate, is expected at Milan in the spring.

Johann Strauss will make a concert-tour with his orchestra in Italy.

Schuch-Proska is re-engaged at the Theatre Royal Dresden, for ten years.

It is reported that Caroline Salla will sing in *Françoise de Rimini* at Madrid.

A new theatrical and art journal, *Il Telefono*, has been published at Florence.

Salvatore Anastasi, the tenor, has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

It is proposed erecting at Milan a new theatre to be called the Teatro d'Estate.

A society has been formed at Valparaiso for the cultivation and extension of classical music.

Turolla's benefit at Lugo went off brilliantly. After the performance, she was serenaded.

Mr J. P. Goldberg has returned to London to resume his duties at the Royal Academy of Music.

Francois Planté, the pianist, and Lasserre, the violoncellist, lately gave a concert at Biarritz.

Reichel, Precentor and Organist at St John's Church, Dresden, has been created "Musikdirector."

A gold medal was awarded at Arezzo to Ricordi, of Milan, for his splendid editions of musical works.

There is some talk of a performance of *The Redemption*, under Gounod himself, next Easter in Vienna.

Marie Wieck has returned from her tour in Scandinavia and resumed her pianoforte lessons in Dresden.

Angelo Neumann, with his *Nibelungen* company, failed to achieve a pecuniary success in Hanover and Bremen.

Maria Prasini, who has returned from America, is studying with Ambroise Thomas the part of the Queen in *Hamlet*.

The King of Saxony has conferred the Cross of the Albert Order, first class, on Dr Wüllner, Royal Saxon *Capellmeister*.

On leaving Royat, the barytone, Maurel, proceeds to Monte Carlo. In March, he will appear as Hamlet at the Milan Scala.

Franz Liszt will, by this time, according to his annual custom, have left Weimar for Italy, where he will spend the winter.

Marianne Brandt has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, her first character being Ortrud; her second, Azucena.

Sontheim gave a "Jubilee Concert" in Stuttgart on the 18th inst., that being the fortieth anniversary of his going on the stage.

Mdlle Meisslinger, contralto, from the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, will play a short engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Berlin.

Witt, for many years chorus-inspector at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and the "right hand" of von Strantz, the director, is dead.

Massenet's *Hérodiade*, with Elena Hermann, of the Theatre, Warsaw, in the leading character, is to be performed at St Petersburgh.

The Municipality of Rome have ordered, at a cost of 40,000 francs, two iron curtains, one for the Teatro Apollo and one for the Teatro Argentina.

The Italian season at the San Carlos, Lisbon, opened with *Aida*, principal characters by Pasqua, De Reszké, Barbaccini and Aldighieri.

Friedrich Woltereck, Director of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Oldenburg, celebrated on the 15th inst. his fortieth professional anniversary.

A two-act romantically-comic opera, *Muzzedin*, book by J. Schnitzer, music by C. Bachrich, is accepted at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The lessee and manager of the National-Theater, Berlin, having suddenly disappeared, the company are carrying on the business as a commonwealth.

It is now said that Pauline Lucca will fulfil in December her much talked-of and frequently-deferred engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Another composer, this time a Dutchman, named Bocks, has set a version of *Paradise Lost*, which will be performed in the course of the winter at Antwerp.

We learn, from the fourth annual report of the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, that the average number of pupils, male and female, for the year, was 216.

The Theatre Royal, Hanover, re-decorated and provided with extra means of egress and other precautionary arrangements against fire, re-opened with Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

Anton Rubinstein has engaged some of the most eminent living artists for the ten Symphonic Concerts of the Russian Society of Music, St Petersburg, at which he will conduct.

The Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid, was inaugurated with *Les Huguenots*, the cast including Borghi-Mamò, Theodorini, and Rodriguez, Nannetti, Dufriche, Pandolfini, and Masini.

Heinrich Barth, of the Royal High School of Music, Berlin, has accepted the invitation of Anton Rubinstein to play at one of the grand concerts given under the latter's direction in St Petersburg.

A new opera, *Despo, l'Eroina di Suli*, will be produced this winter at Patrasso. The music is by Carrer, composer of *La Redivira* and *Dante e Beatrice*, both brought out some years since at the Carcano, Milan.

An entertainment, in which the great tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, and Ernesto Rossi took part, at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, produced upwards of 6,000 francs.

Franz Schubert's romantic opera, *Alfonso und Estrella*, as "arranged" by Fuchs, *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was recently performed for the first time at at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

At their first winter concert, the Male Choral Association, Vienna, will give Wagner's *Liebesmahl der Apostel*, for soloists, chorus, and orchestra. (The Birmingham Festival of 1876 still resounds with echoes of this.—Dr Blüge.)

Mdme Pappenheim has returned to Milan from Buenos Ayres, having sung with much success, at the National Theatre, in seven operas: *Lucrezia Borgia, Un Ballo in Maschera, Il Trovatore, Ernani, Norma, Les Huguenots*, and *Nabucco*.

The first three Philharmonie Subscription Concerts, Berlin, under the direction of Dr Wüllner of Dresden, are fixed for the 23rd inst., the 13th November, and the 4th December. The soloists announced are Sophie Menter, Hans von Bülow, and Marsick, the violinist.

Mdlle Antoinette Badia, one of the charming young "Sisters Badia," whose duet-singing has long been the rage at fashionable concerts, was married on Monday last, at the Italian Catholic Church of St Peter's, Hatton Garden, to Signor Angelo Carminati.

Mr and Mrs German Reed's Entertainment.—On Monday next, Oct. 23rd, Messrs Alfred Reed and Corney Grain will revive *The Turquoise Ring* of G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson, and Mr Corney Grain will produce, on the same evening, his new musical sketch, *En Route*.

Leeds Triennial Musical Festival.—At a meeting of the Festival Committee last week, Mr Frederick R. Spark (hon. sec.) reported that he had received subscriptions to the guarantee fund for the Festival next year in less than three weeks amounting to over £10,000. This amount is double the sum subscribed during the same period for the Festival of 1880.

The Birmingham Festival.—Mr Jaffray (Chairman of the Orchestral Committee) and Mr G. Heaton, at the meeting of the General Hospital Committee paid over a cheque for £4,000, part proceeds of the late festival. Mr Jaffray stated that the accounts had not been finally made up, but enough was known of the expenditure to justify that payment, and his expectation was that a considerable sum beyond that amount would be available for the purposes of the charity. A vote of thanks to the Orchestral Committee for their energetic management of the festival was unanimously passed.

Berlin.—About an hour before *Tannhäuser* should have commenced at the Royal Operahouse on the 5th inst., the iron curtain, in consequence of the defective way in which it was hung, fell with a loud crash, creating great alarm, besides doing much damage to the stage. Fortunately no one was hurt, but, of course, there was no performance, and the theatre had to be closed for a week. When the necessary repairs had been effected in the stage and the masonry connected with it, the performances were, by special permission of the Emperor, resumed without the iron curtain.

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BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Bristol, Thursday.

The first public business of the Festival this morning was the reception of his Royal Highness the president and the Duchess of Edinburgh, who arrived from London shortly before noon. Although the visit of the illustrious couple amounted to no more than a "look in" on their way to Plymouth, and was timed to last but five hours, the mayor and the Festival Committee did their best to surround the event with all possible honour. I have already referred to his worship's suggestion that the streets included in the Royal route should be decorated. The citizens, let me now add, made a fairly favourable response, considering that the time was short, and that the occurrence of a fine Wednesday inspired serious misgivings as to the probable temper of the weather office on Thursday. Flags were freely displayed in places, and Bristol Bridge, which, I suppose, the corporation took in hand, was gay with Venetian masts and banneroles. It is, perhaps, not a matter for regret that such demonstrations of rejoicing stopped short where they did, considering that the weather transformed them into a saddening mockery of gladness. The brilliant yesterday proved nothing but a delusion and a snare as an indication of the morrow; for, when the citizens awoke this morning, the rain beat and the wind blew, and the hopes of those who had looked for a gala day had a great fall. What is more, the rain went on beating, and the wind continued blowing with a persistence worthy of the malignant fates that control our climate. Both literally and in a figure this damped the proceedings. The streets were not half as crowded as they would have been had the sun shone; enthusiasm seemed no less out of place than fun at a funeral, and the old city, conscious of looking its worst, hid behind a curtain of mist. Nevertheless, the fore-arranged programme was carried out, and, of course, the military display, resting with men who are not allowed to bear umbrellas, went on independent of climatic considerations. Bristol is strong in auxiliary soldiers of all arms, and these turned out in surprising force, considering the certainty of a wet skin and the graver fact that most of the men had to suspend their ordinary avocations for the day. The Royal Naval Artillery Corps, with whom the Duke of Edinburgh, as Inspector of Naval Reserves, is officially connected, mounted a guard of honour at the railway station; a second guard was furnished at Colston Hall by the Artillery, who also posted two gun detachments, with nine-pounders, at the Drawbridge, where the cadets of the Grammar School were drawn up. As for the Engineers and Infantry, who turned out four or five fairly strong companies, they lined some portion of the route along which the illustrious visitors passed. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the station by the mayor and corporation, who, I scarcely need add, presented an address of welcome, only one paragraph of which calls for notice as referring to the special object of the day. In that paragraph the municipality spoke of the duke's coming as affording peculiar pleasure, because indicating "cordial approval of the efforts being made in this city and throughout the country to promote the establishment of the Royal College of Music, in the objects of which—and of all other institutions conducive to the advancement of art and the welfare of the country—the Royal family have always taken so deep an interest." The address having been appropriately acknowledged by the duke, their Royal Highnesses took their places in an open landau, drawn by four horses, and preceded by the mayor in his state-carriage, a number of police acting as escort, drove at once to Colston Hall, where the Festival Committee, headed by the chairman, Mr W. Smith, awaited them. The appearance of the modest *cortége* was greeted with frequent cheering along the line of route, and as just at this time the rain temporarily suspended operations, the Royal progress was more satisfactory than could have been looked for. Meanwhile, the hall filled with an audience certainly not less curious to see the president of the Festival and his wife than to assist at the performance of Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, greater stranger though the musical work undoubtedly was.

The Duke and Duchess had every cause to be satisfied with their reception on appearing in the Vice-President's Gallery. Cheers broke forth from all parts of the hall, and were continued for some time, being followed in turn by "God Save the Queen" (Mdme Albani taking the solo), and the Russian National Anthem, arranged for chorus and orchestra. The performance of Rossini's music then began, and continued steadily to the end, amid, short of audible applause, every sign that the Italian master, with his unfailing melodic genius, had taken a firm hold upon public attention and sympathy. The audience, it is to be hoped, were fully aware of the fact that they had come to hear a work composed for an Italian stage during the period of Lent, and never intended by the author of the book or of the music to be given as a concert-room oratorio. It was, however, still more important for them to bear in mind that there is no absolute standard of sacred music, one country differing from another in its ideal of this thing, and each consulting, as is but natural and right, its own taste and temperament. Nothing can be more illogical and absurd, or, in one aspect, more arrogant, than sneers at Italian sacred music because it is more flowery and sensuous than our own. That music has a *raison d'être* no less than the measured and sombre strains which suit our own colder natures; and he is indeed to be pitied who, on account of prejudice, shuts himself out from a great national school of art. In every such school there is something to admire and to profit by, the benefit of which comes to those who will not limit their range, but are prepared to recognize good wherever it may be seen. In the form of Italian art which *Moses in Egypt* represents, we meet with the supremacy of melody and an order of expression prepared to sacrifice much for the sake of symmetrical structure and graceful utterance. Rossini's music may not often be such as, having regard to the verbal text, we should prefer, but at the worst it is a form of the "varied good," in its essence of infinite value to the universal art, and even necessary to all branches thereof as a healthy influence. German music, which, in its classic masterpieces, shows a blending of Italian tune and Teutonic ideality, is now degenerating in proportion as the first-named element is set aside. For ourselves, we cannot afford to neglect the influence of Italian art, unless, indeed, we are prepared to be, musically speaking, mere "fleshless bones and ribs"—the *débris* of what should have life and soul. Quite apart from this consideration, and yet not without the significance in regard to it, was the pleasure obviously given to the audience by Rossini's beautiful themes as they came on in never ending procession. Once again melody asserted its individual power as that element in music which finds universal response, and as the soul of the art existing independent of scholasticism, which often like a gross body so enwraps it that to the perception there is gross body and little else. I, for one, therefore, am not going to find fault with the committee for selecting an "old-fashioned" Italian opera. Their choice pleased the people, and asserted an eternal and essential truth, of which, more is the pity, many of us are losing sight. The performance though by no means free from blemish, owing to insufficiency of rehearsal, was among the best of the week, and, as regards the solo vocalists, had quite an exceptional value. This will at once be understood when I state that the part of the Jewish maiden, Anais, was taken by Mdme Albani, and that of her mother, Zillah, by Mdme Trebelli; while Mr Lloyd (Amenophis) and Mr Santley (Pharaoh) represented the characters in which they made so great an impression when the work was revived by the late Sacred Harmonic Society. Mdme Albani was never heard in concert-room to greater advantage—her singing challenged unqualified admiration. Its vocal perfectness and its intense expression belonged to the great things of executive art, surely convincing fervent *laudatores temporis acti* that we have yet a great soprano amongst us. On her side, Mdme Trebelli was not wanting. The music suited her alike in form and character, and she rendered it with the ease and finish of an artist whose Rossinian studies began years ago, and have since been brought to a point not much short of perfection. What I have to say about Mr Lloyd is easily anticipated by those who remember his previous success in the same work. Our popular tenor is never happier than with the delightfully vocal phrases of the Italian master. They inspire him, and he in turn gives to them all the meaning that was in Rossini's mind, and all the finish which the connoisseur of singing can desire. As much will be taken for granted with regard to Mr Santley, who had this week a series of triumphs, possibly equalled, but not surpassed, in his record. There remains to speak of Miss Williams, who gave prominence to the part of the Egyptian Queen; of Mr Harper Kearton, an excellent Aaron; of Mr Wortley, whose intelligent singing as Moses should be praised; and of Mr Hilton, by whom the priest Osiris was effectively represented. In short, this performance was an unqualified triumph for the soloists. It gave them a superb opportunity, and they made the best of it, one and all.

At the close of the oratorio the Royal visitors left Colston Hall for the railway station, in order to resume their journey, the arrangements being as before, save that the Volunteer infantry mounted one guard of honour at the Hall and the Engineers another at the terminus. That the visit of the Duke and Duchess gave much satisfaction, not only to the promoters of the festival, but to the citizens generally, is a matter about which no doubt can exist.

This evening's concert was not so well attended as those given on previous days, despite the presence in the programme of Mr Mackenzie's *Jason*, the one absolute novelty of the week. I shall reserve my comments upon this work till to-morrow, content to state now that the audience received it well, liberally applauded many of the numbers, and "called" the composer with genuine enthusiasm. The solos were safe in the hands of Miss Anna Williams, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley. At the close of the cantata a

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miscellaneous selection was performed, including Dvorak's Sclavonian Rhapsody in D, Dr Wesley's chorus, "The Praise of Music," conducted by Mr Rootham, the overture to *Preciosa*, and a number of songs that do not require comment.

Friday.

Reverting to Mr A. C. Mackenzie's cantata, *Jason*, the first performance of which I briefly noted yesterday, attention is primarily called to the fact that neither the author of the libretto, Mr W. Grist, nor the composer of the music was especially aided by the nature of his subject. Affected by a distinguished example, persons in the position of these gentlemen are inclined just now to run after myths and legends, without looking carefully to the existence of human interest, apart from which works of art must ever be more or less sterile. Human interest in the story of Jason's expedition is of a diluted kind. We cannot be expected to care much about the capture of the Golden Fleece, while the hero's adventures before laying hands on his prize appertain to an impossible life, with which the conditions of the life that is real have nothing in common. Humanity enters only through the loves of Jason and Medea, and even here outflow of sympathy is checked by knowledge that the woman's nature is that of a monster only awaiting provocation to commit bloody and brutal deeds. As to the character of its story, therefore, the new cantata runs handicapped. It will be coldly judged as a work of art; deriving no benefit from the generous impulses which particular manifestations of human nature can awaken in the common breast. Art, however, can do much unassisted, and *Jason*, I am happy to say, supplies an exemplification of the fact.

Mr Grist has divided his book into six dramatic scenes, of which the first is entitled "Building of the Ship." Men are felling trees for Argo; women are lamenting the departure of husband and lover; Orpheus sings the story of Ares and Aphrodite, with its moral: "In vain, in vain, for love to implore, When battle claims the god of war." Here is variety, at any rate, and the composer rushes to it without stopping to make a formal introduction. His opening chorus for male voices, "Ply the axe," is full of vigour and well wrought out. Already we see that Mr Mackenzie does not favour fragmentary treatment, and we see, too, that his bright and picturesque orchestration is intended to have a representative character. The *leit-motive* crops up with Argo, and enters likewise into the structure of the female chorus, "Matrons, weep your sad estate," Here the example is particularly appropriate, though its repeated enunciation by the bass instruments alone too obviously imitates Wagner. The emotion of the women's chorus wants force and entirely lacks *abandon*. Its grief is measured, and not free from a suspicion of the artificial. None the less must clever treatment of the theme and many happy effects be admired. The song of Orpheus (tenor) follows, paying more regard to dramatic propriety than musical "form," of which, in a scholastic sense, it has none at all. In some respects this number is quite distinctive, and in all it shows power of a high order. The scene ends with a return to the subject of the male chorus, now arranged for all the voices, and continued by a massive and extended coda. By this time Mr Mackenzie has made his mark. He may not have demonstrated a spontaneous flow of tenderness and sympathy, but there is no mistake as to his mastery in other respects. This is a man to be further heard. The second scene, "Invocation and Departure," contains Jason's prayer to Zeus for success, and the rejoicing of the Greeks in the god's answering thunder. Of these, the first is brief; the second, well developed; the first, a disappointment, looking, not at what it is, but what it might have been; the second, a satisfaction looked at anyhow. Frequent recurrence throughout the chorus of the leading phrase in Jason's invocation happily connects cause and effect, and is one among many instances of thoughtfulness. The music, I may add, is here somewhat less changeful in tonality than in many other parts of the cantata. An orchestral intermezzo, "On the waters," represents the voyage from Hellas to Colchis. This is a charming number, orthodox as to form, and as poetic in spirit as though the composer of *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* had written it. Indeed, Mendelssohn could not have been far from Mr Mackenzie when he conceived this fresh and breezy music. The movement has an associated as well as an independent significance, since themes previously heard call up the connected ideas. The *motive* of the Women's chorus, for example, is prominently used; to suggest, perhaps, that the crew have thoughts of home and loved ones as they sail onwards. This movement closes the first part. Hellas is done with; Colchis lies ahead, and we go in advance of the Argonauts, to where Medea stands on the sea-shore looking westward for the hero whose coming she feels with a supernatural sense. An extended monologue for the Royal enchantress opens the third scene, entitled "Medea's Vision." Of course the heroine has a theme of her own—a shifty utterance made conspicuous by frequent repetition during the course of a number much broken up by the exigencies of dramatic expression. The music, however, has other and better sources of interest than its employment of representative themes. Its force will not be denied; nor the powerful flight which carries it safely through a prolonged and always strenuous situation. Objection may, nevertheless, be made to its restless—I had almost written reckless—coursing from key to key. It is true that Mr Mackenzie goes dangerously near the border of licence in this respect, and it is no less true that Medea's scena, elaborate though it be, is not grateful to the singer, who will never make with it a vocal effect satisfying to herself. Much modern music belongs to the same category. It is thought out for the orchestra, not for the voice, save in so far as the latter supplies an additional instrument. Scene the fourth, "Welcome and Love," opening with a chorus of Colchians, "Welcome Jason and thy band," which presents a decided contrast to much that has gone before, since there is in it hardly a case of "advanced" characteristics apart from the treatment of a single phrase. This number, with its symmetrical recurring passages, belongs to an order of composition long familiar, and, as it is here proved, not yet abandoned. At the same time, I am not enamoured of the effect produced by such short, jerky phrases as those with which the chorus opens. The love-music now begins, taking, in the first instance, the form of a duet, "Hero of Hellas." Medea opens with a melodious solo, and is answered by Jason to the same theme in an expanded form. This is beautiful and graceful, as well as according to an accepted model; but its continuation, in which choral passages are combined with the solo voices, achieves a less decided success. Against the structure of the *ensemble*, I have nothing to say; but the utterance of the lovers is not that of passion. The phrases rarely flow; they lack spontaneity, and are in many cases awkwardly constructed for vocal effect. Mr Mackenzie, I am informed, resides in Italy, and he will act as a sensible man if he drink "the wine of the country"—in other words, study the Italian masters of vocal expression who, unhampered by theories which "darken counsel," went straight to the mark, and made their lovers sing strains full of the very soul of love. Less musical elaboration and more *verve* and rhythmical swing is what Mr Mackenzie's duet requires. The fifth scene, "Conflict," begins with a chorus, "Still is all, save breeze of evening," descriptive of Jason's encounter with the oxen. Its opening section takes the form of a canon on the octave at half-bar interval for soprano and tenor; the theme—a simple and melodious one—soon re-appearing in the same form with an added counterpoint for alto. The fight is then briefly pictured with a vigorous pencil, and a repetition of the canon, followed by a coda, ends the episode. Medea next takes up the story, her solo describing the rise of the armed men, direful product of the dragon teeth. Though set very low for the soprano voice, this solo is highly effective because instinct with the spirit of the situation. The chorus of armed men, "Weapons slashing," deserves like praise, as does the solo in which Orpheus, looking on the discomfiture of the sudden host, narrates its incidents. Briefly, all this scene is powerful through the use of legitimate means, so far victorious. Jason in the scena, "Now my firm soul," encourages himself to the final struggle with the guardian dragon, first recalling past events, which gives the composer an opportunity to bring in his representative themes. The hero offers up a solemn prayer to Zeus, then invokes the aid of Medea, and, beginning the fight, makes record proceed simultaneously with deed. Mr Mackenzie may be complimented here upon avoiding several dangers. He does not recall the lugubriously comic ending of the "Nibelungen" beast, nor does he crave to be musical in the utmost stress of his realism. A song of triumph follows, and is marked by great intensity. Again, however, it is clear that the composer might improve upon his treatment of the words, with a view to greater declamatory force and the increased ease of the singer. Though quite at home with the orchestra he has yet something to learn in writing for the voice. By way of ending the scene, Jason is acclaimed in a short passage of choral unison such as might be looked for in an opera of Verdi or Meyerbeer. The closing section, "Triumph," is announced by a trio, "Rouse again, lyre," for Medea, Jason, and Orpheus. This leads to a chorus for male voices, "Haul up the anchor," and a fugue for full chorus, "Argo's fame will never die." The trio is melodious and pleasing, but much the most notable feature here is the fugue on a plain diatonic subject. Mr Mackenzie handles the scholastic form easily, and in it brings the work to an orthodox as well as an effective end.

Little need be added to the foregoing remarks, which, as far as my judgment goes, indicate the merits and shortcomings of the cantata. Merits predominate; above all, that of strong resource and the skilful employment of means. In time, no doubt, Mr Mackenzie will free himself from reminiscences such as in *Jason*,

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recall Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Wagner. He will also show himself more decided as to an artistic method. At present he is in that respect a little mixed—old and new, orthodox and heterodox, good and bad, mingling in strange companionship. The sooner these changes come the better. Every year of the life of so able a man is precious.

I shall not speak of the performance in detail. The soloists did their best, and the chorus were prepared to win success, but so inadequate had been the general rehearsals that the result was as I have said. It avails little to rate a single manifestation of the incompetence which has so dangerously signalized this festival. The system which makes it possible must be attacked and swept away. Critics may marvel that Mr Hallé conducted the performance under such conditions, but the committee are the responsible persons, and, as at Birmingham three years ago, they should either mend their ways or make room for better men—above all, let them never again undertake to produce a new work and limit its rehearsal to the fag end of a long Monday and an hour snatched on Thursday. Novelties, however desirable, are not essential. The public do not call for them—the attendance at *Jason* being the smallest since 1873—and there are plenty of old masterpieces of which amateurs can never hear enough. But whether new compositions be brought forward or not, the management of the Bristol Festival must be reformed, or it is surely doomed. The Birmingham people were wise in time. Shall I, three years hence, be able to say as much concerning the Bristolians? The Festival closed to-day with Handel's *Messiah*, according to the good old custom, which I, for one, trust may never be broken through. As a matter of course, the hall was crowded. It is understood that the week's doings have resulted in a considerable financial success; but at what a cost has the surplus been gained! The committee had far better have spent it, and risked a deficit in winning the crowning glory of an artistic triumph.—*D. T.*

HEBREW VERSION OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

It is announced that a movement has been set on foot to introduce "God save the Queen" among the native tribes in India. The movement has been anticipated by the Beni Israel community. In the Hebrew Grammar ("Reshith Hallimud") prepared for their use at the expense of Messrs Sassoon by Mr Steinschneider, there is given a Hebrew version of the National Anthem which (unlike the version published fifty years ago by Professor Hurwitz in his Hebrew Grammar) can be sung to the traditional tune. Our readers will be interested in reading the first verse of Mr Steinschneider's paraphrase:—

מלכת חן שמור נא אל
מלכת הוד נצור האל
שמרה האל
המשילה בגבורה
נצח ותפארה
הארך ימי גבירה
שמרה האל

—*Jewish Chronicle, 20th Oct.*, 1882.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Wilhelm Hill's opera, *Alona*, which recently carried off the second prize offered by the Corporation, will be produced next month at the Stadttheater, under the direction of Goltermann. The principal parts will be sustained by Schröder-Hanfstängl, Candidus, Fessler, Niering, and Weber.

MUNICH.—The Vogls, man and wife, though bound to Angelo Neumann by a seven months' engagement for his Wagnerian operatic tour, will appear a few nights in December at the Theatre Royal, where they are still members of the regular company.

DARMSTADT.—Marianne Schönberger (previously Mdlle Marçoni), a once popular singer, has died, nearly ninety-seven years old. She was one of the first members of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, established in 1810 by the Grand-Duke, Ludwig II., and at the inaugural performance sang the title-part in Mozart's *Titus*.

LEIPSIC.—The programme of the second Gewandhaus Concert comprised: part 1. Overture to *Der Wasserträger* (*Les Deux Journées*) Cherubini; "Dem Unendlichen" (scored by Grimm), Franz Schubert; Violoncello Concerto, Molique; Songs, Johannes Brahms; Three Violoncello Solos, Schumann, C. Reinecke, and Klengel. Part II. Symphony (No. 3), *Im Walde*, Johannes Brahms. The singer was Mad. Amalie Joachim; the violoncellist, Herr Alwin Schröder (a member of the orchestra).

ST PETERSBURGH.

(Correspondence.)

The following regulations for the payment of dramatic authors and composers have been adopted: For every performance of an original work in verse or prose at any of the Imperial Theatres here or in Moscow, the author will receive 2 per cent. on the gross receipts if the work is in one act; 4 per cent., if in two; 6 per cent., if in three; and 10 per cent., if in four or more acts. The honorarium for operas will be paid to the composer, who makes his own terms with the librettist. If, however, he wishes to cede part of his per-centage to the latter, he must come to a definite arrangement and submit it to the management, the management not undertaking the settlement of difficulties arising between the two. Translations, or adaptations of foreign pieces, to be paid for by one sum, agreed upon mutually between the management and author, or by a per-centage of not more than one per cent. on the gross receipts for each act, the number of acts in the original being the standard of calculation.

THE GRAND ORGAN,
IN THE CENTRE TRANSEPT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.*

Specification.

Four Manuals or Key Boards from CC to A, 58 notes, and Pedals from CCC to F, 30 notes, with the following Stops:

Pedal Organ.—Double open diapason, 32 feet; contra bass (open diapason), 16; open diapason, 16; violone, 16; bourdon, 16; grosse quint, 12; octave, 8; violoncello, 8; mixture, 4 ranks; contra bombarde, 32 feet; contra posaune, 32; trombone, 16; ophicleide, 16; clarion, 8.

Choir Organ.—Lieblich bourdon, 16 feet; gamba, 8; salcional, 8; voix céleste, 8; clarinet flute, 8; gemshorn, 4; flute harmonique, 4; claribel flute, 4; spitz flute, 2; piccolo harmonique, 2; clarinet, 8; oboe orchestral, 8; tremulant.

Great Organ.—Double open diapason, 16 feet; open diapason (large), 8; open diapason, 8; flute à pavillon, 8; flute harmonique, 8; claribel, 8; quint, 6; octave, 4; flute octaviante, 4; twelfth, 3; super-octave, 2; piccolo harmonique, 2; mixture, 4 ranks; furniture, 3; cymbal, 5; double trumpet, 16 feet; posaune, 8; trumpet harmonique, 8; clarion, 4.

Swell Organ.—Bourdon, 16 feet; open diapason, 8; keraulophon, 8; concert flute, 8; octave, 4; flute octaviante, 4; twelfth, 3; super-octave, 2; flageolet harmonique, 2; mixture, 4 ranks; furniture, 3; contra fagotto, 16 feet; cornopean, 8; oboe, 8; echo tromba, 8; vox humana, 8; clarion, 4; tremulant.

Solo Organ.—Grand open diapason, 8 feet; flute harmonique, 8; flute octaviante, 4; grand tromba, 8; corno di bassetto, 8; carillons (in a swell box).

Couplers.—Swell to great; swell to octave; swell to sub-octave; swell to choir; solo to great; great to swell (sforzando); choir to great; great octave (on own manual); solo to pedal; swell to pedal; great to pedal; choir to pedal.

Recapitulation.—Pedal organ, 14 stops, 510 pipes; choir organ, 12, 696; great organ, 19, 1,624; swell organ, 17, 1,264; solo organ, 6, 290, and 37 bells; couplers, 12. Total, 80 stops; 4,384 pipes. Besides 15 combination and other pedals for various movements.

The actions of all the manuals and pedal organ are pneumatic. The combination pedals† act on ventils. The wind is supplied by 12 double French vertical feeders acted on by 3 of Joy's hydraulic engines, the motive power being taken from the water of one of the great towers at a minimum pressure of 100 lb. to the square inch. These feeders supply the wind to four large reservoirs or bellows, which again supply smaller reservoirs placed near the various wind-chests and weighted to different pressures. The engines, feeders, and principal reservoirs are arranged under the organ, and can be seen at work by the visitors who are desirous of inspecting them. The space occupied by the organ is 51 feet wide by 29 feet deep, and the height from the floor on which the engines are fixed to the top of the instrument is 70 feet. The total cost has been £6,000.

* Just completed by Messrs Gray & Davison.

† Instead of the usual English system of composition pedals for drawing out and putting in groups of stops to produce different combinations, the French ventil system has been adopted as on the whole the best for so large an instrument. Thus the stops of the great organ are placed on four separate wind-chests, each containing its own group of stops, to which, by means of four pedals, the wind is either cut off or admitted, according to the desire of the organist. The stops on the other manuals are similarly treated.

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TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVALS.*

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

The stewards rely upon the receipts from the sale of tickets to meet the expenditure; but as this result seldom occurs, the stewards become responsible for the deficit. The following table supplies the results of the Hereford Festivals:—

Year.	Receipts.	Payments.	Deficit.	Surplus.	No. of Stewards	Average Guarantee of each Steward.	Received for Charity.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1831	965 10 6	2,003 10 6	1,038 0 0		6	173 0 0	727 4 10
1834	1,513 12 0	2,447 0 0	933 8 0		6	155 11 4	788 15 9
1837	1,450 14 0	1,902 19 8	452 5 8		6	75 7 7	834 4 2
1840	1,438 1 0	2,203 10 6	765 9 6		7	109 7 1	1,060 12 2
1843	980 8 0	1,786 11 9	806 3 9		8	100 15 6	901 13 0
1846	1,017 14 0	1,844 13 10	826 19 10		6	137 16 7	843 0 0
1849	1,194 1 6	1,999 5 6	805 4 0		8	100 13 0	910 0 0
1852	1,229 1 0	2,026 14 2	797 13 2		8	99 14 2	900 0 0
1855	2,003 10 9	2,658 0 0	654 9 3		8	81 16 2	914 0 1
1858	1,657 19 0	2,412 9 1	754 10 1		25	30 3 7	1,064 3 4
1861	2,400 1 11	2,748 19 11	348 18 0		26	13 8 5	1,075 17 7
1864	2,912 11 0	3,060 15 6	148 4 6		51	2 18 2	1,100 14 0
*1867	3,498 17 0	3,349 4 1		149 12 11	61		1,410 5 0
1870	3,058 8 6	3,153 8 7	95 0 1		62	1 10 8	1,117 10 6
1873	2,863 10 0	3,391 13 11	528 3 11		89	5 18 8	1,101 0 0
*1876	3,479 16 6	3,109 12 10		370 3 8	119		1,437 6 6
1879	2,929 11 0	3,596 19 3	667 8 3		149	4 9 7	971 6 1

* *The surpluses derived from the Festivals of* 1867 *and* 1876 *are mainly attributable to the engagement respectively of Mdme Lind Goldschmidt and Mr Sims Reeves, and are, therefore, quite exceptional as regards average results. The moneys collected on behalf of the charity are placed to a separate account in no way identified with the Festival management expenses.*

From this statement may be seen the importance of securing a large number of stewards, so that when a deficit arises it may not be so onerous as in former years; and as of late it has become so proportionately small, *it is confidently believed that, with an increased number of stewards, the amount of liability may be reduced, on average, to a very trifling sum. It is most desirable that* each retiring steward should nominate a successor, *and thus place the continuance of the Hereford Festivals beyond a matter of doubt. Each steward, by virtue of his office and its responsibilities, has the privilege of selecting his own seat or seats before the ticket office is open to the public; applications being met according to priority of date, and, failing that, by ballot. The collections for the charity have steadily increased during the last thirty years, except upon the occasion of the last Festival, when the amount showed a falling off; this, however, may be explained by the serious depression in trade which existed at the time. The liability of each steward is confined to the financial result, and in no case is it obligatory to contribute to the charity. It may, however, be stated, that a large number of stewards are invariably found among the contributors.*

BERKELEY L. S. STANHOPE,
Hon. Sec. Hereford Musical Festival Committee.

* For the benefit of the Widows and orphans of the clergy in the three dioceses of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester.

Here is, or ought to be, a convincing answer to such critics as, having no sympathy for the Three-Choir Festivals, or for the objects, social and artistic, to which they owe their origin, and by adherence to which they are likely to maintain their position, desire to abolish them. Can no event in Britain that chances away from London possibly interest London readers? and are etceteras (Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester) "nothing?" Perish the thought! Let the Wagner centenary and the Liszt centenary come in due course, and then *Messiah* and *Elijah*—*requiescant in pace!*

—o—

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the students Chamber Concert in the concert room of the institution on Saturday evening, October 21:—

Anthem, "Sing, O heavens" (C. Lucas)—the choir; Prelude, from Suite Anglaise, No. 4 (J. S. Bach) and Kreisleriana, No. 1 (Schumann), pianoforte—Miss Devey, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Recitative, "At last the bounteous sun," and Air, "With joy the impatient husbandman," *Seasons* (Haydn)—Mr Musgrove Tufnail; Nocturne (MS.), (German Jones, student), violin—Mr German Jones, pianoforte—Mr T. B. Knott; Postlude, in E flat (Henry Smart)—organ, Mr H. C. Tonking; Song, "The Young Nun" (Schubert)—Miss Hilda Wilson, Westmoreland scholar; Suite Moderne, in G sharp minor, Op. 144 (Ferdinand Hiller)—pianoforte, Miss Cantelo, Lady Goldsmid scholar, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Bolero, in D minor (Bazzini)—violin, Mr Richardson; Solo and Chorus, "He in tears that soweth," *A Song of Victory*, (F. Hiller), female voices—Solo, Miss Margaret Hoare; Allegro Risoluto, from trio in E minor, MS., (W. G. Wood, Potter Exhibitioner)—(The Charles Lucas Silver Medal was awarded for this piece in July, 1882)—pianoforte—Mr W. G. Wood, violin, Mr Frank Arnold, violoncello—Mr Hambleton; Siciliana, "Ogni Pena" (Pergolese)—Miss Charlotte Thudichum; Nachtstucke, Op. 23 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Mr Charles Reddie, pupil of Mr Westlake; Scena, "Eppur sento d'amarla," and Romanza, "Bella del tuo sorriso," *Reginella* (Braga)—Mr David Lewis; Prelude, from Suite Anglaise, No. 6 (J. S. Bach)—pianoforte, Mr Samuel S. Wiggins, pupil of F. B. Jewson; Quartet (MS.), "They that wait upon the Lord" (F. K. Hattersley, Balfe scholar)—Miss Charlotte Thudichum, Miss Ada Rose, Mr Hulbert L. Fulkerson, and Mr Grimshaw; Ballade, in G minor, Op. 23 (Chopin)—pianoforte, Miss Frances Smith, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Part-songs, "They whom we loved on earth," and "Arise, my love" (F. Westlake)—the choir.

Mr William Shakespeare conducted.

MR ADVOCATE DAVISON.—We hear with great pleasure that this gentleman is about to resume his practice in Kimberly. He is expected to arrive from Cape Town by the fast coach leaving to-day. He will receive a hearty welcome from his many old friends, and his presence at the Bar will materially add to its strength, as Mr Davison has long been known as an able and fearless advocate.—*Diamond News, Sept.* 12.

PRAGUE.—A new opera, *Dimitri*, by Dvorák, the Czec composer, has been produced at the National Theatre and well received. The libretto, by Mdme Czervinka, is founded on the story of the false Czaar Demetrius. The authoress has taken part of it from Schiller's *Demetrius* fragment and part from a drama by Micovek. The music, especially that of the first and last acts, was much admired.

DRESDEN.—Grammann's *Andreasfest* is to be given in November at the Theatre Royal, followed by Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis* and Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. In January will come Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*, with Mdlle Marianne Brandt as Lea. *Norma*, *Idomeneus*, and *Iphigenia* will be revived, and *Le Prophète* performed for the first time in the present house. Another novelty will be Smetana's comic opera, *Der verkaufte Braut*.—Professor Rappoldi will introdue at his soirées several interesting works not previously heard here; among them are Pianoforte Trio in G minor, Smetana; Quintet, E flat major, Anton Dvorák; and Trio, F minor, Marschner.

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BALFE.

Michael William Balfe, composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, a man of genius fortunate in his lifetime and deservedly famous after death, lies buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, close to the graves of Bishop, Goss, Wallace, Lover, and other distinguished musicians. He died on October 20th, 1870, since which time his statue has been set up in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, a bust of him has been placed in the National Gallery at Dublin, a memorial window in his honour inserted at St Patrick's Cathedral, a mural tablet let into the front of the house where he was born, and a scholarship associated with his name founded at the Royal Academy of Music. And now, to crown all, a marble monument to his memory, situated in the north-west aisle of Westminster Abbey, was unveiled by Canon Duckworth in presence of many members of the family of the illustrious dead, including his widow, and a distinguished company.

Not long after Balfe's death a memorial, signed by the Duke of Edinburgh and many other high and influential personages, was presented to the late Dean Stanley, asking him to find a place for a monumental tablet to the composer in the Abbey. Beyond a formal acknowledgment, nothing came of the memorial until four years later, when, in reply to a second communication from the same source, the Dean wrote that, while anxious to "render honour to a gifted native of the sister island," he could not, for the time being, undertake to "increase" the existing number of cenotaphs. The committee engaged in that fruitless undertaking expended the sum of £800. At length, and when Dr Bradley was appointed to the deanery of Westminster, another and equally distinguished committee was formed—owing to the exertions of Mr William Alexander Barrett, whose interesting "Life of Balfe" has just been published—and, their petition having been favourably received, a place was found for the tablet in what hereafter may be called Musicians' Corner, among a group of monuments to the memory of William Sterndale Bennett, Purcell, Arnold, Blow, and Croft.

The monument is set in the wall on a level with the eye of the spectator. It is in the form of a tomb-like tablet made throughout of white Carrara marble and surmounted by a bust of Balfe in *basso relievo*, a good likeness, the work of M. Malempré, the same Belgian sculptor who modelled the statue at Drury Lane Theatre. From the sides of the oval tablet upon which the portrait is raised spring musical emblems, and in the panel below is the following inscription: "*Michael William Balfe, born in Dublin, 15th May*, 1808; *died at Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire, 20th October*, 1870. *Knight of the Legion of Honour of France, Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.*" At the afternoon choral service, under the lantern, which preceded the unveiling of the monument, prayers were intoned by the Rev. H. A. Cotton, minor canon, and the lessons read by Canon Duckworth. Turle's Chant in A, for the 104th Psalm, was finely given; Dr Bridges, organist of the Abbey, played the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," written for the Caxton Celebration, 1877. There was also a splendid rendering of the anthem, "Save me, O God," composed by Balfe for Mdme Adelaide, sister of King Louis Phillipe, in 1846.

At the conclusion of the impressive religious service, Canon Duckworth led the way to the north-west aisle, and having withdrawn the veil from the tablet, proceeded, contrary to precedent, to recite a speech in praise of one of the greatest of our native composers, one whose memory all present yesterday delighted to honour. The Rev. Canon said: "The monument which I have had the honour of unveiling heightens the interest of this aisle, already crowded with illustrious memories. It is twelve years to-day since the brillant and successful Irishman, whose features are before us, passed away, and for more than half a century the name of Balfe has been a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. It may be thought that the present tribute to his genius has been somewhat tardily paid; but, if so, it is a satisfaction to reflect that it is now paid with enhanced honour, for it may be safely said to embody the mature verdict of the musical world. Memorials hastily erected are apt to be the offering of admiration so mixed with personal grief that it may overrate the loss it commemorates. But when we accord to the founder of the modern English musical drama a place by the side of Purcell and Sterndale Bennett, we ratify the deliberate judgment of all the living authorities on his art in this country. We do more; we award to him a distinction which would be unanimously sanctioned, I believe, by the musicians of Europe. Still more significant is that distinction when it is borne in mind that the characteristic quality of Balfe's music was never so little esteemed, or at least so scantily exhibited, by composers as at the present hour. Whatever may be the merits of those laborious innovators who are building up the music of the future, it is certain that the mantle of his abounding melodiousness has fallen upon none of them. But while educated opinion claims for Balfe his niche among the worthies of Westminster Abbey, we cannot forget the right which he derives from his immense and well-earned popularity. Like his great contemporary, Charles Dickens, also enshrined here, he has been a minister of purest delight and recreation to the masses of his countrymen. Sterling artist though he was, he had those popular gifts which appeal to all. We require no 'Balfe Society' to interpret him. It is that inexhaustible tunefulness of his, that fund of bright spontaneous song, which has endeared his works to hearers of every class; and his simple flowing ballads, with their mingled sunshine and pathos, will be the delight of 'other hearts and other lips' than those of this generation. They have found their place in the affections of the English people as 'things of beauty,' and will remain a 'joy for ever.'"

After lingering awhile to take a parting view of the memorial, the company gradually dispersed.—*D. T.*

[Among those who took part in the ceremony—besides Mdme Balfe (the widow), accompanied by Count de Haros, son of the Duke of Frias, and members of the Behrend family, connected by blood and marriage with the composer—were Mdme Puzzi, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr George Macfarren, Mr John Hullah, Signor Garcia, Mr Barnby, Mr Lazarus, Mr John Thomas (Harpist to the Queen), Mr John Gill (Secretary, Royal Academy of Music), Mr Duncan Davison, Mr Felix Weiss, Mr Ella, Mr George Osborne, Dr Wylde, Signor Piatti, Mr Weist Hill, Signor Schira, Mr W. A. Barrett, Rev. Dr. Cox, Mr W. G. Cusins, Mr Sutherland Edwards, Mr Gwyllym Crowe, Mr T. Knox Holmes, and others. But there were missing from the assemblage many familiar faces whose presence swelled the troops of friends that attended the funeral of the author of *The Bohemian Girl* a dozen years ago.]

THE OLD PILOT.*

"The sea is moaning hard, my son,
The wild north-easter raves,
Hark! to the distant signal gun,
Across the angry waves,
Climb up the seaward slope and fire
The beacon's warning light,
I'll launch the boat, and you and I
Will face the storm to-night.
A Providence aye guides the helm
When Mercy's at the oar;
We'll safely ride the surging tide,
And bring the crew ashore."

The light ablaze upon the hill,
Is seen with joy afar,
While gallantly the little boat
Has cleared the harbour bar.
Above the blast again they hear
The distant signal gun,
And through the jaws of death they ride,
The pilot and his son.
But Providence now guides the helm,
And Mercy's at the oar,
Though lost to sight, they bravely fight
To bring the crew ashore.

They sail thrice round the sinking ship,
That hardy sire and son,
From skipper down to cabin boy,
They save them one by one.
Then, steering for the beacon light
That gleams across the wave,
They glide within the harbour bar,
Victorious o'er the grave.
With Providence to guide the helm,
And Mercy at the oar,
The noble pilot and his son
Have brought the crew ashore.

**Copyright.* WETSTAR.

THE Comte Charles Vigier, husband of the celebrated dramatic singer, Sophie Cruvelli, died recently in Paris.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Barbaro, o Traditor" (Handel)—Miss Marian McKenzie; Variations, in C major (Beethoven), Nocturne (Henschel), and Valse (Janotha), for pianoforte alone—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—"Kol Nidrei," Hebrew Melody, for violoncello, with pianoforte and harp accompaniment (Max Bruch)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Farewell" (Edward Bache)—Miss Marian McKenzie; Trio, in D minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 28, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schubert)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Air, "Verdi prati"—Mdlle Cravino; Variations in C minor, No. 36, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha; Sonata, in D major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Corelli)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song—"There's a green hill far away"—Mdlle Cravino; Sonata, in D major, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—Mdlle Janotha and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On October the 23rd, at 37, Vale Place, West Kensington Gardens, W., William Felicité Jay.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

A MINGLING OF CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

IN one of his exquisite "olla podridas" contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, that (in a Pickwickian sense) polytheistic worshipper of genius in all its divergent phases, Dr Sala, thus invites attention to the approaching inauguration of a monumental tablet in memory of Michael William Balfe, since erected in the Abbey Church of St Peter, Westminster:—

"That permission should have been granted to raise this tribute to the most tuneful of modern English composers reflects the highest credit on the Dean of Westminster; and to that Very Reverend cleric and the Chapter of the Abbey the warmest thanks of all friends of Balfe and all lovers of our national music are due. I have seen a photograph of the tablet, which is surmounted by an oval medallion portrait of the composer in high relief. The inscription simply recites the dates and places of Balfe's birth and death, and that he was a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France and a Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. In his own country he was not even a 'Mus. Doc.'"

No more, by the way, was Handel, in his adopted country—Handel would none of it. The doctorate of Sala, like the reading and writing of Dogberry, came "by nature." Nature, precognizant of his varied faculties, doctored him in the cradle from which he issued, grew, and waxed. Hence "the dædal Pan" of our time and clime; hence our own perennial George Augustus.

Otto Beers.

MUSIC, &c., IN THE STATES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The indomitable Mr Mapleson, who finds profit and pleasure in giving our benighted city a yearly season of Italian opera upon so gorgeous a scale that, according to his own account, he loses thousands of dollars by every performance, has returned to us with promises of the most wonderful character. We are at last, he says, to have opera after his own heart. When Mapleson left us in May he talked vaguely of having contracts with Nilsson, Patti, Lucca, Trebelli, Faure, Maurel, and a few others, whom he intended adding to his regular company. The public doubted and waited, and it really seems now that Adelina Patti is coming to sing twice a week for five months, for which we are thankful. The season will begin next Monday night, and the company comprises Patti, who will not sing until the first week in November, Mdlles Filomena Savio, Paolina Rossini, Dotti, Olga Berghi, Emma Juch, and Laura Zagury (Laura Harris); Mdmes Galassi and Lablache; Signori Ravelli, Clodio, Mierzwinski, Nicolini, Lhérie, Galassi, Ronconi, Monti, and Durat. Arditi will conduct the orchestra as usual, and the charming Mdme Cavalazzi (Mrs Charles Mapleson) will lead the dancing. *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Semiramide*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, and *Le Prophète* are to be mounted at once. Some dissatisfaction has been manifested among early subscribers upon finding that, notwithstanding the high prices, Patti will not sing until November. In view of her engagement, the prices have been about doubled, which is not objected to so far as the Patti nights are concerned, but makes the price rather high upon the off-nights, that is, those upon which Patti does not sing. Campanini refused to come back solely because he would have been expected to bear the weight of these off-nights. The price for the best seats in the house, orchestra and balcony, is £30 for thirty nights, twenty-four shillings being asked for single seats on Patti nights, and half that price when Patti does not sing. Judging by the advance sale of seats, the season will be a fairly prosperous one.

Mdme Christine Nilsson is expected here on the 20th of this month, and will sing soon after in concert. Her friends in this country are sorry that she is not to appear in opera because of the singular disfavour into which concerts have fallen in this part of the world since Nilsson left us in 1874. Besides which it is believed that in neglecting the opportunity for dramatic effect she throws away an important element in her successes here ten years ago. On the other hand, Abbey's career as an operatic manager, judged by Patti's tour last spring, has not been such as to inspire confidence. Certainly no one wishes to see the Swedish nightingale, as she was commonly called here years ago, subjected to the trials under which Patti almost broke down, suffering so severely that she declares that no gold would ever tempt her to go through another concert tour with Abbey. Del Puente, the baritone, formerly with Mapleson's troop, is the only member of the Nilsson concert company known here.

Mrs Langtry is also expected on the 20th, Mr Abbey having both stars on his hands. The curiosity to see Mrs. Langtry is so intense that fabulous prices are offered for first night tickets—so fabulous that the critics of the leading newspapers have been asked by circular whether they would not content themselves with one ticket apiece on the first night of the season, instead of the customary two. This is an unheard of request and has created no little amusement in the newspaper world. So far no tickets have been sold, but an auction sale for choice of seats will be held next week.

Aside from the English opera companies devoted to Gilbert and Sullivan and their* imitators, there has been no music, as yet, this autumn, unless Mdme Théo's performances are allowed to appear under that head. According to the opera-bouffe stars, whom we have had in New York during the last ten years, there seem to be two methods by which the chief young woman in the extravaganzas of Meilhac and Halévy produce an effect. One method consists in singing and saying the most terrible things with the innocence of an angel, an air of outward purity and inward devilry, which, to people who like the sort of thing, must be very delightful; while the other method reverses this order, and consists in singing the most innocent rhymes in a manner suggestive of every sin prescribed by the calendar—and many

* (Would-be.)—Dr Blitge.

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more, in the bargain. Théo, who made her first bow before an American audience, in our Fifth Avenue Theatre, some weeks ago in *Madame L'Archiduc*, is supposed to follow this last method to the complete satisfaction of her countrymen. She has no voice to speak of, but the bald-headed rakes of Paris grow wild over her "expression." The "expression" Théo managed to impart to the French equivalents of "Mary had a Little Lamb," with other pieces of that suggestive and insidious character, threw the aforesaid senile occupants of the front row into spasms of paralytic rapture—seeing, or fancying they saw, whole chapters of delightful iniquity in every shrug, wink, kick, and wriggle; and thus her "expression" at once made Théo famous.*

She has scarcely fulfiled in New York, however, the great expectations to which her engagement, at a reported salary of £100 a night, gave rise. She is pretty after the fashion of a china shepherdess, and, moreover, vivacity incarnate; she is admirable as an actress, and as complete a mistress of the repertoire of much-meaning winks, grimaces, kicks, cuffs, buttings, wriggles, &c., as any of her predecessors, perhaps excelling them all (even Mad. Schroeder) in effective stage bustle. But she cannot sing, having a voice, which even in talking assails the ear with a shrill intonation that, in one less strangely endowed, would soon be found monotonous. It may also be said that, lacking experience in singing before an American audience, she does not know exactly what may be safely uttered in the plainest way and what may as safely be left to the imagination. The accomplished Mdlle Aimée knew exactly how much colour could be laid on with impunity, and did not hesitate to say or act whatever she deemed necessary to the plain understanding of her audience.† Before *Parisian* audiences not a few of Théo's gestures doubtless convey something very questionable; but the suggestions pass harmlessly over the heads of our own ingenuous congregations. HAVEY.

New York, October 13, 1882.

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TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At a recent sale of autographs in Berlin, a letter written by Wagner in 1873 with reference to a projected concert in Dresden, was one of the lots. It is interesting because it contains the following passage respecting the composition of the programme by the concertgiver, whose name, unfortunately, is not known: "*I am sorry to find that Herr N. N. is still resolved on having 'The Ride of the Walkyres,'* a piece in every respect displeasing to me."

The *Signale* hopes that no Wagnerite may come across the above, as the Master might, in such a contingency, "have a queer time of it." R. J. K.

Leipsic, Oct. 17.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM is to make his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on the 3rd of December.

SARAH BERNHARDT, it is said, will play in November at the Politeama, Buenos Ayres.

THE original MS of Verdi's *Don Carlos* has been purchased for the library of the Paris Conservatory.

GOUNOD intends visiting Granada for the purpose of examining some curious specimens of Spanish music preserved in the Cathedral.

THE LATE M. W. BALFE.—Mr Albert Young, of 16, Torriano Avenue, N. W., has published an excellent photographic portrait of Balfe, which will doubtless find a place in every album, dedicated to musical celebrities.

THE orchestral prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal* is in the programme of to-day's Crystal Palace Concert. Thus Mr Manns brushes off the novelty that would otherwise attract at the concerts of Herr Richter, who, by Wagner's own request, includes it in his first programme. Pasdeloup and Colonne have already introduced it to the Parisians, who received it with decorous indifference.

* "Expression"—according to those who have heard her expound Wagerism—is Théo's equivalent for "Leit-motive."—Dr Blunge.

† The most scrupulous audience under the moon.—Dr Blunge.

PARSIFALIANA.

IV.

The Rev. Dr. A. Portig, of Bremen, well-known in Germany as an eminent preacher and divine, has recorded his impressions of *Parsifal* in the *Deutsche Protestantenblatt*—one of the organs of the German Protestant Church. Touching the religious side of the work, he writes:—

"In Bayreuth art does homage to religion upon the stage which represents the world, and the assembled multitude reverentially feel her consecrative power as they join in solemnizing Prayer, the Last Supper, Baptism, Tears of Repentance, and the Redemption. I feel convinced that with his *Parsifal* Wagner has attained the highest aim and exercised the highest influence, but it is only by the actual co-operation of religion and religious symbols that he has been able to effect this. Not a trace of pessimism* is to be found in *Parsifal*, nor in general is any attempt made to preach philosophy and a fixed philosophical view of the world, but only the longing for redemption and the sway of the powers which alone can redeem mankind—Faith and Love. Is it right then that, perhaps for this very reason, certain critics and literates—whose works will assuredly be forgotten, whilst Wagner's will survive—should direct their violent attacks against *Parsifal*? I have closely examined my feelings in order to determine whether this frequent and at the same time natural and unaffected introduction of Prayer upon the stage, the Supper of the Knights of the Grail, the foot-washing and anointing of Parsifal by Kundry, Parsifal's simple Baptism of Kundry, the observance of Good Friday, and similar Biblical and religious matters, would not prove offensive to a Christian mind. I believe I have strong feelings on this point, but never for a moment were they hurt. The introduction of the religious element and of biblical matter, carried out, as it was, upon the Bayreuth stage without a hitch, and in a manner thoroughly noble, dignified, and truly reverential, had nothing offensive about it. As theologians and churchmen, we have no reason whatever to protest against the admission of the religious element in *Parsifal* upon the stage; we have only to demand that in every theatre where *Parsifal* will be performed it shall be brought to as æsthetically perfect a performance as at Bayreuth. There the stage fulfils the task which it ought to fulfil. In God's name, then, let Religion, with her symbols and ceremonies, speak and preach to the people even upon the stage, provided only that the same protection be accorded her as at Bayreuth; there would then be good hope of their being weaned from a taste for operas *à la* Offenbach, with their French glorification of broken marriage vows. I maintain that the baptism of the penitent Kundry by Parsifal, their tears (a scene thoroughly free from conventional theatrical display), the words, "Be baptized and believe on the Redeemer," which accompany it, together with the immediately following picture of Nature kindly and tenderly blossoming forth, as if made fruitful by the sinner's tears and with her thanking God, belong to the most beautiful, the purest, the most affecting that can be represented, or ever has been represented, upon the stage. The holy awe of religion, with all its heavenly enlightening inspiration, overpowers the devout heart—even in the theatre."

It is to be regretted that Dr Portig has not spoken of the "Temptation" scene, or, at least, if he has done so, that his utterance thereon has not come to hand. Fully agreeing, as I do, with all that he has stated above, I feel sure that he would bear me out in the statement, which, in complement of his, I may be allowed to make, that in this scene, as represented at Bayreuth, there was not the slightest approach to that indelicacy, which a reading of the stage directions may have led some to expect, and which in the hands of inferior artists might be infused into it.

Exception has been taken by some critics to this scene on the ground of the incongruity of admitting one so thoroughly "of the earth, earthy" into a work avowedly religious, and of the repulsiveness of Kundry's attacking Parsifal through love for his mother, and on failing in this, her trying to excite his sympathy for herself by recounting her own woes. In opposition to this view it may be asked, therefore, is it not one of the exigencies of the drama generally that the best side of human nature cannot be set forth in its fullest light unless the bad be contrasted with it?

* In allusion probably to the disease which infects Germany at the present day, and results from Schopenhauer's Philosophy, and the writings of Eduard von Hartmann, the chief exponent of pessimism.—TRANSLATOR.

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Further, admitting the repulsiveness of Kundry's line of action, could anything testify more strongly to Wagner's powers as a poet and a dramatist than his conception of Kundry's conduct while under the ban of the magician, Klingsor? Could anything be more natural or more pointed than her attempt to win over the "guileless fool" through love for his mother and sympathy for herself?

After the above remarks I ought not, perhaps, to stop short without saying what was the effect of *Parsifal* (after four performances) upon myself. Briefly stated, and allowing for the introduction of Klingsor's "Flower-maidens" as necessary to the course of the action, it was precisely the same as that of the Ammergau Passion Play *plus* music by Wagner. The feelings it gave rise to were totally different from any one had ever experienced before in a theatre. There was none of the intense emotion "akin to pain" which *Tristan und Isolde* evokes, none of the fun and caustic humour of the *Meistersinger*. One felt that one was assisting at some grand national religious ceremonial. On two other occasions only in my life can I recall experiencing somewhat similar emotions: one was when, as a boy, I witnessed the procession accompanying the Duke of Wellington's funeral and listened to the military bands playing the Dead March in *Saul;* the other, when, to the still more solemn strains of Croft's Burial Service, we accompanied the remains of our dear friend Sterndale Bennett to his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. So far from proving an offence to religious people, I believe it will turn out in the end that (as in the case of the Ammergau Passion Play) *Parsifal* will be the best appreciated by those who are most familiar with and set the highest value upon the teaching, the formularies and symbols of the Catholic Church—I mean Roman Catholics and the so-called Ritualistic section of the Church of England.

In regard to the music of *Parsifal*—a point which Wagner critics generally leave till last, if they touch upon it at all—I feel that—taking into consideration the unique and generally sacred character of the subject-matter, and the solemn, sombre, and apparently simpler, but really not less profound, treatment which this often necessitates—it is, on the whole, by no means inferior to, or less impressive than that of any of Wagner's previous works.

C. A. B.

Sydenham, 22nd Oct., 1882.

The Welsh are ever sticklers for antiquity. Their language is the oldest, their hills are the oldest, and, of all people, they themselves are the oldest. A Welshman is rarely disposed to admit that anything relating to Wales can be of later origin than that assigned to it by the Welsh historians. It is gratifying, therefore,—says the *Globe*—to find Mr Brinley Richards, at Swansea, making formal recantation of the errors as to the age of Welsh music into which they had led him. Who but a Welshman could ever have believed that the Welsh had a musical notation in the eleventh century?

VIENNA.—Johann Strauss's new buffo-opera, *Eine Nacht in Venedig*, will, after all, be produced at the Carltheater. Herr Doppler, who composed the music of the ballet *Melusina*, at the Imperial Operahouse, has been commissioned to write a comic opera for the Theater an der Wien.

HAMBURGH.—During the last eight years, from September, 1874 to September, 1882, there have been 268 representations of Wagner's "Music Dramas"—*Lohengrin* has been performed 76 times; *Tannhäuser*, 56; *Die Walküre*, 31; *Der fliegender Holländer*, 29; *Rienzi*, 23; *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, 21; *Das Rheingold*, 13; *Die Götterdämmerung*, 11; and *Siegfried*, 9; in other words, one-eighth of the theatrical year has been devoted to Wagner-worship. Thus, the Stadttheater here, and that at Leipsic, head the list as more especially Wagnerian Institutes, eclipsing in this respect even the Theatre Royal, Munich, where Wagner is certainly not neglected, but where, during the first decennium of Herr von Perfall's Intendancy—from 1867 to 1877—there were only 191 Wagner-Nights.

MADRID.—Mdme Sembrich made her first appearance at the Teatro Real as the heroine of Donizetti's *Lucia*, achieving merited success. The other operas in which she will sing are *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere*, *Mignon*, and *Hamlet*. Lestellier was Edgardo, and Dufriche, Asthon. Ricci conducted. *Il Trovatore* introduced three new-comers: Fursch-Madi, Leonore; Tremelli, Azucena; and Giannini, Manrico—all well received. Pandolfini was the Conte di Luna, and Goula conducted.

"THE ACTOR'S ART."*

(*From The Echo.*)

In Signor Gustave Garcia's work—miracle of miracles!—there is but one fault, and that is the title. The error in this respect proceeds from the authors' modesty in not adopting a caption sufficiently comprehensive to express the full sum of the valuable information his book contains, it being one just as necessary to the vocalist, whether in the concert-room or on the operatic boards, as to the dramatist.

The experiences of the past operatic season in London have sufficiently demonstrated to the English public the superiority of the Germans, in a purely dramatic point of view, over the Italians, however justly the latter may claim precedence for systems of vocal culture.

Erroneous methods are generally fully realized long before their needed reform is inaugurated. So has it been with the Italian and English operatic schools. The conventionalities of their stage deportment and general methods have been tolerated rather than accepted for many past years; but when the Germans showed, as they unquestionably have done recently, how thoroughly possible it is to combine high dramatic excellence with fine vocalization, the best vocalists of every school cannot be too grateful when an experienced and capable author points out the better way which all good artists should tread, to render them as perfect in the dramatic as in the vocal department of their profession. Meantime, let it not be supposed that "The Actor's Art," to which Signor Garcia, in his nomenclature, devotes his admirable treatise, needs any aid from the charms of music to make it applicable to everyone who comes before the public to appeal for the world's suffrage and applause. There is not an artist of any eminence who now "treads the boards," but must endorse every word that Signor Garcia has written. Actors and vocalists alike must acknowledge that he or she has had to acquire by years of hard study, discipline, and some painful failures, much that this all-comprehensive work teaches in full detail. Our author has written of the voice, the best methods of its production in every part of the register, and the means of developing, modifying, and increasing tone, both in speaking and singing; also of articulation, accent, inflexion, and all the various requisites for effect in enunciation. He gives rules for the concert-room which, if carefully studied, will substitute grace for awkwardness, and add the nameless charms of manner to those of vocalization. Signor Garcia also elaborates a perfect system of instruction for walking the stage; for the modes of entrance, exit, crossing, &c.; for the use of eyes, head, limbs, even of every finger; for "up-rising and down-sitting," as well as for the expression of every emotion, passion, situation, and lack of situation. The whole forms an exhaustive *vade mecum* for all that is required by every artist who comes before the public. And these directions are not only made plain and practical by reference to well-known plays, operas, and striking situations, but they are admirably illustrated by Forestier's graphic vignettes. Thus the clumsy actor may study pictures of his own ungainliness, whilst the graceful one may judge of the effect he produces on others when he recognizes his own deportment in a picture of corresponding excellence. Elocutionists, readers, actors, singers, and amateurs, all should study this valuable work, and not an aspirant for public favour and distinction should be unskilled in the directions it contains. The public who are interested in the progress of high art, no less than artists themselves, owe Signor Garcia a debt of gratitude for his useful literary achievement; and its dedication to Henry Irving forms a fit tribute to the worth of one who is himself a living illustration of the good lessons Signor Garcia imparts.

BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—At the close of the week's festival, the Mayor of Bristol, Mr Joseph D. Weston, invited the 400 members of the choir and festival committee to a *conversazione* at the Mansion House, where Mr W. Smith, chairman of the festival society, in a statement as to the results of the week's proceedings, announced that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh had consented again to become the president of the society. With regard to their financial resources, the committee had received at this festival £6,263, as compared with £6,158 in 1879; and with regard to the charities, the largest collection at the doors on record. The Mayor stated that the financial result might be regarded as a success, and trusted they would be able to realize the £3,000 for the local scholarships of the Royal College of Music, towards which, before the opening of the festival, they had raised between £600 and £700. How then about the charities, the ostensible ground upon which these festivals are presumed to stand?

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* A practical Treatise on Stage Declamation, Public Speaking, and Deportment. By Gustave Garcia, Professor of Operatic Singing at the London Academy of Music. Pettit & Co., Frith Street, Soho.

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JOACHIM IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The "Violin-King," as Joachim has been so justly designated, and his worthy associates in art, Herren de Ahna, Wirth and Hausmann, have commenced their Quartet *Soirées* for the season to the intense delight of lovers of what is highest and best in music. The programme of the first *soirée* included Mozart's Quartet in C major, Haydn's in G minor, and Beethoven's Op. 59 in E minor. To say that these compositions were executed in a manner which if general would reduce musical critics to the state of frozen-out gardeners "who've got no work to do" is simply to state a fact which will in no way surprise those who know Joachim and his talented fellow quartettists. The applause which rolled and surged within the hall of the Singakademie was, like the playing which evoked it, something to be remembered.

Another series of concerts which has been resumed for the season is that of the Winter Concerts of the *Berliner Handwerker Verein* (Berlin Mechanics' Association). Here again was Joachim to the fore, playing, if possible, even better than usual, and absolutely transfixing with wrapt amaze the immense audience consisting for the most part of members of the Associations, with their wives and families. Poor people! It is not often they have a chance of such an artistic treat. As already observed, Joachim appeared to surpass himself. Lest you may accuse me of exaggeration, I will conclude with what the critic of one of the leading papers says:

". . . . . They were, indeed, wonderful tones which the Master Joachim drew from his violin, and even those who frequently hear him and had heard him the very evening before, fancied that a special inspiration sanctified his play on the occasion. Was this owing to his own inward frame of mind, or the *genius loci*, or the echo of what filled and moved the souls of his hearers! Whatever the cause, the tones which issued this evening from Joachim's violin were entrancingly beautiful. He began with Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata,' after which he played Spohr's 'Gesangscene,' throwing in as an extra piece, and to express, probably, his thanks for the indescribably jubilant applause of his hearers, Bach's Sarabande."

"Jubilant applause," like the "mobled queen" of Polonius, "is good," so is "unbridled enthusiasm," so is "breathless excitement," so is "model quietness," all phrases used by the writer quoted to express the effect produced by this marvellous artist on the members of the Berlin Mechanics' Association, their wives and daughters, sons, uncles, aunts, and nieces. HOSPADAR.

A DISCOVERY.

"Jennius" of the Paris *Liberté* (who must not be confounded with Junius, real author of the "Letters of Junius"), gives the subjoined in a recent issue of the paper which subjoins him:—

"*L'opinion de Schumann sur Meyerbeer:*

"'Lors du *Crociato*, je rangeai Meyerbeer au nombre des musiciens; à l'apparition de *Robert le Diable*, il m'est venu un scrupule; mais à compter des *Huguenots*, je l'engage tout uniment dans la troupe de Franconi.'

"Pas de commentaire, n'est-ce pas?

"JENNIUS."

Schumann wrote some such nonsense in his own less flippant tongue, nearly half a century ago,* and the mighty Jennius has just unearthed it. Oh, "Jennius!"

THE LIGHT DIVISION POLKA.—This admired polka, played with such great success at the Promenade Concert, Covent Garden, on Wednesday evening, will be repeated this (Saturday) evening under the direction of A. Gwyllym Crowe.

SEVERAL alterations will be made in next year's performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. The moving panorama in the first act will be considerably shortened, so that it will not be necessary to repeat the incidental music; while the panorama in the third act, omitted this year, will be so far restored as to show Parsifal, Gurnemanz, and Kundry on their way to the Temple of the Holy Graal, the curtain closing forthwith.

* 1836. Article upon the *Huguenots* and Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, produced within a short time of each other—the former in Paris, the latter at Dusseldorf.—D. T.

CONCERTS.

AT Mr M. St John Robinson's Musical Academy, Blomfield Crescent, a concert (the first of a series) was given by the students on Thursday evening, Oct. 19, which gave perfect satisfaction to the friends and parents of the future artists. We can give especial praise to Misses Burton, Ella Turley, Emily Kelly, and Mrs Ross, for the style in which they rendered the songs allotted to them, which included Tosti's "For ever and ever," Compton's "In the twilight hours," Sullivan's "Better land," and Cowen's "Never again." Credit is also due to Miss Marie Power for her performance of a "Ballade Dramatique," for the pianoforte, by Buhl, and for the effective way in which Misses Carlton and Pator, Messrs Perkins and Tallantyre rendered Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou," cleverly arranged as a vocal quartet by Mr G. B. Allen. Indeed we can bestow the same praise on the other part songs and choruses, which included Pinsuti's "Tell me Flora," Barnby's "Sweet and low," Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants," Gaul's "The silent land," and Pinsuti's "Good night, beloved," rendered by the members of the Paddington Choral Society (President—Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. D.), and most ably conducted by Mr M. St. John Robinson. We note that the Paddington Choral Society will give their first public concert this season early in November.

The Ballad Concert given by Miss Nellie Chaplin at the Royal Victoria Hall, on the 12th inst., gave evident satisfaction to a numerous audience. Several vocalists assisted, and Miss Chaplin's pianoforte solos were much appreciated, also the violin performances of her youthful sister, Miss Kate Chaplin, as well as a pianoforte fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*, arranged and played by Mr George Gear. Encores were numerous, including "Pack clouds away," well sung by Miss Clara Leighton, Mr F. H. Cowen's "The old and the young Marie," (Miss Ellen Marchant, who substituted "Caller Herrin',") "A Winter Story," (Mr Frank Connery), and "Sweet Visions," a very pretty contralto song by Mr George Gear, well rendered by Miss Fanny Smith. Misses Woodhatch, Rose Moss, and Selina Hall were also successful. The addition of a tenor to the list of artists would have been acceptable. Some interesting "recitations" were given by Mr H. C. Renouf. Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr George Gear officiated as accompanists.

AT the Harvest Festival, celebrated on Tuesday evening, October 17th, in St James's Church, Clerkenwell, Haydn's *Creation* was given, the principal singers being Miss Emily Paget, Mr Paget, and Mr Millward, assisted by the choir of the church, augmented to forty voices. Miss Emily Paget rendered "With verdure clad" with taste and expression, Mr Paget making his mark in "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," Mr Millward giving due expression to "In native worth," and the three blending their voices admirably in the trio, "On Thee each living soul awaits." The choir's best performance was "The Heavens are telling." Mr James Robinson presided at the organ, and the church was crowded in every part.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday night (October 18) the Carl Rosa Opera Company gave Verdi's *Il Trovatore* at the Theatre Royal. As it was the last appearance during the present engagement of Mdme Valleria it was a foregone conclusion that the house would be well filled. Mr Rosa's gifted *prima donna* in her acting is unfailingly graceful, and her vocalization is distinguished by refinement and a depth of expression which imparts a charm to everything she undertakes. The air, "To tell of love so glowing." furnished an opportunity for a remarkable display of brilliancy, and "Breeze of the night," and the whole of the subsequent music, for the exhibition of the tenderest and deepest pathos. Mdme Valleria is distinguished by perfection of intonation, and every phrase receives from her the most appropriate expression. Hence the concerted movements in which she took part were really as triumphant as were her solos. Miss Josephine Yorke was impressive in her impersonation of Azucena. Mr Barton McGuckin, as Manrico, sang all his music admirably, more especially "Ah! yes, thou art mine," and in the duets with Mdme Valleria and Miss Yorke. Mr Leslie Crotty, both as a singer and as an actor, won honour as the Count di Luna, rendering the air, "The tempest of the heart" ("Il balen del suo sorriso"), grandly, and also helping in a masterly manner in the concerted pieces. There were re-demands of "To tell of love," of the duet for Leonora and Manrico in the second act, of the air "Relentless fiend," of "The tempest of the heart," of "Breeze of the night," and of the "Miserere" scene, but the last named alone was repeated. The largest audience of the week, or, indeed, of the series, assembled to witness the second performance of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdme Marie Roze in the part of the Duchess. As the cast was identical with that of the first

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performance of the work it must suffice to remark that it was throughout spirited and effective, and repeatedly evoked the enthusiastic applause of the audience. The work—says the *Daily Post*—is more within the compass of the executive resources than some other of the operas attempted by Mr Rosa's company, and the general musical results are proportionately more satisfactory. Mdme Roze's assumption is naturally the great feature of the performance, and on the fall of the curtain she was recalled, together with the other principal performers, Mr Ludwig and Mr McGuckin, and presented through the hands of the conductor with a handsome *corbeille* of flowers. Miss Josephine Yorke, as Maffeo Orsini, also acquitted herself very creditably, scoring her customary success in the *brindisi* in the third act. The operatic series was brought to a close with a second performance of *The Bohemian Girl*.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal English Opera Company have given us, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*, under the English title of *Peter the Shipwright*, an opera in which Santley made a "hit" some few years back at the Gaiety Theatre, London. The principal characters were sustained by Mdlle Philippine Siedle (the Burgomaster's niece), Mrs Oliver Summers (Widow Browne), Mr R. Temple (the Czar), Mr Faulkner Leigh (the French Ambassador), who sang "I will be true" so well that he was called upon to repeat it; Mr Aynsley Cook (the Burgomaster), whose conception of the part—writes the *Daily Post*—was wonderfully droll, brimming over with genuine burlesque humour, and no less satisfactory in a vocal than in a histrionic sense. Mr Cook, indeed, always sings like an artist, and with a truth of intonation which more pretentious and agile vocalists might usefully emulate. He was irresistibly comic in his opening solo, "Oh, I'm a perfect wonder," and still more so in the great scene at the wedding festivity (where he successively arrests and releases the two ambassadors and the two Peters in his eagerness to comply with the orders of the Government). Mr Charles Lyall was artistic and drily humorous in the part of Peter Ivanhoff, and his singing throughout was excellent. The choruses in general were satisfactorily rendered, but an additional rehearsal would not have been superfluous either for chorus or band.

BANBURY.—Miss Fortescue's concert at the Town Hall, given in aid of St Mary's National Schools, was not so well attended as it would have been had not the weather been so inclement. The concert was under the patronage of the Right Hon. and Ven. Lord Saye and Sele (High Steward of the Borough), the Mayor (W. Johnson, Esq.), and many of the heads of the aristocratic families of the county. The singers were Mdme Lita Jarratt, R.A.M., and Mr R. Grice, of New College, Oxford. The instrumentalists were Miss Jessie Davis (pianoforte), Herr Carl Henkel (violin), Mr Brousil (violoncello), Miss Florence Fortescue and Mr Charles Oberthür (harp). Among the successful pieces were the cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Meyerbeer), sung by Miss Lita Jarratt, with harp accompaniment by Mr Oberthür; Sterndale Bennett's Rondo in C minor, played by Miss Davis (encored); Servais' melody for the violoncello, "Le Desir" (Mr Brousil); Tosti's "For ever and for ever" (Mr Grice—encored, but Stephen Adams's "Little Midshipmite" substituted); and two harp solos, composed by Mr Oberthür, namely, "Mélodie Mazurke," characteristically rendered by Miss Fortescue, and "Clouds and Sunshine," played by the composer in his own inimitable style. The concerted piece with which the concert began was Mr Oberthür's trio, "Mon Séjour à Darmstadt," for piano, violin, and harp (Messrs Henkel, Brousil, and Oberthür); his duets for two harps, "Moslem March" (Miss Fortescue and the composer); his duet for violin and harp, "Hommage à Weber" (Miss Fortescue and Herr Henkel); and Sir Julius Benedict's Serenade, for violin, pianoforte, and harp (Herr Henkel, Miss Davis, and Mr Oberthur). The concert, which gave general satisfaction, concluded with the National Anthem.

SWANSEA.—At the Albert Hall on Thursday evening October 19th, Mr Brinley Richards delivered a lecture on National Music, with selections illustrative of the progress of music from the 16th to the 19th century. There was a good attendance of the most distinguished families of the district, and the chair was taken by Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P., who said, there was no man more capable of instructing them in the art of music than the eminent lecturer of this evening. Mr Brinley Richards was now distinguished not only for his acquirements in music, but because he had composed what might be called our second National Anthem, and his name would go down "the stream of time" associated with "God bless the Prince of Wales." Mr Richards, in the illustration of his remarks on the progress of Music, played in a masterly manner compositions ranging from the date of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book (A.D. 1593) to the present century including his own Tarantella and his arrangement of "The Men of Harlech" which were received with enthusiastic applause. The illustrators of vocal music were Miss Margery Lewis (soprano), winner of the prize for solo singing at the Abergavenny Eisteddfod, Miss H. M. Jones (contralto), prize winner at the Denbigh National Eisteddfod, and Mr Ivor Morris (Basso). Mr W. B. Broad, the Local Examiner of the Royal Academy of Music, London, acted as accompanist both on the pianoforte and organ. The lecture and concert were a great success. At the close, Sir Hussey Vivian rose to propose a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Brinley Richards for the great treat they had enjoyed in his lecture and in his performance. Mr Brinley Richards, in gracefully acknowledging the thanks, said he would be glad to meet Sir Hussey in public debate on this subject of music (laughter). In conclusion, Miss Lewis, Miss Jones, and Mr Ivor Morris sang the solo, and the audience enthusiastically sang the chorus of "God bless the Prince of Wales."

READING.—The first recital of the Michaelmas term in connection with the Royal Berks Academy of Music was given on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5. There was a large attendance. Miss Emma Barnett (pianoforte) and Mons. Albert (violoncello) were the performers. Miss Barnett is well known at the Saturday popular and other classical concerts in London, and she has played before in Reading and was, therefore, not unknown to Reading audiences. A capital programme was provided. Chopin's introduction and polonaise for pianoforte and violoncello was played with brilliant execution and was enthusiastically received. Miss Barnett's performances were much admired, especially the concluding one, a brilliant and melodious fantasia on *The Ancient Mariner* arranged by her brother, Mr J. F. Barnett.

LEEDS.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company gave Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with Mdme Marie Roze as the heroic wife, at the Grand Theatre, on Monday evening, Oct. 23. The house was crowded in every part, and the *prima donna* not only received a hearty welcome on her first appearance on the stage, but excited general enthusiasm by the manner in which she acquitted herself in a very laborious and difficult part. The characters of Rocco, Pizarro, and Marcello were ably represented by Messrs Snazelle, Ludwig, and Miss Clara Perry; that of Florestan being entrusted to Mr McGuckin, who sang the fine air at the beginning of the second act with pathos and effect. The band (conducted by Mr Pew) and chorus were excellent, and the opera met with complete success.

GLASGOW.—The celebrated Kennedy family gave another of their attractive entertainments of Scottish song in the St Andrew's Halls, on Saturday evening, to an audience who filled every part of the immense building. And it says a good deal, not so much for the power of national music, as for the really admirable manner in which it was rendered on this occasion, that the fashionable gathering was from first to last unmistakably interested, and frequently stirred to the manifestation of an enthusiasm such as is seldom witnessed in St Andrew's Halls. This, too, not solely in the irrepressible merriment which was excited by the elder Mr Kennedy's impersonations or the unstinted applause awarded to the younger Mr Kennedy for the more heroic and declamatory songs on the programme—to which his powerful, well-trained voice did justice—but also in a marked degree in the strong feeling awakened by the touchingly pathetic melodies sung by the Misses Kennedy. The entertainment entitled "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites," had the advantage of a kind of dramatic unity in its arrangement, being designed to "tell the story of the rebellions in favour of the Stuarts in song;" and as the songs were merely incidental to a running narrative of fact and racy anecdote told by the elder Mr Kennedy, the purpose of the entertainment was never for a moment lost sight of. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr Kennedy is himself the life and spirit of the entertainment. His versatility is wonderful and his pawky humour simply delicious. His "douce Provost" scarcely rising above the levity of a profound "wink," as he dismisses that "de'il o' Dundee" with a snort and sudden snap of his teeth; the exquisite contempt of the Hielander who kicks the "wee, wee Sherman lairdie" round the platform; the easy going goodman pestered out of all patience by the inexplicable conduct of his women "a' gane wud" with the new enthusiasm; and the mocking accent of the other gudeman who comes "hame at e'en" to discover evidence of a rebel in his house, which his goodwife would fain explain away—were all received with unbounded delight by the audience, who insisted on a repetition of the "Wee, wee German lairdie." The audience were indeed a trifle too exacting, and it was manifestly only by a special physical effort that Mr Robert Kennedy was able to answer the re-calls thrust upon him. The Misses Kennedy were also more than once encored, with greater compliment to the singer than justice to the lady, though this remark ought not perhaps to extend to the encoring of the brilliant pianoforte performance of reels and strathspeys by Misses Marjory and Helen. The entertainment concluded appropriately with the singing of "Auld lang syne."—*North British Daily Mail.*

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 661.)

The result, however, was so unsatisfactory that it was deemed advisable not to play the piece again till it had been completely remodelled, and three weeks were not considered too much for this indispensable process. The librettist re-wrote his piece almost entirely, shortening it considerably, and cutting out a character, whose disappearance brought with it the suppression of an important trio. Thus reduced and corrected, *L'Hôtellerie portugaise* was, on the 1st Fructidor, offered for the second time to the public. It was hardly more fortunate than at first; it dragged itself languidly along up to the fourth night (the third on the 3rd, the fourth on the 5th), and that was all. The Théâtre Feydeau closed on the 21st Fructidor for repairs, and nothing more was heard of the opera. This was a great pity, for the overture is still justly celebrated and the whole score was charming from beginning to end, as the *Courier des spectacles* again stated in these terms after the second performance:

"Were it necessary for us again to speak of the music, it would be that we might add fresh and merited praise to that it has already obtained; learned and simple, touching and animated, at one and the same time, it commands our attention by beauty after beauty, and excites our admiration even by its slightest effects. We should be obliged to mention all the numbers one after the other were we to enter into a detailed account of those which possess the merit of pleasing the public. There is not one which fails to justify the reputation Cherubini has acquired by his other productions."

It is a somewhat singular fact that Cherubini, who possessed in so remarkable a degree a theoretical feeling of what was required and fitting on the stage, was never particular in the choice of the books he accepted and set to music. The consequence was that he wrote admirable scores to the most wretched books, and that, while his genius commanded by its power the admiration of the public, most of his works had only an ephemeral existence on the stage, in consequence of the slight interest of the dramatic action, which ought to have supported him. *Elisa, ou le Mont Saint-Bernard*, and still more, *L'Hôtellerie Portuguise*, are two striking instances of the justice of this remark, and we shall have another proof of it in the work the master undertook to write after the last of the two just named, and for the same theatre. The new book, entitled *La Punition*, was furnished by Desfaucherets, author of an agreeable comedy, *Le Mariage secret*, but was nothing the better on that account. The little one-act trifle, interpreted by Lesage, Juliet, Rézicourt, Dérubelle, Fay, Mdmes Lesage and Augustine Lesage, was produced on the 5th Ventôse, Year VII. (23rd February, 1799), and very roughly handled on the first night, as we learn from the *Courier des Spectacles*:

"The public," says the paper, "both applauded and hissed the opera given under the title of *La Punition* last night at this theatre. The applause was for the music, and the hisses for the book, which has not much in it, is uninteresting, and contains striking improbabilities."

Once more it was necessary to correct, cut down, and remodel the work before again presenting it to the public. But the alterations were executed with rapidity, so that the management were able to give the second performance two days after the first. The result was, we must say, far more satisfactory than in the preceding instance, and the fact is thus stated by the same paper:

"The second performance of the opera entitled *La Punition* achieved yesterday a very great success. Numerous cuts, by rendering the action closer, imparted much more life to it, and brought out the really comic touches it contains. The work now strikes us as worthy the estimable author of *Le Mariage secret*; we do not doubt that it will be long witnessed with pleasure, and procure the public the double advantage of seeing an agreeable piece and hearing Cherubini's learned music. The overture and the various accompaniments excited the warmest applause. But, we repeat with pleasure, the author of the words has, this time, a well deserved share in it."

I am ignorant what were the circumstances which now induced Cherubini, in partnership with Boieldieu, to give a short opera at what was, from a musical point of view, a secondary theatre, the Théâtre Montansier. At any rate, the two composers, united by mutual affection, set to music a one act book, the authors of which were Jouy, Longchamp, and Saint-Just, and the work, which had for its title *Emma, ou la Prisonnière*, was brought out at the Théâtre Montansier, on the 12th December, 1799. The book was not much better than the books Cherubini had previously taken in hand, but the music was charming and the acting splendid, Brunet, the excellent comic actor, then the favourite of all Paris, being included in the cast. The piece achieved a very great and very prolonged success.

"*La Prisonnière*," says one writer, "still draws large numbers to the Théâtre Montansier, not that it is very good, but it contains some comic situations and some touches of wit by the authors of the pretty vaudeville, *Comment faire?* The public hear music by Cherubini and Boieldieu, and see Brunet, the inimitable Brunet."*

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Mdme Pauline Lucca is in Paris.

Vergnet, the tenor, has gone to Italy.

Jules Vizentini, uncle of Albert Vizentini, has died, aged 72.

Mdme Pappenheim is fulfilling an engagement at Buenos Ayres.

Venanzi is appointed conductor of ballet music at the Milan Scala.

Emilio Ricordi has been decorated with the Order of the Crown of Italy.

A new opera, *Nella*, by Ricci, will be produced next month at Ravenna.

Albert Dietrich's opera, *Robin Hood*, has been favourably received in Dessau.

Smetana's new opera, *Die Teufelswand*, was produced on the 15th inst., at Prague.

Friedman, artistic director of the National Theatre, Bucharest, was lately in Milan.

Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* is in preparation at the Royal Operahouse, Dresden.

A new operahouse is to be erected at Athens. The architect is Girard, a Frenchman.

Mdlle Nordica is engaged to a Mr Gower, and the marriage will be celebrated shortly.

Carl Heymann is resting in Switzerland, and will not play again in public till January.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* has been given with success at the Stadttheater, Königsberg.

The robust soprano, Teresa Singer, is engaged for the approaching season at the San Carlo, Naples.

Amleto, with Donadio as Ophelia, and Lhérie as the Prince, has been produced at Barcelona.

The publication of *Scaramuccia* has been resumed at Florence after an interval of some 30 years.

Eugène d'Albert, a pianist and pupil of Franz Liszt's, has been playing at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Carlo Gomes, the composer, has joined Morella in the management of the Dom Pedro II. Theatre, Rio Janeiro.

Ercole Tinti, formerly operatic manager, afterwards theatrical agent, has died, aged sixty-nine, at Florence.

Arthur Pougin has retired from the editorship of *La Musique Populaire*, and is succeeded by Alphonse Baralle.

After the present season, the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, will be illuminated exclusively by the electric light.

The concerts given at Stuttgart by Herr Eduard Strauss and his band from Vienna have been very well attended.

Talazac, the tenor, has been elected a member of the Committee of the Association des Artistes dramatiques, Paris.

Teresina Tua, the girl violinist, has been playing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, with her accustomed success.

Mdlle de Vère will sing with the baritone Kaschmann, in *Lucia* and *Simon Boccanegra* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Marianne Eissler, violinist, of Vienna, has created a favourable impression at Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Carlsruhe.

Lohengrin, with Nouvelli (once in Mr Gye's company) in the title part, is announced at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna.

Byron's *Manfred*, with Schumann's music, has, after an interval of many years, been performed at the Leipsic, Stadttheater.

Varesi is now singing at the Theatre, Warsaw; next month she will take part in some concerts at the Philharmonie, Berlin.

* *Les Spectacles de Paris* for Year VIII.—I do not think the music of *La Prisonnière* was ever published; but the library of the Paris Conservatory possesses a very complete copy of the orchestral score of the little work.

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Albert Niemann has returned after his holiday to the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, re-appearing as John of Leyden in *Le Prophète*.

After belonging to the Grand Opera, Paris, for nearly twenty years, Villaret, the tenor, will take his farewell on the 1st November.

The tenor Prévost, formerly of the Théâtre du Château-d'Eau, Paris, has been well received in *Ernani* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Dr Paul Klengel is again conductor at the concerts of the Euterpe Society, Leipsic. The first concert of the season came off on the 24th inst.

Sommer is re-engaged for ten years at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.—(Sommer, Sommerer, Sommemerinus. Who's Sommer?—Dr Blidge.)

After remaining closed for some days in consequence of the fall of the iron curtain, the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, re-opened with *Tannhäuser*.

During her concert tour, which began at Breslau, Etelka Gerster will visit Berlin, Nice, and Moscow, afterwards performing at the Milan Scala.

Synnerberg is engaged at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, in place of Beloff, indisposed at Madrid. Both ladies are favourites and marriageable.

Anton Urspruch succeeds the late Joachim Raff as professor of counterpoint and composition at the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

It is said that the Teatro de Jovellanos, Madrid, will be opened in the spring for Italian opera, and that Gayarre will be a member of the company.

The Prelude to *Parsifal* has been arranged for the organ by Carl Rheinthaler, and played by him at a recent concert given by the Cathedral Choir, Bremen.

The first Museum Concert of the season at Frankfort-on-the-Maine took place on the 14th inst. Mdme Norman-Néruda, the "Violin Fairy," took part in it.

A new opera, from the pen of Victor Nessler, composer of *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, will be produced before the end of the year at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Mr Hutchinson, composer of "Ehren on the Rhine" and "Dream Faces," is writing a cantata (founded on one of the "Idylls of the King"), entitled *The Story of Elaine*.

A concert given at the Politeama, Genoa, for the benefit of sufferers by the inundations, produced 7,000 francs. Camillo Sivori, prince of Italian violinists, was the chief attraction.

The Philharmonic Society announce their intention of giving a prize of Ten Guineas for the best overture by a British musician, the judges being Sir Julius Benedict and Sir Michael Costa.

Etelka Gerster, assisted by the pianist, von Pachmann, and the violinist, Waldemar Meyer, gave a concert on the 15th in Dresden, and sang on the 19th at the 3rd Gewandhaus Concert, Leipsic.

The fugitive manager of the National-Theater, Berlin, has been arrested in Hamburgh, and a large part—13,700 marks—of the money, with which he was making off, taken from him.

Bernhard Scholz, of Breslau, who has been selected to succeed Joachim Raff as director of the Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, enters on his duties at the commencement of the new year.

The Italian season at the Maria Theatre, St Petersburgh, was inaugurated with *Robert le Diable*, Durand, Sylva, Uetam, and Repetto sustaining the principal characters, and Bevignani, as usual, being the conductor.

Emma Nevada (Mr Gye's "mignonne" *prima donna* that was) will fulfil an engagement, extending from the 25th December to the middle of January, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, singing in *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, *Lucia*, *Dinorah*, *Amleto*, and *La Traviata*.

London Church Choir Association.—This association will hold its tenth annual festival in St. Paul's Cathedral on the evening of Thursday, November 2, when the anthem, "Sing to the Lord," by Henry Smart, a service by Berthold Tours, and a new prize *Te Deum* by A. H. D. Prendergast will be sung.

Two Richter Concerts are to be given at St. James's Hall during next month, instead of the six performances originally announced. The dates are November 9 and 14. Herr Richter has organized these concerts in hope that the profits will re-imburse the members of the orchestra for the losses sustained during the season of German opera at Drury Lane Theatre in May and June last. There is a substantial guarantee fund towards meeting the expenses of the concerts, the full purpose of which, however, requires the support of the public. This is due, apart from the ultimate object, to the interest of the programmes and the assurance of excellent performances under the direction of Herr Richter.

Mr and Mrs German Reed's Entertainment.—*The Turquoise Ring*, originally produced here two years ago, written by Messrs G. W. Godfrey and E. W. Craigie, and set to music by Mr Lionel Benson, was revived at St. George's Hall on Monday evening. Mr Corney Grain, as the cunning French landlord, Thibant; his excitable waiter Jacques, characteristically portrayed by Mr North Home; the pretty Pauline and the romantic Lady Turtle, so appropriately illustrated by Miss Edith Brandon and Miss Fanny Holland; and the portly ex-Lord Mayor, so humorously depicted by Mr Alfred Reed, are all personages with whom acquaintance may be gladly renewed. An important novelty was also brought out in the shape of a musical sketch by Mr Corney Grain, entitled *En Route*, which exhibits to advantage his ability as a musician, and as a delineator of social peculiarities.

At a representative county meeting in support of the Royal College of Music held at Wimborne, Dorset, on the 19th inst., the chair was taken by Lord Shaftesbury, who said the Prince of Wales, who had asked him to preside, preferred that the sum required should be raised by small contributions from sympathizers among the middle and poorer classes rather than by large donations from the rich. Of £300,000 wanted, over £100,000 had been promised. The remainder ought not to be difficult to get, especially as it was to confer benefits on the people of the country generally. Were it a private speculative enterprise, such, for instance, as the Channel Tunnel scheme—*the most abnormal and strange thing that ever entered the mind of man*—millions of money could be easily obtained.* Dr. Grove explained the aims and objects of the proposed College, of which he was director. Resolutions were passed pledging the support of the meeting, and a fund was started.

* A hint for speculators.—Dr Blidge.

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DVORAK'S OPERA, *DIMITRIJ*.*

A grand Czeckish opera, at the first performance of which in Prague I had an opportunity of being present, is exciting in no ordinary degree the interest of musical circles. The work in question is a four-act opera, *Dimitrij* (*Demetrius*) by Anton Dvorak, a composer of Prague, who broke through, a considerable time ago, the ban of national and local Czeckish celebrity, and, with his orchestral and chamber music, his "Legends" and "Moravian Duets," has made himself a name respected in all Germany, and now, even in England. Of his dramatic efforts we were acquainted with only two small comic operas (*Der Bauer ein Schelm*, and *Dickschädel*), from the fact of their having found a German translator and a German publisher; merry, unpretending pieces interspersed with music, in which healthy melodious talent is fortunate enough to get the upper hand of somewhat old-fashioned comedy subjects. In his new grand opera, *Dimitrij*, Dvorak has set himself a far higher task. The libretto, which treats of the story of the "false Demetrius," is by a young and talented lady, Mdme Marie Cervinka, daughter of the well-known Czeckish leader, Rieger, who, moreover, in an exhaustive preface, gives proof of her intimate acquaintance with Russian history. She appears to have been especially guided by a desire to be as historically correct as possible; she has hardly made any use of Schiller's fragment, and has availed herself only very sparingly of Heinrich Laube's theatrically effective continuation of it. Like myself, many may have expected Schiller's magnificent exposition, the Polish Diet, as an imposing introduction to the opera. It is true that, on account of the long but altogether indispensable narrative of Demetrius, this scene presents great difficulties in the way of musical treatment. On the other hand, the strongly marked contrasts, with the gradually increasing and stormy agitation among the masses, must excite the composer to a task calculated amply to repay his efforts. There might have been an exposition similar to that in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, where also the hero, Vasco de Gama, explains and defends his cause before a large and excited tribunal. It was evidently for the sake of closer and more homogeneous action that the Czeckish authoress made the opera commence in Moscow and kept to that locality until the last.

The people of Moscow, boyards, priests, and soldiers, who fill the square in front of the Kremlin, are lamenting the sudden death of the Czaar, Boris Godunow, and their country's danger. The victorious Poles are before the city gates, and at their head is the pretender, Demetrius, who is put forward as the son, long supposed dead, of the Czaar, Ivan. Despite the warning of the Boyard Schuisky, the people hasten joyfully to meet Demetrius, and determine to crown him forthwith, provided Marfa, the widowed Czarina, publicly recognizes him as her son, who has been supposed dead. She at first responds with coldness and repugnance to his heartfelt greeting, but, moved by the young man's noble and mild nature, and impelled by feelings of revenge towards the family of her persecutor, Boris Godunow, at last embraces Demetrius with the exclamation: "My son!" The people shout with joy, the gates, hitherto closed, of the holy Kremlin, are thrown open, and Demetrius, with Marfa, makes his solemn entry into it. The second act commences with a dialogue between Demetrius and his newly married wife, Marina, daughter of the Polish Prince Mnischek. Demetrius greets her affectionately, yet not without some gentle reproaches for the Polish manners and dress she had obstinately retained. From her haughty reply he perceives only too plainly that it is not love but only greed of power and ambition which have bound her to him. The noble Poles appear; Marina seizes a goblet and sings a song in praise of Poland, while a mazurka is danced in the hall. The discontent among the Russians grows louder and louder, but Demetrius at length allays the gathering storm. The scene now changes to a hall leading to the tomb of the Czaars. Demetrius has just entered, when Xenia (Axinia) daughter of the deceased Boris, rushes affrightedly in, followed by a number of profligate Polish nobles. Demetrius drives out the intruders. Xenia thanks her unknown preserver, and the duet between them reveals the sudden bursting into life of mutual inclination. Hereupon Demetrius conceals himself behind a funereal monument on seeing his opponent Schuisky enter with the Conspirators. Schuisky exhorts his confederates to overthrow the Usurper, and is about to swear at Ivan's tomb that Demetrius is not Ivan's son, when with the words: "Swear not!" Demetrius comes forward. The Conspirators, taken by surprise, beg for pardon, and Schuisky is bound and delivered over to justice. The third act plays in the Coronation Hall. Demetrius, with Marfa and Marina at his side, receives the Boyards, who assure him of their fidelity. Xenia rushes in, and begs that Schuisky, who is being conducted at the back of the stage to the scaffold, may be spared. Demetrius pardons him, and Xenia, recognizing in the Czaar her preserver, whom she secretly loves, sinks fainting to the ground. A grand, passionately agitated duet between Demetrius and Marina concludes the act. Marina accuses her husband with having pardoned the traitor to please Xenia, and, when Demetrius refers to his divine right, hurls in his teeth the mocking words: "And do you think you are the Czaar? You are Otrepnev, a serf!" She then reveals to him with passionately malignant satisfaction the secret hitherto kept from him, of his lowly origin. Demetrius begins to lose faith in his right, and declares that henceforward all bonds of love and gratitude between Marina and himself are severed for ever. Startled at the unexpected effect of her words, Marina is crushed, and vows that she had previously only simulated love for him, but that now, conquered by his manly courage, she loves him really. She is willing to sacrifice to him her faith and nationality. But it is all in vain—Demetrius contemptuously repels the suppliant. The fourth and last act plays in a courtyard with garden before Schuisky's house. Here Demetrius meets Xenia and confesses to her his love, which she returns, but immediately to bid him farewell for ever. Two murderers, hired by Marina, steal after her, and despatch her in the garden. Mortally wounded, she staggers in and dies on the stage. A scene of tumult ensues; Demetrius, surrounded by the people, hastens to the spot, and swears by Xenia's corpse to be revenged on the murderer, no matter who it may be. Schuisky hereupon brings forward Marina, veiled, from where she has been concealed; she is accused of having contrived the murder, and, without hesitation, acknowledges the fact. She sees her life is forfeited, and resolves that Demetrius, who has thrust her from him, shall also perish. She cries loudly to the people: "Your Czaar is an imposter; he is an Otrepnev!" Demetrius asks for proofs. Once more must Marfa swear, and this time on the cross held up to her by the Patriarch, that Demetrius is her son. She at first vacillates, but, impelled by affection and compassion, at length resolves to take the false oath. She has already laid her hand on the cross, when Demetrius exclaims: "Swear not! I will not hold the throne by deceit!" Herewith he pronounces his own death-warrant: a bullet from Schuisky brings him to the ground.

As the reader will himself have seen from this meagre narrative, the opera of *Dimitrij* contains powerful dramatic situations. If we strip the story of its purely political and national surroundings, there remains an imperishable dramatic residuum which absolutely challenges theatrical treatment, and consequently only asks to be worked up into operatic shape by a composer whose speciality is rooted in natural and acquired familiarity with Sclavonic music. In the execution of her task the highly accomplished authoress of the libretto has undoubtedly displayed talent and skill. This acknowledgment of her merit does not, however, exclude numerous objections to her libretto. In the first place, the continual psychological wavering of the three principal personages seems hazardous. We see Marfa in the first and the fourth act engaged in precisely the same conflict of feeling as to whether she shall or shall not acknowledge the hero of the piece as her son. From contempt and repugnance for Demetrius, Marina suddenly passes to ardent love and then again to deadly hate. There is no sufficient motive for the murder committed on Xenia, which produces a most hateful impression. In the opera, Marina knows nothing about Xenia, except that to please her Demetrius pardoned Schuisky. This may be enough for jealous emotion but certainly not for murder. If Marina had at least surprised the two in each other's arms, and, carried away by passionate jealousy, herself plunged a dagger—but no, not even a dagger would here be appropriate; it would have sufficed, had the revengeful Marina, on beholding the two, immediately summoned the people and publicly proclaimed the secret of the false Demetrius who had betrayed her. Xenia's murder, a revolting and unnecessary act, has this undesirable result: all our

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

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sympathy is directed to the beauteous and innocent victim, and the fall of Demetrius, which is really the tragic catastrophe, leaves us comparatively unmoved. As regards the hero himself, we cannot, it is true, conceive him without psychological vacillation, for the tragic element of the character consists in the fact that he is at first firmly convinced of his right and his high descent while his belief in them is subsequently shaken. In an opera, which cannot enter into dialectic niceties and does not possess so delicate a standard as spoken drama for weighing motives and counter-motives, these two opposite phases of feeling in Demetrius' soul ought to have been kept more sharply and more palpably distinct. Nor can we suppress many technical objections. In parts of the libretto where the story imperatively demands rapid progress, we find long reflections, dialogues, or monologues, which naturally seduce the composer into long pauses and disquisitions. By its very nature, music requires more time than spoken language. Such objectionable stoppage of the action impairs, for instance, the scene where Xenia is pursued into the tomb and Demetrius, instead of driving away the fellows at once, sings with them a considerable time, to let Xenia finish her prayers in the foreground. In each of the last three acts we meet with more or less fatiguing instances of overlength. The most objectionable example occurs immediately before the catastrophe: the Patriarch is holding up the cross to Marfa for her to swear on; everyone is awaiting in breathless suspense the decisive moment, when the Patriarch lowers the cross, as a marksman lowers the gun with which he is taking aim, and—an imposing vocal concerted piece is built up broadly and calmly before us; it is a valuable composition, but we have not the patience to enjoy it in the position it occupies. Another fact which strikes us as sinning against the due balance of the opera is that, while Demetrius has *four* duets, two with Marina and two with Xenia, there is not a single one for women alone. Considerations of this kind are often overlooked by the cleverest authors, when the latter are not yet thoroughly familiar with the requirements of the stage. The artistic modesty and penetration with which the fair librettist as well as the composer of *Dimitrij* are credited, are guarantees that both will readily consent to many additional cuts and alterations, which the vivid impression of the performance has probably convinced them are desirable.* The work would thereby gain exceptionally in success and popularity.

Dvorak's *Dimitrij* is rich in beautiful and original music, the production of genuine and eminent talent. The composer eschews triviality as much as he does sterile subtlety; he does not avoid strong effects, and obtains them principally in the grand concerted pieces and choruses. Polish and Russian musical character prevails in the latter, and is in its proper place. The Sclavonian element is the natural breath of the score, and not mere artificial inhalation. Yet we have no coquetting with national Sclavonic music, which is not so predominant in this Czechish opera as Magyar music in Erkel's operas. With its vigorous, fresh appeals to the senses, Dvorak's opera sometimes reminds us of Italian music of the description of Verdi's *Aida*. Guiding-Motives, as they are called, are to be found in it as little as direct Wagnerian touches. We will mention only a few of the most effective numbers. Full of dash and sharply marked dramatic character are the choruses at the very beginning of the first act, and the imposing March is magnificent in colour. In the second act, the more prominent features are Dimitrij's dreamily soft cantilena, and, effectively contrasted with it, the mazurka-like dance of the Poles; lastly, in the scene of the tomb, we have the touching song sung by Xenia after her rescue. In the concerted piece following Schuisky's pardon, the third act reaches an imposing climax, after which the concluding duet between Marina and Dimitrij, which is far too long, falls, despite numerous beautiful details, somewhat flat. Dimitrij's duet with Xenia in the fourth act owes its effect to passages full of the tenderest charm, while the *finale* impresses us by its unusually beautiful sonorousness and grandiose structure. How far Dvorak's music, the dramatic power of which is convincingly manifested in the leading portions of the action, corresponds to the separate words and turns of the text, is something on which, owing to my imperfect knowledge of the language, I am not competent to give an opinion, and, indeed, this account must be received merely as the record of my first impression, and not as criticism properly speaking.

The performance of the new opera in the temporary Czechish Theatre (a spacious wooden building before the Ross-Thor) was highly successful, especially on the part of the ladies; the orchestra, too, under the excellent direction of their conductor, Anger, exerted themselves to the utmost. The public exhibited exemplary attention; packed closely together, they reverently heard the long opera out to the last note, though the heat in the theatre (where a short time previously there had been a most numerously attended afternoon's performance) had increased to such a pitch as to be absolutely insupportable. That after every act they broke out into deafening applause and were never tired of calling for Herr Dvorak, pleased me extremely on his account, for he is as modest as he is talented. As regards the absolute value of his opera as a work of art, such a success in the Czechish Theatre signifies the same as the furore created by a national Hungarian opera in Pesth. What struck me as of more weight was the unanimously favourable opinion of numerous German musical amateurs, who at once took a liking to the opera, and foretold the most gratifying success for it at our great theatres.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

* We have just heard that the opera has been performed a second and a third time in Prague with considerable cuts and even more brilliant success than on the first night.

THE *PARSIFAL* PRELUDE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Daily News," Oct. 30.)

Last Saturday's concert brought forward for the first time here an instalment (a very small one) of Wagner's latest opera-drama, *Parsifal*, produced at Bayreuth in July last. The whole work is to be withheld for an indefinite period from the public otherwise than such visitors as will make the pilgrimage to Germany to hear its repetitions, which are to begin there next year. As the arbitrary and despotic, but capricious and vacillating, Richard Wagner made similar resolves with regard to his *Nibelungen* "opera-dramas," but afterwards consented to enlighten the ignorant English musical public by permitting their performance at Her Majesty's Theatre in May last—an event never to be forgotten by those who sat them out—possibly a similar concession may be made in the case of *Parsifal*. It is to be hoped, however, that this event may not be too hastily promoted. Such favours should not occur otherwise than at somewhat long intervals, or they may be undervalued by the many who are not yet prepared to repudiate all that has hitherto been considered as great and good in the music of the anti-Wagner periods. Following the precedent of most of his other stage works, Wagner has prefaced his *Parsifal* with a prelude instead of an overture. The latter term implies coherent thought and artistic form and structure, whereas the name of prelude has the vaguest possible signification, and allows of any capricious use of *Leit-motiven*, or themes used in the opera as labels to identify certain characters and incidents; their frequent recurrence in Wagner's dramatic music having the effect of a clumsy expedient to make clear what ought to be so without such labelling. The general mistiness of Wagner's style, and his intense affectation of metaphysical profundity, may perhaps justify these frequent aids to the uninitiated who expect the drama to tell its own story, and the music to produce corresponding emotions without the use, at every turn, of intrusive phrases which Wagner introduces with a result which becomes tiresome by reiteration. In the prelude to *Parsifal* (given on Saturday) we have several of these indicating themes. There are the sacramental theme, the theme of the Holy Grail, the theme of the Song of Faith, &c.—all tacked together in the most promiscuous manner, forming an unconnected whole that is sombre to the extreme of dulness, is devoid of any intrinsic musical interest, and owes its entire effect to the orchestral colouring; or (with some) to that profound metaphysical significance ostentatiously claimed by the composer and recognized by his devotees, but not yet apparent to the many cultivated musicians who are as yet outside that circle. The prelude has the negative merit—not possessed by the work to which it belongs—of being brief, and its introduction into Saturday's programme was quite justifiable as affording a specimen of the most recent product of Wagner's latest style.

H. J. L.

No fewer than five theatres will shortly be pulled down in Naples: the Circo Nazionale, Varietà, Folie Drammatiche, Arena Napolitana, and the traditional San Carlino, which is 112 years old.

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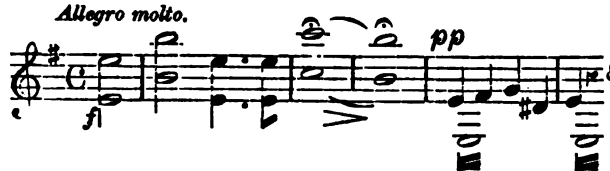
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 660.)

Later composers have drawn the three kinds still closer, and have woven the anthem element on a dramatic basis, using the narrative form to supply those parts of the story which were unadvisable or impossible in a dramatic form, whether with or without acting. By this means, some great effects have been obtained, which were not possible in the simple dramatic form.

Thus, in *Elijah*, most of the story is told in dramatic form by the words of the characters—Elijah, Obadiah, Ahab, the Widow, the Servant, the People of Israel, and the Prophets of Baal. At certain points, however, there is matter to be told which cannot be put into the mouths of any of the characters. Here the narrative form comes in, and most effectively. An example of this is the grand chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passed by." Elijah has been summoned by the angel to take his stand on the mountain, his face wrapped in his mantle, that he may not see the glory pass by. There is no human eye to see and describe it; it cannot be put into the mouths of a chorus of people who might even be at a distance to witness it. It must be told as from the mouth of the inspired writer of the book—a true narrative form.

Ex. 229.

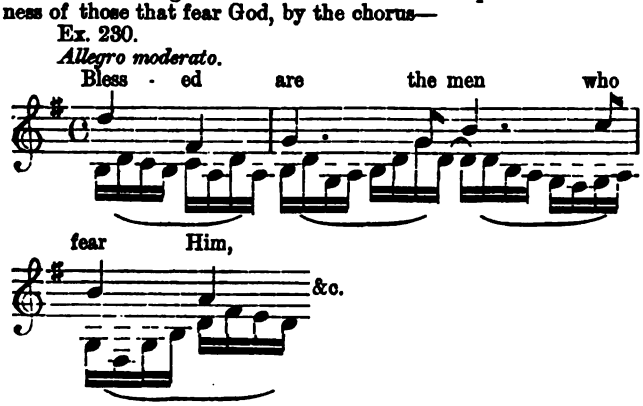


Be - hold, God the Lord passed by, and a mighty wind

The movement is in a broad sonata form, with tonic, dominant, fantasia, and return to the key by a coda in the major. Each division corresponds to a section of the verbal idea—the mighty wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the still small voice. Other narrative pieces in *Elijah* are the recitative, "See now, he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness, and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him"; the recitative, "Above Him stood the seraphim, and one cried to another"; and the chorus, "Then did Elijah, the prophet, break forth like a fire," &c., and its continuation, "And when the Lord would take him away to Heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven."

In *Elijah*, besides the dramatic and the narrative portions, there are parts which are of the nature of anthem. Some belong to the characters and are, like the meditative portions of an opera, the expression of their feelings, and are, therefore, partly dramatic. Such is the chorus, "Help, Lord;" the duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands;" the song, "If with all your hearts," and many others. Others belong more closely to the anthem nature, and are, perhaps, more truly like the chorals in the Bach narrative oratorios—the words of the audience, or rather, the thoughts which the composer wishes to suggest to them as bearing upon the subject. Such is the chorus which follows the raising of the widow's son, and her expression of thankfulness and conviction that she has been blessed because she feared God. The composer amplifies the thought suggested by that point in the story, and so leads the thoughts of the audience to dwell upon the blessedness of those that fear God, by the chorus—

Ex. 230.



Another anthem occurs later in the oratorio, when the priests of Baal have called again and again to Baal and "there was neither voice nor any to answer"; and Elijah has come forward, called the people round, and made his prayer, "Lord God of Abraham . . . . shew this people that Thou art God." At this point Elijah is there alone, he knows not of the seven thousand faithful still in Israel, and thinks there is not a man left who will join him in taking God's part. He has need of great faith to support him, and may it not well come into the minds of the audience then to think that a man should in such a position look to God for help? Therefore, the composer brings forward the quartet to sing "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee: He is at thy right hand and will never suffer the righteous to fall." Other anthems in *Elijah* are the solo, "Hear ye, Israel," with the chorus immediately succeeding it, "Be not afraid"; the chorus, "He watching over Israel"; the chorus "He that shall endure to the end," and the whole of the epilogue succeeding the chorus of the going up of Elijah, including the song, "Then shall the righteous shine forth"; the recitative, "Behold God hath sent Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord"; the chorus, "But the Lord from the north hath raised one"; the quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth"; and the final chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," with its second movement, "Lord our Creator, how excellent Thy Name is."

It is not difficult to multiply situations in which an anthem could be introduced in such wise. Imagine the subject of the oratorio to be the life of a good man, who, in the course of his generally good life, has fallen into some great sin. The fall of a good man is something so sad and so terrible that we must give it as simple a relation as possible; let us, therefore, suppose it allotted to a narrative solo, such as the little recitative already named from *Elijah*, or the description in *St Paul* of the death of Stephen.

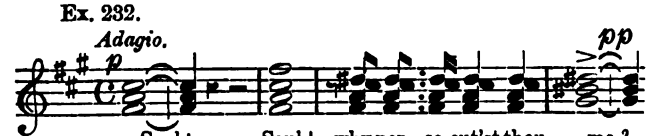
Ex. 231.

After this, what could be more appropriate and fit than that the audience should point the moral to themselves. They, perhaps, think themselves good in the main, but this good man has fallen, and why should they be secure? So let the chorus think for them, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," or, perhaps, as a prayer, "Remember not, O Lord, our offences, deliver us from the machinations of the evil one."

The solo narrator, or meditator, in the oratorio is the counterpart of the choragus of the ancient Greek plays. He was the leader of the chorus, and spoke sometimes by himself and not as an actor in the drama. The three-fold use of the chorus in the oratorio is also a counterpart of the Greek use. With the Greeks, the chorus might personify the people of the drama; and so in *Elijah* we have the cry of the people of Israel, "Help, Lord," and the cry of the priests of Baal, "Baal, hear us." With the Greeks, also, it might be used impersonally in two ways; the narrative, as in the chorus lately described, "Behold, God the Lord passed by," and the meditation that should be in the minds of the audience, as "Blessed are the men."

It is with the feeling of the impersonality of the numberless voices of a choir that Mendelssohn has allotted the call of St Paul by the Lord to the women's chorus.

Ex. 232.



With a true reverence Mendelssohn shrank from the association of an individual singer with the Divine Person; but he felt that the number of persons in the choir made individuality im-

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possible. The application to this one chorus of the quality of tone obtained by the sole use of women's voices puts this also on a different level to that of all the other choruses.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

BALFE.

(*From the "Morning Post."*)

A tribute to the memory of an English musician has been solemnly paid at Westminster Abbey. The tablet bearing the honoured name of Michael Balfe, unveiled in presence of a numerous company of composers, professors, and others closely interested in the progress and well-being of music, will serve to remind future generations of a man who, in his day, maintained the credit of the native school, not only here, but in foreign countries. An industrious and active life that closed twelve years ago, and a career shaped and followed out with a reverential feeling for art, are entitled to remembrance by survivors. It is not enough that a man of genius should find his reward in popularity and competence, or even affluence, for the time being. Upon posterity devolves the duty of arranging that some memorial of his usefulness shall be erected; that his name shall be inscribed upon the glorious roll that tells of the enlightenment of a nation, and his worth find some record over and above that which his works supply. Recognition may be tardy, but it is a satisfaction to find it at last conceded; and few, even among those who profess no sympathy with music written for the stage, would be narrow-minded enough to deny that Balfe's name should be perpetuated in monumental marble on the Abbey walls. Poets, patriots, philosophers, warriors, men of science and letters, statesmen, and divines have their places there. In its aisles and cloisters lie illustrious musicians who have worked and died in London. Is it fit, therefore, that one whose natural and flowing melodies for years stirred the hearts of the people, and still live among them, should be kept in remembrance and admitted to the highest honour the nation can give to the dead. The act was as warrantable as it was gracefully undertaken; homage rendered where due; and no one present at the ceremony will view it otherwise than as an expression of regard, and a tribute of admiration for which ample justification can be found. The position of English musicians in their own country has, unhappily, never been so clearly defined and honourable as it should be. Composers have laboured and won distinction, but have not been recognized according to their deserts among the art-workers who help to make a country great. This is a reproach to us; and, although their claims have been more generously admitted of late years, much remains to be done ere we can emulate foreign nations in the respect awarded to musical men. As a people, we are not demonstrative. An illustrious composer abroad is more frequently honoured by "counterfeit presentment" set up in stone, imperishable marble, or bronze. In France, for example, Boieldieu has his statue erected in the city of his birth; but in England where do we find a monument to Henry Purcell, or, to come to later times, William Sterndale Bennett? To this last-named genius has been accorded the honour of burial in the Abbey, but that is all. We content ourselves with placing a tablet on the house in which this or that great man was born, and there ends all outward indication of respect for his memory. Had Michael Balfe lived long enough he would assuredly have been knighted—and no man better entitled to the compliment. A composer for the people, he had the faculty of appealing, irresistibly, to the popular ear; his gift of spontaneous melody enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen; his music easy of comprehension, but never vulgar, was of that quality which compelled general acceptance. There was never a doubt as to his meaning; he did not set musical problems before his hearers, but wrote naturally and unaffectedly; his genius made itself readily understood, and came upon the world opportunely. Before Balfe's time, taste in English opera had become vitiated. The musical drama of our school was a patchy, disjointed thing. He brought his own individuality to bear upon it, and raised its character; he liberated it from the narrow grooves in which it was content to run, and gave it a dignity it had not previously achieved.* We are speaking, of course, of English opera in its integrity, and not of adaptations, or of the "burletta," in which music was made to take a second place. Balfe was essentially a vocal writer. No one knew better than he of what the human voice is capable, or how to combine the different kinds more skilfully. An excellent singer himself, he understood the requirements of the artist, and to interest the vocalist, under certain conditions, is a step towards interesting the public. Although chiefly prized as a melodist, Balfe, in his scores, invariably proved himself a master of musical resource, familiar with every device that could give to his thoughts the most agreeable expression.

The tone of thought in opera of the present day inclines more to the serious, or, as we should perhaps say, the profound, but Balfe could, when occasion required, write music, as Rossini said, "to satisfy the pedants." His name will be associated more with light than with grand opera, but one gift beyond that of fluent melody he possessed in an eminent degree. The dramatic quality was always present in his music. He invariably grasped the situation—whether by intuition, or from laborious consideration, is immaterial. The dramatic grip was there, and is nowhere more evident than in his most popular opera, *The Bohemian Girl*. An actor of no mean ability, he felt the value of the dramatic element. This perception is not given to every composer. Many a man can write good abstract music, but, wanting the dramatic instinct, that music cannot live. No composer of any nationality ever enjoyed greater popularity in his day than Balfe. From the night he produced the *Siege of Rochelle* at Drury Lane, in October, 1835, he took the London public by storm. In most of his operas there was some particular song that became quickly known through the length and breadth of the town. In the *Siege of Rochelle* it was "When I beheld the anchor weighed"; in the *Maid of Artois*, "The light of other days"; in the *Maid of Honour*, "In this old chair" (sung by Sims Reeves in his young days); and in *Satanella*, produced during the Pyne and Harrison management, "The power of love." *The Bohemian Girl* was full of these captivating melodies, and this opera stands almost alone as having been translated into Italian and French, under the titles of *La Zingara* and *La Bohémienne*.† The first version was done at Her Majesty's, where for a term of years, ending in 1852, Balfe had officiated as conductor, and the second was brought out at the Lyrique in 1869.

Another circumstance is worth mentioning in connexion with Balfe. He was the first Englishman since the time of Dr Arne commissioned to write an opera for Her Majesty's, one of the most conservative theatres in Europe. At this period no such innovations as "cheap nights" were known. The subscribers and the public would have taken fright at the idea of reduced prices, as profanity. Everything went on in a stately, conventional fashion, and it spoke volumes for the genius of Michael Balfe, that he should have been deemed worthy of writing for such an established old house in the Haymarket. The opera composed for Her Majesty's was *Falstaff*, and the score contains much charming music, now most undeservedly lost sight of. In Paris Rossini, the man who called Sir Henry Bishop the "English Mozart,"‡ and who seems to have been above the petty jealousies of some composers, was a firm friend of Balfe's. Here he wrote a delightful work, *Le Puits d'Amour*, and another, *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, for the Opéra Comique.§ We have alluded to Balfe as an English composer. As a matter of fact, he was an Irishman. He studied under Rooke, the composer of *Amélie*. C. F. Horn, organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor, was one of his masters. Subsequently, Frederici, of the Milan Conservatorio, and Filippo Galli gave him lessons in counterpoint and singing. Balfe tried his hand at other forms of composition than opera. A trio of his was performed a few seasons ago at the Monday Popular Concerts,‖ and only but now an example of his church music was given at Westminster Abbey. On such an occasion as the unveiling of a memorial to a gifted man it is worth recalling some of the principal events of his artistic life. No musician ever worked more conscientiously, more industriously, or with more enthusiasm than the genial and kindly-natured Michael Balfe.

NEW YORK.—Abbey's Park Theatre, in which Mrs Langtry was to have made her first appearance in this city on Monday night, was totally destroyed by fire, which broke out an hour or two before the house would have been opened for business.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Three young members of the professional staff at the School of Music have hit upon the notion of giving "International Folk's-Songs Concerts," in which a careful selection of the folk's melodies of the whole world will be performed. Thus the programmes will comprise folk's-songs of Mexico, Japan, China, Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Armenia, Egypt, Roumania, Wallachia, Greece, &c. Altogether, 40 different nations will be thus songfully represented.

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* Then, of course, Edward Loder, with his *Nourjahad*, John Barnett, with his *Mountain Sylph*, and G. A. Macfarren, with his *Devil's Opera*, all preceding the advent of Balfe, and all produced at Mr Irving's now celebrated theatre, count for nothing.—**Dr Blitge.**

† German also, please.—**Dr Blitge.**

‡ Rossini never did anything of the kind. He recognized Bishop as the composer of "When the wind blows."—**Dr Blitge.**

§ And the *Etoile de Seville*, please, for the Grand Opera.—**Dr Blitge.**

‖ Besides a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello.

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ANCIENT WELSH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—If there is one single and particular attribute of his race and country dearer to a Welshman than another it is, look you, that of antiquity. When I see in last Saturday's *Musical World* the extract from the *Globe* casting of a doubt, of a perplexity, and of a sneer at the age and the numbers of years of our mountains, our hills, and our song, then, look you, was my ire, my wrath, my rage and my indignations jump the pounds and the limits. Know and understand you, sir, the fact is sure as anything you can see in the 'orld, that Snowdon preasted the siege of the Glacial period for millions of years, and a long time, whilst the valleys, and hills, and forests of England, look you, lay crushed under the conquering ice, like the fabled plackpirds paked peneath thick, hard, frozen pasty? Snowdon had then much the same face, look you, as it is tomorrow. Put England's face, mark you now, has changed may pe a thousand times, and perhaps a hundred! Snowdon, look you, is a fine old gentleman with a pedigree, indeet to gootness, and no upstart either. So of the peoples. The Celts, look you, was entertaining the Romans, studying his directions and disciplines when the Saxons, mark you, was a wandering, cruel savage. So of the languages. Did not Arthur and his round-tabled knights speak it before the Saxon's hissing, spitting tongue was heard in Pritain? So of the song, the music, the melody, the harmony. Mr Prinley Richards, a goot man, pless him, is said our song is not older than mushroom England's. Very well. I shall like Mr Prinley Richards (as our old guests the Romans was said in their cups and their rages *Et tu Brute*) I shall like him for to come North Wales and speak that our music is not ancient. I do think yesterday Mr Prinley Richards was goot Welshman, put to-morrow I think him not—not reasonably goot. This I will verify, look you, in his peard. If he shall look, look you, in the chronicles of that middle age Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth (what goot men is porn at Monmouth!) shall he not find that "Codiad yr Hedydd" was sung to Arthur by the famous pard "Lleffdyrdd"? and shall he not find that Modred did sing "Hob y deri Danno" in making love to Queen Gunivere? It is goot for Mr Prinley Richards to go to Swansea, look you. Why the peoples of the south coast are put the flotson and the jetsam cast there by the huge, pig Saxon flood. What an ark, look you, our mountains, pless and preserve them, did puild and make for us!!—Mr Editor your humble servant I am,

FLUELLEN.

Dolgelly, Nov. 1, 1882.

—o—

THE ITALIAN OPERA QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Allow me to suggest that all your correspondents on this subject seem to have missed one very important point—viz., the close connection which exists, in all vocal compositions of a high class, between the character and accent of the language, and of the music which is set to it. As long as a composer is bent on really giving expression to the character of the words, and not merely on musical display apart from that character, the character and *ictus* of his musical phraseology will naturally arise out of those of the language he is setting, and much of its point must be lost when it is associated with a language entirely different in style and character from the original one. It may be true, for instance, that French is a very bad language for singing; but it is equally true that it is a language of very marked character and accent which impresses itself indelibly on the music composed to it. This is amply illustrated in the operas of Gluck and Meyerbeer, Germans by birth, who composed in French, and whose musical style is influenced throughout by the language. Let any one take the short chorus in Gluck's *Iphigenie*, "Il nous fallait du sang," and try to give the same fierce point to the musical phrases with any other words, and he will probably acknowledge how impossible it is to do so. An equally striking example is the pretty bridal chorus at the close of the third act of *Les Huguenots*, which is French to the backbone, and could have been inspired by no other language. Take, as an instance by a native French composer, Gounod's capital song for the character of Vulcan, which Mr Santley has popularized in our concert-rooms, with its scoffing "aside"—

"Venus n'a pas tort,
Il mérite son sort."

Set words in any other language to it, and the point of the music will be completely lost. So with Gounod's finer and more serious song to Lamartine's words, "*Mon cœur lassé du tout*," which loses greatly in translation. The case is the same with music that is distinctly German in character. Sing the drinking-song from *Der Freischütz* to Italian words and it falls comparatively flat; while such operas as *Euryanthe*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* are half ruined in effect by being given in Italian. Even in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* the effect of the French language on the style of that very Italian composer is apparent. Mozart's operas, with the exception of *Die Zauberflöte*, lose less by translation into Italian than most other German operas, because he had imported into his rounded and polished style so much of the Italian musical element; but in general, if German operas are to be translated for us, they are much better translated into the cognate English language than into one so foreign to their genius as the Italian.

We have now, however, a number of vocalists of various nationalities before the public, most of whom have acquired, at least, one other language besides their own, and what we ought to aim at is the performance of all high class operas in the language in which they were originally written. In that way only can the expression and character intended by the composer be fully realized. The indiscriminate translation of all such works into Italian for English audiences is a mere stupidity of fashion.—Yours respectfully,

H. H. STATHAM.

—o—

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The pieces at the Theatre since last I wrote have been *Le Jour et la Nuit*, *Madame Favart*, *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, &c., in all of which the acting and singing of Mdlle Coralie Geoffroy have met with well-deserved approval. The spirit she throws into the character of Manola in the *Jour et la Nuit* is highly appreciated; particularly in the song

"Pour être Ministre de la Guerre
Il ne faut pas être militaire."

In which she is well seconded by Mdlle Desnoyers (Beatrix), who also ably supported her in the *chanson de la nuit*, "Le Rossignol," as well as in the unaccompanied trio (with the tenor, M. Fromant), which had to be repeated. As regards *Madame Favart*, and the *Mousquetaires au Couvent*, they were both well played, especially the first named, in which Mdlle Geoffroy undertook the character of Simonne. *Le Parisien*, like *Le Poudre d'escampette*, and *Nos députés en robe de chambre*, died "natural deaths." *Un Lycée de jeunes filles* and *Le Pompon* are in rehearsal. So M. Berard not only gives his audiences good things of the past, but promises them for the future.

The Philharmonic Concerts are to begin again shortly, probably commencing with a *Concert Intime*. Reichardt (the indefatigable) has already had two rehearsals (but of what? *encore de mysterè!!!*). Time will show.

The pretty kioske in which the three weekly evening concerts took place in the garden of the *Etablissement des Bains* was completely wrecked last week by the wind, which blew a hurricane.

There is a grand talk about "farming" out the *Etablissement*, a scheme I have long ago advocated in the columns of the *Musical World*. Why not? Instead of being under the thumb of the Town Council, who know as much about music as a conductor's *bâton*, an "enterprising impresario" would probably make a success of it.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Nov. 1, 1882.

FOR AYE.*

The moon was shining brightly
Far over hill and dale;
The waves were dancing lightly,
Yet look'd so bright and pale.

As I was gasing, dreaming,
O'er earth, o'er sea, o'er sky,
I heard a voice repeating
"For weal, for woe, for aye."

'Twas at those silent hours
When fairies work their charms;
I look'd, and lo! two lovers
Stood there with twinèd arms.

Their troth they just had plighted
Till when they both should die;
Love had their hearts united
For weal, for woe, for aye.

* *Copyright.*

EMILY JOSEPHS.

VIENNA.—In recognition of her having so frequently devoted her talent to performances and concerts for charitable purposes, the Emperor of Austria has conferred on Pauline Lucca the "Gold Cross of Merit with the Crown." The only other lady similarly distinguished is Mdme Wolter.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti: Song, "Rose, softly blooming" (Spohr)—Miss Annie Marriott; Kreisleriana, Op. 16, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—Ballade, in G minor, Op. 42, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Néruda)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Songs (Jensen)—Miss Annie Marriott; Trio, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 4, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Divertimento, in D major, for two violins, viola, two horns, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Mann, Standen, and Piatti; New Song, "Hymn to God the Father" (Piatti)—Mr Santley; Carnaval, Scènes Mignonnes, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha; Sonata, in F major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Porpora)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Medjè" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in C major, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATHS.

On Oct. 26th, at Cannstatt (Germany), MARIE MOLIQUE, widow of Bernhardt Molique, aged 76.

On Oct. 28th, at Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, EDWARD L. GOETZ, of 66, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, aged 60.

On October 30th, at his residence, Roselea, Acton, after long suffering, ALFRED GEORGE CANTON, aged 67.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

CARL ROSA'S COMPANY AT LEEDS.

The *Yorkshire Post* prefaces an article on the recent performance of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* at Leeds with the subjoined criticism by the late Henry Fothergill Chorley, written after a perusal of the score. (Chorley's "perusal of the score" was a great matter—as Berlioz afterwards knew to his disparagement):

"Herr Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* was produced complete at Dresden; and there, in spite of direct royal patronage, in spite of a certain novelty of style, in spite of the acceptance of *Rienzi*, and the vogue brought to every theatre by fitting up a genius of its own, the opera, I am assured, failed on its representation. Such immediate failure we know to be no criterion of ultimate success, or intrinsic merit; but it seems to me explained since I have perused the music. A spinning song and chorus is to be remembered as pleasing; a wild sea-tune, too, as being audaciously broken in rhythm, and built on a phrase of the most desperate platitude; but the rest of the work produced on me merely an impression of grim violence and dreary vagueness, which, till then at least, had never been produced in such a fulness of ugliness by the music of a clever man."

"Thus wrote"—says the *Yorkshire Post*—"the late Henry F. Chorley, England's ablest critic in his lifetime."* Upon this follows a disquisition upon Wagner's opera, in which the opinions of Chorley are weighed in the balance with those of the *Yorkshire Post*. Naturally (between you and me and the *Post*), the Yorkshire sheet comes from the ordeal triumphant (in its own opinion). But that is neither here nor there.† After floundering in *æsthetics*, the *Post* finally lights upon dry earth, and thus proclaims its opinion of the performance. We quote *in extenso*:—

"The thought struck us while we were in the 'Grand' that Mr Carl Rosa intended to honour Leeds by playing all his 'trump cards,' for unless this had been the case the amount of enthusiasm shown would be really altogether unaccountable. That Mdme Alwina Valleria is his *prima donna par excellence* there can be no question. We state this fact advisedly, and without the slightest intention to wound the feelings of the other artists in this the strongest company, we should imagine, he has ever taken through the provinces. To say that her Senta is remarkable for power and beauty would be doing her only the barest justice. It was more than this—it was a revelation for which we were not all prepared. Her impersonation of the loving, self-sacrificing maiden was one of the most sympathetic in our recollection. We need not tell our readers what her voice is like, as they know as well as we do that it is of the most charming and sympathetic quality. But Wagner is exacting, and requires more than this. An artist in his estimation must also be an *actress* in the truest sense of the word. That the lady proved herself such we have only to instance her grand efforts in the second act; but even these were not her greatest, for in the final catastrophe she certainly rose to the highest summit of the situation. The audience were of this opinion, for they applauded her to the echo. She is—and we sincerely hope will long remain—an ornament to the English-speaking lyric profession. Mr Ludwig is no stranger amongst us. One and all must have been gratified with his representation of the Dutchman, musicians particularly so. Last night he excelled himself. It is very doubtful whether a more weird, gloomy Vanderdecken has ever appeared on any stage. He is dignified and impressive, or he could not have held the audience spell-bound as he did last nigh. If at times he indulges a little too freely in the *tremolo* it is pardonable, especially in the character of the Hollander. Mr Ludwig's grand voice and correct intonation throughout the trying scene in the first act, and in the still more exacting duet with Senta in the second, were perhaps never more conspicuous than they were last evening. He had the warmest sympathy of one of the largest audiences ever yet assembled at the 'Grand.' Mr J. W. Turner enacted the part of the disappointed lover, Erik the Forester, in a manner deserving the warmest commendation, as did that much esteemed basso, Mr Henry Pope, the ungrateful task of Daland. We have never heard these gentlemen sing much better. That most promising of English tenors, Mr B. Davies—and we are convinced that our own men are at present the best on the lyric stage—was the Steersman, and both sang and acted remarkably well. Miss M. Walsh was Mary, and very well did she acquit herself. Mr John Pew—who has thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the elaborate 'score'—conducted, and to the honour of Leeds be it said—for we are all proud of him as a Leeds man—most admirably. We were not sure but that a great many mistakes might have occurred, and although the instrumental portion of the work may not have been entirely perfect, it was more than passable, which is saying a great deal in the case of Wagner's music. The scenic effects were simply superb, and the audience—at times somewhat too demonstrative—expressed their delight by vociferously recalling the artists before the curtain. Never has the 'Grand' presented such a magnificent appearance. Hundreds were disappointed in not gaining admission. To-night Gounod's *Faust* is on the bills, with Miss Georgina Burns as Margarita, and another crowded house is anticipated."

JOACHIM sent the girl-violinist, Teresa Tua, during her recent visit to Berlin, his photograph, with the inscription: "*A Mademoiselle Teresina Tua. Souvenir amical d'un admirateur sincère de son grand talent.*—JOSEPH JOACHIM."

WE are happy to be able to state that the illness which has for the last nine weeks prevented Mdme Rose Hersee from fulfilling her engagements as *prima donna* of the Royal English Opera Company appears likely to terminate ere long, and her medical advisers state that she may make her re-appearance in public on Saturday next, at Mr George Watt's Concert in the Dome, Brighton, when she will appear as Marguerite in Act III. of Gounod's *Faust*. The other characters will be impersonated by Mdme Trebelli (Siebel), Mdme De Vaney (Marta), Mr Vernon Rigby (Faust), and Mr Barrington Foote (Mefistofele). Conductor, Mr Sidney Naylor. Mdme Rose Hersee will join the Royal English Opera Company at Leeds on the following Tuesday.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

* More than that—the ablest critic since Aristarchus, from whose spiritual loins sprang the *Aristarchi*.—DR BLIDGE.

† But elsewhere.—DR BLIDGE.

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BRAHMS AND SARAH BERNHARDT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Being at Leipsic, I went, as a matter of course, to the last Gewandhaus concert. There was no third symphony by Brahms, as stated, but there was a third symphony by Raff—"Im Walde," well-known at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Being now in Paris, I can also testify that Sarah Bernhardt is neither at Buenos Ayres nor Rio Janeiro. Only yesterday I saw the famous actress step out of her carriage to greet a friend.—Yours obediently,

Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Oct. 31. J. R. M.

PAUCA VERBA.

DEAR BEARD,—You have fallen among thieves. The ingenious (though hardly ingenuous) R. J. K., of "Leipsic, Oct. 17," who introduces us to Wagner complaining of his own Walkyrie's Ride, should peruse the letters of Mendelssohn to the late Mr Bartholomew. There he will find that in speaking of the air "O rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn calls it "A song to which I always had an objection." What Philistine inference will R. J. K. draw from that? I hope he in his turn will have "a queer time of it." If he does, let him visit me on the Yorkshire coast, and I will prescribe a drastic remedy.

Oct. 28. FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, Bart.

DEPARTURE OF ADELINA PATTI FOR AMERICA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Madame Patti left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, Oct. 21st, by the Cunard ship "Servia." A special tender conveyed the distinguished artist from the landing-stage to the vessel. Accompanying her were several personal friends, amongst whom Mr Josiah Pittman and Mr Edward Hall (of the Royal Italian Opera), Herr Ganz (of Herr Ganz's Concerts), and MM. Mortier and Johnson, both of the Paris *Figaro*. A heap of telegrams, letters, and messages, expressive of kind and warm wishes, was received by Madame Patti on the morning of her departure. These wishes will follow her and, assuredly, similar indications of respect and good feeling will accompany her return.

Liverpool, Oct. 30.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

After taking part in a concert at Chemnitz on the 3rd inst., Mdme Annette Essipoff was to start on a long tour in Germany and Russia. She will play in some fifteen German towns, and then proceed, by way of Lodz and Warsaw, to Moscow, where she is to receive 4,000 roubles for two concerts. Then, with appearances at intermediate places, she will play thrice in Bucharest.* In the second half of January, she again visits Germany, and, subsequently, the principal towns of France, Spain, and Italy are to follow in due course. May she everywhere be triumphant!

BALFE'S ANTHEM.—The anthem, "Save me, O God," which excited so much interest and admiration when it was performed at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the unveiling of the Balfe memorial tablet, has just been published by Messrs Novello & Co. It is admirably written and well arranged, and ought to find a place in the repertory of every one of those "choirs and places where they sing."

ELBING.—A performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was recently given under the direction of Odenwald, previously to his departure for Hamburgh, where he is appointed professor of singing both at the Realschule of the Johanneum and the new Gelehrtenschule.

CARLSRUHE.—In the course of the winter the members of the Philharmonic Society will give performances of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, Liszt's *Gran Festival Mass*, and, at Easter, in conjunction with other societies, J. S. Bach's *Matthäuspassion*.

* Where she will meet (not for the first time, Mdme Jonnescu) one of our fairest and most talented pianists.—Dr Bilge.

CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Despite very unfavourable weather, a large audience attended the concert given last Saturday afternoon, when the programme contained some choice and favourite examples of music, both classical and modern. As regards the first named, it would almost suffice to mention Schubert's Quartet in A minor, by way of accounting for amateur enthusiasm. Mr Chappell's patrons are never tired of hearing this delightful work, especially when Mdme Norman-Néruda is its chief interpreter. There are some masters much more congenial than others to the accomplished lady violinist. Haydn is one of them; and decidedly Schubert is another. The tender grace of the Viennese composer, as shown in the A minor quartet, seems to excite all her sympathy, and evoke her fullest powers. Amateurs know this, and were prepared on Saturday for the exceptional pleasure to which they gave marked expression. How well Mdme Néruda was supported by MM. Ries, Holländer, and Piatti there is no need to say. Rubinstein's Sonata in D, for piano and violin, was the next important concerted piece, and again made an impression far deeper than does anything else from the same pen in Mr Chappell's repertory. It was admirably played by Mdme Néruda and Mdlle Janotha, each of whom further contributed a solo to the programme; that of the violinist being Corelli's Sonata in D, with pianoforte accompaniment. Mdme Néruda's choice could not have been happier. She endowed the old Roman master's strains with as much life as they had when no charge of antiquity could be brought against them; exhibiting at the same time a perfect mastery of her instrument, in combination with a grace of style approached by few, surpassed by none. The audience seemed beyond measure pleased, and with reason. On her part, Mdlle Janotha gave Beethoven's variations on a theme in C minor, playing them with her usual facility and power, and earning warm acknowledgments. The vocalist was Miss Cravino, a young lady gifted with a mezzo-soprano voice of much sweetness and evenness. She sang "Verdi prati" and Gounod's "There is a green hill" with taste and expression, and obtained the favourable verdict of her audience. M. Zerbini accompanied, and also played the pianoforte part in Corelli's sonata. The programme of last Monday contained Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat and Schumann's Trio in D minor, these respectively beginning and ending the concert, which had much of interest apart from them. Mdlle Janotha, for example, introduced Beethoven's Variations in C major, with which she associated a Nocturne by Henschel, and a valse bearing her own name. Comparative trifles as these were compared with the great and serious works she often performs, Mdlle Janotha made with them a lively effect, and elicited, perhaps, more applause than would have followed her rendering of an abstruse sonata. A novelty followed in the form of a Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei," arranged for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Herr Max Bruch. The performer was, of course, Signor Piatti, whose rare talent invested the piece, in itself unimportant, with all possible charm. Quite apart from the merit of the music, it becomes matter for congratulation when this consummate artist finds a work which suits him. Connoisseurs cannot hear his solos too often. Miss Marian Mackenzie was the vocalist, and distinguished herself in Handel's "Barbaro, o Traditor."—*D. T.*

POPULAR BALLAD CONCERTS.—A brilliant programme is announced for the concert to be given this evening by the Committee at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mdme Osborne Williams, and Mr Prenton are among the vocalists. M. Victor Buziau will play solos on the violin. The programme includes the ballads, "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Caller Herrin'," and "Oh, Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me;" as well as the songs, "The Lost Chord," the "Toreador" song from *Carmen*, and Rossini's "Una voce poco fa." The prices of admission place the concert within the reach of all classes of music lovers.

THE London Literary and Artistic Institution held a conversazione on Tuesday evening in the banquetting room of St. James's Hall. The evening was devoted to music, under the direction of Herr Immanuel Liebich, the singers being Misses F. Bernani, Emily Dashwood, E. Ellice, and Mdme Heaketh; Signor Ria and Mr Frank Quatremayne. The instrumentalists were Misses Dinelli and Chaplin (violin), Herren Liebich and Bonawitz (pianoforte).

THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts of the present autumn—says the *St. James's Gazette*—seem to be arranged in acts like a drama, or in movements like a symphony. The first section came to an end a few weeks ago. The second terminated on Saturday night. The third, which began on Monday evening, will be carried on until Christmas; and there can be no reason why the concerts should not be still further prolonged, for it is understood that no pantomime will be produced this winter at Covent Garden. Mdlle Warnots, who has sung at the Covent Garden Concerts since the opening night, early in August, shows in

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the selection of her music a taste worthy of her refined style as an executant; and her singing of the air from the *Pré aux Clercs*, with the *obbligato* violin accompaniment as played by Mr. Carrodus, would be a noticeable feature at concerts of the very highest pretensions. Miss Florence Waud, too, among the numerous pianists whom Mr Crowe has introduced to the public, deserves special thanks for having presented, as she did on Friday night, the *largo* and *scherzo* of Litolff's "symphonic concerto." It is not more "symphonic" than any other work for a solo instrument and orchestra, but it has the intrinsic merit of being beautiful, and the incidental one of being, to English audiences, new; and the light and graceful *scherzo*—lightly and gracefully rendered as it was by Miss Waud, with perfect accent—cannot, once heard, be easily forgotten.

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—It would be an insult to the memory of Balfe—says *The Yorkshire Post*—at this particular time, when his name is so prominently before the public, were we to omit noticing a performance of the *Bohemian Girl* (his *chef d'œuvre*) at the Grand Theatre last evening. Important alterations have been made in the cast since the Carl Rosa Company last visited Leeds. Mr B. Davies has replaced Mr J. W. Turner in the character of Thaddeus, and a new Florestine, in the person of Mr Wilfred Esmond, has succeeded the inimitable Mr Charles Lyall. In other respects, however, the parts are sustained by well-known members of the company, including Miss Georgina Burns as Arline, Miss Josephine Yorke as the Queen, and Messrs Leslie Crotty and Snazelle as Count Arnheim and Devilshoof respectively. We have not much to add to our former notices—which have always been of a laudatory character—of the manner in which this opera is performed by the Carl Rosa Company, unless it be to state that its high reputation is still maintained. We might perhaps take exception to the Florestine of Mr Wilfred Esmond, who sadly lacks the rich humour of Mr Lyall. His voice is superior to his predecessor's; but at present he does not appear to enter into the foppish character of the Count's nephew which for many years has been so splendidly portrayed by the elder lyric-comedian. All the familiar and beautiful airs with which the work abounds were received by a very large audience with the accustomed applause. Miss Burns was honoured with a re-call in "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and Mr B. Davies was encored in "When other lips and other hearts," and "When the fair land of Poland." There was also the usual re-demand for the quartet, "From the valleys and hills;" but, singular to state, the most pathetic of all the songs in the opera, "The heart bow'd down"—although beautifully rendered by Mr Leslie Crotty—failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

LIVERPOOL.—The fifth annual distribution of prizes and honour certificates gained by the pupils in the Liverpool centre of the Trinity College of Music, London, took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28th, in the hall of the Liverpool Institute, Mount Street. The Mayor (Mr J. Hughes), who was accompanied by the Mayoress, presided, and there was a large attendance of the parents and friends of the pupils. Mr J. J. Monk, the honorary local secretary, read the annual report, in which it was stated that there had been held four examinations in the Liverpool centre since the last report, viz., two in elementary musical knowledge and two in instrumental and vocal music. The Mayor said he had felt considerable diffidence in coming there to preside, because he thought that someone better acquainted with music would have filled the position with greater *éclat;* but, having been appealed to by Mr Monk, he felt that it was an educational movement deserving of great encouragement—for he knew of nothing which tended so much to elevate and refine as a thorough education in music—(hear, hear)—and he therefore came there with very great pleasure—(applause). His worship concluded an able speech by calling upon Mr Humphrey J. Stark (registrar of Trinity College), who gave an outline of the work which the college was attempting to do in the cause of musical education throughout the country; and, in conclusion, remarked that it was very difficult to say whether Trinity College would be advantaged or injured by the proposed Royal College of Music, because no one knew at present what was to be the scope of the proposed institution; but he might say that, so far as the authorities of Trinity College were concerned, they were perfectly prepared to work with it in the most harmonious way. (Applause.) If the effect of the proposed college was to be that every other existing institution—whether it was the Royal Academy of Music or Trinity College, or any institution already in existence—was to be exterminated, they might depend upon it that the establishment of the Royal College of Music in this country would be about the worst day's work the art of music had ever sustained. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) But he did not for a moment anticipate that such would be the result. He could not imagine that in a free country this could be possible. On the contrary, he was thankful that the Prince of Wales and his Royal brother had taken up the scheme and shown an interest in the art of music, and he was sure that nothing but good could result. (Applause.) Several songs having been sung by students, the Mayoress distributed the prizes. After which, on the motion of Mr Malcolm Guthrie, seconded by Major Stewart, thanks were voted to the Mayoress for distributing the prizes, and the Mayor having been thanked, on the motion of Mr Rensburg, seconded by Dr Johnson, for presiding, the proceedings terminated.

BIRMINGHAM.—The second of Mr S. S. Stratton's "Popular Concerts" was given at the Masonic Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 30. The concert began with the late Mr Charles Lucas' String Quartet in G major, followed by Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3) for pianoforte alone, played by Miss Hargreave so well that she was called back to the platform to be heartily applauded. Subsequently, Mr Abbot gave Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" so effectively that he was also unanimously re-called. Mendelssohn's Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello was then capitally played by Miss Hargreave, Messrs T. M. Abbott, and J. Owen, the concert terminating with Mozart's Quintet in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello. There was a large audience, so that Mr Stratton's endeavour to make the best music popular is likely to bring forth good fruit. The next concert is to take place on December 4th, when compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, and Ebenezer Prout, will be included in the programme.

MARGATE.—A most destructive fire broke out last Saturday morning by which the Assembly Rooms, Royal Hotel, and the whole south side of Cecil Square have been nearly destroyed. A fireman was seriously injured, but no lives were lost.

WREXHAM.—On Sunday, October 15, an organ, erected in St Mary's Church, Bersham, at the expense of T. Ll. Fitz-Hugh, Esq., by Messrs T. and H. Hewens, of Stratford-on-Avon, was opened by Mr Edwin Harriss. This was also the occasion of the harvest festival, the sermons being preached by Canon Hornby. The instrument is enclosed in a handsome oak case, and the front pipes present a very rich appearance. The following is the specification of the organ, built from the designs and specifications of Mr Edwin Harriss, who we congratulate on having a fine instrument worthy of his talents. Of Mr Harriss's playing it is needless to say much, for every one who has had the privilege of listening to his delightful performances agrees that he has earned for himself a reputation which places him amongst those of the foremost rank of organists:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.—Open diapason 8 feet, 56 pipes; clarabella, 8, 56; stopped diapason, 8, 56; dulciana, 8, 56; principal, 4, 56; harmonic flute, 4, 56; fifteenth, 2, 56. Total, 392 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.—Open diapason, 8 feet, 56 pipes; principal, 4, 56; salicional, 8, 56; Voix céleste to tenor, 8, 44; Piccolo, 2, 56; mixture, 2 ranks, 112 pipes; hautboy, 8 feet, 56 pipes; lieblich gedact, 8, 56. Total, 488 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G.—Keraulophon, 8 feet, 56 pipes; gamba, 8, 56; spitz flute, 4, 56; cremona, 8, 44; stopped diapason, 8, 56. Total, 268 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC TO F.—Open diapason, 16 feet, 30 pipes; Bourdon, 16, 30. Total, 60 pipes.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to choir; swell to pedal; great to pedal; choir to pedal.

Four composition pedals to great organ acting also on pedal; three composition pedals to swell organ, one to throw on or off; great to pedal coupler.

The Bach Association, Hanover, recently gave a performance of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, under the direction of Herr Grosscurth.

Mr Kuhe's "Brighton Festival," (so called), commences on Tuesday next, with Cowen's "Scandinavian" Symphony, followed by Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, each work to be conducted by the composer. *Elijah*, conducted by Mr Kuhe, is to be given on Thursday, and Gounod's *Redemption*, conducted by Mr Randegger on Saturday. The singers are to be Mdme Albani, Miss Ella Lemmens, and Mdme Trebelli; Messrs Lloyd, McGuckin, King, and Santley.

Miss Margaret Gyde (pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren) played Brahms' new Pianoforte Concerto at the Crystal Palace Friday concert, last week, when her success was acknowledged by hearty applause and a re-call. Miss Margaret Gyde (who has carried off all the highest honours at the Royal Academy of Music), it will be remembered, made her *début* in the spring at one of her master's Orchestral Concerts, when she gave, with marked effect Mr Walter Macfarren's *Concertstück* in E.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 677.)

IX.

We now come to the epoch of Cherubini's greatest theatrical success, such a success as he had never achieved with any of his previous works and such as he was never destined to achieve again. *Les deux Journées*, to which I allude, marked the apogee of his talent in this branch of art, and put the finishing stroke to the reputation he had conquered by so much labour. On this occasion he had for colleague Bouilly, the upright and virtuous Bouilly, the friend of Grétry, whose son-in-law he had become, the author of *Contes à ma fille*, *Pierre le Grand*, and *L'Abbé de l'Epée*, the wishy-washy and pompous author, whose pretentious and turgid style might serve as a model for all Prudhommes, past, present, and future. As a matter of course, Bouilly himself, in the Memoirs published by him under the title of *Mes Récapitulations*, gives a complete historical account of the birth and apparition of *Les deux Journées*, and I shall borrow from him a few interesting and little-known facts:

"Among the celebrated artists," he says, "whom I had the happiness of meeting at Joséphine's (the future Empress), I remarked Cherubini, who was united to Méhul by true friendship, which was never diminished, despite of all the little rivalries which nearly always spring up between two men of great talent pursuing the same career. Cherubini had just produced on our lyric stage the two fine scores of *Médée* and *Lodoïska*, in which the public admired at one and the same time richness of harmony, profound science, and dramatic expression. But these learned productions were set to books which did not offer what was required at that period, that is to say, sustained interest combined with new and pleasing situations, such as Sedaine had created; consequently, while applauding Cherubini's beautiful music, every one remained cold and did not experience the attraction exerted by the works of Marsollier and Dalayrac, of Dejaure and Berton, of Hoffmann and Méhul. The fact is that between these men, associated with each other in so many brilliant successes, there existed the sympathy of talent and experience; the author of the book enjoyed half the credit of the piece which obtained the favour of the public; lastly, the public demanded in a lyrical work that as much should be done by the author as by the composer; from a musical number possessing true expression they liked to pass to well conducted scenes, correct dialogue, interesting action, and, as old Sedaine said, 'To something satisfying simultaneously the ears and the heart.' Cherubini, who up to that time had never had a book in which he could introduce popular songs, applied to all the literary men for such a one, and I was happy enough to realize his wish. I had already produced at the Théâtre Feydeau *Léonore ou L'Amour conjugal*, with music by Gaveaux, whose natural melodies had assured our success, and under the auspices of the celebrated Mdme Scio, then become the modern Saint-Huberti, by the beauty of her voice as well as by her warmth of soul and the dignity of her whole person. There shone near her at the same theatre a spirited and natural artist, who imparted to all his characters a stamp of truth, the charm of which was irresistible; this was the inimitable Juliet, who cultivated his art instinctively, and from the stoves of a restaurateur had taken his place on our lyric stage, where he rendered *Le Club des bonnes gens*, *L'Amour filial*, and especially *Les Visitandines*, so much the vogue. An act of admirable devotion on the part of a water-carrier for the benefit of a friend of mine, a magistrate, who was saved under the Terror as though by a miracle, inspired me with the idea of giving the people a lesson in humanity. In a very short time, then, I wrote my piece entitled *Les deux Journées*, and hastened to entrust it to Cherubini. He thought he saw in it something which might afford his rich and fertile imagination all the stimulus he required, and set to work uninterruptedly at composing one of the finest scores of modern times."

The reader may judge of Bouilly's dramatic writing by this specimen of his literary style. We will, however, with his assistance, continue the history of how *Les Deux Journées* was born. Bouilly had just given at the Comédie-Française a work which, thanks to the subject—a very interesting one—had obtained a genuine success. It was entitled *L'Abbé de l'Epée*, and we shall see with what fears the way in which it had been received inspired the author of *Les Deux Journées*:—

"Meanwhile," he says, "Cherubini completed his score, and the management of the Théâtre Feydeau strained every nerve to hasten on its production. I could not help feeling anxious at their eagerness. 'A man,' I said to myself, 'has not two great successes in so short a time; and I fear very much that the fate of my second work will tarnish the success of the first.' The actors laughed at my timidity; Juliet and Mdme Scio reassured me by the admirable talent they displayed at rehearsals, and never left off predicting that my *Porteur d'eau** would make the round of France. We are easily induced to yield to what flatters our self-love, and I consented to my piece being played twenty-seven days after the production of *L'Abbé de l'Epée*. This great event in my dramatic career occupied uninterruptedly my imagination. 'Oh! if I could gather in one month a second crop of laurel!' I said to myself. 'My place among dramatic authors would be secured, and I should navigate in full sail on the frail vessel which I have embarked. . . . Vain illusion!' I added immediately afterwards, 'No, no! I dare not flatter myself I shall obtain so promptly a double crown.'"

All this is childish; still, after an interval of eighty years, it is not without interest for us. Let us, therefore, allow Bouilly to proceed and describe the incidents marking the first performance of *Les Deux Journées*;—

"At length the important day arrived destined to decide the fate of the *Two* which I was bold enough to bring out on the stage. I do not think I ever before experienced such fear as that which then seized on my whole being. I recollect that, on my reaching the theatre, Juliet, a man of instinct and truthfulness, said, when he saw my agitated face: 'When I have made you drink a glass of water from my cart, you will be all right again, take my word for it.' So the overture began and met with general approbation. The first act appeared full of matter, well planned and characterised by absorbing interest. Then came the finale, that admirable septet cited as a masterpiece of our modern school. Enthusiasm had reached its highest pitch. Scarcely had the curtain fallen at the end of this act, ere a large number of pupils of the Conservatory, climbing up over the orchestra, surrounded their master, who wanted to make me share the congratulations showered on him . . But all my attention was taken up by my water-cart; the whole fate of the piece depended on that; and on more than one occasion the public have been known to pass from the enthusiasm produced by a first act to great severity towards the others. I relied, with justice, on the irresistible spirit of my actor; everything had been regulated and measured in order that the scene of the water-cart containing an illustrious personage proscribed by law might produce all the effect we expected; but a mere nothing might destroy all our hopes; it was necessary that the interest and the comic element in the situation should hit the public at the minute, the second, indicated. The vigilance of a sentinel whose steps were counted had to be eluded. In a word, Count Armand had only a single instant for escape. . . Everything concurred to render that instant decisive and favourable to the piece. Juliet, after misleading the public by drawing, with the natural free and easy manner of a good Auvergnat, two pails of real water from his cart, suddenly opened the fore part, and he on whose head a price was fixed issued from it and made safely off; the delirious joy experienced by the worthy son of the people, the words especially which fell from him as he followed with his eye the proscribed fugitive: 'He is saved, yon man with the cloak! Never, no, never, wert thou so profitable to me before, my dear cart!' the actor's charming features, the vibrating accents of his agitated voice, and more especially the inexpressible effect of the orchestra, produced on the whole audience one of those outbursts of emotion which cannot be withstood and which are followed by lasting success. I felt certain of it from that moment, and, in my turn, pressing Cherubini in my arms, said, with the eager utterance of fear and deep emotion: 'Pardon me, great master! I trembled and should never have been consoled, had I compromised your fine talent.' 'Never,' he answered, returning my embrace, 'no, never, perhaps, shall I have a better occasion for developing it, and I owe you my grandest triumph.'"

We here see Bouilly, with thoroughly paternal complacency, expatiating on the book of his *Deux Journées*. Whatever may be the defects of a form now naïve to childishness and now the acme of fustian, it is certain that a book so full of incident, and deficient neither in action or warmth, was not without interest, and that the feebleness of the *dénouement* was counterbalanced by instances of real excellence scattered here and there. Some critics of the time, and among them Sauvo, theatrical critic of the *Moniteur Universel*, were seized with a sort of enthusiasm for the book, which, however, could hardly be performed at the present day, unless re-touched in some important details and almost completely re-modelled, at least as regards the form of language

* The title which the work was at first meant to bear, and under which it has always been performed in Germany.

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employed.† Nevertheless, the public were moved by the interesting situations, and, with the help of Cherubini's music, as well as that of the clever acting, the new work achieved a genuine and irresistible success. The principal lines of the story are simple. The action is laid at the period of the Fronde, under the ministry of Mazarin. An important personage, Count Armand, President of the Parliament of Paris, opposes the Cardinal, and, in conjunction with two of his friends, Presidents Brossel and Novion, endeavours to prevent the registration of several edicts which they consider disastrous. This is quite sufficient to draw down on him the Cardinal's hatred, for Mazarin, as we know, entertained only moderate esteem for contradiction, especially when the latter was manifested by acte. Mazarin has, therefore, sworn to be revenged on the Count and put a price on his head. The Count is thus in danger of death, when an honest Water-Carrier, not without danger to himself, volunteers to save him, and succeeds in snatching him from the fatal doom in store for him. Such is the story of *Les Deux Journées*. It is tolerably varied, and in it the author has managed to intermingle, not without a certain skill, comic incidents with touching dramatic situations.

(To be continued.)

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WAGNER AND GOUNOD.

However it may fare with politics and business, music is in perpetual session. London has been flooded with music since the early spring. At the end of the season it simply adjourns in a mass into the provinces. From external and public appearances it might be argued that there is no great difference between the musical past and present. Formerly the metropolis had its operas and concerts from Easter to August. As good music was performed for the delight of the subjects of George III. as for the pleasure of the subjects of Queen Victoria. To read the diary of Thomas Moore, it would be thought the English public two-thirds of a century ago was as musically enlightened as in these days. When society migrated into the country, Birmingham and the three cathedrals held their musical celebrations as now. These were as enthusiastically and almost as numerously attended. The difference is that music until within a very brief period was a monopoly. There was a musical public thoroughly and learnedly instructed. Outside was black pitch, ignorance, and insensibility. Dinners and balls were needed to allure popular audiences in the shires. In London the public did not pretend to understand or sympathize. A crowded house to listen to the compositions of Herr Wagner now implies an enormous multitude as curious and as intelligent waiting for its turn and share afterwards. The thousands who hung absorbed last Wednesday upon M. Gounod's setting of the mysteries of Christianity represented a hundredfold the numbers which have been training themselves by musical habituation and practice to appreciate its merits. Imposters may be detected in abundance, as at all times, and in reference to all subjects, who repeat commonplaces of musical criticism while perceiving much less of their meaning than the Cambridge pretenders to familiarity with thermodynamics denounced by Mr G. H. Darwin. Enthusiasm for music is often affected when none is felt. At present the hypocrisy is at all events the homage rendered by the few to the musical taste of the many rather than the reverse. It is a mere accident of place and opportunity where music plants its standard and summons its votaries. In June it may be at Her Majesty's Theatre, with dogmas imported direct from Bayreuth to discipline the audience. In August Birmingham may be the locality, and the composer of *Faust* the mark for adoration. When the holiday is over and the echoes of the applause resound from a different quarter, neither London nor Birmingham closes its music-books and its ears. The musical sensation of the moment, it is apparent, comes hither, not to awaken untaught instincts, but to be judged as well as crowned by a population of educated students.

Indiscriminating and unmethodical as in some respects the British musical public may be, a musical public exists in much the same sense as a literary public exists. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen for whom music has become a necessity. Commonly, when nature implants an appetite, or suffers it to grow, it develops in the same situation sources for its indulgence and satisfaction. With an active popular English taste for poetry there would be sure to be a school of English poets, as there are schools of English historians and orators. A peculiarity of the English taste for music is that, being capable of gratification from without, it has not in these latter days insisted upon forcing into vitality a commensurate school of native composition. Music speaks in a voice which has to a certain extent escaped the doom of Babel. While rejoicing in their musical debts to Dr Sullivan, or Mr Cowen, or Mr Villiers Stanford, English audiences are as prepared to be charmed by the inspirations of M. Gounod as if they had been fasting from music for years. Music, and plenty of music, the English nation must have; and it is ready to import it from every market. Its old treasures it counts over without ceasing. It continually insists upon supplementing them by novelties wherever they are to be acquired. They may be of various degrees of merit and of various dissimilar powers of fascination. Whatever their rank, the English musical public has a throng of hungering ears to fill, and they must be filled. Birmingham reckons among its historic glories that, before the kingdom at large was alive to the existence of a national musical faculty and its claims, it sat at the feet of Mendelssohn, and gave his *Elijah* to the world of sweet sound. By a fair right it was entitled to enjoy the first fruits of a work designed to stir the same class of emotions, though by ways and on principles of its own. Birmingham is to be congratulated that it has associated its name with what, it may be trusted, is a real addition to the musical possessions of the age. Lovers of music in general are to be congratulated infinitely more. Frequenters of the Birmingham Festival must, in any event, have had their curiosity gratified. A failure for bystanders is not without its compensations. For the musical public a failure by M. Gounod would have been more than the loss of an anticipated prize. An oratorio by a composer of that rank is no musical bubble which can, if its colours do not please, be simply let burst. Learning like his and force of character like his condemn even failures to a kind of involuntary immortality. They are of a bulk which does not permit musical mariners to pass over them without recognizing where they lie blocking up the entrance of channels and harbours. The master might have missed his mark, as has happened to masters before him. The world of art would have been the poorer by the waste of years of genius on an ineffectual experiment. Worse still, it would have been encumbered by a work it could neither have accepted nor forgotten. Some graceful theme or airy melody would have perpetually been floating up from the dark depths to remind posterity of the sunk hulk with its perplexing possibility of buried riches.

While it is too soon to pronounce for certain that a composition of the ambition and scope of *The Redemption* is a positive augmentation of musical wealth, it has at least excited a desire in its hearers to examine and analyse it. What are its intrinsic and individual characteristics and powers of touching the heart cannot be fully determined as yet. Its general tendency and class in the musical hierarchy are more easily seen. M. Gounod and Herr Wagner have very little in common. Both, however, agree in expecting from music at once more and less than their great predecessors demanded. Music was disembodied formerly, Bach, and Handel, and Mozart, and Beethoven might be inspired by occurrences outside them; their lofty creations were reared on no other foundation than the builder's sense of harmony and melody? he obeyed and expressed his own mood; the material words and plot to which he happened to attach it were the merest afterthought. The music of the present, as of the future, whether it be dramatic or epic, aims at commenting upon themes formally and deliberately compelling or praying its assistance to illustrate them. It has consented to be a servant that it may help to guide and govern where before it claimed to be independent, abiding by its own laws and flowering in accordance with none beside them. The disciple of Herr Wagner has to see and read as well as hear. Hearers of M. Gounod are invited to come with minds attuned to particular emotions and ideas to which *The Redemption* will give a brighter meaning, a more gracious significance. Herr Wagner bids the world listen and learn to think and feel as he acts the minstrel before it. M. Gounod asks his admirers to bring hearts and minds charged with pious awe and he will surround them with the atmosphere in which they can most fitly breathe. Herr Wagner requires a surrender. M. Gounod desires to co-operate and accompany. Each exacts an attendance of thoughts and feelings beyond those in which music was content once to lap itself. Music has been brought down from the realm in which it dwelt apart to be the companion and minister of the dramatist and poet. It is to be hoped that what it loses by ceasing to be its own sole interpreter other fields of art may gain in which it agrees to serve as interpreter for them. But that for itself there is some diminution in freedom and spontaneity it would be difficult to deny.—*Times*.

† With respect to this, we may mention that M. Jules Barbier has undertaken the task of touching-up Bouilly's text when requisite, and has even transformed all the prose into verse. We may add that a superb soprano air (unpublished), composed for Mdme Toddi, and agreeing admirably with the fine dramatic pages of the work, has been introduced into the re-modelled *Deux Journées*. We know, also, that M. Carvalho intends reviving the opera thus completed.

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THE FEMININE IN MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Times.")

When noticing the production of Mrs Meadows White's cantata, *The Passions*, at Hereford, the correspondent of a daily contemporary touched upon an interesting question, which it may be worth while to discuss more fully. The writer clearly indicated an opinion that masculine genius has by no means exhausted the capacity of music, and never can do so, because what remains calls for feminine perception and expression. The assumption here is that, while music is the language of emotion, the emotion of woman is distinct, if not in degree, at least in character from that of man—that in the region of sentiment she perceives and feels things which elude him, or recognizes them in a peculiar light emanating from her own individuality. About this there is nothing that can be called purely speculative. All art work is personal to the worker, and, as no two artists see with the same eyes, the general result presents infinite points of difference. Sometimes those points are far asunder. Thus we have long been familiar with the classification which assigns to the music of certain composers a masculine character, and to that of others an approximation towards feminine traits. For this reason Porpora was called the "wife of Haydn," and Schubert is sometimes spoken of as a feminine Beethoven. Such phraseology, however, must be considered as figurative merely. Under no circumstances can the most womanish of men approximate save remotely to the individualism of the opposite sex, least of all within the domain of feeling. In this respect the man and the woman are as distinct as their physical organization makes them. There is no confounding the two. A recognition of the wide differences obtaining amongst men becomes, nevertheless, important to the present argument, because if such variations exist under conditions fundamentally the same, we may reasonably infer that much greater ones are discoverable on the other side of the gulf dividing the sexes. The curious thing is that, with regard to music, we neither know the extent nor the nature of those variations. Listen as we will, no sound crosses the gulf save faint echoes. Woman, as a creative musician, can hardly be said to exist.

This brings us face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the psychology of art. In not a few vocations demanding the exercise of fancy, sentiment, and delicate expression, woman has gained the laurels due to successful creative effort. Mrs Hemans and Mrs Browning among poets; Angelica Kaufmann and Rosa Bonheur among painters; George Eliot, George Sand, and Charlotte Brontë among writers of fiction, to mention no others, hold a rank equal to that attained by all save the greatest men. Yet in the field of music these distinguished ladies can hardly be said to have colleagues. There woman does not originate, she only interprets or reproduces. The full extent of the truth of this appears, without the writer intending it, in a *brochure* entitled *Woman as a Musician*, the work of Mrs Fanny Raymond Ritter. So long as the American authoress deals with performers she has a right to pride in woman's achievements. She can speak of Catalani, Malibran, Devrient, Sontag, Patti, Lind, Nilsson, Néruda, Clara Schumann, Viardot-Garcia, and a host of others whose genius has shed lustre upon their sex and adorned their art. Beyond the range of executive work Mrs Ritter's position as the champion of musical woman becomes quite pathetic in its hopelessness. She is driven to all manner of assumptions and inferences, more or less unsupported, in order to obtain even a moderate show of facts upon which to base a conclusion. We are asked, for example, to accept as an impossibility that woman passed through certain periods in the development of civilization without giving voice to her emotions; while "*as national and peasant folk-songs are traditionally said to have been nearly always composed by the persons who first sung them, and as women have always been their most zealous performers, it is only fair to suppose that they have also had something to do with their composition as well as with their poetry.*" Mrs Ritter continues in the same vein:—

"It would be unnatural to think that the beautiful lullabies and cradle-songs, of which hundreds exist in different languages and nationalities, were composed by martial barons, rough serving-men, or rougher peasants, and not by their wives or daughters. . . . And the melancholy life of the serf, watching her flocks on the green hills, or gathering wood for her hearth amid the implacable brambles, and the lonely lady of the castle, spinning or embroidering her cunning tapestries while she waited, sometimes for years, the return of father, husband, brother, lover—and then the anxious women of the fisher people—did they indeed endure their sorrows voicelessly? I cannot believe it; I have no doubt but that many of those simple, touching, heart-breaking melodies and poems were of women's creation."

All this may be interesting speculation, but it is worthless in an inquiry after hard facts; nor has Mrs Ritter much more firm ground to go upon when she emerges from the region of inference into that of record. She tells of the half-mythical Saint Cecilia and of Miriam, the prophetess, on whose behalf we are dared to say that her song of triumph was *not* her own composition. After this, with a mighty leap, the enthusiastic advocate brings us down to Josephine Lang, Fanny Hensel, Virginia Gabriel, and Elise Polko—of Mrs Meadows White and Mrs Bartholomew she does not seem to know anything. Having heard all that can be said by Mrs Ritter, there is no need to discuss further the question of woman's musical barrenness. A few gifted members of the sex have been more or less fortunate in their emulation of men, and that is all. Not a single great work can be traced to a feminine pen.

(To be continued.)

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Gounod's *Redemption* was introduced to London amateurs on Wednesday night under circumstances of fitting dignity. The composer's powerful name, the impressiveness and all-absorbing interest of his theme, and the prominence lately given to discussion of his work had the remarkable effect of filling the Albert Hall to its last seat. There could be no more imposing spectacle of the kind than that vast interior as then seen, and no more striking proof of genuine curiosity excited by an artistic occasion. M. Gounod may well take pride both in the scene and in the testimony—accepting them as a unique tribute to his genius. The performance, given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, had been carefully prepared; rehearsals, sectional and general, following each other to the limits of reasonable precaution. Imperative under any circumstances, this course was an obligation in a special sense, because the public had once been promised M. Gounod himself in the conductor's place, and it was felt that all possible atonement was due for the unavoidable loss of that supreme advantage. Mr Barnby thoroughly met the exigencies of the case, and gave to his ten thousand auditors a performance almost, if not quite, as good as that for which the composer made himself responsible at Birmingham. If the effect was less striking, no blame attaches to the executants. Music, of whatever kind, and however given, is necessarily heard at a disadvantage in the Albert Hall. It reaches the ear much as objects seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass reach the eye, and there is ever a feeling that the theme and its exponents are, so to speak, in the next county. We missed on Wednesday night, therefore, the sympathy that contiguity stirs up between performers and hearers, and also the effect which a full band and chorus make when majestic sonority thrills every nerve to its utmost tension. For the rest, there was nothing to complain of. Though its outlines were fainter and its colours paler than at Birmingham, the oratorio was revealed in the measure of perfectness which saves a composer from misrepresentation and an audience from being misled. It is pleasant to say this after some recent experiences, and to recognize in Mr Barnby a conductor who, not for the first time, has asserted the continued presence amongst us of an artistic conscience.

Three of the vocalists who sang at Birmingham took part in the Albert Hall performance, namely, Mdme Albani, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley. With these tried and experienced artists were associated Miss Santley, Mdme Fassett, and Mr Pyatt, upon whom devolved the task discharged at Birmingham by Mdme Marie Roze, Mdme Patey, and Mr King respectively. The cast was, on the whole, a strong one, and made more so by the arrangement which gave to Mr Santley the part of the bass Narrator, and to Mr Lloyd that of the Penitent Thief. Details are hardly called for with regard to the three vocalists first named. It will at once be taken for granted that nothing was left to desire. The very beautiful manner in which the solo, "From thy love as a father," was sung by Mdme Albani deserves, however, special mention. It so moved the audience that a regulation against applause—theretofore observed—was unanimously set aside. Mdme Fassett delivered the contralto solos weakly; but the services of Miss Santley and Mr Pyatt called for acknowledgment, as carrying efficiency into quite subordinate work. The chorus—always a good one—did better than usual

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with Gounod's music, and ran that at Birmingham very hard for supremacy in the more delicate and refined numbers. Objection might, perhaps, be raised to the singing of the chorale, "Forth the Royal banners go," as too measured and mechanical; but true dramatic expression was obvious in the mocking choruses of the priests and people, while the beautiful concerted music in the Third Part and the triumphal outburst, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," were given in a style of which all concerned had a right to be proud. In short, the choral music was successful almost beyond precedent in the experience of London amateurs. Mr Barnby's orchestra proved worthy of his well-trained singers, playing the elaborate and delicately-tinted accompaniments with rare skill and effect. When we add that Mr Barnby conducted in his best manner there is nothing more to be said. As to the reception of the work by its multitudinous audience, we may assert, without misgiving, that it was sympathetic if not enthusiastic. The deep religious feeling of the oratorio as a whole, and the manifest beauty of many portions, made a deep impression. This was enough, since after so much the rest—that is to say, entire appreciation of a very remarkable and original artistic thing—will follow.—*D. T.*

WAIFS.

The house at Malvern said to have been purchased by Mdme Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is situated near Wynd's Point (at the foot of the Camp Hill, or Herefordshire Beacon), not, as was stated, at "Windsor" Point—no such point being within the range of the magnificent hills that separate Worcestershire from Herefordshire. —(A hint for Morris of the *Malvern News*.—Dr Blinge.)

The Teatro Español, Madrid, is lighted by electricity.

The old Société de Musique, Brussels, has been dissolved.

Galliera has written an opera, entitled *Le ultime Ore di Richelieu*.

Mdme Théo does not return from America to Paris till the Spring.

Manoury, the barytone, has been well received at the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen.

Anna Lankow is engaged as professor of singing at Scharwenka's Conservatory, Berlin.

A Choral Society, El Orfeon Mondoniense, has been established at Mondonedo, Spain.

Richard Wagner is said to be writing his Autobiography.—(Ominous?—Dr Blinge.)

The flautist, De Vroye, contemplates a tour this month and next in Holland and Germany.

Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* has been given in Mannheim as the first novelty of the season.

Peter Benoit will conduct a performance of some of his compositions at Angers this winter.

The Italian operatic season in Constantinople was opened with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Dvoràk's opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, has been favourably received at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Mr Carl Rosa has returned from the continent, and will remain in London during the ensuing week.

Mdlle Novàk, a pupil of Mdme Marchesi's, has made her *début* at Florence as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

Jehin-Prume is expected shortly to leave Canada for Paris, where he has been offered a musical appointment.

Gounod has declined having his oratorio, *The Redemption*, performed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Temporary Theatre, a handsome wooden structure, Schwerin, was inaugurated with Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Etelka Gerster was announced to sing yesterday and to-day in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin.

Sophie Menter, the Amazon-pianist, will shortly fulfil a series of engagements in Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

Joseph Kotek, the violinist, has gone to Moscow, to play in a concert of the Imperial Russian Society of Music.

Negotiations for an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, are pending between Mad. Sembrich and M. Vaucorbeil.

The number of new students this year at the Conservatory, Valencia, is 123 of the male and 171 of the female sex.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been given at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, with the success invariably attending its performance in Italy.

Bimboni has completed an opera, *Haidouk*, ordered by the management of the Theatre Royal, Bucharest, where it will be played next season.

Mr Luke, late of St John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, is appointed organist and choirmaster of Weybridge Parish Church, Surrey.

Gustav Walter, Imperial Austrian Chamber-Singer, has announced a Schubert Cyclus of four evenings at the Börsendorf Rooms, Vienna.

A tablet in memory of the Court-Organist, Johann Schneider, who died in 1864, is to be affixed to the house in Dresden where he was born.

Varette Stepanoff, the pianist, will revisit Germany this year and take part in concerts at Wiesbaden, Halle, Dresden, Görlitz, and other places.

The tenor Nouvelli, having returned from Buenos Ayres, will shortly sing at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, and then at the San Carlo, Naples.

Lauterbach, the violinist, will shortly give concerts in Nuremberg and Stuttgart, and play, among other things, a new Violin Concerto by Ignaz Brüll.

Johann Strauss, who has no children, has made a will in which he bequeathes 250,000 florins (£25,000) for the foundation of a Musical Institute.

Mr Bradley is appointed organist to St George's Church, Edinburgh, Mr Carl Hamilton continuing to conduct the choir, which now numbers twenty-four voices.

The casting of the bronze statue of Goldoni, modelled by Del Zotto, and weighing 1,500 kilogrammes, has been successfully accomplished at the Arquati foundry, Venice.

The first concert of the Brussels Conservatory will take place in December, the programme being devoted to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," and J. S. Bach *Weinachtscantata*.

A new ballad, *Roland's Horn*, for vocal soloists, male chorus, and orchestra, by F. W. Markull, will shortly be given at a concert of the Leipsic Arion Society, and in January at Dantzic.

François Arnouts, professor of the violin in the Conservatory, Port Louis, is dead. Born at Antwerp on the 16th May, 1857, he was still in 1876 a student at the Conservatory, Brussels.

A new Quartet Society, consisting of MM. Colyns, Jeno Hubay, Van Stynvoort, and Joseph Servais, has been formed in Brussels, and will give its first concert about the end of the month.

Angelo Neumann has been selected by the Senate as manager of the Stadttheater, Bremen. His *Nibelungen* Company, which lately visited that city, opened on the 21st ult., in Berlin, with *Rheingold*.

The King of the Belgians has conferred the Cross of the Order of Leopold on M. Ed. Elkan, chairman of the Nouvelle Société de Musique, Brussels, and organizer of the Musical Festival there last August.

After attending the first Philharmonie Concert, Berlin, Anton Rubinstein left for Leipsic in order to direct the performance of his *Maccabäer*, which was to take place to-day, the 4th inst., at the Stadttheater.

The Quartet Society of Milan have offered one prize of 1,000 francs and another of 500 for the best two instrumental Trios (piano, violin, and violoncello). Competitors can send in their works up to the end of March.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society (U.S.) has announced its intention of giving, under the direction of Theodor Thomas, selections from the third act of Wagner's *Parsifal*. (What has Brooklyn done?—Dr Blinge.)

On the 22nd October Franz Liszt kept his 72nd birthday at Weimar amid great rejoicings, congratulations, and festivities, musical and otherwise.—(The "great old man"! May his shadow spread.—Dr Blinge.)

Mr Walter Macfarren's brilliant overture to *King Henry V.* was capitally played at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts last week, the composer (who himself conducted) being re-called and warmly applauded at its conclusion.

Mozart's *Don Juan* has been performed at the Leipsic Stadttheater with a new version of the text by Grandaur, and a new stage arrangement by Wolzogen, the scenery being all painted expressly by Lütkemeyer, of Coburg. Mad. Prophaska, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, was Donna Anna.

Miss Jessica O'Brien, the intelligent young vocalist, has been dangerously ill in Paris for the last seven weeks from a serious attack of the prevailing epidemic. She is now, we are happy to state, out of danger, and was able, on Saturday, to leave Paris for Dresden, for the purpose of resuming (with her sister Alice) her studies with Signor Lamperti, who has left Milan and taken up his residence in the Saxon capital.

Miss Dora Bright, a young pianist, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren at the Royal Academy of Music, made a very successful *début* at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, last week, playing on that occasion Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, as well as some elegant compositions by her master. On her second appearance at the same *locale* Miss Dora Bright rendered, with marked effect, Mr Walter Macfarren's *Concertstück*, and some characteristic pieces by Chopin.

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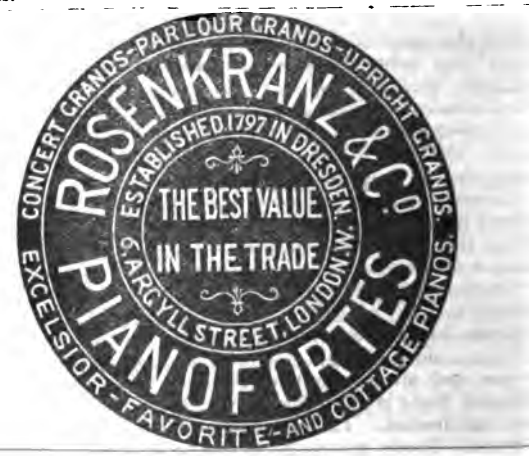
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THE FEMININE IN MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 693.)

The reason why half the human race—and that half the one most susceptible to the impressions from which music springs and to which it gives birth—should be thus non-productive, offers a very interesting subject for investigation. Pursuing it, we first ask—Is woman incapable of taking high rank as a composer?—To reply in the affirmative demands more boldness and less regard for the force of analogical reasoning than we pretend to possess. The position of woman as an executant of the highest class—a position which distinctly implies a measure of independent creative power—her actual achievements in composition, as far as they go, and her prominence in connection with arts of a kindred nature, all forbid the belief that her natural musical endowments can carry their possessor no farther than she has gone. How, then, is the unused capacity to be developed? If there be in woman's nature a stored force upon which no demand has yet been made, how can we reach it and turn it to account? Mrs Ritter, unable to deny the *raison d'être* of the question, answers it thus:—

"But women have only lately realized the depth and strength of the science of music, and what long years of severe mental discipline and scientific training are necessary in order to master the art of composition. . . . Mathematics, acoustics, psychology, languages, as well as general literary acquirements, the practice and technicalities of several instruments, and the science of music, must all be mastered by the aspirant in composition, and gradually, through the application and assimilation of long years of study, become the 'second nature' of his mind. . . . And why should not women of sufficient intellectual and especial ability to warrant the possibility of their attaining honourable distinction make an effort, and, discarding the absurd idea that composition is an affair of instinct, study to compose for immortality also? There is surely a feminine side of composition, as of every other art. And I would suggest the adoption of the science of composition as an elective, if not obligatory, branch of the higher course of study in ladies' colleges."

Mrs Ritter clearly holds the opinion that composers, unlike poets, are made, not born; but it will prove unfortunate for woman's aspirations after higher musical honours if the advice of the American authoress be taken. Admitting that great composers are the outcome of long years of study devoted to mathematics, acoustics, psychology, and all the rest of it, then the "weaker sex" have little chance against men. Happily, the facts are not as Mrs Ritter puts them. A man, or woman, may be a great composer without crossing the *pons asinorum*, or making the smallest acquaintance with the "ologies." All knowledge is good, truly, and worthy to be desired; but the greatest masters of music contrived to do with singularly little, outside the range of their own art. Wherefore, let the pernicious theory that ladies' colleges can manufacture lady composers be put aside once and for all. The musical instinct—apart from which musical studies are no more useful than clothes on a skeleton—comes as a gift of God. It is a fire no man can kindle; and the function of the teacher with regard to it is simply that of direction and control.

Curiously enough, one short sentence in the extract from Mrs Ritter's pamphlet, given above, touches the root of the matter, though the writer does not seem to have perceived it. "*There is surely a feminine side of composition, as of every other art.*" Thus our authoress exclaims, and we agree with her; further, we strongly incline to believe that woman has failed as a creative musician because she has approached composition from the masculine side. Taught by men, looking at models fashioned by men, and always emulous of the art-work which men have produced, there is more than a possibility that her energies have been misdirected. In the analogous art of poetry the case is different. Poetic utterance is more spontaneous, less elaborate, and nothing like so heavily weighted with scientific incumbrance. Here the master with his rules and the classic with its commanding influence have less scope, the result being that feminine poetry has a distinct existence. There are passages in it which no man would think of writing, and could not write if he would. Take, as example, Mrs Browning's description of a sleeping infant, in which occur these lines:—

"There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered overmuch,
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot, and scarlet as the first live rose
The Shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into
The faster for his love. And love was here.
An instant, and the pretty baby mouth
Shut close, as if for dreaming that it suck'd;
The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nestling birdlings: everything so soft
And tender—to the little hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't."

This exquisite sketch is true feminine poetry, only possible to a woman. Surely female musicians might attain a corresponding distinctiveness by approaching their art as women and not as men.

"The distinctions" (says M. Scudo, in his essay on Teresa Milanollo), "which nature has established between the two sexes should display themselves in works of art, which are but the manifestation of the harmonies of creation. A woman who, when taking a pencil, pen, or music-sheet, forgets what are the character and the obligations of her sex is a monster who excites disgust and repulsion. For one or two who succeed in gaining a masculine celebrity which robs them of the mystery of grace and enchantment that forms their appanage, there are thousands who remain mutilated and become objects of general scoffing. They are neither men nor women, but something which has no name and no part in life. . . . . No one debars the woman from enlightening her spirit and purifying her heart by solid instruction and by the culture of arts which open up infinite horizons, provided she remains within the limits God has imposed upon her. . . . A singer, an actress, a painter, a pianiste, ought to carry into the art they profess the distinctive qualities of their sex. Forgetfulness of this fundamental rule not only wounds decency, which is their *prestige*, but troubles the economy of God's work. In the human duality, the woman expresses the eternal sentiments of the soul, and her heart is a fountain full of tenderness and poetry. If she abandon the sweet empire of grace to look to other destinies . . . . . she disturbs the equilibrium of life, and her fall is inevitable."

Underlying these vehement and, no doubt, exaggerated utterances, is much pertinent truth, which may be summed up in the axiom—The woman artist should always regard her art from a woman's point of view. Were this done distinctiveness would follow. The result may not compare with the works of men for strength and comprehensiveness, but that is neither necessary nor desired. What we regard as both necessary and desirable, is the emancipation of woman within her own musical domain. It goes beyond reason to imagine that she has nothing to say there, and no power of speech. A witty French writer once remarked that whenever he climbed a difficult hill, he always found a woman on the summit before him, but she could never tell how she got up. The only thing certain was, that had she started with him, in his fashion, he would have left her far behind. It will be of good augury for the sex and for music when some pioneer woman arises, who, having mastered the power of musical expression, consults her own nature and not the productions of men, when determining what to say and how to speak.

[*A subject worth still further discussion.*—Dr Bridge.]

THE SACRED HARMONIC LIBRARY.—"P. B." writes to us,—"You commented in *The Times* of Saturday on the news that the Hamilton MSS. had gone to Berlin. May I, while there is yet time, direct attention to the fact that another valuable collection, the celebrated library of the Sacred Harmonic Society, may not improbably be sent out of this country? The Sacred Harmonic Library contains the finest collection extant of madrigals by the English writers of the 16th and 17th centuries, besides a large assemblage of old English operas, of ecclesiastical music, and of early specimens of type music printing, together with the Cooke Library, and MSS. by Haydn, Purcell, Mendelssohn, Blow, Croft, Green, Boyce, Arne, and others. The society, it is said, do not wish to divide this almost unique library; while the British Museum authorities will not purchase it in its entirety. The consequence is that if certain present negotiations fail, the famous Sacred Harmonic collection may after all be sold to a Musical Society in Boston, United States, for the comparatively trifling sum of a little over £3,000. I may add that my information is derived from a leading member of the committee, who would doubtless consent to a sacrifice if there should be any chance of retaining the library intact in this country.—*Times.*

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 686.)

There is yet another side to be looked at. Truth is like a cut crystal ball. If we look too long at one facet we forget that there may be others; we are blinded by the brilliance of the one flashing side, and when we turn away we see nothing but a dark spot, and cannot see the many other sides. But if we turn the ball round about, look at each facet in turn, we realize the perfection of its form, and of its rainbow colours. So is music. Of its many sides we have looked at those of tonal form, of rhythmic form, and poetical idea, but there is yet one more towards which we may turn before quitting the subject of musical form.

What is the meaning of sacred music? What is the difference between sacred and secular music? For hitherto we have placed sacred and secular music side by side in this account of musical forms, and have described operas and oratorios as of the same form. And justly so, for the Scarlatti form is as appropriate to the sacred song "He was despised" as to the secular "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and the sonata form to the chorus in *St Paul* as to the songs of Ilia and the Queen of Night. In style, too, the two kinds are similar, though with some exceptions. Purcell and Gluck wrote secular music in the diatonic style that we associate with Handel's sacred music, and the Italians of later times write for their religious services in the same florid style as for their operas. No, the real difference between sacred and secular music is deeper than outward forms. Let us look at the original purpose of the oratorio, and that will give us the key to the whole matter. It was a service in a church,—whether in the mysteries and miracle plays of the dark ages, or at the oratory of S. Filippo Neri, or at the Lutheran churches. The same purpose is now revived in our own use of the oratorio in cathedrals and churches, and the services of song in places of smaller capabilities.

Granting, then, that an oratorio is a service, let us see what a service is, and how an oratorio corresponds with it. A service in its completest form combines instruction, praise, and prayer; and by the force of the example of devoted actions draws forth the devotional thoughts of those present. For instance, in the Christmas-tide and Easter-tide services we have the example laid before us of the active devotion of God who became man, and rose from the dead for the sake of men, to shew them what a man's life and resurrection might be. The canticles and prayers are the devotional thoughts that should be drawn from the hearers by the telling of that story.

The bent of an oratorio corresponds exactly to this. In the *Messiah* we have the great example held up before us, the story of which is so well known that little needs to be told, save by the sequence of the meditation of praise and prayer that is built upon it. In *Elijah* there is the life-devotion of the great prophet told, and the wonders wrought by God; and the passages of praise and prayer in meditation on the subject. In the Bach *Passion* music there is the example of the Passion story, and the meditation of praise and prayer by chorus or congregation.

Now we come closer to the distinction between sacred and secular music. A service must be true, whether it is a life service of active deeds, or a meditative service of good thoughts and resolutions; if it is not true, it is hypocrisy and a bitter sin. So it must be in sacred music. As romance gathers its beauty from its likeness to life, and history from its actual life; so also secular music must be like truth, while sacred music gains its greatest beauty from its actual truth. This must rise from deep within the composer's heart, and a subtle thread will come from his sacred music and connect itself with his audience, making them feel that he is speaking the truth, and not merely telling a beautiful romance that is very like truth. I would even dare to say that no composer writing sacred music will touch his hearers' hearts unless he writes from his own, and says what he believes or longs to be true. He may set sacred words to music, make theatrical scenes out of Bible narratives, and he may write music for a religious service, but if he is without religious hopes or longings the whole thing is a lie of the worst kind, a lie to God, and the music will fall as short of its aim as a sermon from a Mohammedan in praise of the Lord Christ.

When we listen to the last chorus in the *Passion* music we know that Bach is telling us his thoughts of the Saviour's rest in the garden after the pains and agonies that are now past, and that he feels those agonies and that rest to be as real as if he had actually witnessed them; and the very reality of the man's thoughts gives them a strength of emotion that carries the music straight into our own hearts, and makes us feel it almost as much as he did himself. When we listen to "I know that my Redeemer liveth" we feel that Handel is saying what he knows and feels to be a fact, and that he himself hopes for that Redeemer's help. When we hear Mozart's *Requiem* we think with a man to whom the terrors of the Dies Iræ were a reality, and the comforts of the Agnus Dei equally real. Mendelssohn's "Lift thine eyes" speaks to us of a man of whom his letters seem to tell us that whatever he did, he did as to God, and our hearts are touched by thoughts and music as they only can be by sympathy with reality. Those who were present in Westminster Abbey, on an occasion a few years ago, will not have forgotten the eloquent sermon in music that was preached, when all that was mortal of the preacher was resting, covered with loving flowers, before the altar on the way to its last home; and the highest and most touching eloquence was in the fact that the preacher meant what he said, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

To my master, G. A. Macfarren, whose wisdom and experience has been as the great hill out of which the little spring of my own knowledge has risen, and whose unvarying kindness and help have enabled me to write the foregoing series of papers on Form or Design in Music, I dedicate them.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

April 10th, 1882.

A REMONSTRANCE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a republication of Bach's organ works, now progressing at intervals, the second book is accompanied by an editorial comment. Thus, one fugue is commended as being "a great favourite of Mendelssohn," another invites consideration as being a "giant's fugue," a third is vouched for as being "exceedingly effective," while "a convenient and effective mode of performance is everywhere indicated." What is now to be feared is that the next number may contain one of Bach's "preludes," approved by one editor, while the "fugue" passes muster with the other. Surely this is not the way to approach the works of a great master?—I am, sir, yours obediently, SOLOMON PIPES.

Not having seen the "republication" in question, we know nothing about it, and can only ask, who shall decide when *organists* disagree?—D. T.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The inaugural address of the Session was delivered to the musical students by the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus.B., F.R.A.S., Warden of the College, after the prizes had been distributed to the successful candidates. He said the gathering was a cheering evidence of the rapid spread in this country of an earnest devotion to musical culture. Amongst them there were some who had but newly entered on the pursuit of this divine art with the ardour of a first love, and, perhaps, too, with the headstrong impatience which often characterizes youthful passion; whilst there were many more who had gone beyond this early phase of their attachment, and had discovered that the Goddess was not easily wooed and won. It might be that a little of their self-confidence had been drilled out of them by the salutary discipline of months and years of drudgery, relieved by the occasional excitement of competitive trials of skill. The Warden then proceeded to deal with the value, educational and otherwise, of examinations. Systems of examinations or public tests, he showed, had been in vogue in some form or other from the earliest times, and in the case of music they could be traced back to the infancy of the art itself. After a glance at the life and progress of Mendelssohn, the speaker proceeded to deal with the question of musical study in several spheres. Summing up his arguments, he concluded by saying:—The germ of the examination system has existed from the earliest times. The need of a disinterested judgment has always been, and must continue to be felt by those who desire to know the truth concerning themselves or the claims of others; the interest of every art demands that those who profess to teach should be tested and guaranteed—the principle of honest dealing between man and man, and that the public ought to be protected against quackery. Having regard to responsibilities, examining bodies are bound to make their tests practically useful, and entirely free from the intrusion of idiosyncrasies.

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SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At the Grand Opera, Mdme Krauss selected the part of Marguerite in Ch. Gounod's *Faust* for her re-appearance after her holiday. There was a crowded house, who gave her a most hearty welcome. Then came the turn of *Aida* and *Le Tribut de Zamora*, in both of which she was much applauded. Speaking of *Aida*, there has been a new Amnéris, Mdme Engally, formerly of the Opéra-Comique and the defunct Théâtre-Lyrique. On the first night she was somewhat exaggerated both vocally and histrionically. But this was probably the result of nervousness. At her second appearance she was more mistress of her powers, and consequently more competent to do justice to the part and to herself. She had every reason to congratulate herself on the result. After a career of nearly twenty years—he made his first appearance there on the 20th March, 1863—Villaret has retired from the Opera. He took his leave as Eléazar in *La Juive*, Mdme Krauss being the Rachel. Since he has belonged to what is here termed "the first lyric theatre in the world," Villaret has sung the part of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*—the part he chose for his *début*—130 times; he has sung 203 times in *Les Huguenots*; 144 in *La Juive*; 123 in *L'Africaine*; 106 in *Le Prophète*; 88 in *La Muette de Portici*; 46 in *Don Juan*; 44 in *Il Trovatore*; 39 in *Robert*; 19 in *La Reine de Chypre*; 15 in *Alceste*; 14 in *Der Freischütz*; 12 in *La Favorite*; and 11 in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*; making a grand total of 1,051 performances, exclusive of his "farewell nights." It is worthy of remark that during all the twenty years he was before the public he never "created"—in other words, never was the original representative of—a single character.—The rehearsals of M. Camille Saint-Saëns' *Henri VIII.* are being energetically carried on, and the work will probably be produced in January. The new ballet also, by MM. Th. Dubois, Gille, Mortier, and Mérante, is in active preparation.—There has been some talk of Mdme Sembrich's appearing at the "Palais Garnier" in *Hamlet*, after she shall have concluded her St Petersburgh engagement, but as yet nothing has been decided positively, or rather the chances are that the talk will not be realized.

Affairs are in a prosperous condition at the Opéra-Comique. Mdlle Marie Vanzandt has returned, and is more popular than ever. It was reported that she would shortly leave M. Carvalho. Such is not the case. At the termination of her Monte Carlo engagement she will return for the production of M. Léo Delibes' *Lackmé*, which she is now rehearsing, and in which she will again sing here during the winter 1883-4, after having introduced it to the public of St. Petersburgh on her visit to that capital in the autumn. Another strong attraction, alternating with *Mignon*, at this now popular theatre continues to be Ch. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, with Mdlle Isaac and M. Talazac as the pair of ill-starred lovers. Two promising young recruits have been added to the company. They are Mdlle Frandin and M. Labis, who made their first appearance in *Les Dragons de Villars*. The young lady perfectly justified the reputation which had preceded her from Cairo, where she was a great favourite. M. Labis, who played Sergeant Bellamy, comes direct from the Conservatory, and vocally, as well as histrionically, promises to make his mark.—With a view of increasing still more the effectiveness of the orchestra under M. Danbé, M. Carvalho has addressed to the proper authority—the Minister of Fine Arts—a request that he may be allowed to cut off twelve orchestra stalls and add the space thus gained to the orchestra, so that he may reinforce the latter by a double string quartet, which would bring his first violins up to a maximum of fourteen on grand nights, and a minimum of twelve on ordinary occasions.

By his latest work, *Le Cœur et la Main*, produced at the Nouveautés-Brasseur, Ch. Lecocq has added another success to the long list of those previously achieved by him. The book, in three acts, supplied by those practised writers, MM. Nuitter and Beaumont, is amusing. The story is something to the following effect:—Micaëla, daughter of the King of Aragon, is about to be married to Prince Gaëtan, the son of another King, reigning over some neighbouring portion of the Iberian peninsula. Not that Gaëtan loves the Princess; he weds her simply in conformity with his father's commands. But he gives her his "hand" alone; his "heart" he has bestowed on a young peasant girl, Josefa. When he learns that Josefa is the Princess disguised, the reader will scarcely require to be told that Prince Gaëtan is only too delighted to bestow on his betrothed not only his "hand," as he first intended, but his "heart" as well. Hence the title: *Le Cœur et la Main*. The music is delicate, graceful, and in the composer's best style. It would occupy too much space to give a list of all the telling numbers in the score, but here are a few:—A chorus: "C'est sous les Gardes du Palais;" a rondo: "Ah, que de mal on a;" the air: "Ma fille, c'est un Mari," and the finale of the first act. In the second, we have the opening chorus; the "Chanson du Casque," which hit the house hard, and, to all appearance, is destined to become very popular; and a delicious Bolero, admirably sung by Mdme Vaillant-Couturier. The best things in the third act are a romance: "Ah! j'enviais les hirondelles;" Gaëtan's air: "Depuis notre Hymen;" and the finale. Mdme Vaillant-Couturier, who carried off, two or three years since, the first prize for singing at the Conservatory, made her *début* before a Parisian public as the Princess, and scored a great success. The other leading characters were well sustained by Mdmes Elise Clary, Felcourt, MM. Berthelier, Vauthier, and E. Montaubry.

Another successful novelty is the comic opera, in 3 acts and 4 tableaux, entitled *Fanfan la Tulipe*, with book by MM. Paul Ferrier and Jules Prével, music by M. Varney. The hero, Fanfan, is a wonderful creature: a dragoon of the period of Louis XVI., occupied invariably in a double career of gallantry; at one moment performing the most marvellous feats of bravery, and at another subduing female hearts in the easiest and most captivating manner. The music, though not equal to that of *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* by the same composer, is well adapted to the libretto. It is full of sparkle and dash, and will apparently long retain its place in the bills. The seductive dragoon was played by M. Bouvin, a young barytone from the provinces, who at once made his mark. The other artists included in the cast were Mdmes Simon-Girard, Faivre, Vernon, MM. Simon-Max, Gobin, and Darman, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably, and, like M. Bouvin, were loudly applauded.

Another success is that achieved at the Théâtre de la Renaissance by the latest buffo opera due to the pen of M. Emile Jonas, and called *La Bonne Aventure*. The principal figures in the libretto, provided by MM. de Najac and Bocage, are Fabio, a toreador; Gambardillo, the chief of the police; Ramires and Rocador; Bianca, a *danseuse*; Beppa, her aunt, a gipsy and fortune teller; and Carmen, the niece of a smuggler; all of whom, after passing through the series of absurd—not to say, impossible—adventures usual in pieces of this description, are finally rewarded respectfully according to the code of poetical justice also usual in such productions. The music must be reckoned as among the best the composer has written. It is light, graceful, and full of melody. Mdlle Landau was a fascinating Bianca; Mdlle Milly Meyer, a clever Carmen; and Mdme Desclauzas, an incomparable Beppa. They were well supported by their colleagues of the rougher sex.

M. Pasdeloup's Concerts Populaires; M. Colonne's Concerts du Châtelet; and those of the Société of Nouveaux Concerts, directed by M. Ch. Lamoureux at the Théâtre du Château-d'Eau, are in full swing. The prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal* has already been played at all of them.

Mdme Tastet, Félicien David's residuary legatee, has presented the lamented composer's violin to the Museum of the Conservatory. It is enclosed in a case, with two bows used by him as violinist and conductor. Several other valuable and curious presents have been received from various donors, so that the collection is becoming more and more interesting every day.—Mdme Pauline Lucca has been studying the part of the heroine in Auber's *Ambassadrice* with Mdme Pauline Viardot, but left some time since for Vienna. Mdlle Emma Nevada is studying under M. Ambroise Thomas himself, Mignon and Ophelia. She will sing these characters in Italian next month at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, but the other artists will sing in German. "This abnormal arrangement," observes the *Ménestrel*, "is not unusual in Germany, Denmark, and Poland. At Warsaw lately, Mdlle Lealino sang in French and the other members of the company in Italian, an order of things reversed in Brussels, where Mdme Adelina Patti sang in Italian and the rest in French."

Wagner's *Meistersinger* was recently produced, for the first time, at the Stadttheater, Cologne, the occasion being the benefit of the conductor, Mühldörfer.

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BERLIN.

(Special Correspondence.)

The first "cycle" of *Nibelung* Performances by Angelo Neumann's peripatetic company brought crowded houses to the Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, and the second is progressing under equally favourable auspices. Nevertheless, you should hear outside opinions.—The annual report, from the 1st October, 1881, to the same date in the present year, on the musical educational establishments connected with the Royal Academy of Fine Arts contains, with reference to the Royal High School of Music, the following facts: 1. The Section for Composition, the professional staff of which includes Eduard Grell, Wilhelm Taubert, Friedrich Kiel, and Woldemar Bargiel, was attended by 25 students. 2. The Section for Practical Music, at the head of which is Joseph Joachim, possesses a professorial staff of 35 regular members (male and female) and 2 assistants. In the winter session three certificates of proficiency were awarded—one to a female student for the violin, one to a male student for the organ, and one to another male student for the pianoforte. There were 3 public and 12 private concerts. The number of students was 262, to whom must be added 18 attending the Choral School. 3. The Institute for Sacred Music, with A. Haupt, Jul. Schneider, A. Löschhorn, and J. W. Ressel as professors, was attended by 16 students.—The work performed at the first of the three Singakademie Subscription Concerts was Martin Blumner's oratorio, *Der Fall Jerusalems*, which went off very satisfactorily.—The first Subscription Concert at the Philharmonie, under the direction of Dr Wüllner, Royal Saxon *Capellmeister* from Dresden, was a success, promising well for the future. The programme included Overture, *Leonore*, No. III., Beethoven; Pianoforte Concerto, G major, Rubinstein; Prelude to *Parsifal*, Wagner; "Hungarian Fantasia for Pianoforte and Orchestra," Liszt; and Symphony, C major, Schumann. Sophie Menter, who never played better, was the pianist.—The Quartet Association, consisting of Kotek, Exner, Moser, and Decbert, inaugurated their season on the 27th ult., Kruser, however, obligingly taking the place of Moser, who had hurt his arm. Raff's Quartet in D minor, Op. 77, a novelty here, headed the programme, which ended with Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 74. The vocalist was Mdlle Augusta Hohenschild, who sang the "Laudamus," with *obbligato* violin accompaniment, from J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor; Romance, No. 8, from Johannes Brahms' *Magelone;* a Song by C. M. von Weber, and one by Zuccalmaglio.

—o—

Advice to those Studying Music.*

By ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Love your instrument, but do not look upon it with conceit, as the only one, or superior to, any other. Think that there are many others producing the same beautiful effects; remember that there are singers, choristers, orchestras, all called upon to interpret that which is most sublime in music.

If you compose, meditate, arrange, and adjust all in your head; never play anything on the piano before having it well established in your mind. If the music proceeds from an inward sentiment, if you feel it, it will be sure to make an impression upon others. Some one has said that a good musician, upon hearing an orchestral piece for the first time, no matter how complicated it may be, should be able to see the score as it were in his mind's eye. This is the greatest perfection imaginable.

It is necessary that you not only know how to *play* your pieces, but also to read them without the piano; so that your imagination may become cultivated to an extent so as to enable you to keep in mind the harmony of a melody, as well as the melody itself.

Work and perseverance will assist one more and more in elevating oneself.

Rest frequently from your musical studies, reading the best poets.

Often walk in the open country and in the fields.

Never miss an occasion of practising the organ: there is no better instrument to correct the errors of a bad musical education.

Respect the antique, but interest yourself warmly in all that is modern.

Do not be prejudiced against any name because unknown to fame.

In art, nothing great is accomplished without enthusiasm.

Listen with the greatest attention to the national airs; they possess an inexhaustible mine in which are the most beautiful melodies, and that gives one an idea of the different nations.

In judging compositions first distinguish if they are artistic, or if the only object is to amuse amateurs; defend the former, but do not irritate yourself about the latter.

The study of music and practice of the masterworks of different epochs will teach you to avoid vanity and presumption.

Begin early to make yourself acquainted with the human voice and its four principal registers.

Study it especially in choruses; examine in what intervals its strongest power is placed, and in what others it is necessary to seek the effects of sweet and tender expression.

Never neglect hearing good works.

* Translated by Joanna Enriquez.

—o—

ANCIENT WELSH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The age of the many beautiful Welsh melodies, made familiar to us through the research, taste, and skill of Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), Mr Brinley Richards, and other musical professors of Cambrian origin residing amongst us, is a problem, deemed by many, not altogether unworthy of attention. The letter in last week's *Musical World*, by Fluellen, without throwing the least light upon the subject, is calculated rather to lower its importance, for, if not written in jest, it shows the writer to be so utterly innocent of history, logic, and grammar as to render interference on his part perilous to the controversy. Passing by such inconsequent observations without further comment, I would venture to make a suggestion to the earnest enquirer. It may be taken for granted that the age of a national tune cannot be conjectured, much less fixed, by the date assigned to any print or manuscript upon which it may be found. The melody, in some form or other, might have been in use for ages, and handed down the generations solely by oral tradition; each succeeding generation learning it without the help of artificial signs denoting the relative pitch of the consecutive sounds, and the rhythm of their motion. Mr Brinley Richards is reported to have said recently at Swansea, in "making a formal recantation of the errors as to the age of Welsh music," that the Welsh had no musical notation in the eleventh century. Granted. But that does not prove that some of the tunes now heard were at that remote period unknown. Words were spoken before written, and songs were sung before the scale was invented; musical characters did not precede melody, but followed in due course, not as the master, but as the servant of sounds prompted by the tuneful heart of man. Is it likely that the emotional Celt, least of all, would wait the birth of musical science to enable him to express vocally the joy and sorrow, the love and hate that kindle and burn within his impassioned breast? Besides, may not the very tunes, which Mr Brinley Richards reckons comparatively modern, contain, at least, germs which were vocal utterances in ages past? Are not national tunes peculiarly subject to the law of evolution? From a mere germ of musical life, the perfected people's song, in fulness of time, might become evolved. Moreover, it is suggested by the late Darwin, and not without some degree of probability, that simple vocal sounds were the primary means of communication between man and man—that men sang, in some form or other, to express their feelings and affections before the artifice of words was discovered and adopted. I will not, however, be so presumptuous as to follow, even in imagination, the lead of the ever-to-be-renowned philosopher by enquiring whether the tonal inflections of the speechless progenitors of the Celts contained germs of those melodies of Gambria that have for ages charmed all lovers of national music.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

—o—

MOSCOW.

(Correspondence.)

A diabolical attempt, happily frustrated, was made a short time since to blow up the Bolschoj Teatr, or Grand Imperial Theatre. During rehearsal, a man made his way unperceived into the cellars of the building, and there deposited a number of rocket-shaped cases filled with dynamite, intending, doubtless, to explode them at night. As good luck would have it, they were discovered in time, but the police have not been able to arrest the would-be wholesale assassin, who still remains unknown. The Theatres have been empty ever since. Had the attempt been successfully carried out, not only the Bolschoj Teatr would have been destroyed, but, in all probability, a great number of the surrounding houses.

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DUDLEY GALLERY.

Though it be difficult, in these sensational days, for unpretending art to catch the eye and entertain the public mind, the exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil, now on view at the Egyptian Hall, will certainly not be passed by with unconcern. There may not be many works in the collection which make demands upon rapturous admiration, yet there surely are some which successfully woo attentive and respectful regard, whilst the general effect is decidedly satisfactory. The visitor will not find any single, or any set of pictures, standing out so prominently in force and splendour as to eclipse the rest. The humble is not made to appear the poorer by being placed alongside the noble, nor the low of stature to be further dwarfed by being thrust into the shadow of the giant, but throughout the gallery a certain uniformity of importance in the pictorial representations is maintained; a kind of art-republic is ordered, which seems, in its way, to present an image of that state of things which advanced political talkers clamour for, under the name of Socialism or Communism. There certainly is no art-king in the Piccadilly gallery. It must not be thought, however, that variety in subject and treatment is wanting. A comparative equality of merit does not necessarily lead to a corresponding sameness of style, or monotony of theme. Is there not even a closer affinity seen in the works of different men of genius than in the productions of ordinary mortals? Genius has many roads, but one goal. At any rate, if destitute of original grandeur, the pictures in the Dudley Gallery assert a measure of individuality in their authors. Perhaps Mr W. G. Wetherbee cannot be selected as an exhibitor of distinctive character, for "Homeward on the Hurrying Tide" (No. 18) seems indebted to some extent to the Dutch painter, Israels, for the gloomy effect of clouds rolling to the shore with the evening tide. There is some degree of pathos in the representation of the two women hurrying homewards through the on-coming waters, which would have been still more impressive had the artist drawn the head of the elder in a less rigid position. Mr Stuart Lloyd, in "Our Garden" (No. 23), gives a peep of just such a delightful spot as Londoners only dream about, but which, happily, is not uncommon in out-of-the-way nooks, where well-to-do Englishmen retreat. "The Curfew Tower, Windsor" (No. 34), by Alfred de Breanski, is a pleasant work, none the less meritorious for showing a similarity of handling the brush to that in No. 5, by a gentleman with the same patronymic. Trees, meadows, and cattle, with an overhanging summer sky, are the constituent materials of the agreeable picture by Mr Frank Walton, "Ankle-deep in English Grass" (No. 49). Mr Cotman is to be congratulated upon his successful treatment of "A Village Smith" (No. 66), a subject by no means new. Of all smiths, the musical one at the forge is undoubtedly the most popular. Does not every passer-by stop to listen to his beat and roar? And do not limners, musicians, and even poets condescendingly go out of their way to celebrate him and his doings? Mr Cotman evidently has gazed at, if not lived in, the smithy until the hammer, anvil, vice, pincers, and bellows have become as familiar as palette and easel. The figure is drawn and painted with force and care. The muscles of the arm, to the rolled up sleeve, stand out in knots, as the red hot metal flattens, turns and twists just as the workman wills. A harmony of tone pervades the whole; but perhaps the colour is somewhat cold for a smithy. Just a little of the ruddy glow from the near fire would have spread that warmth previous artists, in depicting the scene, have taught us to expect. Mr Joseph Knight gives pleasant delineations of pastoral scenery in "Summer Time" (No. 74), and "With verdure clad" (No. 85); while Mr Macallum sets forth the delight of boys sporting in the briny element upon "A Summer's holiday" (No. 80). Mr J. Watson Nicol sends a "Finished sketch" (No. 150) of great excellence. An Irishman, boasting descent from antediluvian times, stretches his hulking limbs on a chair, in meditation upon wrongs inflicted upon his country and himself. Judging from the condition of the cabin, there is really something or other rotten in the state, which he is thinking required a more inflammable substance than tobacco, burning in the pipe, to displace. Mr James E. Christie finds a capital opportunity of manifesting ability as draughtsman and humourist in "A Bachelor" (No. 108). But is there enough evidence of bachelorhood in the fact of reading a newspaper? The man might be, for all that, the veritable Benedick reading the announcement of his wedding. Had a book now instead been placed in his hands, one then might surmise that the reader was free from cares of wedded life, for married men rarely have time and quiet for other reading than the ubiquitous daily journal. Mr C. Napier Hemy enriches the collection by coast pictures, "Rowing for the Port" (No. 161), and "The Morning Catch" (No. 176), two contributions of remarkable merit. Mr Edwin Ellis, in a like scene, "Whitby" (No. 233), shows grasp of equal strength, without, alas! the finish of the former. Mr Clausen's "Peasant Girl" (No. 166) some may think to be the finest work in the room. How free it is from trick or affectation! In drawing, modelling, and colour it is as honest and healthy as the country maiden, looking out of the canvas with eyes untroubled by care or passion. Few will pass No. 239 without expressing approval, for Mr Howard Helmick, in "The Contented Mind," gives another proof of the rare capacity he possesses for blending humour with pathos. The old man, with cheeks that indicate hunger to be no stranger, is toasting a herring, the odour of which makes his pinched-up nostrils to dilate, and sends anticipatory joys to organs not too often exercised upon such a dainty. Neither will Mr G. W. Barrable's admirable contribution, "Paresseux" (No. 285), escape observation. Indeed, a lengthened perusal will repay the visitor; for the finely formed girl, reclining on a marble seat, is drawn with delicate skill, and posed with free, yet modest grace. Mr Haynes King is represented by only one, and that a small canvas, but "The Mussel Gatherer" (No. 338) is of sufficient value to emphasize the acknowledged merits of this widely-known artist. Further notice of many excellent works in the collection must be postponed to a future opportunity.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

WHAT THE WAVES SAID.*

Upon the sad sea-shore
A lonely maiden sighs:
His ship returns no more,
And love that lingers dies.
"O cruel, cruel sea,
To take my love from me."
Amid her falling tears,
She hears the wild waves say:
Through weary waiting years
True love will watch and pray.

Upon the glad sea-shore,
When years have come and gone,
The maiden weeps no more;
She sings, but not alone:
"O kindly, kindly sea,
That brings my love to me."
His ship once more appears;
Two hearts are joined for aye;
Through weary, waiting years
She learned to watch and pray.

* *Copyright.* WEISTAR.

Massenet's opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*, has been given—for the first time in German—at Prague.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Operahouse, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was performed on the 29th October for the four-hundredth time. It is surpassed in the number of representations only by Mozart's *Don Juan*, which has been given 445 times, and by Weber's *Der Freischütz*, which has reached 408. When it is remembered, however, that *Don Juan* was played at the Imperial Operahouse in 1788 and *Der Freischütz* in 1821, it will be seen that Meyerbeer's work yields in popularity to neither of the other masterpieces above named. Two more of Meyerbeer's operas, also, are exceptional favourites here, *Robert le Diable* having been given, since 1833, 308 times and *Le Prophète*, 272.—There is no truth in the report that Johann Strauss intends leaving this capital and settling in Paris. With regard to his new buffo-opera, *Eine Nacht in Venedig*, it will probably be given in the course of the winter, but at which theatre is not yet decided.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti: Song, "The stormy Spring" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Harper Kearton; Sonata, in B minor, Op. 58, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—Stücke im Volkston, Nos. 1, 2, and 4, Op. 102, for pianoforte and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha and Signor Piatti; Song, "Waft me, ye zephyrs" (Weber)—Mr Harper Kearton; Quartet, in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 11, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "The Spirit Song" (Haydn)—Mdme Fassett; Sonata Patetica, in C minor, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha; Elegia and Siciliana, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Piatti)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Who is Sylvia?" (Schubert)—Mdme Fassett; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On November 8, at Warner Road, Camberwell, Mr. WILLIAM EGERTON, of Her Majesty's Private Band, aged 47.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

THE LATEST *PARSIFAL* LITERATURE.

Wagner's writing armada — preparatory, explanatory, and eulogistic—did so much for *Parsifal* before its production, that "They scarcely aught more now have left to do." The flood of pamphlets on the "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play," solemnly represented three months since at Bayreuth, is by no means so great as might have been expected; in number and bulk the pamphlets are, at the present time, far beneath the inundation level of the *Nibelungen* year, 1876. However, they contain a good deal, either serious or amusing, which may interest our readers. Let us begin with the more amusing specimens. Proudly pre-eminent in this department is an essay by Edmund von Hagen on *The Significance of the Morning Summons to Awake in R. Wagner's "Parsifal."* The "significance" of this first introductory scene—where the sleeping knights and squires are awoke—struck Herr von Hagen as something so incalculably deep and great that, with his researches on it, he fills sixty-two octavo pages, enough, assuredly, to send all those who have so happily awakened, to sleep again. In the face of this prolixity, it is diverting to find the author, in the preface, begging us to excuse "the scant form of his work" "as the result of a superabundant intellectual purport." The quality of this intellectual superabundance may be gathered from the following passages of the preface:—"We feel on the day of the first performance of *Parsifal* that we are on the eve of the *morning of a new Folk's-cultus*, as was the case fifty-two years ago in Paris. We feel with Parsifal that the paths of humanity are rendered more secure, and that new paths of enlightenment have been found. Herewith we feel the night of mankind becoming bright, and the approach of a light which shall bring men an end to their sufferings, and eternal joy of the mind, as in the pure air of the morning of the Resurrection."* Any one unacquainted with the sanctified oracular tone of the true Wagnerian priest, especially with the previous writings of Herr von Hagen, might easily take the essay on the "Morning Summons to Awake" as a parodistical joke. "A sad trade," it is called by one of our most capable and courageous young musical critics, Gustav Doempke, who thus continues: "A sad trade, this incredible false coinage of philosophical thoughts in the heat of enthusiastic aestheticising excitement—lamentable, ridiculous, and also odious, when we reflect that a school able to produce such apostles dares to strive after intellectual sway, and actually exerts such a sway over many weak minds and empty heads." Herr von Hagen had previously written a separate book on *The poetical Composition of the "first Scene" of "Das Rheingold,"* giving with it, so to speak, the signal for those special criticisms now starting up, the authors of which, considering an *entire* Wagnerian opera an immeasurable world, beyond the comprehension of one individual, fling themselves on the microscopical investigation of some small section or other. There is something touching in the embarrassment displayed by the young generation of Wagner-enthusiasts, who, tormented by the craving to write, find the best pastures completely cropped by those who went before them. They get over the difficulty by placing under their magnifying admiration-glass a separate scene or figure, the "significance" of which has not yet been duly appreciated. What more, for instance, can be adduced concerning the character of Tristan or that of Isolde? But King Marke! He has not yet been placed on the altar befitting him. It is true that even sincere admirers of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* have been unable to deny that the old King plays in it a sorry and secondary, nay, even a sorrily-comic part, like the cuckold, who, completely ignored by his wife and her lover, bears his fate with humble resignation. This view of the case is attacked by Herr Moritz Wirth, in a special pamphlet *On King Marke*, in which he proves that "Marke is by no means a subordinate personage in Wagner's drama, but rather, in a certain sense, the *principal personage*;" nay, that in his mild resignation he presents an example of the *highest human capability in the domain of morals*. This Marke, we are informed, "must be ranked intellectually far higher than the King of Thule and King Lear." But he must appear on the stage as a man of seventy, with a white beard and white hair. This, says Herr Wirth, decides the matter, for the fundamental trait in his character is "passion calmed by comprehension." We should feel inclined rather to give the good King a pitiful ten years extra; passion is calmed down still more in a man of eighty and "the highest human capability in the domain of morals" is certainly at his age even more clear-sighted than before. About Senta, too, and her Dutchman, ink has flowed plentifully; but a separate treatise on *Erik in his Relation to Senta and the Dutchman* was still wanting. That want has now been supplied. So, also, has the want, no less deeply felt, of a monography on *The Character of Eva Pogner*, which has at present been elucidated, down even to its innermost verbal recesses, by a Viennese writer on music, and is, of course, put forward as "the ideal of a German maiden." A French pamphlet by the Wagnerite, E. van der Straeten, bears the classical title of *Lohengrin: Instrumentation et Philosophie*. Perhaps we shall some day see a similar production called: *"Parsifal," Religion and Directions to the Instrumentalist*. Passing over the various thematic and historical guiding-motives to *Parsifal*, we will turn to the pamphlets not written in the spirit of panegyric, but earnestly and impartially with the intention of criticising the "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" seriously and fairly. Among these the pamphlets of Max Kalbeck and Max Goldstein are especially distinguished by earnest and clever views. The frankness with which Kalbeck in

* As especially characteristic of the "intellectual scantiness" of this essay, we will cite the remarkable headings of the chapters. These are as follows:—"I. On the Significance of the Morning. II. On Awakening. 1. On Sleep. (*a*) The Æsthetic Side of Sleep. (*b*) The Ethic Side of Sleep. (*c*) The Metaphysical Side of Sleep. (*d*) The Symbolical Side of Sleep. (*e*) The Historical Side of Sleep. 2. On the Act of Awaking. 3. On Waking and Wakefulness. (*a*) The Considering of World-History. (*b*) The Considering the Symbolics of Life. (*c*) The Considering the Intellectuality of one's own Individuality. (*d*) The Considering of Corporeality. III. On the Doctrine of Vocation."

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his preface describes the unpleasant nature of his position in Bayreuth at once enlists our sympathies for him; his words go to the very heart of many of us. "Never," he writes, "did I experience more deeply and more painfully the melancholy fact connected with my position as a critic, of my being no Wagnerite, than I did in those dog-days dedicated to the redemption of mankind. . . . . My case is pretty much that of a man who comes across a procession with banners, tapers, and pictures, incense and song. The priests and choristers swing their censers, hold up their crosses, and chaunt their prayers. How many would feel inclined to join the pious pilgrimage, to wash with holy water the gloomy dreams of earth from out their soul, and to confide to some miracle-working picture their most sacred wishes? But we, who have no belief in miracles, step on one side to the edge of the road, and are polite or cunning enough to remove our head-covering. Then we put it on again and give audience to our thoughts, which are truly not of the most friendly description. Thus the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play shrinks up more and more before my sobered vision; I miss the consecration, I miss the festival, and only the stage play remains for me and those like me." His severe verdict on the work as a whole does not prevent Kalbeck from acknowledging—nay, even from admiring—the various instances of great beauties in the music. The lyrical poet in him then bears away the critic on his pinions. Max Goldstein treats the same subject more closely and more briefly, though agreeing with Kalbeck's views on all essential points. "Luxuriant are the brilliancy and sonority of the work, but from the perfume of its incense and its semi-obscurity there gleams forth empty artificiality. It contains only the splendour of supernatural glory or the fire of subnatural sensuality. All is exaltation. From this, however, no work of art can derive noble moderation and dignified repose." These sentences pretty well resume Goldstein's views.

Lighter and more easy reading than any other *Parsifal* pamphlet are Paul Lindau's *Bayreuther Briefe vom reinem Thore* (*Bayreuth Letters from the Pure Fool*), and they will probably have the largest sale. Whether they will be pronounced as amusing as his *Nüchterne Briefe* (*Sober Letters*) of the *Nibelungen* year, 1876, is an open question. Though musically less important, the latter work contained a rich store of witty remarks, and, in the form of harmless jokes, told the most bitter truths about the Wagnerian *Tetralogy*. The same irresistible spirit of laughter and mockery does not pervade the *Parsifal* Letters. Lindau has either intentionally abstained from his witty notions, or they, on this occasion, have abstained from him. Of isolated clever and striking remarks (such as those, for instance, on the torture of the guiding-motives), there is, of course, no lack. But our expectation that the author would sharply attack the most prominent weaknesses and absurdities of the *poem* is as good as unfulfilled. The fertile dramatic writer and theatrical critic, who knows how to scent out every error of a modern dramatist and spit it like game with his blade, has exhibited striking mildness towards all that is false and repulsive in *Parsifal*. Could he otherwise have seriously asserted that Wagner had "imparted additional profundity" to the moral conflict of Wolfram's epic? And, that he had done so, moreover, because in his work Parsifal is chosen "*to wrest* the holy spear from the heathen robber," and victoriously goes forth "to combat, first with Kundry and *then with Klingsor*." Could it escape Lindau's notice that exactly the reverse occurs; that Parsifal does not make the slightest attempt to "wrest" the spear from Klingsor, or to venture on a "combat" with him? Here, indeed, is one of the most glaring faults in the Wagnerian drama. After Parsifal has become, through Kundry's kiss, "knowing," and thus knows that only the spear possessed by Klingsor can cure the sufferings of Amfortas, he should and ought immediately to rush on Klingsor, and forcibly wrest it from him. He does nothing of the kind, but sings long monologues, and listens to still longer ones from Kundry, so that, did not Klingsor hit on the happy notion of hurling the spear at Parsifal, Amfortas would still be wailing quite as helplessly at the present moment as in the first act. For the sake of a cheap operatic effect (that of the spear remaining poised in the air), Wagner has neglected the only occasion when, by a little courage, Parsifal might at last have gained our sympathy. Instead of this, however, the "pure fool" remains here as everywhere else—a deedless and lazy fool as well.

Some admirable observations occur in Hermann Kretschmar's pertinent and impartial notice of *Parsifal* in the *Grenzbote*.

In his recently published historical exposition of *Musical Æsthetics*—a highly suggestive book, which we only wish had been carried out more fully and less hastily—Heinrich Ehrlich, of Berlin, has admirably demonstrated Wagner's dependence on the views of the romantic school (Schlegel, Tieck, and Adam Müller), a fact which *Parsifal* corroborates anew. In this instance, Ehrlich, like many other critics, takes strong exception to the representation of Christian mysteries. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "that a great artist, thoroughly imbued with Christianity, can present with such luxurious surroundings the sacred mysteries to a mixed crowd? Is there not here a refinement far removed from true Christian feeling?" Certainly there is. But from the very fact of its being presented in so undisguisedly theatrical a manner does this refinement strike me as not being seriously dangerous. I cannot believe that those who cry out against profanation undervalue true religion in its power and significance, but, to my mind, they overrate the power and significance of the playing at religion in *Parsifal*. As a spectator of the half-biblical scenes therein, I felt, it is true, put out at their inward untruthfulness and affectation, but in no way offended by their religious garb. Not for an instant did I feel as though I was in a church, but I felt always and thoroughly I was in a theatre. The scenes of the foot-washing, the anointing, and the Lord's Supper, which have been subjected to attack, produced on me a thoroughly operatic effect, using the term not in a spirit of censure, but in a purely technical sense. I can regard the "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" only as an opera, and, in the true interest of the work, it should never be regarded as aught else. Whatever they may be for Wagner, for me the white-clad Fool with his flowing locks is no Christ; the howling nondescript Kundry, no holy Magdalen; and the Graal hocus-pocus lighted up with Bengal fire, no sacrament on the altar. For this reason, I was unable at Bayreuth to share either the religious indignation of some or the religious ecstacy of others. The latter even less than the former, for I do not deny that Agatha's simple prayer, that Leonore's air, and the Chorus of Prisoners in *Fidelio* beget in me an incomparably more devout and more religious frame of mind than the whole of *Parsifal*. The Holy Ghost in that work impresses me very moderately, and much less than Wagner's own mundanely-artistic spirit which is there revealed in many new and powerful traits.†

The Wagner cultus has at present reached, if not already passed, its culminating point. Reason and experience teach us that after such unparalleled inebriation people gradually sober down extremely. Many with us in Bayreuth thought they had already perceived and remarked signs of this, and even warm adherents of Wagner became impatient over the trying game of catching the guiding-motives. Beneath the strongly dazzling charm of novelty, we see more and more plainly the falseness of this one-sided method. The fit of sobriety to which I have referred will probably become downright seediness, directly men of small talent shall begin composing in the false operatic style which Wagner's great talent created and alone can wield. At present, the greatest, or at any rate the most sensitive and most grateful part of the public: young persons, women, painters, dilettantëising poetico-musicians and music-poets, belong to Wagner. We, who demand of music that it shall fashion plastically and not merely flow crepuscularly along, and who consider the music of *Don Juan*, *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*, as not alone musically finer, but also more full of life *dramatically* than the uniformly declamatory music of Wagner, are in the minority. This minority will not, however, die out, but, sooner or later, grow up into a majority against the tyranny of the Wagner cultus. If the assertion that Posterity alone will estimate him correctly applies to any composer, it applies to Richard Wagner. Not because, like Mozart and Beethoven, not enough, but because too much was made of him during his life. In Wagner's importance towards opera there is a rare contradiction, first to be solved by those of a subsequent age. By his early works, he exercised a vivifying, exciting, air-purifying influence on a branch of composition which had fallen into a jog-trot and

† In the original there is a play on the words "*Der heilige Geist*," "The Holy Ghost," and "*der weltlich-künstlerische Geist Wagner's*," "Wagner's mundanely-artistic spirit," for which there is no exact equivalent in English, and which is possible in German, because in that idiom "The Holy Ghost" is rendered: "The Holy Spirit."—J. V. B.

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conventional manner, introducing into it a beneficial fermentation, and bringing all minds into animated contact. At the present day, his influence is injurious in its effect, and causes an absolute cessation of operatic composition. Wagner's music with the sweet poison of its stirring nature has so mingled with the blood of the present generation that it has become almost impossible for any one to create in the spirit and form of old, ante-Wagnerian opera. Every one who does not compose Wagnerianly is now-a-days as good as lost, and whoever does so compose is lost even more certainly. As the only man of brilliant and original talent who for forty years has arisen for German opera, Wagner has with coercive might imposed on us his imperspicuous system, which is adapted only to his own special endowments. He is undoubtedly a great magician, a magician like—Klingsor. Perhaps his future conqueror, a musical Parsifal, is already somewhere or other in his cradle.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

AMERICA.

While all the critics of the New York press devote columns to the first appearance of Mrs Langtry in New York at Wallack's new theatre, it is easy to remark a great divergence of opinion, both as to the lady's personal charms—with which they have nothing to do, and her dramatic ability—with which they have everything to do. She made her *début* on Monday night, and was unanimously applauded. The London *Times* correspondent says that "the receipts were 6,800 dols., 1,000 dols. over Mdme Bernhardt's first night." Whether the receipts on Mrs Langtry's final appearance will sustain the equilibrium as compared with those of Sarah Bernhardt on a similar occasion remains to be proved.

Adelina Patti made her *début* on the same evening as the Lucia of Donizetti's famous opera, creating a veritable enthusiasm, and testing in her favour all that Europe has proclaimed about that dramatic genius which, combined with her marvellous vocal proficiency, places her at the summit of her art.

Meanwhile, Christine Nilsson (a formidable rival to either or both) has reached the new country, and in her inevitable "interview" with American reporters for the press, on board the "Gallia," gave her opinion about Mr Oscar Wilde (if the *New York Herald* may be credited), in the subjoined dialogue:—

"*Oh, is Oscar Wilde here?*" *she asked.* "*I shall be delighted to see him. Has he cut his hair yet? What on earth is he doing over here?*"

"*Making money,*" *was the response.*

"*What do you think of Mr Wilde, Madame?*"

"*Why, I think he is a —— Oh, but you musn't publish this.*"

"*Why?*"

"*Well, I don't care if you do. I think he is not such a ——*"

"*Fool as he looks,*" *concluded an auditor as she hesitated.*

"*Oh, no!*" *she responded, laughing,* "*not exactly that, you know, but something of that kind. Really, now, you know, without joking, he can be very serious and very nice to talk to when he chooses.*"

From the same infallible source we read of Mdme Nilsson's future intentions:—

"This is her fourth visit to this country. Her first appearance was in 1870. She returned in the winters of 1871-2 and 1873-4. Her appearance will be solely in concerts, and her engagement will last about six months. She will first appear in Boston on November 1. Two concerts will be given there, the second one being a matinée on the afternoon of November 4. From there she goes to three or four towns in New England, and then to Baltimore and Philadelphia. Her appearance in New York will be at Steinway Hall on the evening of November 28 and the afternoon of December 2, when she will proceed to Chicago and San Francisco, stopping at several points *en route*. It will be her first appearance in San Francisco. Signor Del Puente, who arrived on the Alaska, will be the baritone of the company, and the music will be furnished by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston."

[Amen! May good luck attend her.—D. B.]

ARRIGO BOITO, the dramatist and composer, is about to marry the well-known contralto Borghi-Mamò.

SEVERAL Madrid papers assert that Mdme Christine Nilsson will, on her return from America, be married to a Spanish gentleman resident in Paris. The *Correspondencia Musical* gives his name: Señor D. Angel Vallejo Miranda.

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On November 4th, 1847, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy died—having been born in 1809—thus adding another to the instances of premature decease recorded in the history of music, as of other arts, science, and literature. Great and numerous as are the art treasures left by Mendelssohn—the product of a brief existence—there is no doubt that a few years of prolonged life would largely have added to them; many important works having been projected, and some commenced by him, notably the grand romantic opera *Loreley*, which would have completed the circle of his wondrous universality. To produce a stage work of large design was a long-cherished wish of the composer, whose high dramatic faculty had been demonstrated in several smaller productions of this class, and still more in the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Walpurgis Night*, *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, &c. Had there not been these proofs of Mendelssohn's capacity to compose an opera that should class with the greatest masterpieces of that style, sufficient manifestation thereof is afforded by the completed *finale* to the first act of *Loreley*, which, in romantic fancy, dramatic power, and artistic structure serves to show what an irreparable loss in this respect, as in others, has been sustained in musical art. The concert of last Saturday afternoon, the fourth of the new series, was rendered partly tributary to the memory of Mendelssohn, the date having been the anniversary of his death. Worthier tributes than this have been rendered on previous similar occasions, when the programme has been entirely appropriated to works by the great composer, of whom Saturday's limited selection was insufficiently representative. The pieces named in the programme were—the fine concert overture, *Fingal's Cave*, so wondrously reflective of the impressions wrought on Mendelssohn's poetical temperament by the wild romanticism of the Hebridean scenery—an *Adagio* from one of his early symphonies for stringed instruments (works of his boyhood)—an orchestral arrangement of the pianoforte capriccio in E minor, Op. 16, and the *Lobgesang (Hymn of Praise.)* The symphonic piece specified in the programme was not given, another movement being substituted without explanation. The adaptation of the little pianoforte piece has been cleverly made by Herr Hofmann, but such a transformation is a mistake in principle, and was eminently out of place on an occasion of this kind. On the next recurrence of a similar celebration, it is to be hoped that a fuller and more representative programme may be offered. Saturday's concert included the orchestral *intermezzo*, "On the Waters," and was to have comprised the tenor air, "When Ares laid aside his arms," from Mr Mackenzie's new cantata, *Jason* (produced at the Bristol festival last month)—but the song was omitted, according to a printed notice, "In consequence of the exacting nature of the solo tenor music in the *Hymn of Praise*." As this reason might have been as well discovered before as after making out the programme, it is not easy to see the force of it, especially as the singer was Mr E. Lloyd, whose never-failing powers are equal to far more "exacting" demands. Miss M. Fenna made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and sung Gounod's rather dull song, "Far greater in his lowly state" (from *La Reine de Saba*), with considerable success; the other vocal solo being the recitative, "Thy hand, my Anna," and air (on a "ground bass"), "When I am laid in earth," from the *Dido and Æneas* of Purcell, England's greatest musician, who—like Mendelssohn and others—paid for the early development of genius by a premature death. The opera just named was Purcell's first stage work, produced in 1675, when he was about seventeen. The extract was sung on Saturday with much refinement by Mrs Hutchinson. The solo singers in the *Hymn of Praise* were those named above. The three fine symphonic movements which precede the vocal portion of the cantata were effectively rendered by the orchestra, conducted by Mr Manns, the remainder of the performance included the co-operation of the Crystal Palace choir, and of Mr A. J. Eyre at the organ. Next Saturday's programme is to comprise a "Symphonic Poem"—*Visegrad*—by M. Smetana, to be given for the first time in England. —H. J. L.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—On Friday, last week, Mr Gwyllym Crowe devoted the first part of the concert to a selection from the works of the most popular of our native composers, Michael William Balfe. The enormous attendance and the enthusiastic reception of the pieces is a proof—whatever may be said to the contrary—that Balfe's power as a musician has increased with the progress of time rather than diminished. Moreover, the increase of means for hearing his work tends most powerfully to show not only the versatility of his genius, but also brings into prominence the scientific basis of his work. Few musicians of his time knew so well as he how to employ art to augment, by a skilful setting, the beauty of his gems of melodic thought. Popular feeling, generally true in the end, recognizes his skill and his gifts, even

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though for a time attention may have been diverted to more fashionable though less enduring material. Music is the expression of a certain form of emotional truth. Melody is the most beautiful form of music. Balfe in his music never ignored melody. He therefore kept in view the most easily distinguishable piece of musical truth. Truth must prevail and survive, and this is the secret of Balfe's success even now when so few opportunities are presented for hearing his best works. Mr Crowe made a happy choice in offering three of Balfe's overtures, *Le Puits d'Amour*, *The Daughter of St Mark*, and *The Bohemian Girl*. Neither of these is devoid of either science or melody, nor are they deficient in orchestral contrivance. The *Satanella* selection, the only shape in which the music of the opera is now heard, has already been made familiar here by frequent repetition, and the "Reminiscences of Balfe," by Mr F. Godfrey, extended for this occasion by the addition of orchestral parts, by Mr Crowe, stand as a favourite stock piece with military bands throughout the kingdom. The ballads, "In this old chair," encored of course ("Good night, beloved," as an *encore*), and "When other lips," which were sung by Mr Edward Lloyd, lost no charm by his beautiful vocalization. "My bark is bounding near," from *Diadeste*, and "Though fortune darkly o'er me frown," from the *Rose of Castille*, were given by Mr Bantock Pierpoint. It should be mentioned, with honour to the player, that the cornet *obbligato* in the song "In this old chair" was given by Mr Howard Reynolds in his very best style. The union of the talents of singer and player, and the ever fresh delight of the melody, made an extraordinary sensation. Mdme Enriquez sang "I dreamt that I dwelt," and the spirited song, "The Cantineer." The whole of the Balfe selection was received with enthusiasm, and Mr Crowe may be congratulated upon the result. He may, if he interprets this experiment wisely, be tempted to give another Balfe Night before the end of the season, taking other works to select from. There is no likelihood of his being able to exhaust the material or tire the patience of his audiences. There were also other items of interest on the programme, not the least of which was the clever pianoforte playing of little Miss Ascher, who is only twelve years of age. The band, as good as ever, is led by Mr Carrodus, prince of English violinists, and the performance of Mr Burnett's "Mandolinata," of Mr Crowe's pretty waltz, "Ladye Mine," and of the other pieces left nothing to be desired.—*Morning Post.*

Mrs John Macfarren gave a Concert of pianoforte and vocal music on Tuesday, Oct. 31st, at the Streatham Lecture Hall, to the members of the Tulse Hill Institute, who with their friends met in large numbers to enjoy the musical treat provided. The vocalists were Misses Effie Clements, Spenser Jones, Messrs Dyved Lewis, and Lucas Williams, all of whom gave great pleasure to their audience—notably Miss Clements in Donizetti's Cavatina, "In questo semplice" (Betly), and Sir Julius Benedict's "My home in Cloudland," Mr Lucas Williams in Gounod's "The Valley," and Miss Spenser Jones in Walter Macfarren's "The Willow Tree." Mrs John Macfarren, whose excellence as a pianist is well known and appreciated in South London, was welcomed on her appearance and warmly applauded throughout the evening. She played an attractive selection from the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Scarlatti, Paradies, Rubinstein, Litolff, Schubert, Liszt, &c., and had to return and bow her acknowledgments after each, as well as after her performance of Jules Brissac's effective Caprice on Welsh Melodies. Professor Macfarren's admired trio, "The Troubadour," was sung at the end of the first part, and the concert ended with the Spinning Wheel Quartet from *Martha*, sung with great spirit by Misses Clements and Spenser Jones, Messrs Dyved Lewis and Lucas Williams.

The London Conservatoire of Music held a *Soirée Musicale* at the Principal's (Mr Lansdowne Cottell) residence, Tavistock Square, on Tuesday, Oct. 31st, attracting a large audience. The programme, interpreted chiefly by students, consisted principally of songs by modern composers, although, in the instrumental part, the "classic" was not entirely neglected, for Miss May Hargood, a youthful pianist of some fifteen years, played, and played remarkably well, a fantasia on Weber's *Preciosa;* Miss Clarissa Haslewood (rather nervously, by-the-bye), a Capriccio by Mendelssohn; and Miss Hannah Bennett, a Polonaise by Chopin ("very well, indeed,"). Among the singers who distinguished themselves were Miss L. Spraye (the possessor of a good contralto voice), Mr Alfred Shield ("a lovely tenor"), Mdme Aubrey (who distinguished herself in Gounod's "Quando a te lieta"), Mdlle D'Arbour (soprano), and Miss Emilie Conyngham, who sang, "very nicely," Bishop's "Mocking Bird," (flute *obbligato*, Mr Colonieu), and afterwards, with Miss May Harrison, Balfe's setting of "Trust her not, she is fooling thee." Solos on the flute and violoncello were well played by Mr Colonieu and Herr Engel (professors), and the *soirée* went off with *éclat.*

PROVINCIAL.

Brighton.—Mr George Watts' third "philharmonic concert" was given at the Dome on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4, every seat being occupied. The artists were Mdme Cave Ashton, Miss Clements, Mdme Trebelli, Mdlle Isabelle de Varney, and Messrs Vernon Rigby, Barrington Foote, and Sims Reeves. The garden scene from Gounod's *Faust* was given by Mdme Cave Ashton, Mdme Trebelli, Mdlle de Varney, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Foote. Mr Sims Reeves sang Berthold Tours' "Stars of the summer night," Blumenthal's "My Queen," and Hatton's "Good-bye, sweetheart," and in response to a double call for Hatton's song he gave Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." Mr Naylor and Mons E. de Paris conducted.—Mr Kuhe's "festival" concerts began on Tuesday evening.

Worcester.—The Philharmonic concert on Tuesday, October 24th, was in every way a worthy commencement of a new period. The attendance was large, and, but for the inclement weather, would doubtless have been larger. The programme consisted of Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, and a miscellaneous selection. Mr Barnett's setting of the weird poem of Coleridge—says the *Worcester Journal*—strongly suggests Gade's *Erl King's Daughter*, which was given some time ago by the Musical Society. Both are charming works. The soli parts were taken by Misses Fenna and Hilda Wilson, Messrs Boulcott Newth and Thomas Horrex, all vocalists of acknowledged ability. The chorus was as strong as ever, and the band seemed to be unusually well disposed. The overture to *Oberon*, Horsley's Waltz Chorus, and Novello's arrangement of "Rule Britannia" were included in the programme. Mr Done conducted, and Mr. Quarterman was accompanist. The committee of the Amateur Instrumental Society have issued their report to the members, and state that the past season had been the most successful, as well as the most important, since the establishment of the society in 1876. "The number of effective members—it says—continues steadily to increase, and now reaches a total of fifty-two; the attendances at the practices and rehearsals have also been most satisfactory. The receipts from all sources amount to £61 7s. 7d., and the expenses to £51 6s. 2d., leaving a balance to the credit of the society (including a sum of 6s. 1d., brought forward), of £10 1s. 5d. This is the largest sum ever accumulated in one year. The expenses have been unusually heavy, on account of the large number of public performances in which the society has taken part, and the fact that all rehearsals have been held in the Guildhall, instead of, as formerly, in the rooms in Sansome Street." Regret is expressed that Mr A. J. Caldicott, who so ably discharged the duties of hon. conductor for six years, had determined to leave Worcester, and that the society in consequence "loses the valuable aid of one who was always ready to promote the cause of music in the district." The committee also desire to recognize the labours of Mr E. W. Elgar, who, as leader, has rendered valuable services to the society.

Edinburgh.—On Saturday evening, Nov. 4th, the Carl Rosa company brought to a close a very successful, but too brief, season—in the course of which they have presented examples of the French, English, later German, and Italian schools of lyric composition—with a performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which was witnessed by a crowded and appreciative audience. The character of Gilda, the jester's daughter, was sustained by Miss Georgina Burns. In the duet with Rigoletto, "Father, in thee," her vocalization was marked by great force of expression, and thence to the close of the work her performance was one of artistic excellence. Miss Yorke was Maddalena, and Mr J. W. Turner the Duke. One of the most noteworthy features of the performance was Mr Crotty's Rigoletto. Adequately to interpret the varied and strongly-marked moods of the character—remarks the *Scotsman*—implies on the performer's part very exceptional dramatic resources; but Mr Crotty showed himself fully equal to the ordeal. The sardonic jocularity of the jester in the Duke's court, the wealth of love and tenderness he lavishes on his daughter, the rage and despair that convulse him when he finds that he himself has been made the instrument of her ruin, and the terrible craving for revenge that subsequently dominates him—all these phases were delineated with extraordinary realism and with a power that was none the less conspicuous for being artistically restrained. Mr Crotty sang, too, with all his wonted purity of style and musicianly finish. His Rigoletto undoubtedly entitles him to a high place amongst English lyric artists. Of the minor characters, those of Sparafucile (Mr Pope) and Monterone (Mr Snazelle) were satisfactorily supported. The choral music was sung throughout with a precision that left no room for adverse remark, and the orchestra did their work very well.

Newcastle.—Messrs Alderson and Brentnall have engaged Mr Hallé and his band for three concerts, the first of which took place in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st, when an excellent programme was gone through, with credit to the performers and

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satisfaction to the audience. Weber's overture to *Oberon* and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor were the *Chevaux de Bataille* of the band, and splendidly they were rendered. "Of Mr Hallé's performance," says the *Journal*, "of Raff's 'Suite' and of Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances' (the latter of which received a most enthusiastic encore) we have nothing but praise. His perfection of style is well known." Herr Strauss had little to do in the capacity of soloist, but what little he did proved him to be a true artist. Mr Joseph Maas, who sang airs from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, Flotow's *Marta*, and "Sound an Alarm," from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, created quite a *furore*. He had to repeat a portion of "Sound an Alarm" in response to a most enthusiastic encore.

Norwich.—A grand bazaar in aid of the Catholic Poor Schools, was opened in Victoria Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 25, by the Bishop of Northampton (the Very Rev. Dr Riddell). The Bazaar was under the patronage of Lord and Lady Stafford, the High Sheriff of Norfolk (Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Bart.) and Lady Bedingfeld, Lady Sausse, Hon. Mrs Trafford, Major and Mrs. Garnett, Mrs Sperling, Mrs Lyne Stephens, and others. A fine band, under Mr Walter Tuddenham, played at intervals. Mdlle Nordmann, of the Floral Hall Concerts, London, rendered some very choice pieces, which her splendid voice did ample justice to. The pianists were Mr A. E. Bunnett and Mr Alfred Whall, the last-named acting as accompanist. After the band had played the National Anthem, Mdlle Nordmann sang exquisitely an Italian Morceau, accompanied by Major Garnett (violin) and Mr A. Whall (piano). On Thursday the bazaar was continued, and in the evening a concert took place. Mr J. D. Sinclair's clarionet solo was received with much applause, and Mdlle Nordmann in an air from Auber's *Fra Diavolo* fairly brought down the house. Messrs A. E. Bunnett and A. Whall played a pianoforte duet, and Mr J. Sinclair sang "The Pilgrim of Love" (encored). Mr W. Tuddenham's violin solo was splendidly rendered; and after the concert *Box and Cox* was given, P. Garnett, Esq., (32nd Light Infantry), taking the part of Box, and Major Garnett that of Cox.

Paisley.—Mr J. Roy Fraser, "our foremost pioneer in the department of instrumental music" as the *Daily Express* justly entitles him, gave his first concert in the new Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 26. The band, under the direction of Mr Fraser, consisted of amateur members of the Choro-Orchestral Society assisted by some professional players from Glasgow. The Choir of the Society also took part in the performance. The solo vocalist was Miss Anna Williams, and the pianist Miss Ross, daughter of the esteemed Burgh Chamberlain. The young lady played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor so much to the satisfaction of the audience that at the conclusion she received a regular ovation. Miss M. Thompson accompanied the vocal music.

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(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Sir,—Since my letter kindly inserted in your impression of the 7th January last, commendable efforts to construct a National School of Music have been made in earnest by our music-loving Prince, who naturally has had no difficulty to enlist the sympathy of the upper strata of musical and non-musical society; but the masses must be moved to fully appreciate these efforts made on their behalf, and I may say for their happiness, which happiness, unlike any other, knows no reaction. The enjoyment of pure music is the enjoyment of God's gift upon earth; it is at all times and places sacred, not always by name but by its own direct influence; frivolous music is a parody of the former, and often ceases to be music at all.

We are all fond of the art it is true, but do we view it in the light we should. Dr Macfarren when addressing his Royal Academy pupils said: "you do not come here to study music as an amusement. It would degrade the wonderful subject which engrosses our life's attention to regard it for a moment as a pastime and a recreation. With the knowledge that you are studying this most intense subject, you cannot for a moment feel that there is anything trifling in the pursuit you have undertaken, and you will, I am sure, continue the pursuit with the feelings of earnestness and gravity that are due to it." When the winter evenings set in, we begin to think of concerts and musical evenings, and we appear all earnestness for the time being, but at the prospect of long summer days, we close the Concert Hall just at the time when the weather would favour musicians, particularly singers—at the advent of the next foggy season, we resume our labours. Now as regards the music that is usually provided for our entertainment at Suburban Concerts, I do not undervalue the worth of what are called pretty songs, but real music should be of that nature that appeals to our soul and mind, and this will be verified in German harmony, as in contradistinction to Italian melody. Music depicted as a concord of sweet sounds is a general expression, emanating from those who have but a very superficial idea of the grand and noble art.

It is in the province of almost every musical and theatrical caterer to substantially second the efforts of the Royal College of Music, and that quite independently of any pecuniary aid. There must be a radical change in the performance of music provided at most of the theatres. Operahouses may lack attendance, the theatres are always patronised, a mixed public finds its way to them nightly, here is the grand occasion to inculcate taste for good music. Instead of the usual common-place selections given between the acts which the public happily (though perhaps unwittingly) drown with clatter, let the managers make it known specially, that in future good music only will be performed, the progressive change in the tastes, from this step alone, would ultimately become palpable. It must be admitted that the management of the annual Covent Garden Concerts possesses all available means to perform, on certain nights during the season, the principal parts of whole operas in lieu of mutilated fragments thereof sensationally arranged, which astonish, but do not impress; this would enable the masses to have a thorough idea of operatic works at a moderate cost.

At present we cannot, with the best of intentions, expect the working classes to attend Operas, or expensive concerts, far away from their homes, but instead of concerts in the suburbs being composed of endless ballads, and oftentimes musical performances and songs, in which music is the smaller element, let operas in recital be given with piano and harmonium as ground work. In time, singers (good voices only) could take part therein; for I maintain that it is in recital that you can best appreciate operatic works from a purely musical point of view. In reference to singers for these recitals let me here incidentally call special attention to what I think necessary qualifications for each member to possess besides musical taste and ability, *i.e.*, earnestness of purpose, the setting aside of all ideas of caste; wherever talent is let it be recognized, and lastly, the smothering of all jealousies; a good musician never shows his talent to greater advantage than when anxious to hear, and that with delight, a fellow-artist superior to himself.

It may appear invidious to make comparisons, but let us compare the English with the foreign city and town working man as to musical taste. The former has no idea of refining his mind with good and instructive music. And why? Because it is not afforded to him in his neighbourhood, except in the shape of the grotesque. The latter, for a few pence, and often for nothing, can be musically entertained and become a fair critic. Music, unlike all other means of persuasion, stands unique on its beneficial effects; it cannot produce angry arguments and strife, which the present spasmodic movements to evangelize have led to, and must yet lead to, whatever the intentions may be, so long as the basis of them is sensationalism on the one hand and on the other the caricaturing of that mysterious and wonderful language, the evident direct link between Him above us all and humanity, which is music in its original purity and grandeur.

In conclusion, let me here state that the ends of the mother establishment, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Royal College, are identical; a divergence may exist between them at present, they go apart, but in the same direction and on the same earnest errand: the furtherance of musical art. At one point they must meet, and at that point agree on a common line of action. This must be every one's unbiassed opinion and sincere hope.—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

O. L.

London, Nov. 8, 1882.

Herr Schuberth, the accomplished professor of the violoncello, and energetic director of the Schubert Society, has returned to London, after a highly successful tour in France, Holland, and Germany. The press is unanimous in praising his playing, especially his execution of *cantabile* passages.

Buenos Ayres.—It is said that *Lohengrin* will be produced at the Politeama, and that the Operahouse is to be pulled down.—The National School of Music will probably soon be re-opened.—Erminia Borghi-Mamò has been suffering from intermittent fever.

Leipsic.—The programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I. Overture, *Nachklänge von Ossian*, N. W. Gade; Violin Concerto, Beethoven (Henri Petri); Recitative and air from *Jessonda*, Spohr (Mad. Schröder-Hanftstängl); "Adagio," Spohr; "National Polish Dances," Xaver Scharwenka (H. Petri); Songs, Brahms, Rubinstein, Ehmant (Mad. Schröder-Hanfstängl). Part II. Symphony in B flat major, (first time at these concerts), Robert Volkmann.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 692.)

It was on this theme that Cherubini wrote a superb score, which, with its marvellous *tessitura*, truly admirable style, and unusually powerful expression, evoked from all his contemporaries a cry of surprise and enthusiasm. It may assuredly be asserted that the author of *Médée* and *Lodoïska* had, by those two works, already achieved a brilliant and uncontested reputation, yet the appearance of the *Deux Journées* was, so to speak, a new revelation of his genius as well as a second entrance into possession of public sympathy and admiration. To obtain an idea of what occurred we need only run through the newspapers and collections of the period, which are merely the echo of the general voice. The *Journal de Paris* expresses itself thus:

"The music of this opera is, without dispute, one of its author's masterpieces; nothing can be more new, more original, and more majestic than the overture; nothing more dramatic or more finely composed than the finale of the first act; nothing more simple and more tuneful than the elegant airs scattered throughout the piece; in a word, we have the most graceful melody wedded to the most learned harmony."

The *Courier des Spectacles*, while recording the brilliant success achieved by the work as a whole, praises the music in the highest terms:

"It would be difficult," it says, "to describe the enthusiasm with which the public received *Les Deux Journées*, a three-act opera, performed yesterday at the Théâtre-Feydeau. The subject, the situations, the music, and the playing of the actors, all interest us and deserve the unanimity of general applause which crowned the work. There was a loud call for the authors, and citizen Gaveaux, coming forward, announced for the words citizen Bouilly, to whom we owe *L'Abbé de l'Epée* and Cherubini for the music. . . . Citizen Cherubini's style of composition is so marked that it is impossible not to know it. Force, rapidity, learned and unexpected transitions, and an accent of deep feeling which reigns in all the passionate situations, are so many signs by which, from the very earliest numbers, we recognize the inimitable author. The principal brilliancy of this fine work lies in the concerted pieces. We promise ourselves genuine pleasure in defining the charms of some portions of this excellent composition, which must be heard, and will always be so with fresh pleasure and fresh interest."

The *Année théâtrale* is no less warm in its praise:—

"The events of these times of disorder," says this publication, "the perplexities and anxieties of these days, so distressing to the personages taking part in them, afforded great opportunities for the musician's talent. Cherubini, who undertook the work, displays in it all the richness of harmony which constitutes the principal merit of his compositions. His overture and first interlude paint in a striking manner the popular rumours, the movements of the troops, and everything our revolution has rendered so familiar to us. The vocal portion is more carefully treated and more tuneful than in his other works, and, at the same time, the knowledge of the stage is perfect. The septet terminating the first act is a model of its kind. All the sentiments of surprise, joy, disappointment, gratitude, and hope are, in a word, expressed in the tone adapted to them, and the accompaniment always adds to the expression with which the melody is capable of investing them. The whole is blended into a harmonic effect, which is one of the richest ever yet heard on the stage."

In a pretentious, insipid style, the *Etrennes lyriques et théâtrales* is no less eulogistic on the composer's work:—

"The music is harmonious, tuneful, and sublime in its strains; it is even more sublime than this, because it paints, it speaks, it imitates, and it expresses well all the passions, and says all it should say. We find in this music perfect agreement of the scores" (?), "sounds truly melodious, learned chords, transitions skilfully managed, really astounding orchestral effects, dramatic language, and pure melody, the sounds of which are always heard."

As we see, admiration is apparent in every line of this nonsensical diction. The *Gazette de France*, also, is very flattering to the composer. As to the *Moniteur Universel*, it analyses the book at such length that it cannot find room to do justice to the music.

". . . We wish," writes Sauvo, "to hear the music of this work more than once before giving an account of it; it is by Cherubini, who, already celebrated, will doubtless find in it a new title to celebrity."

But Sauvo did not find time, at least so we must believe, to return to the Théâtre-Feydeau, for he did not keep his promise and did not again speak of *Les Deux Journées*.

It was on the 26th Nivose, year VIII. (16 January, 1800) that the first performance of *Les Deux Journées* took place at the above theatre.* Bouilly has acquainted us with the result. To be just, after apportioning to the author and the composer all that was due to them, we must reserve the share of the actors who were far from being strangers to the success of this interesting evening. The principal characters were sustained by Gaveaux, Jausserand, Juliet, and Mad. Scio, and the others by, Dessaules, Georget, Darcourt, Prévost, Platel, Mad. Desmares, and Mdlle Gavaudan, the Elder. Mad. Scio was particularly touching and pathetic in the part of Constance, the wife of the proscribed Count, but we may say that he who achieved the greatest triumph as far as the interpretation went, was Juliet, the "inimitable Juliet," as he was termed, who alone would have drawn all Paris by the way in which he conceived and worked out the type of the water-carrier Mikeli, who saves Count Armand. But, while doing full justice to the talent of all these excellent artists, the public reserved all its favours and all its honours, on the night of the first performance, for the composer exclusively. At a period when recalls had not become the commonplace things we now know them to be, and when the wish to see an author appear on the stage was manifested only as an event of very rare occurrence, Cherubini found himself an object of such an ovation; it is the *Journal de Paris* which informs us of the fact:

"The names of the authors were asked for and given. They are Citizens Bouilly for the book and Cherubini for the music; the latter, *brought on the stage by force*, was enthusiastically applauded."

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ACADEMIES OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Being extremely desirous to obtain some information about the requirements and arrangements of a Royal Academy of Music, and having completely failed in obtaining any about our English Royal Academy of Music, I have taken the liberty of writing you to ask where I might obtain diagrams or information about the accommodation of it. By this favour you will greatly oblige

A READER.

MR W. A. BARRETT'S "LIFE OF BALFE."—One of the most interesting biographies I have seen for some time is that which Mr W. A. Barrett has given us of Michael William Balfe (published by Messrs Remington). Of course, Mr Barrett has had good material to work upon, as Balfe's life was of an unusually stirring and varied character, but in less competent hands this might have proved a source of danger by tempting the biographer on to over-elaboration of details, and the production of a formidable specimen of book-making. Happily in the present instance a sound judgment has been brought to bear upon the task, and no more is said than is actually necessary. The reader may not be always inclined to take quite the same estimate of Balfe and his work as Mr Barrett does, for there is a little tendency to lay on the praise with a trowel; but nobody is likely to be tired of either the writer or his theme before the end has been reached. It is very pleasant to read of the successes won by the young Irish musician, who, however, certainly had his full share of what is commonly known as good luck, and the gradual accumulation of honours at home and abroad was such as only falls to the lot of the favoured few. Perhaps his personal character had almost as much to do with this as his great varied talents; and indeed in the picture presented of him in these pages, he seems invested with almost every attribute that could tend to render him popular. The story of his life, as thus told, is extremely fascinating, and its attractiveness is enhanced by the extent of his association with many favourites of the public. Grisi, Jenny Lind, Mdme Anna Hilton, Lablache, Tom Cooke, Sir Michael Costa, Malibran, De Beriot, Horn, Professor Macfarren, Taglioni, Edward Fitzball, Gardoni, Mr Sims Reeves, Ronconi, Rossini, Mdlle Marie Roze, Miss Paton, are a few of the names occurring from time to time in the narrative, and about most of them Mr Barrett has some capital stories to tell, so that his volume is pretty sure to prove a sort of happy hunting-ground for musical lecturers, who will not be slow to avail themselves of such a capital collection of good things. Portraits of Balfe, Grisi, Malibran, and Mdme Nilsson adorn the volume.—*Pictorial World.*

* The entertainment was completed that evening by *Les Voisins*, a one-act comedy in prose of Picard's.

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WAIFS.

Mr Sims Reeves sang Balfe's melody, "When other lips," at York, on the day the tablet was unveiled in Westminster Abbey, and created a perfect *furore*. He has announced his intention of singing that typical English Ballad "in memory of the composer," at his concerts at Wakefield, Nottingham, and other places in the North and Midland Counties, and also at Brighton during his tour. —*Musical Standard.*

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, under the direction of Mr Gwyllym Crowe, have proved so successful that a new series has begun to be carried on indefinitely. Mr Gye will not sanction any pantomime this year at the Royal Italian, so that Mr Augustus Harris will have it all to himself in the populous vicinity of the Strand. Mr Gye is right, and we have only to congratulate his near neighbour, to whom we are indebted for *The World*, *Truth*, and *Pluck*, in all three of which Mr Harris is "well up."

Teresina Tua is going to America in January.

William Steinway has returned to New York.

Wilhelmj returns next season to the United States.

The Teatro Marini, Barcelona, has been burnt down.

Teresina Tua, the violinist, has been performing at Pesth.

Massenet's *Hérodiade* is in preparation at the National Theatre, Pesth.

The electric light is about to be adopted at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste.

Francis Planté, the pianist, is about to give a series of concerts in Madrid.

Le Educande di Sorrento is in preparation at the Teatro Principal, Barcelona.

The Cecilian Society, Philadelphia (U.S.), are studying Gounod's *Redemption*.

Mathilde Mallinger has fixed on Munich as her permanent place of residence.

Minnie Hauk was to open her American concert-tour in Boston on the 28th ult.

Arrigo II., by Palminteri, has been produced at Voghesa with marked success.

No operatic season this year at the Teatro Payret, Havanna, seems to be contemplated.

Mdme Sembrich has made a strong impression in *La Traviata* at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

The Italian company at the new theatre, Tunis, inaugurated the season with *I due Foscari*.

A new organ by Cavaillé-Col, of Paris, has been placed in the Cathedral at Para, (Brazil).

Dr Damrosch and his orchestra are engaged for a series of concerts in the Western States of America.

During her tour in the north of Germany, Mdme Amalie Joachim lately visited Bremen and Wismar.

Baron Vigier, husband of the famous artist once known as Sophie Cruvelli, died, a short time since, in Paris.

The Duke of Nassau has conferred on Jules de Swert, the violoncellist, the Gold Medal for Art and Science.

Mdlle Tagliana is in Berlin, but does not re-appear at the Royal Operahouse before the beginning of January.

David Popper, the violoncellist, and Emile Sauret, the violinist, have given three successful concerts in Lisbon.

On leaving Vigo, the tenor Tamberlik, with his company, proceeds to Malaga.—(Unquiet old Roman!—Dr Blitge.)

Pauline Lucca, again singing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was most cordially received on her re-appearance.

A commemmorative tablet, affixed to the house where Paganini was born, was unveiled in Genoa on the 27th October—his birthday.

The principal feature at the first concert, next month, of the Nouvelle Société de Musique, Brussels, is *La Vierge*, by Massenet.

Les Huguenots, under the direction of Marino Mancinelli, has been performed with brilliant success at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Der Kleine Prinz, operetta with words by Julius Rosen and music by Müller, will shortly be produced at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna.

Tannhäuser, the first dramatic work of Wagner's ever put on the Russian stage, was lately performed at the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburgh.

A Conservatory of Music has been established at Jativa (Spain), under the auspices of the local Society of Concerts.

In commemoration of Tamberlik's having inaugurated the Teatro-Circo, Vigo, that building has been named after him.

Mr Mapleson has secured the services of Frederick Archer as organist during the present Italian opera season at the Academy, New York.

Etelka Gerster began a short engagement at Königsberg by appearing in *La Sonnambula*. She was called on five or six times after each act.

The mignonette *prima donna*, Rosa Labbanche, has been much applauded in *Mignon* at the Pergola, Florence.—(Another of Maurice Strakosch's discoveries.—Dr Blitge.)

Another precocious pianist, Gemma Grandi, aged ten, has made her appearance in public at Cremona, playing works by Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other composers.

Stoumon has produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, where he is joint-manager with Calabresi, a ballet, *Les Sorrentines*, the music of which is his own manufacture.

Hillmann has petitioned the Corporation of Breslau to be allowed to retire from the management of the Stadttheater on the 1st August, 1883—a year sooner than the expiration of his lease.

Giulia Varesi has been appointed teacher of singing at the Liceo Musicale, Turin, in place of Carignani-Boccabadati, who has gone in the same capacity to the Istituto Rossini, Pesaro.

The Vogls, husband and wife, intend, on the 30th inst., to cancel their seven months' engagement with Angelo Neumann, and will again sing exclusively at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Anna Riegl, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been engaged, at an annual salary of 12,000 marks—£600—to succeed Schröder-Hanfstängl at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

Adelina Patti, according to exceptional authority, is to give 50 performances in Brazil, next year, receiving no less than 3,000,000 francs, £120,000.—(6,000,000—£240,000.—Dr Blitge.)

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was performed on the 23rd October, for the 100th time, at the Theatre Royal, Cassel, the first representation having taken place on the 15th May, 1853, under the direction of Louis Spohr.

Hamlet and *Le Prophète* are in preparation at the Teatro Real, Madrid. In the first-named work Mdme Sembrich is to be the Ophelia, while Lhérie, as Hamlet, will make his first appearance in the Spanish capital.

The Danish composer, Siegfried Saloman, husband of the late Mdme Nissen-Saloman, is in Paris, with a view, it is said, of having his operas brought out in the French capital.—(Poor Siegfried Salomon.—Dr Blitge.)

The Mendelssohn Prize has been gained this year by Mdlle Soldat, in the opinion of her teacher, Herr Joachim, one of the most gifted among all the young violinists studying under him at the Royal High School of Music, Berlin.

Mr John E. Burgess, of Worcester, has forwarded us a copy of his song "Tubal Cain," which we have little doubt will hold its own among the numerous musical illustrations of Charles Mackay's well known words. Mr Burgess has set his version (in the key of B flat) for a bass voice of average compass. The melody is characteristic of the words and the pianoforte accompaniment easy.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Nov. 17, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Symphony in G minor (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G (Beethoven); Nocturne in B flat (Corder), first time at Crystal Palace; Pianoforte Solos, "Arabeske" (Schumann), "Valse" (Janotha), Overture, *Oberon* (Weber). Vocalist—Mdme Howitz (her first appearance in England). Pianist—Mdlle Janotha. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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MR KUHE'S BRIGHTON CONCERTS.

Brighton, Nov. 8th.

Mr Kuhe began his twelfth "Brighton Musical Festival" last night with a compliment to native talent, the two chief works in the programme being Mr Arthur Sullivan's sacred musical drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, and Mr F. H. Cowen's *Scandinavian Symphony*. This was well. A good deal of admirably-meant but mischievous talk goes on now-a-days about supporting English composers, and, finding a market for the novelties they are ever ready to produce. By all means let us do so when both are worthy of patronage; not else. It is needful to discriminate in this matter. An English composer is none the better for his nationality, and a new work is none the more valuable for being new. When, therefore, capital is sought to be made out of patronizing native talent sensible men will want to know what kind of talent it is. Last night there was no doubt at all on this point. Mr Arthur Sullivan, though he has his temporary home on the boards of comic opera, is a musician of whom England feels justified in boasting. He has done things very nearly akin to greatness, while in Mr Cowen we have a young artist consistent in the loftiness of his aim, and justified in his ambition by the ownership of exceptional powers. In honouring two such Englishmen, and devoting to the exposition of their music all his resources, Mr Kuhe could not possibly make a mistake. Those resources, by the way, were worthy in large measure of an occasion that made pretensions to festival rank. It is true that neither chorus nor orchestra was imposing by its magnitude. The space available forbade this; but what quantity lacked quality did a good deal to make up for. Many of our best London instrumentalists, headed by Mr Carrodus, figured in the orchestra, which was quite competent, and the chorus deserved credit as decidedly the best ever associated with Mr Kuhe's festival. Connoisseurs familiar with the resonant voices of the Midland and Yorkshire choralists are particularly struck with the comparative feebleness of these Southerners. But if the Brighton singers cannot make the noise of some others, they can do their work with taste and precision. They did so last night, thereby justifying not only themselves, but their patient and clever trainer, Mr King. As regards the soloists, it suffices to mention the names of Mdmes Albani and Trebelli, Messrs E. Lloyd and H. King, in order to show that Mr Kuhe gave Mr Sullivan every chance of gaining rather than losing in the process of interpretation.

Weather was unpropitious, wind and rain having matters all their own way, to the extreme discomfort of everybody. Nevertheless a large audience assembled in the Dome, and seemed in better spirits than it was reasonable to expect. They applauded Mr Kuhe when he came on to conduct the National Anthem, sung to Sir Michael Costa's arrangement; they applauded the patriotic hymn itself, gave the artists a cordial welcome, and reserved a specially hearty cheer for Mr Sullivan, who directed the performance of his own work. Enthusiasm, however, was not very marked while the story of the *Martyr of Antioch* unfolded itself. As a matter of course the principal airs were well received, but it was curious to note the small effect apparently made by the charming lyric choruses with which the work abounds, notwithstanding that they were fairly given. When an audience of Mr Sullivan's work assumes this attitude towards its best feature, the outlook is unpromising. Happily, danger was averted through the success of the solos, which, as delivered by Mdme Albani and her colleagues, would have moved to warm demonstration an audience in temperature below zero. The soprano airs, more especially that of the Martyr at the Stake, could not have been better sung, so well did Mdme Albani unite technical skill and a fervidness of expression rare amongst English-speaking artists. Mdme Trebelli did little with the peculiar and peculiarly beautiful solo, "The Love-sick Maiden," but made her mark in "Io Pœan," which was the only number encored during the evening. Mr Lloyd's success in both his songs was a matter of assurance, as it has been everywhere since he "created" the part of Olybius at Leeds, in 1880. His rendering of "Come, Margarita, come," could not easily have been surpassed for the grace and intensity demanded alike by the subject and its musical treatment on his part. Mr King sang with unwonted vigour and skill, and made interesting a character having little interest in itself. Service was also carefully rendered by Mr Albert M'Guckin, in the small part of Fabius. Thus admirably equipped as regards its solos, the performance could scarcely fall short of success, and in point of fact it did not, applause at the conclusion being loud and long. The work of band and chorus, however, was not altogether faultless. It lacked sometimes both firmness and precision, when the comparative fewness of the choral voices allowed evidence to appear that each one had not been welded into that unity with the rest which under such conditions is necessary to the best possible result. The *ensemble*, no doubt, deserved praise, but was capable of much improvement.

Mr Cowen's symphony gave the orchestra a splendid opportunity of showing the whole sum of its excellence. No one can say that the chance was lost, each movement under the guidance of the composer offering points of exceptional executive merit; in fact, the work was clearly set forth, as far as the strength available made that possible, and the audience could nowhere have mistaken the language of the symphony, however much, through the absence of analytical notes, they may have become confused as to its meaning. *Apropos* of this matter, sneer as we may at analytical notes—and they are inadequate at best, because words fail in dealing with music—it seems absurd to put a programme work before an audience and not at the same time tell them what the programme is. It would be out of place to discuss once more the merits of Mr Cowen's Scandinavian "Tone Pictures." They are by this time pretty well known, and on all hands there is agreement. The symphony belongs to that which is excellent in art. An idea to this effect pervaded last night's audience, and better rewarded the composer than could any amount of mere conventional applause. The "Hallelujah," from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, finished the concert, and there only remains to acknowledge the very able and judicious service rendered at the organ by Mr Crapps, whose playing of the solo introductory to the cemetery scene in Mr Sullivan's work was a model of good taste.

Thursday, Nov. 9th.

The work of this festival was resumed yesterday afternoon under the direction of Mr August Manns, in presence of a considerable, though by no means crowded, assemblage of amateurs. It is Mr Kuhe's rule to bring together within one programme a liberal number of classical works for orchestra, in so doing conceding as little as possible to uncultured tastes and appealing to the minority who can appreciate the highest musical good. The plan certainly commends itself much more than any which seeks to gratify all preferences, one excellent result yesterday afternoon being that the performance received from those who heard it a continuous and not a fitful attention. The selection of pieces was comprehensive as well as liberal. True it recognized the existence of no composer before Mozart, whom the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* represented, but after him the choice was wide enough to embrace all schools and illustrate every conspicuous teaching. The overture just named came first in order, followed by Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, an always safe item with an average audience. This work serves with such an audience by way of a link between Beethoven and a form of composition that for good or evil has come much into vogue. Public taste, less truly artistic than of yore, is disinclined to music unassociated with a programme. It demands that composers shall illustrate rather than create and go outside their art for the sake of a more intelligible interest than any it can present alone. The *Pastoral* was heard with the attention it always commands, notwithstanding a performance by no means worthy, nor even, looking at the individual competence of the executants, such as might have been expected. It would be interesting to know exactly how much time was spent in rehearsal, and, if we assume this as satisfactory, then it would be no less interesting to speculate whether the work suffered because of its familiarity, or because the performers were not accustomed to Mr Manns, whose mode of conducting resembles Sam Weller's knowledge of London, being "extensive and peculiar." In any case there is no escape from blame. An indifferent rendering of the *Pastoral* by London artists should be an absolute impossibility. Following Beethoven's work came a Nocturne for orchestra, specially composed by Mr F. Corder, who conducted its performance. In this piece Mr Corder trusts entirely to the effect of melody and colouring, since the varied forms of accompaniment cannot be called treatment in the strict sense of the term. His two principal themes are contrasted, one consisting of simple rhythmical phrases being given to the "wind," the other a long-drawn subject falling to the violins in octaves. As the colour is laid on after the most approved modern manner, a harp being used of course, there is only one reason why Mr Corder's Nocturne should not pass as a success in its modest way. That reason could hardly be more fatal, since it is based upon the fact that the melodies are quite wanting in distinction, to say nothing of originality. New themes we are not entitled to expect, but when reliance is placed upon them those employed should at least rise above commonplace. Mr Corder's subjects do not so rise, and the discerning among his audience had one more occasion to reflect that even now, when the apparatus of musical utterance has become so complicated and imposing as almost to abolish the need of ideas, it is still requisite for a composer to abjure platitude. Mr Corder is capable of better things than painting over outline drawings of familiar figures; why does he not always keep up to the level of his ability? The Nocturne, like the Symphony, was indifferently played, the honour of an effective performance being preserved for a work much more exacting and hard'y

more familiar, to wit, Hiller's pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor. In a mood of good-humoured sarcasm Mendelssohn referred to certain composers as those "who write pieces in F sharp minor."* Human nature finds a strong satisfaction in aiming oblique blows at its friends, but Mendelssohn was not likely to have his old intimate, Hiller, in view the less because the Cologne master's work is one which the shafts of satire are unable to touch. Some connoisseurs who have much to say for their view rank it as Hiller's *chef d'œuvre*, but however this may be, the Concerto in F sharp minor gives genuine cause for regret that its composer is not better known by such representative works. A more masterly piece in the legitimate school of pianoforte music no living writer has given to the world. It combines strength and grace in a remarkable degree, while carrying to its highest development that form of using the pianoforte which recognizes it as a distinctive instrument rather than as a sham orchestra. The solo part was taken by Miss Kuhe, who may frankly be congratulated upon her boldness, since it was justified by success. Her task was no child's play, and serious results would have followed a slip, such as, in works of the modern "'Ercles vein," signifies little or nothing. But Miss Kuhe did not slip; she had mastered what she undertook, and if now and then in passage-playing there was the slightest tendency to falter—if, also, some of the cantabile phrases in the slow movement were not touched caressingly enough, these were points rather for hyper-criticism than for ordinary notice. The broad fact is that Miss Kuhe raised her artistic rank materially by a performance upon which all present congratulated her with warmth. The orchestra, as already intimated, appeared to advantage in Hiller's work, and left a satisfactory impression upon the hearer's mind. After the concerto came the Entr'acte in G from Schubert's music to *Rosamunde*, and the Fandango for violin and orchestra, in which Mr Carrodus again showed with what sympathy as well as skill he plays the works of his old master, Molique. The Fandango, a charming example of its class, could have had no better recommendation than was given to it by our English violinist. The introduction to Act III.—Dance of Apprentices and Procession of Meistersingers—from Wagner's famous and beautiful Nuremberg opera, together with the Hungarian march from Berlioz's *Faust*, brought the long list of pieces to an end.

Only one vocalist, Miss Ella Lemmens, took part in this concert, and she sang in Brighton for the first time. Her selections were Handel's "From mighty kings" and Rode's "Air with Variations." Of these, the second was better adapted than the first to display the young artist's strength as a light soprano of the florid school. Her rendering of the difficult variations gave marked satisfaction, and rightly, since it showed careful study and excellent training, superadded to uncommon natural gifts. Miss Ella Lemmens is entitled to take courage from her *début* in Brighton.

The rehearsal of Gounod's *Redemption*, last night, was made public, in order to gratify the many amateurs who cannot, for one reason or another, attend on Saturday next. Public rehearsals are, undoubtedly, bad in principle and injurious in practice; but this one may be excused, especially as Mr Randegger, who conducted, does not allow the presence of auditors to interfere with the execution of his duty. Criticism would, of course, be out of place; but we may say that promise of a good performance was abundantly given. The area of the dome was well filled with gratified listeners.

Friday, Nov. 10th.

With Gounod's *Redemption* in his programme, Mr Kuhe was perhaps wise to leave *The Messiah* out of it, since an objection may be entertained at Brighton, if not at Birmingham, to two works upon the same subject. The masterpiece of Handel, and the "Opus Vitæ Mese" of the French composer, possess, it is true, nothing in common save their theme, and we have yet to learn whether the novelty will to any serious extent displace that which has stood the assaults of time and change for nearly a century and a half. Meanwhile, *Elijah* has no rival in the domain of dramatic oratorio and stands alone, without the aid of profoundly tragic interest and absorbing significance such as distinguished the story of Calvary. Elijah, no doubt, is an heroic figure in Old Testament history, but taking full account even of all that Krummacher has advanced in eulogising the Tishbite, it may be said that Mendelssohn did as much for his hero as his music gains in return. Listening to the oratorio now, and marking its easy spontaneous flow, an amateur might be pardoned for supposing Mendelssohn wrote it as he did his overture to *Ruy Blas*, or Mozart that to *Don Giovanni*. Yet, as every reader of the master's biography knows, *Elijah* is the result of patient toil, and of a courage which shrank not from sacrifice of the gravest kind. Hardly a number stands now as it stood in the Birmingham score of 1846. The composer dealt with his manuscript mercilessly, but in that artistic spirit which reckons nothing complete so long as a touch is wanting. He cut away, and closed the wound; again he cut away, and filled up the chasm with new matter—nay, he even revised his revise, as in the case of the opening of the second part, which was originally in its present form; then began with a recitative, and then had the recitative removed. Who shall say that the work was not saved for remotest posterity by the devotion which, to so large an extent, re-wrote it; and who will venture to declare that young composers of the present day would not benefit by following the illustrious master's example? As it is they commit themselves to the crudities of first thoughts, and rush into print before their music has been heard, heedless of the fact that what is once given to the world cannot be recalled. The performance of *Elijah* last night, though supported by eminent soloists—than whom, indeed, no better could be found—was far from good. Many of the numbers were taken, or, at any rate, commenced, too slowly, this being especially the case with the overture. The attack was often made like that of modern infantry in skirmishing order, and not seldom a painful uncertainty reigned on the orchestra. Intelligent readers will have no difficulty in divining the source of these shortcomings. At the same time they will hardly feel disposed to blame the conductor for what was really excess of zeal. Mr Kuhe is a clever man, but he is only a man, and it is impossible for him or any one else to bear all the burden of managing this Festival, and also to discharge an artistic task which exacts the undivided attention of a cool, clear head, to say nothing of inborn faculties—unacquirable by ever so much assiduity. No doubt the devotion that makes him captain and pilot in one is encouraged by the indifference of the public to a conductor's responsibilities. This amounts to a general evil. Every man who has mastered the grammar of music is tempted to think himself qualified for discharging the most difficult and delicate of artistic tasks, one demanding not only experience, but, as we have just intimated, qualities that nature must provide for experience to develop. Mr Kuhe's case is, however, one of attempting too much, and it would be well for him to consider how far circumstances admit an arrangement easier to himself and more advantageous to the Festival. As regards the leading soloists, it suffices to mention the names of Mdme Albani, Mdme Trebelli, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, each of whom achieved a familiar success. With these great favourites were associated some young artists who should have, because they require, more than passing remark. Miss Robertson took the chief soprano music in the first part, including that for the boy, which, by the way, enabled her to make a decided mark. Her expression in the dialogue between the widow and Elijah was hardly sympathetic enough for so intense a situation, but exhibited abundant intelligence, while in the concerted music her bright, fresh voice told with excellent effect. Miss Bertha Moore did useful work as second soprano, and Mr Lucas Williams as second bass, while the little that fell to Mr Hirwen Jones served for the display in a promising manner of an agreeable tenor voice. There remains to speak of Miss Emily Dones, a young lady previously unknown to us, but certain to be often heard in the future. Miss Dones, who has a voice of charming quality, sang "Woe unto them" in a fashion which at once sent many of the audience to their programmes in search of her name. Her method was artistic, her style good, and her expression all that the subject demanded. The recognition of this young singer's merit was prompt, a hearty round of applause following the last note. The Brighton audience, by the way, do not seem to have learned the propriety of waiting till a piece is finished before making noisy demonstrations. Not a few bars of Mendelssohn's music were drowned last night in hand-clapping. Mr Matthew Arnold might call this Philistinism, and not be far wrong.

Saturday, Nov. 11th.

When a man purposes giving a "benefit" concert he naturally takes the course best adopted to secure a full house. It is significant that Mr Kuhe sought to attain this very desirable end last night by providing what is understood as a "popular" programme—one, that is to say, made up of favourite songs and light orchestral pieces. The attendance justified him in what he did for them. There were some empty stalls, but the cheaper seats found plenty of occupants, all disposed to enjoy the feast provided, and by no means unwilling to demonstrate their sentiments. It would be almost treason against art to rest content with the state of public taste thus indicated, and not to hope for a time when the million shall sit enraptured over symphonies and concertos; but as that time is not yet, and not even at hand, practical wisdom suggests that the best should be made of present circumstances. None of us can cram symphonies and concertos down the public throat; if the people will not have them they will not, and there is an end of it. At the same time we need not despair of educating them up to the required point, and one

* "And now the man (Kalkbrenner) is getting sentimental, imitates Hiller, and writes pieces in F sharp minor." (Mendelssohn's *Letters from Paris.*)—D. T.

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step in that direction consists in recognizing that there is popular music good, and popular music bad, the first to be accepted, the second to be shunned. Ballads, songs, and dance themes, which the least cultured ear takes in with delight, are not necessarily meet objects of scorn and contempt. The greatest masters have written them, and when excellent of their kind they minister not only to delight but to edification. A man therefore who gives "popular" concerts need not go about with shame of face as though guilty of an unworthy deed. His place among the ministers of art may be humble, but we are hardly in a position to abolish it yet. Mr Kuhe's programme last night contained little or nothing against which it was possible to advance objection, and much to be accepted out of hand. Take the orchestral pieces for example. In good sooth nobody can be other than a gainer by hearing the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, especially when, as on this occasion, it is capitally played. That bright, picturesque, and inspiriting composition shows how a genuine work of art can appeal to universal perception, and need not be hidden behind the clouds and darkness of abstruse and involved utterance. Weber's *Concertstück* is another case in point, and as this, on the testimony of the composer, has a story attached, we may regret that last night's audience did not enjoy the advantage of knowing what the music was intended to express. Happily, the *Concertstück* can stand alone, without help from a "programme," and it once more gave unfeigned pleasure. Mr Randegger conducted the performance in his usual clear, decisive way, and Mr Kuhe played the solo part in his best manner. Few pianists, it may be, know Weber's piece better than Mr Kuhe, and when a man of his experience takes up that with which he is intimate he has a clear right to respectful attention, with the almost certainty of success. Mr Kuhe was very properly applauded and recalled by his audience. A Sclavonian dance in D major, by Dvoràk, and a part of the ballet music from Rubinstein's *Feramors* followed in due course, Mr Randegger again conducting, and securing for these examples of Sclavonic composition a decided and intelligent, if not very refined, rendering. The strangeness of these pieces of Dvoràk's especially told upon their hearers, but we shall all have to familiarize ourselves with the music of the formidable race which artistically as well as politically looms large upon the European horizon. A selection from *Patience*, in which the orchestra was associated with the band of the 4th Royal Dragoon Guards, a Serenata by Tschaikowsky, a Romance for violin (Carrodus) by Svendsen, the Gavotte from *Mignon*, and the March from *Le Prophète* were likewise in Mr Kuhe's liberal programme. If this be our "popular" music, it is clear that we are not in such a bad way after all. The vocal pieces call for only brief remark. Mdme Albani's selections were Eckert's *Guillaume d'Orange* and the aria with violin *obbligato* from *Le Prè aux Clercs*, her festival pieces throughout the autumn. Mdme Antoinette Sterling sang a ditty, "Always Together," by Molloy, and Campana's romanza, "Canto d'amore." Mr Lloyd was heard in Blumenthal's well-known ballad, "Thy hand in mine," and Sullivan's "Once Again," while Mr Santley chose "Au bruit des lourds marteaux" and "O ruddier than the cherry." It is needless to state how these familiar things were given, and, indeed, we name them only to show with what discretion a programme intended to improve, while it amuses, can be made up.

Monday, Nov. 13th.

The business of this Festival came to an end on Saturday afternoon with a performance of M. Gounod's *Redemption*. There was an overflowing audience, gathered from all the country round, and influenced by the utmost curiosity as to the latest born of oratorios. So we may expect it to be everywhere till curiosity is satisfied, and then will come the test of permanent life. M. Gounod's name accounts for present crowds; but his genius only must be trusted for crowds in the future. We believe that, as exemplified in the *Redemption*, it will bear the strain, aided by the influence of a theme which is constant in its power, impressive in its solemnity, and instinct with a personal significance to everyone who regards it as more and better than a myth. The performance, directed by Mr Randegger, was satisfactory on the whole, having regard to limited opportunity of rehearsal. M. Gounod's work, simple as it may appear to one who sees it on paper, is really difficult and exacting. Solo vocalists of the highest eminence are not more than capable of meeting its requirements; the orchestra must be numerous and efficient in every department; while a proper rendering of the choral music demands qualities of dramatic and lyric expression precisely in the measure of the pathos and significance of the theme. The work calls for even more than this. Just as, to hear it well, the audience must give themselves up to religious feeling and avoid occupying a purely musical standpoint, so the performers, to do it justice should have their hearts in the work, not as actors playing a part, but as those to whom the events and attendant emotions are real. A performance of the *Redemption*, in fact, should be a religious exercise in the best sense, for, indeed, the oratorio specially claims a place by the side of Bach's *Passion* as one only heard in perfection amid sacred surroundings. Already we see it announced for performance in a London church, each section of the Trilogy forming part of distinct service. That the *Redemption* will come to be largely used in this legitimate and impressive manner we have not the smallest doubt. Meanwhile, as a piece for the concert room, it will suffer more or less from superficial or, rather, artificial expression, and we must expect the choruses to do so most of all. During the rehearsals for Birmingham M. Gounod laboured long and arduously to infuse into his choral interpreters the sentiments they were called upon to utter. His success, however, was but moderate, and at Brighton no sign of real feeling showed that the executants were in their subject and that their subject was in them. Apart from the higher and truer expression of which such a work is capable, no serious fault could be found. Mr Randegger had utilised his two rehearsals to the utmost, the result being that Brighton amateurs received, on the whole, a just idea as to M. Gounod's purpose and achievement. Of the principal singers four had previously identified themselves with the work. These were Mdme Albani, Miss Santley, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, each of whom—it goes without saying—was quite competent to a task at once gracious and familiar. More, they had the music not so much at their fingers' ends as in their hearts, and gave it the just and true expression without which it resembles a soulless body. The fervid singing of Mdme Albani in "From thy love as a father," the clear and well-judged delivery of the tenor narrative by Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley's pathetic utterance of the Divine words were especially noticeable as, in their way, perfect efforts. The contralto solos fell to Mdme Trebelli, who gave touching expression to the brief song of the Virgin Mother. Mr Lucas Williams, who took the bass narrative, sometimes sang out of tune, while failing to see that the story should be told without the least approach to demonstrativeness. He who would succeed in this task must take a hint from the simple, unimpassioned, and therefore, having regard to the subject, all the more impressive and pathetic language of the Evangelical narrative. The choruses were fairly rendered though deficient in requisite power, and the work of the orchestra, many of whose members essayed it for the first time, was often satisfactory in a high degree. Mr Randegger's conducting called for approval in various respects. It was clear and decisive, while the *tempi* were, as a rule, well judged, the march, for example, being taken a shade slower than at Birmingham, and thereby having that which is trivial in it toned down.—*D. T.*

FOUR TIMES MAYOR OF GLOSSOP.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—James Sidebottom, Esq., of Queenwood Gipsy Hill, has been unanimously elected Mayor of Glossop for the fourth time. You will, perhaps, wonder why I give you the information. This gentleman is simply one of the most liberal patrons of music living. He called a meeting of his townsmen, a short time ago, in reference to the Royal College of Music and headed the subscription list with £50. He gave 50 guineas, and an annual subscription of 5 guineas, towards a Cottage Hospital lately erected here; he enlarged the Sunday Schools at the back of where I am now residing at a cost of £1,500; he heard, during one of his attendances at the Crystal Palace, that our cornet player had a very indifferent instrument, and authorized me to pay Mr Arthur Chappell £11 11s. for a new one. He is the president of the Glossop Philharmonic Society, and by his munificence keeps the society going successfully. Many other acts of a similar nature, too numerous to mention, has to be credited to this good and noble gentleman. This is why I have informed you of an almost unprecedented event, viz., that he was elected unanimously, for the fourth time, Mayor of Glossop.—Yours faithfully,

A. J. PHASEY.

Upper Norwood, Nov. 14th, 1882.

MILAN.—Eugenio Merelli, the theatrical manager, died, aged only fifty-six, on the 1st inst., after suffering terribly from a most painful disease—or rather complication of diseases. He was the son of the equally well-known Bartolomeo Merelli, who made a large fortune by giving Italian opera at the Kärntnerthortheater, Vienna. Eugenio Merelli, though little acquainted with music, possessed excellent judgment, and began by making tours with opera-companies in Italy. In later years he became the *impresario* of Mdme Adelina Patti and Mdme Christine Nilsson, by whom he made large sums. He subsequently lost most of his fortune in speculations connected with the money-market, though he saved sufficient to keep him above want. He leaves two children.

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RICHTER CONCERTS.

Of the five works played at the concert given by Herr Richter, in St James's Hall, on Tuesday night, four rank among the most familiar in a not very extensive repertory. These were the overture to *Euryanthe*, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the Introduction to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, and the Introduction and Finale of *Tristan und Isolde*. It is quite needless to tell how music so often heard at the Richter Concerts was rendered, but silence on this score does not at all imply that its performance was superfluous. The most valuable things in art are those which have passed beyond criticism, and the presentation of which is an event too common for remark. A fact better worth remembering just now would be hard to find. Musical life, at any rate, is not justly determined by creative activity, which may resemble the inordinate appetite often found along with small power of assimilation. We are naturally anxious to encourage production, but a rage for something new, when it begets indifference to that which is old and inexhaustible of good, can be no other than vicious in principle and in effect. Herr Richter evidently believes in going again and again over the same ground. His is no gospel of superficiality—the parent of that non-lucidity against which a philosopher has just raised his voice. Hence he invites us again and again to explore with him the depths of Wagner's few practical pieces for orchestra, and to listen with unwearied ears while Beethoven's most familiar utterances are repeated. It is just this course that teaches, in the best sense of the term, though it may fail to satisfy quidnuncs who think they need no teaching.

The one novelty in Tuesday's programme was that which, a few weeks ago, drew to the Crystal Palace a crowd of amateurs, most of whom, we may take for granted, eagerly welcomed a second hearing of Brahms's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat. We assume this, not because of an impression that there was a desire to revel again in obvious beauty, but because of a shrewd idea that connoisseurs sought to discover whether there was any beauty in which to revel. It is not intended to discuss here whether Brahms was right or wrong in composing four movements instead of three, or whether he kept in view executive display. These are questions of externals—mere husks and parings, which a man throws aside who is anxious to reach the core. There should be no desire to tie any composer down to a given form for that form's sake. Let him be "fully persuaded in his own mind," and adopt any other, of course, on his own responsibility; and let him be judged by the result, not by his temerity. The real question is whether in Brahms's new work we have the Beautiful, and therefore the Good—for, as M. Gounod has lately said, "the Beautiful and the Good are consubstantial." It is impossible to reply with an absolute negative or affirmative, since the Concerto illustrates the tendency to exaggerate which drives truth into the arms of error. That the power of musical beauty lies with Brahms no just mind will venture to deny. It has been proved again and again, yet as often, perhaps, have connoisseurs detected a "little rift within the lute"—a tendency, that is, to structural elaboration not demanded for an expression of the indwelling spirit. Passages even in the *German Requiem* are disfigured by this superfluity of means, and they so abound in the Concerto that those who follow the essential lines of the work are continually brought up by involutions and convolutions that either excite wonder or encourage indifference according to temperament. Herein Brahms resembles the man who seeks to irrigate a tract of land with insufficient water. There are dry and arid wastes between the channels for which his inspiration is sufficient, and these he works with painful toil in the vain hope of making something grow against the laws of nature. It is curious to observe how the extreme of such labour touches the extreme of that wherein the old contrapuntists revelled. We talk sometimes with the superiority attendant upon, if not becoming to, modern light, about the dry, formal, almost mathematical work of the periwig school, but much that is turned out of hand by the present dishevelled *cultus* is equally dry and, in its way, as formal, the only difference being that it is not mathematical and proves nothing; not symmetrical, and, therefore, satisfies no sense. The aridity of the old masters was at least that of a ploughed field, and showed that somebody with an eye had been at work there. Brahms's Concerto must, we fear, be regarded as "patchy" in a very grave sense of the term. In every movement there are the shinings of genius, and bright manifestations of beauty either in form or spirit; but these are divided by dark bands of laboured music tending to confusion—music not recognized by the inner perception which, in all such cases, forms the court of ultimate appeal. There is a school of theology known as the "high and dry." We want no such thing in our art outside the confessed domain of scholastic exercises, however it may be supported by metaphysical considerations. The business of abstract music is to be beautiful, and through the varied expression of beauty to excite pleasurable emotions. Whatever seeks to do more, or stops at less, fails. Brahms, on his part, has mixed the beautiful with the ugly, the orderly with the irregular, the intelligible with that which evades comprehension, the purposeful with that which seems to have no aim. In short, he has out-written himself, and in attempting a lengthy oracle did not first take stock of his afflatus. The performance, like all given under Herr Richter's direction, was excellent in intention and praiseworthy in result. Especially may Mr Dannreuther be congratulated upon playing the solo with skill and correctness. He had an unthankful task, since the effect of the pianoforte part is by no means proportioned to its great difficulty; but he achieved it with characteristic enthusiasm, and earned far more applause than an audience lacking enthusiasm were disposed to give.—*D. T.*

—o—

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, November 11:—

Sonata, in F minor, No. 4, organ (Gustav Merkel), Mr Edwin Drewett, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song, "Zuleika," No. 1 (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Charles Reddie)—Mis Kate McKrill, pupil of Mr Benson; Allegro Moderato, from MS Sonata in G, pianoforte (Annie Daymond, student), Miss Annie Daymond, pupil of Dr Steggall and Mr H. R. Eyers; Song, "The Carrier Dove" (Frederic H. Cowen)—(accompanist, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg)—Miss Dicksee, pupil of Mr Randegger; Allegro, from Sonata in E flat, pianoforte (Haydn), Miss Hann, pupil of Mr Walter Fitton; Song (MS.), "Love Song" (Mary C. Gillington, student)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Mr Arthur Thomson, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr W. H. Cummings; Introduction and Polonaise, Op. 19, pianoforte and violoncello (F. Chopin), Miss Knight—pupil of Mr Brinley Richards, and Mr Hambleton—pupil of Mr Pezze; Prelude and Fugue, in F minor, Op. 35, No. 5, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Mr Gwyn, pupil of Mr S. Kemp; Recitativo, "Ditemi buona Gente," e Canzonetta, "Fanciulle che il core," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer)—(accompanist, Miss E. Bull)—Miss Eleanor Rees, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Organ Fugue, in G minor (J. S. Bach, arranged for the pianoforte by Franz Liszt), Miss Evelyn Green, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Tema con Variazioni, in E, Op. 31 (Sterndale Bennett), and Gavotte, in A flat minor, Op. 14 (Giovanni Sgambati), pianoforte, Miss E. Yeatman, pupil of Mr Arthur O'Leary; Song, "To Chloe in Sickness" (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Miss Edith Ray, pupil of Mr Walfworth; Allegro Moderato, from MS. Sonata in E flat, pianoforte (Dora Bright, student), Miss Dora Bright, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Walter Macfarren; Song, "He roamed in the Forest" (Arthur O'Leary)—(accompanist, Miss Susanna Fenn)—Miss Collins, pupil of Mr Fiori; Des Abends, No. 1, from Phantasiestücke (Schumann), and Study in B, No. 22 (Gradus ad Parnassum), (Clementi), pianoforte, Miss Dora Turner, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Song, "The Legend of the Crossbill" (Rowland Briant, student)—(accompanist, Mr Briant)—Miss Ada Iggulden, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Fiori; Sonata, in E minor, pianoforte (Edouard Grieg), Mr Ernest Kiver, pupil of Mr Wingham.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15, Mr R. H. M. Bosanquet gave a lecture "On the Combination of Simple Vibrations."

A Chamber Concert will be given in the Academy concert room this (Saturday) evening, November 18.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—A man, age about 36, height, 5ft. 6in., complexion fair, hair, moustache and whiskers (slight) brown; shaved on chin; eyes dark and searching; slight build; dress, dark coat and vest, grey trousers; gentlemanly appearance, is in the habit of calling on organists, and other members of the musical profession; invariably representing himself to be the son or nephew of some well-known organist or organ-builder, and, that he is at the present time, either an organist of Liverpool, or of Montreal Cathedral, Canada. During the temporary absence of the person he calls upon, he abstracts whatever valuable article may be to hand; and under the pretence of having lost his purse, obtains an advance of money. He also states that he has had a letter of introduction from some well-known man in the musical world; but has unfortunately lost it. Any information respecting this man will be gladly received by The Director of Criminal Investigation, Great Scotland Yard.

"SE NON È VERO, È *mal* TROVATO."—According to various Paris papers, discipline at the Grand Opera is at an exceedingly low ebb. The members of the chorus and ballet, we are informed, chat with each other when on the stage, and, at a recent performance of *Les Huguenots*, one of the Noblemen whiled away the time during the banquet-scene by perusing the *Figaro*.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 709.)

Nor was the success a mere momentary affair, for two hundred performances scarcely sufficed to satisfy the public curiosity. Then, after France, other countries, headed by Germany, welcomed the work with marked favour. It is also as well to remark that in Germany, more faithful than ourselves to Cherubini's memory and glory, *Les Deux Journées* has never since ceased to be a stock piece in the great lyric theatres, where it was entitled *Der Wasserträger* (*The Water Carrier*), and where it continues to be constantly performed, as does also *Médée*. After Germany, Italy also wanted to appropriate *Les Deux Journées*, but the reader will see from the following lines what reasons were opposed to its success there :

"The opera of *Les Deux Journées*, the success of which was so brilliant and so long kept up in Paris, was transported to Naples and performed at the grand theatre by the first artists. Book and music were alike failures. Two causes are assigned for this : the first, that the exceedingly beautiful music which Cherubini composed for the work is thoroughly dramatic, and not full enough of melody for Italy, though much more tuneful than that of the other operas by him. The second is that the Neapolitans, though also emerging from the horrors of civil troubles, understood nothing of the picture representing the troubles of our Fronde; that the exhibition of strange manners did not interest them; and, lastly, that the character of the principal personage, the Water Carrier, produced no effect on them, because his occupation and the implements employed for it are entirely unknown in Naples." †

With regard to France, there is one fact which is somewhat unusual, and, therefore, worth mentioning, namely: the agreement which existed in connection with *Les Deux Journées*, between the opinion of artists and that of the public. The public, without being able to analyse their sensations, instinctively felt themselves in presence of a superior work, full of nobleness and grandeur, and without more ado submitted to its ascendancy; musicians, for their part, rendered justice to the powerful work, and being able to estimate its beauties and go back to their source, some of them thought fit to publish the result of the conscientious analysis to which they had devoted themselves. Thus I find in a class paper, *Les Tablettes de Polymnie*, then under the direction of that excellent professor, Alexis de Garaudé, the subjoined interesting article. At the time the article was published ten years had elapsed since *Les Deux Journées* first appeared, and the work was still in full possession of public favour.

"The most honourable and most flattering prize a musician can gain," says the writer, "is to enjoy the approbation of all the artists of Europe, and force even his rivals to admiration and praise. M. Cherubini obtained that prize, when he published the score of *Les Deux Journées*. That learned production put him for ever in the first place as a composer. All that is indispensable to form a whole approaching perfection may be found in this work : a learned method, broad execution, a pure style, a fine ordonnance, justness of expression, and nobleness and richness in the accompaniments, which, from the way in which they are conceived, always leave the first place to the melody—all things contribute to render this composition both classical for study and satisfactory for effect.

"The first act is remarkable for three pieces full of spirit and most finely conceived : the trio of Mikeli, Armand, and Constance, 'O mon libérateur!' which charms simultaneously the heart and ear, and leaves in the spectator's soul the pure and touching joy produced by the recollection of a noble action; the fine duet between Constance and Armand : 'Non, dût-il m'en coûter la vie,' a model of noble and pathetic style, presenting every moment the idea of that *grandioso* which painters with justice esteem so highly. We hardly suspect that there are any accompaniments to this charming duet, with such art are they managed and so analogous are they to the spirit of the melody which characterizes it. The *finale* of the first act is a masterpiece of art; the orchestra supplies a motive, but the latter takes nothing from the melody. It belongs exclusively to the style of an accompaniment, to the secondary accent of expression which embellishes a figure without concealing any of its features. The melody is always uppermost, and is of an admirable sort, being produced by Antonio's gratitude on again seeing Armand, his old benefactor. After the first motive we have a second, which is of the descriptive kind. As this kind permits of greater liberty in the employment of orchestral details, the motive is treated with the most exquisite taste, but, despite all the riches exhibited in the fine accompaniments which adorn it, the singers are always at their ease, while, as their conversation is so well heard, the orchestra seems to be speaking only 'aside,' and to be placed there merely to applaud the projects which the personages entertain. This *finale* ends with an invocation to Providence, which produces the grandest effect, and in which all the resources of superb harmony back up the enthusiasm of the highly touching and well-conducted scene.

"The second and the third act offer us only concerted pieces, in which the action dominates everything else; it is here we should admire the composer's dramatic genius. Thanks to the surprising resources he has derived from his art, Cherubini has here succeeded in putting so much variety, so much energy, and so much clearness of expression into the accompaniments, that the hearer, always satisfied and enchanted, advances with the dramatic action from scene to scene, without feeling the want of airs to afford him a rest or to divert him. Fancy sustaining two entire acts in this manner, without allowing the action to flag for a moment! We confess it is an effort of genius we cannot too much admire. The author was sailing on a sea bristling with rocks and full of breakers; he succeeded in avoiding all of them, by inspiring, so to speak, his crew with all the gaiety, confidence, and feeling of security which he was far from sharing himself when he ordered the manœuvres. He has proved that genius can conquer anything except ignorance and envy." ‡

(To be continued.)

† *Année théâtrale* for the Year X., pp. 259, 260.—Some years later, an Italian author modified the libretto of *Les Deux Journées*, and Mayr set it to music, the result being one of the best things he ever did. His score was not, however, as good as Cherubini's, if we are to believe Herold, who was a competent judge. I found in the diary in which Herold entered all his impressions during his travels in Italy, the following lines concerning Mayr's production :—"*Le Due Giornate*, by Mayr, which they are performing at the little Nuovo theatre" (Bologna), "is a fine work . . . . especially for any one who does not know Cherubini's opera."

‡ *Les Tablettes de Polymnie*, August, 1810.

A THOUGHT ON SKATING.*

Vivante.

The morn is crisp, the trees look gaunt and bare,
And Nature's face is pale with hoary frost;
The young folk ruddy look, the old with care
Sit close around the fire in reverie lost.

The wintry winds have clasped the earth so firm,
As if 'twere made of iron or other metal base;
The lakes and ponds and every tiny burn
Are frozen o'er, likewise the swift mill race.

Far in the distance roam from shore to shore
Of one large lake fair forms and faces gay,
Their laughter echoing down the woody gore,
While on their skates from side to side they sway.

Change time.

With faces smiling, and the ringing skate,
Which music-like keeps time with movements graceful,
Al fresco very such a pretty fête,
'Twould happy be if nothing were more hateful.

Old time.

They cross, re-cross, and wander to and fro
In endless happiness, their time their own;
The healthful pastime bringing forth a glow
Lent now by nature, but a hard made loan.

Con expressione.

For look within! close to the fire so bright
Sit those we love, who linger now on earth;
Alas! too soon to vanish from our sight,
Dear ones we've doated on from birth.

Con molto ex.

As those now skating up and down the lake
With speed so swift and heedless of all care;
So is our life for ever linked with fate,
We realize it not till death is there.

* *Copyright.* H. T. ARKCOLL.

HANOVER.—The iron curtain at the Theatre Royal does not seem to be held in much esteem by the police authorities, for they have ordered the manager not to use it any more, and, to make sure of his obeying, have had it fixed so as to be immovable.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, Op. 23, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Dvorak), first time—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti; Air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" (Mozart)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in A major, Op. 140, for pianoforte alone (Schubert)—Mr Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, for violin and pianoforte (Handel)—Mdme Norman-Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé; Song, "Connais-tu le pays" (Gounod)—Miss Santley; Quartet, in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; New Song, "Hymn to God the Father" (Piatti)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by desire (Franz Ries)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On November 11th, at 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, GEORGE ROSE, M.A., (Arthur Sketchley), in his 66th year.—R. I. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GARNISH OF THE MOUNT.—Sir Petipace is still hoving at the hostelry, Miles of Malvern (which is now all snow—mere snow) being indisposed and laid up in sheets. Petipace, in sheets of another kind, pines piteously. Miles was smitten through either rib by an approved knight. Song as pretty as the "lay" to which it is wedded, but the setting of the final stanza is a mistake to justify Wagner.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Concerts are becoming more and more numerous as the winter season advances; but little novelty of any great significance has hitherto marked their progress. The first appearance for the season (much earlier than usual) of Herr Joseph Joachim at the head of the stringed quartet (on the 3rd of next month) will, as usual, give a fresh impetus to the Popular Concerts in St James's Hall. There is a spell in the name of this unrivalled artist which, year after year, only seems to strengthen. Meanwhile, much curiosity awaits the first performance of Anton Dvorák's pianoforte quartet in D major, which, hitherto unknown to Mr Arthur Chappell's patrons, enjoys the advantage of being introduced by Mr Charles Hallé. The quartet is an early work, but will be heard with not less interest on that account. With the best of good feeling, Herr Hans Richter has given two concerts in St James's Hall, the profits of which are intended to recoup, as far as possible, the losses sustained by members of the orchestra during the unfortunate series of performances at Drury Lane Theatre. Herr Richter had the same orchestra, or, at least, one in every way as efficient both in numbers and mechanical proficiency. On each occasion the hall was full (on the second, crammed), and the great Viennese conductor was hailed with acclamations. His programmes were much of the same calibre and proportions as before, the only features that could be pronounced *quasi* "novelties" being the second pianoforte concerto of Johannes Brahms (played by Mr Edward Dannreuther), the orchestral prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal*, and the "Serenade" in G by Mr C. Villiers Stanford. These have been already heard and commented upon. The symphonies were both by Beethoven—the *Eroica* (No. 3) and C minor (No. 5). It is to be hoped, for more than one reason, that the concerts may have answered the purpose for which they were so generously undertaken by Herr Richter. But why should he be content with so little? Explain and oblige your constant reader,

T. A. WHEELS (M.D.).

Axminster, Nov. 14th.

[Let Dr Wheels draw upon his own imagination. We ask for no more.—Dr Bridge.]

PAULINE LUCCA SPEAKS.

To hear Pauline Lucca talk about her art is not uninteresting. In reply to the remark made by a visitor that Wagner's compositions spoilt the best voices, she said: "That is all empty prittle-prattle. Neither Wagner nor any other composer spoils the voice of anyone who knows how to sing. Our vocalists, male and female, think now-a-days that if they study a year they are finished artists, and can sing before a large public. Six years of industrious application are needed to develop the voice according to all the rules of art. Only let our singers work away for their six years, and then diligently practise their scales—as I still do, to the great astonishment of our Vienna *Capellmeister*, Hans Richter, whom I so highly esteem, despite all our skirmishings—and then we shall have singers able to sing not merely Wagner, but correctly as well." Perhaps our singers will lay to heart these words of a vocalist who is so universal a favourite. In answer to the observation that she would certainly earn our deepest thanks if she would publish the result of her rich experience as to how a voice should be treated and what studies were requisite before natural gifts were of any value, she said: "I mean to do so, but not as you, perhaps, fancy: with pen and ink. When I feel that it's all over with my voice I shall accept a place in the Vienna Conservatory, and, as a singing-mistress, form voices as I think they ought to be formed. But, before becoming a Professoress, I hope to be able to sing a few times more." We hope so, too.—*Signale.*

THE accomplished pianist, Mdme Montigny-Rémaury, has been prevented by illness from going to St. Petersburgh for the purpose of taking part in the first of the series of concerts under the direction of Rubinstein. She is, however, at present much better, and will play at the concert of the Château d'Eau, Paris, on the 26th inst.

MR ARTHUR O'LEARY will read his lecture on "Sir Sterndale Bennett; his Life and Works" at Sherborne on Thursday, November the 23rd. Miss G. Howes, a young and promising soprano, will sing two of the composer's charming songs on the occasion, viz.: "To Chloe," and "May dew." Mr and Mrs Regan and other artists will also assist.

MR J. CLIPPENDALE announces a concert at Morley Hall, Hackney, on Monday, Dec. 4, under the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Bedford and Mrs Walsham How, in aid of the Tower, Schools, and Vicarage funds of St Michael and All Saints' Church, London Fields, Hackney. The singers will be Mdme Howitz, Mdme Patey, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Solos on the harp will be performed by Mr John Thomas, and Sir Julius Benedict's arrangement of his own Andante, and Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka, for four performers on two pianofortes, will be played by Miss Homer, Mrs Clippendale, Lady Benedict and Sir Julius Benedict. Lady Benedict and Mrs Clippendale will also play Mendelssohn's "Allegro Brillante," as well as Sir Julius Benedict's duet on airs from *Der Freischütz*, for two performers on one pianoforte.

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GOUNOD ON MOZART'S *DON JUAN*.

At the annual sitting of the Five Academies in Paris, the composer of *Faust* and *The Redemption* thus unburdened himself on the subject of Mozart and the lyrico-dramatic masterpiece for all time :—

C'était au mois de janvier de l'année 1832. Dans l'admirable troupe musicale qui défrayait, à cette époque, les représentations du Théâtre-Italien brillaient les noms, demeurés illustres, des Malibran, des Grisi, des Rubini, des Lablache, des Tamburini, et une foule d'autres, concourant à un ensemble d'exécution tel qu'il s'en rencontre rarement au théâtre.

J'avais alors treize ans et demi : je faisais mes études au lycée Saint-Louis, et j'avais eu l'honneur (car l'enfance a le sien) de faire partie du fameux banquet scolaire qu'on nomme la Saint-Charlemagne, honneur qui entraînait un de ces congés de surérogation appelés, en termes de collège, des *sorties de faveur*.

J'aimais passionnément la musique, et ma mère, qui savait bien que nulle récompense de mon travail ne pourrait me causer plus de joie que celle-là, m'annonça qu'elle me conduirait, le soir même, entendre *Don Juan* aux Italiens.

Ce fut pour moi un tel tressaillement de bonheur que j'en perdis le boire et le manger. Ce que voyant, ma mère me dit : "Tu sais que, si tu ne manges pas, tu n'iras pas au théâtre !" Devant une pareille menace, j'aurais englouti héroïquement tout ce qu'on aurait voulu.

Je dînai donc avec une obéissance exemplaire, et nous voilà partis, ma mère et moi, pour la Terre-Promise ! Il me sembla que j'allais pénétrer dans un sanctuaire.

En effet, à peine étions-nous entrés dans la salle que je me sentis enveloppé d'une sorte de terreur sacrée, comme à l'approche de quelque mystère imposant et redoutable ; j'éprouvais, tout ensemble, dans une émotion confuse et jusqu'alors inconnue, le désir et la crainte de ce qui allait se passer devant moi.

Nous étions dans une loge du quatrième étage ; les modiques ressources de ma mère, qui travaillait pour subvenir à l'éducation de ses enfants, n'avaient pas permis de prétendre à des places plus coûteuses : mais, comme nous étions arrivés de bonne heure, nous fûmes placés sur le devant de la loge, à titre de premiers occupants.

Il fallut attendre assez longtemps avant que le spectacle commençât, mais le temps ne me durait pas ; cette salle de théâtre, ce lustre, tout cet appareil grandiose, étaient déjà pour moi un éblouissement. Enfin, on frappe les trois coups sacramentels ; le chef d'orchestre lève son archet, un religieux silence règne dans la salle et l'ouverture commence.

Je renonce à décrire ce que je ressentis dès les premiers accords de ce sublime et terrible prologue. Comment le pourrais-je, lorsqu'aujourd'hui encore, après cinquante ans d'une admiration toujours croissante, mon cœur tressaille d'y penser et ma main tremble de l'écrire ? . . . . Tout ce que je me rappelle, c'est qu'il me sembla qu'un dieu me parlait ; je tombai dans une sorte de prostration douloureusement délicieuse, et, à demi suffoqué par l'émotion : "Ah ! maman !" m'écriai-je, "ça c'est *la* Musique !" J'étais littéralement éperdu.

O divin Mozart ! as-tu donc reposé sur le sein de la Beauté infinie, comme autrefois le disciple bien-aimé sur la poitrine du Sauveur, pour y puiser à torrents cette grâce incomparable qui marque les grands privilégiés ? Ton berceau a-t-il entendu, lui aussi, cette parole qui descendit d'en haut sur l'Homme-Dieu transfiguré : "Celui-ci est mon Fils bien-aimé en qui j'ai mis toutes mes complaisances ; écoutez-le !" Oh ! oui, toutes ses complaisances ! Car le Ciel prodigue t'avait tout donné, la grâce et la force, l'abondance et la sobriété, la spontanéité lumineuse et la tendresse ardente, dans cet équilibre parfait qui constitue l'irrésistible puissance du *charme* et qui a fait de toi le musicien par excellence, plus que le premier, le seul ! . . . Mozart !

Eh ! qui donc a parcouru, comme toi, cette échelle immense des passions humaines ? Qui donc a touché les limites extrêmes avec cette sûreté infaillible, également armée contre les mièvreries de la fausse élégance et les brutalités de la force mensongère ? Qui donc a su, comme toi, faire passer l'angoisse et l'épouvante à travers les formes les plus pures et les plus inaltérées ?

Don Juan ! Tout un monde humain !—la noble femme outragée et vengeresse—la fille palpitante sur le cadavre de son vieux père assassiné—le grand seigneur, libertin jusqu'au cynisme et audacieux jusqu'à l'injure devant la Justice divine—l'épouse rebutée et bafouée—la paysanne fascinée par la galanterie—la servilité d'un valet poltron et superstitieux—enfin cette figure tragique de la Statue du Commandeur dont les accents terribles vous glacent jusqu'aux moelles—tout ! Mozart a excelié dans tout, et le sublime semble lui être aussi familier que le comique.

Mozart disait de *Don Juan* qu'il l'avait composé *pour lui et deux ou trois amis*. Paroles profondes sous les dehors d'une ambition modeste ! C'est que l'*intimité* est la quintessence de la vie : c'est le tabernacle de tous les grands recueillements, l'amitié, l'amour, le génie (cette forme particulière de l'extase) : l'intimité, c'est le face-à-face avec les confidences du divin. Aussi l'avenir a-t-il multiplié les *deux ou trois amis* de *Don Juan* comme les étoiles du ciel et les sables de la mer.

Ah ! jeunes gens, qui repoussez et redoutez la doctrine des maîtres comme un joug humiliant pour votre individualité ombrageuse, et qui vous jetez à la remorque du premier charlatan venu ! véritables *bolides*, livrés à l'influence de tous les foyers d'attraction qui traversent l'espace ! je vous connais, et je sais ce que vous voulez. Vous visez à l'effet, comme on vise à l'esprit. Ce n'est pas votre *Art* qui vous possède ; c'est votre *Moi :* vous vous souciez bien moins d'*être* que de *paraître ;* vous pensez à vous, et vous vous cherchez avec une passion qui n'est que le cauchemar de votre propre succès.

Eh bien, vous ne vous trouverez pas ; car, "qui se cherche se perdra ; et qui se renonce se retrouvera." Qui placera sa force et sa joie dans le succès trouvera sa faiblesse et son découragement dans un échec. L'amour-propre est un suicide ! C'est une méprise proportionnée à la quantité de lumière et de générosité qui est la véritable vie de l'amour, et dont il a besoin pour être pleinement satisfait.

Or, de même que l'amour, le génie est, avant tout, l'abnégation. Les lois du Beau sont les mêmes que celles du Bien ; car le Beau et le Bien, consubstantiels dans leur essence absolue, ne se distinguent entre eux, comme pour nous, que par leurs propriétés respectives et par leurs relations spéciales avec les diverses facultés de notre entendement dans lequel leur rayon unique se *réfrange*, en quelque sorte, comme dans un prisme intellectuel ; et c'est pourquoi, dans la valeur esthétique d'une œuvre d'art, aussi bien que dans la valeur d'un acte moral, il entre pour le moins autant de ce qu'on s'y interdit que de ce qu'on s'y permet. Le génie, c'est toujours la *personnalité*, sans doute, mais s'*oubliant elle-même* et s'élevant ainsi jusqu'à l'expression de l'Humanité tout entière, c'est-à-dire jusqu'à la plus haute *impersonnalité*.

Revenons à *Don Juan*.

Messieurs, je devrai forcément renoncer à une analyse détaillée, sous peine de donner à cette lecture des proportions qui risqueraient fort de ne plus intéresser que moi seul, et je ne pourrai guère que signaler à la hâte quelques-uns de ces morceaux qui, tous, sont des merveilles.

Et d'abord, l'ouverture. Quelle entrée en matière que ce grave et majestueux début, emprunté au lugubre tête-à-tête du coupable et de l'*Homme de pierre !* Comme le rhythme solennel qui soutient ces harmonies funèbres exprime éloquemment et tranquillement le poids de cette justice divine "parfois tardive" dont parle Plutarque, et dont Tertullien disait qu'elle est "patiente parce qu'elle a l'éternité pour elle !"

Quelle philosophie profonde dans cette intuition immédiate du pur génie, intuition consciente ou non, peu importe, mais, selon la grande parole de Bossuet, "illumination soudaine de la Raison," plus sûre mille fois que les pénibles et fatigantes élucubrations d'un emphatique et prétentieux *transcendantalisme !* Qu'il est écrasant ! Qu'il est effrayant ! cet Homme de pierre qui s'avance d'un pas monotone et implacable comme la fatalité ! il ressemble au grondement sourd d'un océan qui monte et qui va tout submerger ; à lui seul cet Homme est un déluge !

Mais les avertissements du Ciel ne sont point écoutés. Et voici que, soudain, des rythmes d'une jeunesse impétueuse, affolée de plaisir, haletante de débauche, impatiente du joug et du frein, nous lancent en plein vertige dans un *allegro*, qui déborde d'entraînement et de verve fougueuse.

Quelle énergie svelte et impudente à la fois ! quelle élégance dans ce dévergondage d'impie et de corrompu ! Que d'insouciance hautaine dans ce voluptueux spadassin qui rira et boira et chantera jusque devant la mort ! Quelle sonorité mutine et pétillante après toutes ces terreurs ! Le drame est déjà tout entier dans cette prodigieuse ouverture qui fut écrite dans une nuit : nuit féconde, dont on aurait pu dire, comme l'écrivain sacré prophétisant celle de la naissance de l'Enfant-Dieu : *Nox sicut dies illuminabitur !* cette nuit sera lumineuse comme le jour !

CH. GOUNOD.

(To be continued.)

MUNICH.—A probably unique specimen of the genus : literary man, is now stopping here. This is Baron Winzigerode, a hale and hearty patriarch of 87, who for sixty years of his life has been engaged, at his lonely ancestral home in Thuringia, writing a work on the history of music. Among his luggage is a monster trunk, wherein, carefully packed, is the voluminous MS. for which he is seeking a publisher and which, when printed, will make some 40 volumes.

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CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Abundant interest, if no novelty, distinguished the concert given on Monday last, and, though the hall was but moderately full, the gratification of those present could hardly have been other than complete. To some extent, the first work in the programme—Mozart's Quartet in D (No. 7)—accounts for this, being, as all amateurs know, a splendid example of the great musician's clearest and most graceful writing. For admiration of, and interest in it, no one requires to be told that the work gained from Frederick of Prussia a gold snuff-box full of the coins bearing his name. The fact is really more significant as regards the monarch than the music, because showing that he could appreciate a good thing which, however, needed no Royal patronage by way of passport to distinction. In the hands of Madame Neruda, MM Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, Mozart's music was of course safe. The second quartet—Haydn's in C. (Op. 33)—came at the end, and, as a merry example of the old master's unfailing humour, gained a cordial welcome. Such cheery strains as these might "appease the fiend of melancholy Saul," or restore the equilibrium of a mind and temper disordered by a course of Wagnerism, which would be a far more remarkable achievement. Hearing them, amateurs think of the first day of spring, that, according to one of our own poets, "wipes from the heavens all unseemly stains," and bless their stars for old Haydn, the master of ever fresh, genial, and natural expression, based upon consummate art. Mdlle Janotha's solo on this occasion was Chopin's Sonata in B minor, but she also joined Signor Piatti in performing Nos. 1, 2, and 4 of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston." Her success with the sonata was immense, the audience recalling her twice. In acknowledgment, Mdlle Janotha played the same master's Berceuse. Like honours rewarded a capital rendering of Schumann's Stücke, the second being specially applauded. How much the superb execution of the *facile princeps* of 'cellists contributed to this result is easily imagined. Mr Harper Kearton was the vocalist, and sang Mendelssohn's "Stormy Spring" so as to obtain a recall.—*D. T.*

A PERFORMANCE of Handel's *Jephtha* was given by the Brixton Choral Society, in the Gresham Hall, on Monday evening, under the direction of Mr William Lemare. Always enterprising, and prompt to take up with novelty, the managers, in this instance, found it profitable to work the old and inexhaustible Handelian mine. They had a room crowded with local amateurs, who followed the painful story of the Jewish chieftain's "unnatural sacrifice" with continuous interest, and were quick to perceive and applaud whatever in the execution seemed worthy. The performance benefitted much by the manner in which the principal characters were represented. On this point it says no little for English executive art that a suburban concert of modest pretensions should be able to command the very satisfactory talent here shown. Mdme Clara Suter and Miss Marian Burton, as the soprano and contralto respectively, sang with genuine feeling, each deserving special praise, moreover, for so enunciating the text as to make books of the words superfluous—an example which we should like to see followed by artists of higher standing. Mr Alfred Kenningham distinguished himself as Jephtha, singing all the important music of that part with taste and skill, if not with the requisite measure of dramatic power. His rendering of "Waft her, angels" fully deserved the liberal applause it received. As for the bass solos, they could not be other than safe in the hands of an artist so experienced as Mr Lewis Thomas, whose fine voice, in admirable order, was heard to much advantage. Mr Thomas's singing of "Freedom now once more possessing" was a capital exemplification of what is meant by a Handelian style. The general performance of the oratorio fell much below expectation, and disposed us to conclude that it had been rashly ventured. Even the choral singing presented many and grave faults. It lacked precision, and was generally poor in quality. The most serious shortcomings were, however, in the orchestra. We are glad to find Mr Lemare gathering up the instrumental talent of the district; but, judging by Monday's work, it needs a deal of nursing yet. Especially should the conductor, before giving another concert, teach his violins to travel together along the right path, and his flautist, who twice broke down at a simple passage in "Tune the soft melodious lute," to learn the value of his notes. These observations are not intended to be harsh, they are inevitable, if criticism do its duty. Neither do we "despise the day of small things." There is musical spirit in Brixton, and the southern suburb will be more favourably heard of by-and-bye.—*D. T.*

MR WALTER BACHE'S RECITAL.—The act of homage which Mr Walter Bache annually pays to his revered master, the Abbé Franz Liszt, is almost touching in its earnestness. Taking no heed to the desire of the greater musical community, Mr Bache sedulously applies himself to the task of pleasing those who, like himself, are for certain and inexplicable reasons enamoured of the music of this peculiarly erratic musician. Appealing, as he does, to the limited few, Mr Bache evidently possesses the courage of his opinions, and is anxious to do his best towards furthering the general recognition of his preceptor as a great power in music. Unfortunately, it happens on occasions that some of the inelect peep in at these honorific entertainments, and the result to them is not unalloyed joy. To pianists who deem the highest province of a composer to be the providing of tortuous difficulties for the soloist, whence he may extricate himself according to his ability, but with no thought or heed to the sensibilities of his hearers, Liszt's music may be welcome; but to those who wish to hold their audience with the spell and fascination of melodious utterance, his works will be at a discount. Music never can become one of the abstruse sciences, for the very reason that when it loses its universal charm, and degenerates into a mere exercise of ingenuity, it is doomed to perish. How often must it be insisted upon that in music, of all the arts, the sense of beauty must be predominant? Unhappily, there was no beauty to be discovered in the programme which Mr Bache presented at St James's Hall, and we fear that he has made no new converts to his own way of thinking. Commencing with a singularly hideous prelude and fugue on the theme expressed (in the German notation) by the name of Bach, the programme followed on with the inchoate assortment of phrases known as the Sonata in B minor (dedicated to Robert Schumann); followed, after an interlude of song, by two Etudes, dedicated to E. Liszt; "Paysage"—a study described as "*d'éxécution transcendante;*" "Sonetto di Petrarca," "Valse Oubliée," and "Pester Carneval" (Rhapsodie Hongroises, No. 9). To deal with these various pieces *in extenso* would be superfluous; enough that Mr Bache, who has seldom played with more precision, did his utmost to render them acceptable, and was successful in obtaining the applause of those present whose ideas were in accord with the spirit of his theme. Liszt's two songs, "Die Drei Zigeuner" and "In Liebeslust," were delivered with artistic grace and finish by Mr Arthur Oswald, to the pianoforte accompaniment of Mr Bache.—*Standard.*

AT the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre last week's classical night included Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, the Entr'acte from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, the *Danse des Sylphes* from Berlioz's *Faust* music, and Haydn's *Surprise* symphony. Mdme Ida Bloch played one movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor. The other solo performers were Mr Howard Reynolds (cornet) and Mr Viotti Collins (violin). Vocal pieces were contributed by Mdlle Elly Warnots and Mr Abercrombie. A selection of patriotic music was given on the following night in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, and on Saturday a selection of "Military" Music was the attraction. On Wednesday last the programme consisted of Beethoven's *Leonora* overture and the Pastoral Symphony; Rameau's "Rigaudon de Dardanus"; the *romance* and *rondo* from Chopin's Concerto in E minor (pianoforte, Miss Maggie Okey) and the *andante* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (magnificently played by Mr J. T. Carrodus), the vocal pieces being Haydn's "Spirit song" (Mdme Enriquez), Lotti's "Pur dicesti" (Mdlle Elly Warnots), and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" (Mr Henry Pyatt). The second part began with a selection from Gounod's *Faust*, and concluded with the same composer's grand march from his opera *La Reine de Saba*.

THE BRINSMEAD CONCERTS.—One of the series of concerts announced to be given in London and the provinces by Messrs Brinsmead & Sons, in aid of the foundation and endowment of the Royal College of Music, came off at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening before a large and fashionable audience. The programme was modelled on those given by Mr John Boosey at his London Ballad Concerts, and consequently attracted all classes of ballad lovers. The singers were Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Herbert Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr Barrington Foote; Miss Anna Williams and Mdme Patey, assisted by the London Vocal Union under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker. Mr Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, singing Berthold Tours' setting of "Stars of the Summer Night" so much to the delight of his audience that he was compelled to return to the platform three times to bow his acknowledgments, and after "Tom Bowling" the applause was so constant and hearty that he was under the necessity of giving "The Bay of Biscay" as a return for the compliment paid him. Mr Herbert Reeves was cordially applauded after his tasteful rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen," as well as after his own pleasing ballad, "Flowers of Memory." Signor Foli was "to the fore," giving (one verse only!) "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*), with such effect that he was obliged to repeat it, as well as a military song, "Death or Glory" (accompanied by its composer, Signor Tito Mattei). Mdme Patey was in great favour, being "called" after Gounod's "Golden Thread," and treating the audience to "The Minstrel Boy" on being encored in "The Soldier's Tear." Miss Anna Williams's contributions were "The

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Worker" (Gounod) and "Clover Blossoms" (Frank Moir); Mr Barrington Foote's, an Italian *aria* by Righini, "Three Merry Men" by Molloy, and, with Mr Herbert Reeves, the "Invocation" from Gounod's opera, *Cinq Mars*. The instrumentalists were Herr Poznanski (violin), and Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (pianoforte). Herr Poznanski played a "Rhapsodie Hongroise" by Hauser (accompanied by the Chevalier de Kontski), exhibiting a fine tone and perfect command over his instrument, receiving at the conclusion of his performance a hearty and deserved "call." The Chevalier de Kontski is well known as a virtuoso of powerful acquirements. He played on the occasion under notice Weber's pianoforte Sonata in A flat, and was twice called at the conclusion. He afterwards gave a Minuet and Valse of his own composition, in both of which he exhibited his powers to advantage. The London Vocal Union sang Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," "The long day closes" (Sullivan), Otto's "Pretty Maiden," and Hatton's "When evening twilight." The vocal music was accompanied by Mr Sidney Naylor in perfection, and the concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

At a meeting of the Balloon Society of Great Britain held on Friday evening last at the Royal Aquarium, Mr Etherington Hay Kendall delivered a lecture on the "History of English Opera." Herr Schuberth, the chairman, in introducing Mr Kendall, stated that he (the chairman), although only recently elected a member of the Society, had watched with great interest its proceedings, and that he considered the regular lectures delivered every Friday not only interesting, but at the same time highly instructive. Mr Kendall in his lecture described the different stages of English opera, drawing a comparison between the English and Italian schools. The illustrations he gave included music composed by the earliest masters, commencing with Purcell and ending with Balfe. After the lecture a discussion followed in which Captain Molesworth, the chairman of the Aquarium Company; Captain Hobson, the manager; Captain Carteret de Bisson, Mr Lefevre, the President, and several others took part. A vote of thanks to the lecturer and chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

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PROVINCIAL.

Cork *(from a correspondent)*.—The first concert this season by the Orchestral Union took place, before a large and fashionable audience, at the Assembly Rooms on Saturday night last; but why an evening so inconvenient to many should be chosen was not explained. The *pièce de résistance* was a "Grand Triumphal March," composed by Mr Ringrose Atkins, the conductor, who has already gained distinction as a musician of ability. The march was first performed at Colchester, and the success which greeted its production was a guarantee of an enthusiastic reception in its composer's native city. Mrs Stevenson and Mr G. Waters gave a Barcarolle (Gounod), and met with well-merited applause. Mr Waters also gave "Alla stella confidente," to the violoncello accompaniment of Mr W. Harrington. Mrs Laurie's singing of Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea" was very effective, as also her rendering of "A Bird in the Hand." Mr H. P. Hewitt, who was in splendid voice, gave "I am Waiting," and would, no doubt, have been compelled to repeat it but for the notice on the programme that no "encores" could be acceded to, in consequence of the great length of the programme. This opening concert of the season is a good augury of the future, and it is a matter of congratulation that an early date—the 19th December—is fixed for a similar treat under the same auspices.—The Cork Musical Society's first concert this season is fixed for December 12th, when a selection from Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman* will be given for the first time in Cork.—Mr C. Bernard's *Cloches de Corneville* company, with Sheil Barry as the Miser, has been drawing crowded audiences at the Theatre Royal and Operahouse, Cork, during the past week.—J. F. M. C.

Worcester.—If there is one reason more than another for indulging in a feeling of gratification at the re-opening of the Public Hall, after restoration and enlargement, it is that the opportunity is again afforded of listening to the high class concerts which are so distinguishing a feature in the social life of the "faithful city." "Mr Spark's concerts" had become an established institution prior to the destruction of the Music Hall by fire, and, being necessarily suspended, their resumption is viewed with satisfaction. The first of the series of three concerts took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 9, and passed off successfully. The artists were Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Damian, Messrs D'Arcy Ferris, Bywater, Thurley Beale, Ffrench Davis (harpist), and Herr Volkmer (pianist and conductor). Most of these are favourably known here, and their re-appearance last night served to strengthen the good opinion which they already enjoyed. Especially was this so with respect to Mdme Rose. This lady first appeared here at one of Mr Spark's concerts a few years since, and on the occasion under notice she was listened to with pleasure, being called upon to repeat all her songs, among which were "Robert toi que j'aime," the Miserere from *Il Trovatore* (with Mr Bywater); and "Lovers' Vows," from Benedict's *Graziella*. The arrangements for the comfort of the audience were, as usual at Mr Spark's concerts, excellent. The hall, being as yet undecorated, would have presented a somewhat bare appearance but for an extensive display of plants and shrubs from Mr Haywood's establishment, which Mr J. H. White had tastefully disposed on the platform and in other parts of the hall. The next concert will take place on Thursday, November 30.

Barnes.—At the concert given in connection with the Cleveland Cricket Club, several well-known artists, as well as some members of the Savage Club, volunteered their services. Miss Louise Moody, Mrs Shipway, Miss Lillie Albrecht, Messrs T. Drew, Soden, Campbell, and Fleming Norton were among those who "assisted." Mrs Shipway gave the old song "Caller Herrin'," accompanied by Mr Drew, remarkably well; Mr Fleming Norton had to repeat Lover's song, "The Whistling Thief," and Mr Soden gave two of his own poems, "William Westlake's Drive" and "The obstinate Monarch." Miss Lillie Albrecht's contributions were Raff's "Tambourin," a "Scotch Fantasia," and her own composition, "La Consolation" (for the left hand), which was a remarkable display, meeting with hearty applause, and about the performance of which a contemporary observes: "Excepting as a *tour de force*, I can see no purpose in playing music with one hand; but it may be averred that had Miss Albrecht been deprived by nature of one of those useful members she need not entirely have forgone the practice of her instrument for the satisfaction of pleasing others."

—o—

SCHUBERT'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

The *Standard*, with reference to the filling up the score of Schubert's Symphony in E major, by Mr John Francis Barnett, has the following:—

"It will strike some people as being an evidence of self-confidence on the part of Mr J. F. Barnett that he should attempt to complete what Schubert left uncompleted. Mr Arthur Sullivan, it is true, once took the same task in hand, but abandoned it after a while. Those who have seen the MS. of the score, will, however, understand that no able musician need be ashamed of filling in the instrumentation. The Symphony is there complete in sketch from the first bar to the last. The Introduction and part of the *allegro* are fully scored, but after the 110th bar Schubert proceeded simply to draw in his work in outline. The time-measure and the signatures of all the instruments are written at the beginning of each movement, and there is not one bar entirely vacant. Mr Barnett has in reality but little to superadd to what already exists, and that he will do this in a musician-like manner, and with a reverent feeling for the spirit of the master, may readily be believed. Here arises no question of interference with a musician's expressed intention, such as we behold only too frequently in re-arrangements of compositions, the matter at issue simply being whether the world is to be denied the pleasure of listening to another symphony by Schubert merely because he only indicated the nature of the score instead of completing the instrumentation."

Mendelssohn once entertained the idea of completing the score, but soon abandoned it. The same idea was entertained by Arthur Sullivan, who also ultimately gave it up. Abbé Liszt might also have had similar givings, dissolved in process of time, amid intense and goulish cravings. At any rate, the directors of the Crystal Palace are lucky in escaping Franz, and stumbling upon John Francis, whose shoulders will bear any weight, and who is much more unassuming and discreet. In any case the thing must be a curiosity.—D. T.

Leipsic.—At the fourth concert of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, Robert Volkmann's Symphony in B flat was performed for the first time.* Henri Petri played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Schröder-Hanfstängel was the singer. The first piece in the programme was Niels W. Gade's *Nachklänge von Ossian*. The fifth concert opened with Beethoven's overture, *Coriolan;* Marie Krebs played the same master's Pianoforte Concerto in the Symphony in D (without a minuet). Songs were given by Paul Jensen. Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*, as was the case in Berlin, seems, after all, to have been but half a success.

* Surely, Mr Manns, this must be better music than that of Liszt and his followers, even including Smetana?—Dr Bilge.

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DR GARRETT AND HIS *SHUNAMMITE.*

Dr Garrett is a man who has not written largely, but his efforts have been so much esteemed that the Cambridge authorities have conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.A., as well as that of Doctor in Music, which he obtained by fair trial. *The Shunammite* is a tempting subject, and may well invite the attention of musicians eager to obtain distinction. I fear, however, that Dr Garrett's work suffers on account of the libretto being chosen by the composer. It is all very well to countenance Wagner's theory that the inspiration of music and poetry should and, in fact, must be simultaneous, but when it comes to the compilation of an oratorio, or other sacred work, inspiration is heavily handicapped. Fashion obtains in most things, and in nothing perhaps more markedly than in books arranged for illustration by sacred music. In the first place, a simple, comprehensible story is taken, and then it becomes the acknowledged duty of the librettist to intersperse the pure narrative with as many reflective observations as can possibly be dragged in. Sometimes the reflections are not apposite, but this does not deter the musician from accepting them for sterling value. He requires contrast, and gets it. People who listen to the finished product lose the thread of the argument, no doubt, but the author does not care. In the cantata of *The Shunammite* the simplest possible legend is narrated. The Shunammite woman has a son, who dies of sunstroke in the harvest field. By the intercession of Elisha he is restored to life. Why will not composers learn the force of direct narrative? Reflective numbers are all very well, and if properly introduced they are like marks of punctuation in a sentence; but a simple story, simply told, is a more powerful emotional agent than any complex arrangement of facts and commentaries. There is no immediate necessity to give a detailed account of Dr Garrett's work—in fact, a few general observations will suffice to deal with the entire production. Happier in his choruses than his solo numbers, Dr Garrett exhibits a lively appreciation of the school which confesses allegiance to Mendelssohn, and has nothing whatever to do with the hideous cacophony which modern Germans would persuade us to receive as absolute music. Nothing particularly new is taught us in *The Shunammite*, but every effect gained is reached by legitimate means; the choruses are bright and telling, and if the solos are of diminished interest, it only instances the difficulty of writing arias in the devotional style—a difficulty experienced by even greater musicians than Dr Garrett. The opening chorus, "Praise the Lord," and the melodious "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," will dwell without doubt in the minds of those who were present in the Cathedral to-day; while the entire work will be remembered with a sense of gratification. I fancy that *The Shunammite* ought to become popular with choral societies, because it is distinctly interesting, and calls for nothing beyond ordinary means of exposition. There is one chorus in particular, "Call for the mourning women," enough to prove that the author is a man of more than ordinary mind and faculty.

D. L. R.

THE MUSICIANS' EXCHANGE, BERLIN.—Anyone requiring musicians, from an entire orchestra down to a pianist, may always get what he wants by applying, orally or by letter, to the Musicians' Exchange. This Exchange is held every day from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., at a restaurant's in the Johannisstrasse, and is attended by hundreds of would-be "professionals." It has its fixed laws. Established in 1869 by the Association of Berlin Musicians, it is managed by a committee according to certain rules. This committee apportions the orders received and sees that the normal tarif is maintained. The latter is remarkable at giving only the minimum terms, for less than which no member may play. Ball-music, for instance, is paid, on festal days, 9 marks to each performer; on Sundays, 7 marks, 50; and, on week days, 6 marks; at grand ministerial and ambassadorial balls, each performer receives 9 marks for four hours, and 1 mark, 50, for every extra hour; rehearsals are paid 3 marks; dinner-music without dancing, 5 marks; with dancing, 9 marks, &c. The Exchange is held only for the members of the Association of Berlin Musicians, who number 700. The grand total of musical performers in the Prussian capital amounts to about 3,000, including 500 who have other callings and take part in musical entertainments only as an extra source of income. The Association possesses a capital of 30,000 marks, and pays annually from 600 to 1,000 for the relief of members in distress. As a rule, Berlin is well supplied with musicians—nay, people sometimes complain of their being too numerous. But on New Year's Eve and at Shrovetide, as well as on certain festivals of less importance, anybody capable of playing an instrument—string or wind—is pressed into the service. On extraordinary occasions—triumphal entrances and such like—the neighbouring districts, far and wide, are laid under contribution. Such lucky days are, however, rare in the life of a musician.—*Fremdenblatt.*

FROM GÖRLITZ.

(Correspondence.)

At the Silesian Musical Festival, held in Görlitz, the works of importance selected by the Committee (proprietors of the spacious "Festival Hall,") are Handel's "Ode on St Cecilia's Day" and Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, both possibly fixed upon in order to attract the attention of disciples of the "advanced" school, one of whose chief recommendations would seem to be inability to compose fugues, and another disdain of rhythmic melody. These enthusiastic gentlemen cannot be likened to the pre-Raphaelites of of another art, setting up as they do a claim to be regarded as post-Beethovenites. It is much of a muchness, however, one affectation being as notable as the other.

—o—

"OUT OF TOWN."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It is not often that Yorkshire singers are readily or easily pleased with new choral works of any description, and especially if they have not a smack at least of that strength and solidity always to be found in the choruses of their favourite, Handel. I have often been intensely amused to listen to the honest, outspoken criticisms of our Northern vocalists after "working hard" for an hour or two over some new work; for be it remembered that no amount of cajolery or blandiloquence will induce a genuine Yorkshire singer to give up his own independent notion of what he likes or dislikes, and, if rejoicing in a deep bass voice, he generally delivers himself of his opinion in the lower part of his register, sometimes in a style rather more pungent than polite. Knowing this, I was a little curious to hear what a party of chorus singers, who I invited to my house to try over some novel productions, would say about what *I* thought a capital and interesting work by our old friend Walter Maynard, entitled "Out of Town." Both words and music are to my mind remarkably cheerful, happy and melodious; whilst the quotation of themes from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Mendelssohn's *Notturno*, and *The Clown's Song*, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," &c., display tact, taste, and talent of a high order. Those who may desire something new in part-music will here find it, and I hope they will thank me for having directed their attention to a work which is, both in conception and execution, novel, interesting, and remarkably effective. Our "Leeds loiners" were very decided in their expressions of approval after having sang over all the eight numbers, the principal *basso profundo* declaring in loud low notes, that "it wore best thing o' the sort he'd heard for a while, and he saw nowt to find fault with all round t' shop!"—yours faithfully,

WM. SPARK.

Newton Park, Leeds, Nov. 15, 1882.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you allow me, with reference to "O. L.'s" letter in your issue of the 11th inst. regarding the music at theatres, to state that ever since I held the post of *chef d'orchestre* at the Court Theatre, I have, I believe, effected the very change your correspondent advocates. The works performed between the acts are all chosen from the classical repertoire exclusively, and I am glad to state that the attention of the public, although it is not quite what it might be, yet is very much greater than what is generally bestowed upon the *entr'acte* music at theatres.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. ARMBRUSTER,
Musical Director, Court Theatre.

16, *Queen's Road, Bayswater. Nov.* 14, 1882.

THE BALFE MEMORIAL IN DUBLIN.—A surplus having remained after defraying the expenses of the Balfe memorial bust, placed in the National Gallery in Dublin, it was resolved at the final meeting of the subscribers to entrust its appropriate application to a sub-committee, consisting of Sir T. A. Jones, president, R.H.A.; Messrs Henry Doyle, C.B., Michael Gunn, and Hercules Macdonnell, J.P. They accordingly now offer a "Balfe Memorial Prize" of £10 for the best ballad with English words, to be composed by a native of Ireland whose age on the 1st of January, 1883, shall not exceed 21 years. Mr H. Macdonnell, of 4, Roby-place, Kingstown, has undertaken the duties of secretary in the matter, and will answer all inquiries. A very fine photograph of the Balfe Memorial in Westminster Abbey has been prepared by Mr David Hains, of 28, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, a young artist, who is making rapid strides towards perfection, and who already has taken a high rank among the *élite* of his profession.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 5.

1786.

(Continued from page 639.)

Salomon gave six subscription concerts in Hanover Square, the first of which took place on the 2nd of March; Mdme Mara, Miss Chenu, and Mr Harrison were the singers. Two new French horn players, Messrs Palsa and Thurshmit, who had only played previously at the Anacreontic Society, made their first appearance in public in a concertante for that instrument. The most striking part of their exhibition was their horns, which were made of silver.

At Covent Garden Theatre Mrs Billington, who had been performing with success on the Dublin stage, made her *début* on the London boards, on the 13th of February, as Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a village*. She sang the songs of Rosetta in a different style to that which the public had been accustomed to hear, and although she had not had much experience, she gave them with such sweetness, taste, and brilliancy, that the audience, who were both surprised and delighted, bestowed on her unbounded applause.

Amongst the friends of Mr Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, none was more intimate with him than Mr Hugh Dives, who was a man of fortune, and had been an officer in the guards. Mr George Dives, his brother, was also acquainted with Mr Harris. Mr Hugh Dives was so much attached to the theatre, wherein he had embarked a few thousands, that he was seldom out of it during the season of its being open; and having the free use of Mr Harris's private box and the green room, a night or morning scarcely passed without his visiting them. These two brothers were of very different dispositions, Mr George Dives being polite and good-humoured, while Mr Hugh Dives was rude and ill-tempered. One morning, during the rehearsal of the before-mentioned opera, Mr George Dives, being in search of his brother, and conceiving that he was in the green-room, proceeded thither, where, being informed that he had just left, he, on his return over the stage to follow him, said to the elder Bannister—"Mr Bannister, have you seen my brother *cross?*" "Sir," said Bannister, "I never saw him otherwise!"

Six oratorios were given this season for the first time, by command of their Majesties, on the six Fridays in Lent, at the Tottenham Street Rooms, under the same direction and the same regulations as the concerts of ancient music. They commenced on Friday, the 1st of March. Mdme Mara, Mr Harrison, and Mrs Billington were the principal singers. The oratorios at Drury Lane Theatre, conducted by Dr Arnold, commenced on the same evening with *The Messiah*. The singers were Messrs Reinhold, Bellamy, jun., Mrs Forster, and Miss George. At the end of the first act I performed a concerto on the oboe. The leader was Mr Shaw. During the third night's performance, owing to the negligence of the carpenters of the theatre, who erected the orchestra on the stage, an alarming accident happened between the second and third acts of the oratorio. The upper tier, on which were stationed the trumpets, French horns, bassoons, and kettledrums, suddenly gave way, and the performers who were on it were precipitated down a descent of fourteen feet; but fortunately no one was seriously injured. Nelson, the pompous kettle-drummer, who had escaped unhurt, strutting about with his usual dignity, said to those who lay sprawling on the floor, "Gentlemen! if any of you have broken a limb, make yourself perfectly easy, for Mr Pott, the celebrated surgeon, is in the pit." The following day I met Hook the composer, who had witnessed the accident. In speaking of it he said, in his whimsical manner, "When it happened I was astonished, for I had never even heard of an oratorio with *tumbling* between the acts!"

A new comic opera was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 8th of March, called *The Fair Peruvian*. The overture and music were by Mr Hook. In this piece Mrs Billington, whose powers were now considerably developed, sang two airs with such uncommon effect, that the audience were quite enthusiastic in the applause they gave her. "In the overture," says a critic, "the second movement was *obbligato* for the pianoforte (played on that night by the composer, Mr Hook) and the oboe. Young Parke (W. T. Parke), in the oboe part, displayed a sweet, flexible tone, and great taste and feeling."

On one of the nights this opera was announced to be performed the sudden indisposition of Mrs Billington compelled Mr Harris, the manager, to change the play, there not being any lady in the theatre who could undertake her character. This unavoidable circumstance occasioned a tumult amongst the audience, which raged with violence. Charles Bannister, the excellent bass singer, being on the stage during its acme, was desired by the manager, from the side scenes, to address the audience. Bannister, who was more remarkable for his wit than his eloquence, was instantly seized with that sort of tremor which generally fastens on persons, when, by some sudden transition, the association of ideas is disturbed; and, reluctantly approaching the foot-lamps at the front of the stage, said, in the true phraseology of a licensed victualler, "Ladies and gentlemen, what will you please to have?" "A pot of porter," vociferated a fellow in the gallery, "for this place is as hot as hell!" This reply was instantly succeeded by a general laugh, which, turning the tide of disapprobation, the actors were permitted to go through the play without further interruption.

Ranelagh Gardens opened on the seventeenth of April with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, patronized by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Wagner is in Venice where he will spend the winter.

The Teatro Rossini, Venice, has re-opened with *Faust*.

Palminteri's new opera, *Arrigo II. at Voghera*, is still running.

The Teatro Andreani, Mantua, will shortly open for buffo-opera.

The new Theatre, Vigo, was inaugurated with Donizetti's *Poliuto*.

The new Theatre, Brunn, was opened on the 5th inst. with *Egmont*.

Power, the Spanish pianist, has been playing in Malaga and Granada.

Artôt-Padilla and Husband are about to undertake a concert tour in Russia.

The Brooklyn (U.S.) Philharmonic has just completed its twenty-fifth year.

Max Bruch's *Odysseus* has been performed by the Bach Association, Hanover.

There has been a third *Nibelungen* "Cyclus" at the Victoria Theater, Berlin.

Aramburo, the tenor, has returned from Barcelona, and was a few days since in Milan.

Grammann's opera, *Thusnelda*, has been performed at the Stadt-theater, Königsberg.

Franz Rummel, the pianist, will shortly make a concert tour in Germany and Russia.

Carl Formes has been giving singing lessons in San Francisco, but is now in New York.

Theodore Thomas, with his orchestra, is to give six classical concerts in Philadelphia.

Robaudi's *Bersagliere in Crimea* is not, as erroneously stated, an opera, but merely a song.

Planquette's *Rip Van Winkle* was to be produced for the first time in New York on the 28th ult.

According to the *Guide Musical*, Anton Rubinstein has entirely lost the sight of his right eye.

Kaschmann, the baritone, is engaged to sing in *Simon Boccanegra* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

The Teatro Alfiere, Turin, is to be lighted by electricity; so is the Teatro Cannobiana, Milan.

Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer and Miss Henrietta Beebe have arranged a concert-tour in the "States."

Gayarre is singing at the San Carlo, Lisbon, where he was lately much applauded in *La Favorita*.

Heinrich Hofmann's new lyric opera, *Aennchen von Tharau*, has been well received in Magdeburgh.

Dvoràk's opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, is accepted at the Stadt-theater of Leipsic and Hamburgh.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, now undergoing extensive repairs, is expected to re-open in February.

According to all accounts, *Les Huguenots* was never before given in Rome so well as at the Teatro Costanzi.

Brindis de Salas, a black violinist, gave two concerts in Stuttgart. He intends making a tour through Germany.

David Popper, violoncellist, Emile Sauret, violinist, and C. Stasny, pianist, are giving concerts in Madrid.

Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with a cast including Donadio and M. Lhérie, has been well received in Barcelona.

The season at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, was brought, some little time since, to a sudden and unexpected close.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was included in the programme of the third Concert du Châtelet, Paris.

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Mdme Etelka Gerster's two concerts in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin, attracted very large audiences.

The Italian opera company now at the Teatro de la Alhambra, Madrid, goes shortly to the Teatro San Fernando, Seville.

Rossini's magnificent *Semiramide*, with the Sisters Ravogli, has been performed at the Teatro del Buen Retiro, Barcelona.

A performance in aid of the sufferers by the inundations in Italy was recently given by the members of the Cercle Philharmonique, Brussels.

Bianca Donadio is announced for four nights with the Tamberlik company at Malaga, the opera selected for her first appearance being *Il Barbiere*.

Ercole Cuttica, a young tenor, who lately sang with much success at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, is engaged at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, Naples.

The Legia Choral Society, (Liége), lately sang for the first time a chorus, "Le Chant des Vagues," written expressly for them by François Riga.

After having sung at Hamburgh, Rostock, Stralsund, and Greifswald, Mdme Amalie Joachim visits Göttingen, Munster, and the Rhine Provinces.

Strauss's *Lustiger Krieg* has been performed, for the first time in Italy, at the Teatro Tomaso Salvini, Florence, by Freund's German buffo-opera company.

Mr Frederic Archer is announced to give a series of *Matinées d'Orgue* at Chickering Hall, New York, on the 24th inst., the 1st, 8th, and 15th December.

The Subscription Concerts of the Ducal Orchestra, Meiningen, are this year under the direction of the new *Hofcapellmeister*, Professor Franz Mannstaedt.

A new three-act comic opera, *Das Geheimniss der Fürstin*, will be produced at the Carltheater, Vienna. The music is by Herr Löw, formerly conductor there.

The directors of the New York Oratorio Society state that if Mdme Albani visits the "Empire City" this season, she will certainly sing at their concerts.

A performance of Anton Rubinstein's sacred opera, *Das verlorene Paradies*, under the direction of Herr Volkland, will be given at the beginning of January in Basle.

Von Bignio, barytone of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has accepted an engagement of several years, commencing next season, at the National Theatre, Pesth.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, with Minnie Hauk, Ravelli, and Franz Remmertz as principal singers, was to be given by the Symphony Society of New York.

A new comic opera, *La Cour d'Amour*, music by Hubans, will be produced in Brussels, at the Théâtre de l'Alcazar, now under the management of Mad. Olga Léaut.

Mr Henry R. A. Robinson, of the Royal Academy of Music, is appointed under-Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, Mr Henry Hersee retaining his post as principal.

The Queen's Pilgrimage, a comic opera, by Richard Henneberg, has been given at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm, where the composer, a native of Berlin, is conductor.

"No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time"; so runs a notice posted on a bridge at Providence, U. S.

L'Africaine has been given very effectively at the Teatro Real, Madrid, the principal parts being sustained by Theodorini, Masini, Pandolfini, and Nannetti, with Goula as conductor.

Johann Strauss has decided that his new buffo opera, *Eine Nacht in Venedig*, shall be first produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, under his personal direction.

In consequence of the impression created by her in *Linda di Chamounix* at the Teatro Niccolini, Florence, the contralto, Fride, is engaged to appear in *La Favorita* at the Teatro Nuovo in the same city.

It is said that an oratorio by a young and rising composer has been accepted for production at M. Pasdeloup's Concerts, Paris, and that, with M. Vaucorbeil's permission, Mdlle Richard will take part in the performance.

The operatic company at the new Casino, Nice, includes sopranos: Fouquet, Griswold; mezzo-sopranos and contraltos: De Belocca, Scholer; tenors: Frapolli, Durot; baritones: Athos, Frabadelo; basses: Gailhard, Arzilli; buffo: Carbone.

"Nothing," says the *American Bulletin*, "annoys the keeper of a railway restaurant more than for one customer to ask in a rather loud voice of another: 'Have they ever tried plating war-ships with this kind of sandwiches?'" (Exquisite!—Dr Bluge.)

Mdme Marie Roze has returned to town from her successful concert tour, and is announced to join the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday next. Mdme Roze will make her *entrée* as Fidelio, in Beethoven's great opera, a character in which she has already been received with signal favour in many of the principal towns.

Mr Irving will open in New York as Matthias in *The Bells*, and the choice is approved by competent American judges who know the stages of both countries. I should have fancied that *Charles I.* was a better play in which to make a *début*, but it is thought by those able to give useful advice that the great actor's peculiar powers are best displayed in the melodrama. When Mr Irving arrives in New York, by the way, it is tolerably certain that he will *not* ask a band to play "Yankee Doodle" under the impression that it is the American national anthem, and that to beg for its performance is a compliment. Mrs Langtry, who did this, should have been better advised.—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

WHERE ARE THEY?

TRIO.

(*From "Switzerland"—a new Cantata.*)

Where are they, where are they
Whom when o'er the seas we pass'd
We had hop'd to meet to-day
Where we lov'd and left them last?
Flow'rs and breezes, rocks and rills,
Echoes of the mountain way,
Tell us from your home of hills
Where are they, where are they?
Where are they?

Wailing echoes—ye return
The question back again to me;
Ye *too* sent our friends to mourn,
As those we ne'er again may see.
Then seek your caves and sleep ye on
Till other friends, now far away,
Shall ask ye, when we too are gone,
Where are they, where are they?
Where are they?

W. G.

GRATZ.—G. Nottebohm, well known for his writings in connection with music, especially his *Mozartiana* and *Bethoveniana*, died on the 1st inst., aged about 65. His friend, Johannes Brahms, was with him at the time of his decease.

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"*Out of Town* is the comprehensive title of a set of eight humorous part-songs, for mixed voices, with optional accompaniment, composed by Walter Maynard, and published by Duncan Davison & Co., Regent Street. They all have a spice of the pastoral element, but are not so easy as to incur the risk of being despised by practised part-singers. No. 4, 'Beware of the Bull,' is a lively trifle, and another of the more taking numbers is 7, 'The Picnic,' descriptive of the opening of the hamper, the spreading of the banquet beneath the trees, and the incursion of wasps, the male voices imitating the buzz of the objectionable insect by repeating the word 'Zum.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

"*Out of Town.*—Well worthy of their title are *Out of Town*, a set of humorous part songs for mixed voices, by Walter Maynard, who has done most wisely in stating that 'the right of performance is *not* reserved.' No. 1, 'A Glimpse of the Pastoral,' expresses pity for all who are compelled to stay in town during summer time; Nos. 2 and 3 are adapted to melodies from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the one called by the same title, the other, 'The Charms of Rural Life,' to the sprightly air known as 'The Clown's Dance.' No. 4 will cause plenty of laughter and fun, 'Beware of the Bull' is its title; both words and music are well suited for a Christmas festive gathering. There is a mock gravity about No. 5, 'In the Woods,' which will also provoke mirth, if not quite so boisterous as its predecessor. No. 6, 'On the Water.' No. 7, 'The Picnic,' in which a very good effect is introduced by the male voices imitating the buzzing of a wasp; and No. 8, 'Good Bye,' are equally funny in their way. We can most cordially recommend this amusing volume to our readers for Christmastide."—*Graphic.*

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, November* 18, 1882.

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VOL. 60.—No. 47. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Nov. 25, at Three o'clock. The programme will comprise Overture, *Leonora*, No. 2, in C (Beethoven); Violin Concerto, No. 4, in D (Vieuxtemps); Gavotte, "Elegance and Grace," "Yellow Jasmine," from Suite "The Language of the Flowers" (F. H. Cowen); violin solo, Spanish Dances (Sarasate); Symphony No. 10, in C (Schubert). Vocalist, Mr Maas. Violin, Miss Anna Harkness (Premier Prix du Conservatoire de Paris, 1881) (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6, at Three o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuell, and Mdme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mdme Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association of Sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr Sydney Naylor. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. To be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—ST ANDREW'S DAY, THURSDAY next, Nov. 30th.—The GRAND ANNUAL SCOTCH BALLAD CONCERT, at Eight o'clock. Miss Agnes Ross, Mdme Bertini, Miss Helen Meason, the Misses Alliitsen, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Santley. Violoncello—Signor Piatti, who will play his Fantasia on Scotch Airs, arranged expressly for this occasion. The Glasgow Select Choir (Conductor—Mr James Allan) is specially engaged for this National Festival Concert, and will sing the part songs and national Scotch melodies, as performed (by special request) before Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR, Mr JAMES ALLAN, and Mr J. B. ZERBINI. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 2s., and 1s., at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and usual Agents.

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PURSUANT to a Judgment of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division) in an Action in the Matter of this Estate of Mary Ann Earl Williams, "Hadley against Mullen," 1882 W., No. 3006.—The CREDITORS of MARY ANN EARL WILLIAMS, late of Hanover Park, Rye Lane, Peckham, in the County of Surrey, widow (who died on or about the 13th of May, 1882), are, on or before the 16th day of December, 1882, to send by post, prepaid, to Mr Alexander Swayne Croome, of the firm of Messrs Courtenay, Croome, & Son, of No. 9, Gracechurch Street, in the City of London, solicitors for the defendants, the executors of the will of the above-named Mary Ann Earl Williams, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Judgment. Every Creditor holding any security is to produce the same before the Honourable Mr Justice Fry, at his Chambers, situated at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, Middlesex (Room 706), on Tuesday, the 19th day of December, 1882, at Twelve of the clock at noon, being the time appointed for adjudicating on the claims. Dated the 16th day of November, 1882.

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HUGH CLENDON'S new Patriotic Song, "GRASP THE FLAG," will be sung at every Military Banquet during the Season.

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"DIDST THOU BUT KNOW."
MISS J. WILLIAMS will sing BALFE'S popular song, "DIDST THOU BUT KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE THEE" ("SI TU SAVAIS") at the Concert to be given on the opening of the "Beddington Corner Working Men's Club," at Mitcham, on Monday evening next, Nov. 27th.

"THE RETURN OF THE ARMY."
MR FREDERIC PENNA'S Military Duet for tenor and Bass will be sung at the Banquet of the "Irrational Knot," St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, by Mr WALTER JARVIS (Amateur) and the Composer. ("The Return of the Army" is published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

"THAT DAY."
MISS JOSÉ SHERRINGTON will sing "THAT DAY" (TOSTI) at Paisley To-Day (Saturday), Nov. 25th, and at Sunderland, Dec. 9th. (Published by RICORDI, Regent Street.)

"DOLLY."
MISS MAUD CAMERON will sing H. C. HILLER'S new Song, "DOLLY," at Neumeyer Hall, on Wednesday evening next, Nov. 29.

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MISS COSFORD will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Song, "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS" (by desire), at the first Concert of the season of the Northampton Quartet Association, Dec. 7th.

"OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"
MADAME CARRIE REEVES will sing, at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on Thursday, Nov. 30th, and also at her Benefit Concert (by desire), at Morley Hall, Hackney, on Dec. 13th, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Song, "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"

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"*Out of Town* is the comprehensive title of a set of eight humorous part-songs, for mixed voices, with optional accompaniment, composed by Walter Maynard, and published by Duncan Davison & Co., Regent Street. They all have a spice of the pastoral element, but are not so easy as to incur the risk of being despised by practised part-singers. No. 4, 'Beware of the Bull,' is a lively trifle, and another of the more taking numbers is 7, 'The Picnic,' descriptive of the opening of the hamper, the spreading of the banquet beneath the trees, and the incursion of wasps, the male voices imitating the buzz of the objectionable insect by repeating the word 'Zum.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

"*Out of Town.*—Well worthy of their title are *Out of Town*, a set of humorous part songs for mixed voices, by Walter Maynard, who has done most wisely in stating that 'the right of performance is *not* reserved.' No. 1, 'A Glimpse of the Pastoral,' expresses pity for all who are compelled to stay in town during summer time; Nos. 2 and 3 are adapted to melodies from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the one called by the same title, the other, 'The Charms of Rural Life,' to the sprightly air known as 'The Clown's Dance.' No. 4 will cause plenty of laughter and fun, 'Beware of the Bull' is its title; both words and music are well suited for a Christmas festive gathering. There is a mock gravity about No. 5, 'In the Woods,' which will also provoke mirth, if not quite so boisterous as its predecessor. No. 6, 'On the Water.' No. 7, 'The Picnic,' in which a very good effect is introduced by the male voices imitating the buzzing of a wasp; and No. 8, 'Good Bye,' are equally funny in their way. We can most cordially recommend this amusing volume to our readers for Christmastide."—*Graphic.*

Out of Town.—"Taken altogether it is a very rare specimen of light, but yet classical, music. The partition of voice parts is clever, and has the great advantage of being simple, so that the pieces can be got up without difficulty, even by amateurs. The first piece, 'A Glimpse of the Pastoral,' is taken from Beethoven's beautiful Pastoral Symphony, in which the great master so dexterously carries you into the sounds of country life that you might almost imagine yourself strolling with him through his loved favourite groves of Wahring. The close of this movement takes you by a clever modulation from F to B flat, and hushes you into a dream, taken from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn. This is a celebrated gem. No. 3, 'The Charms of Rural Life,' again borrows from Mendelssohn the Harvest Dance, and is cleverly partitioned for the voice quartet. No. 4, 'Beware of the Bull,' shows what Walter Maynard can do in original composition, and, though not the best of the set, exhibits literary and artistic capacity, being eminently dramatic. Nos. 5 and 6, 'In the Woods' and 'On the Water,' are very pretty specimens of 'Imitation' style, and are very effective. No. 7, 'The Picnic,' is a very jolly glee, opening in a minor strain, it quickly dashes into a major tone, then takes the character of a *chanson à boire*, and finally ends with a pretty scene imitating a wasp humming, such as a picnic party might meet on their outing. No. 8, 'Good Bye,' is a joyous leave-taking, ending in a rather sentimental strain, reminding you of 'Home, Sweet Home.' The entire collection is very clever, quite popular, and yet classical."

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 719.)

The score of the *Deux Journées* is in truth marvellous, and we may assert that the artist who produced a work so powerful, so equal in all its parts, and so prodigiously well balanced, was a man of genius and a master among masters. If the overture is not distinguised by an abundant flow of varied melody, and if it strikes us now-a-days as rather too much subjected to formula, properly so-called, it is at any rate written by a master-pen, constructed on a plan of rare solidity, and scored with astounding skill. The composer does not give the reins to his genius in Antonio's somewhat pale romance, or even in Mikeli's pleasing *aria*, but the moment we come to the fine trio of Constance, Armand, and Mikeli, we perceive with whom we have to deal. This joyous, lively, and highly coloured number, so rapid and full of movement, is written with incomparable certainty and firmness of hand, and modulated with charming grace, while the orchestra, sonorous and full, is marked by sovereign elegance. And what a style! and how well it is all presented on the stage! In the dramatic duet where Armand's wife, Constance, tells him, despite his prayers, that she will share his dangers and his perils, other qualities are revealed in the composer. Full of warmth, as pathetic and vigorous as it is possible to be, vehement and passionate in accent, and conducted with incomparable art, this duet exhibits extraordinary sharpness of outline, vigour of touch, and expressive power. As for the finale, superb, highly worked up, full of nobleness and dramatic force, it is a page of the first order. Yet, though it is divided into several episodes, each with its own individual value, and though these episodes contain in endless succession, according to the exigencies of the scene, oppositions and contrasts, the number is luminous in form, powerful in style, and of limpid clearness, while the orchestra, ample, solid, and astonishingly uniform with all its variety, is full of nervousness and colour. To those who are fond of eccentric modulations, we might recommend as a model for imitation of simplicity the modulation which connects the second with the first part of this number: to pass from E minor to G major, the composer contents himself with placing successively on the tonic of the note of E minor the chords of the augmented fifth and sixth, which cause it to fall, in the most natural way in the world, on the dominant of the note of G major! in two bars the thing is done and the new key is as firmly established as it would be with certain outrageous and exasperating harmonic efforts which are perhaps a little too much the fashion at the present day. With regard to the second and the third act, in which each number forms an integral portion of the dramatic action, and is, so to speak, welded to it, I have nothing to say in addition to what was said of them above; like the editor of the *Tablettes de Polymnie*, I can only admire the powerful genius of the artist who, as though in play, could surmount so many difficulties, and, under such circumstances, succeed in charming and moving his hearers. In reality it is not too much to assert that the score of the *Deux Journées* is a masterpiece, and we can only express regret that it has so completely disappeared from the French stage, of which it ought to be the glory and eternal honour.

Before leaving it, I will return to the history of the first performance and cite, according to Bouilly himself, and without altering anything in his account, a rather original anecdote, told by him in his *Récapitulations*. I would not think of suppressing a single word.

"On the first Sunday that the *Deux Journées* was performed," he says, "the Théâtre Feydeau was crowded with a large number of persons belonging to the lower classes, among them being some water-carriers, who had slipped in with them and filled the second and the third gallery. The piece produced even more effect than usual, and bravos emanating from broad and sonorous chests re-echoed, as though vieing with each other, from the cheap places. The next morning, about ten o'clock, twelve Water-Carriers in their working dress and with their leather shoulder-straps crossed over their back, appeared at my residence. The orator of the party had an enormous and magnificent nosegay, which he offered me, saying at the same time in his half-French, half-Savoyard jargon:*—

"'Beg pardon, Sir, if we intrude, but when the heart speaks it cannot be resisted.' 'What is it you want, my good friends?' 'To thank you, in the name of all the water-carriers, for the honour you have done us by this masterpiece on the stage, where, blood and thunder! you have drawn us in such a way . . . . that it made us cry, neither more nor less than if we had been a lot of little children.' 'I painted you as what you are, worthy and excellent men, and as you deserve to be painted.' 'Well, it all amounts to this, that, in the first place, I have come to beg you will accept these flowers as a mark of our gratitude, and then give us permission . . .' 'Permission to do what?' 'To supply your house with water for a year, gratis, of course. It is settled with all my mates of this part of the town. Each will have his week; it will be kind of you to do so.' 'I am profoundly touched by your offer, which flatters as much as it honours me. . . . But permit me to accept only these beautiful flowers, which I would not exchange for a crown.' 'Oh, do not refuse us, confound it! That would grieve us too much. . . . Like a good fellow as you are, do not refuse us.' 'Your time and labour are too necessary for the support of your families for me to think of being supplied by your unremunerated exertions and labour. Let us say no more on the subject, my good friends. . . . . If my piece made your heart beat, believe me your offer makes mine beat quite as much, and will never be effaced from my memory. . . . As for the flowers, I shall deck my wife and daughter with them, but I promise to keep one which will remind me all my life of this charming interview.' With these words I ordered up some old bottles of my best wine, and we toasted each other in the frankest and most expressive fashion, accompanied with mutual protestations of devotion and esteem. I put one of the flowers of the magnificent nosegay under the glass shade beneath which I had placed the Abbé de l'Épée's bust. I still preserve these objects in my gallery, and every time my eye falls on them, they remind me of my double success and of the most gratifying epoch in my dramatic career."

As a matter of course, *Les Deux Journées* was long a stock-piece at the Opéra-Comique, where it was revived on numerous occasions. I believe, however, that the last revival took place forty years ago, and was that got up in April, 1842. Cherubini died on the 15th of March previous, and, after long neglecting his works, the manager of the above theatre, hoping, doubtless, to derive some profit from existing circumstances and to re-awaken public feeling in its favour, determined on bringing out again the deceased composer's masterpiece, and on accompanying its performance with one of those acts of posthumous homage whose only fault is to express rather tardily the gratitude due to a great artist. With regard to Cherubini, this fact was so true and the ingratitude had been so glaring, that a writer who certainly could not pass as an enthusiast in music, Théophile Gautier, was unable to restrain a cry of indignation on the subject. Here are the bitter words wrung from the author of *La Jeune France* and *Mademoiselle de Maupin* by this revival, followed by "a ceremony in honour of Cherubini":

"Of a certainty, respect for the dead is a fine thing, but respect for the living would be something still finer.—Yesterday, you were only an eccentric, maniacal, insupportable personage; the papers could not speak sarcastically enough of you personally and of your talent. You were deficient in this and that, and a good many other things besides.—To-day, you are dead, and, without any intermediate stage, the voices which abused you yesterday simply form an elegiac chorus. What a loss art has just suffered! Irreparable disaster! Sun for ever concealed below the horizon! What a great nature and what a great genius! From the time of the Saviour, one must pass through the tomb before becoming a god; the door of the sepulchral vault is the true door of Heaven.—This applies to all, even to the most obscure. Though you may have been a bad husband, a bad father, a detestable citizen, without shame and without faith, die, and you will be supplied, in lapidary style, with a certificate of every virtue. A savage able to read, who, as he walked through our cemeteries, deciphered the epitaphs, would ask himself how living beings so corrupted could produce such virtuous dead.

"Cherubini's decease has furnished a superb opportunity for a number of dithyrambics, which, had they come a little sooner, would have gently delighted the old man's heart. M. Ingres, at least, did not wait till the illustrious maestro was laid in his coffin to have him crowned by the Muse. The revival of Cherubini' *Deux Journées* will add nothing to his glory. . . . The perform ance ended with a sort of apotheosis of him; a plaster bust was crowned with laurel; then someone recited verses written by M. Emile Deschamps, and sparkling with cleverness like everything he does, and a short and rather touching piece by M. Bouilly, which finishes with a very fine line:

"'Un grand homme s'endort, mais il ne meurt jamais.'

"A chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence*, adapted to words written for the occasion, was then executed more than feebly.

* Which has no equivalent in English.—TRANSLATOR.

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Thus terminated the posthumous ovation for which M. Crosnier had gone to no expense and the execution of which he had entrusted to the second and third rate members of his company."*

For a sceptical and impassible being like Théophile Gautier to decide on giving vent to his ill-humour, the oblivion and contempt in which even Cherubini's most famous works had fallen for so many years, must, the reader will allow, have struck every one as very unjust, very insulting, and very cruel.

Let us now resume the thread of our narrative. While *Les Deux Journées* was achieving so great a success at the Théâtre Feydeau, Cherubini was preparing, with an equally important work, to make his first appearance at the Théâtre Favart. But he was not alone in venturing on this experiment, and his name was on this occasion to be associated with that of Méhul, his most worthy rival and best friend. Demoustier, the ingenious but somewhat insipid author of the too famous *Lettres à Emilie*, had written the libretto of a three-act comic opera, the subject of which was Epicurus, after whom the libretto was named. By what singular aberration of intellect did two artists of the importance and stamp of Méhul and Cherubini think fit to unite for the purpose of setting this work to music? That is more than I can tell. Though at one period, musical collaboration was very largely patronized by our composers, I own that the practice always seemed to me as strange as it was to be regretted, from the fact that it must naturally take from the music its unity of style, colour, and conception. After all, the work of two musicians cannot unite and blend like that of two authors; collaboration is in such a case nothing, so to speak, more than juxtaposition; the task of each composer must be separate and definite, and from those two distinct portions of work there can result, despite all the efforts possible on the part of each person engaged, only a somewhat hybrid work, without entirety and without cohesion, without any common bond and without unity.

(To be continued.)

MR HALLÉ'S MANCHESTER CONCERTS.

(Abridged from the "Manchester Examiner and Times.")

There was an immense audience last night, when Haydn's *Creation* was performed at the second choral concert of the season. The popularity of this work seems greater than ever, and though an experienced local *impresario* said, twenty-five years ago, "*The Creation* never draws in Manchester," it has again become one of the most attractive of the great oratorios, and Mr Hallé's statistics show that his audiences give yet no signs of growing weary of it. In many respects, the performance was one of the finest ever heard in Manchester. The choruses were sung throughout with intelligence and accuracy, and where we have occasionally remarked shortcomings there were facility and smoothness. In such familiar music there could be nothing wanting on the part of the members of the orchestra. The charming solo passages were all exquisitely played, and the "Representation of Chaos" was given with the requisite solemn and mysterious effect.

Mdme Albani, who sang the soprano solos, is not only fortunate in the possession of a voice of singular purity and expressiveness, but is one of the greatest singers of the day, her musical instincts being directed by the intelligence of a well-trained artist. Her magnificent voice is under perfect control, and she has the rare power of being able to affect her audience by her own enthusiasm, while so thoroughly identifying herself with the thoughts and sentiments of the composer, that we almost forget the art which brings home so forcibly their spirit and meaning. Mdme Albani never sang more splendidly than last night; and, indeed, since Jenny Lind sang in *The Creation* here, no one has done such justice to those songs as Mdme Albani. Mr Barton McGuckin gave the tenor part with his accustomed vigour and ease; his voice is very sympathetic, and he had evidently carefully studied the music. How Mr Santley sings the bass songs of this oratorio, Manchester amateurs do not require to be told—and that the audience last night recognized the grandeur and dignity of this great artist's style the frequent applause emphatically testified. Few present were aware, however, that exactly twenty-five years before, on the night of the 16th of November, 1857, Mr Santley made his first appearance in London in this very oratorio. How many times he has sung it since one would be glad to know. We remember hearing him in the Free Trade Hall that same season, and should find it difficult to say how often we have heard him in the same place. And where is there a more noble record of a quarter of a century of devotion to art than Mr Santley's? He has achieved renown in nearly every class of vocal art, in opera—serious and comic—in oratorio, in ancient and modern ballads. In the highest examples of English, German, French, and Italian music Mr Santley has proved himself one of the foremost singers of the century. We hope he may long continue to maintain the best traditions of the profession of which he has so long been a distinguished member.

At the next concert Beethoven's C minor Symphony and a new Pianoforte Concerto by Brahms will be played. Mdlle Lemmens will be the vocalist.

* Feuilleton of *La Presse* for 19th April, 1842.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I beg to hand you statement of accounts as audited, and, in compliance with a resolution passed at a meeting of the Executive Committee, held on the 2nd inst., the balance of £45 7s. 5d. has been deposited with the stewards' bankers on interest at 3 per cent., and will form the nucleus of the Guarantee Fund for the Festival of 1885.

The collection for the "charity" amounts, at this date, to £867 5s. 2d., which will be equally divided between the clerical charities of the three dioceses, according to usual custom.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

BERKELEY L. S. STANHOPE, *Hon. Sec.*

Byford Rectory, near Hereford, 14th November, 1882.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

Payments.

	£	s.	d.
Principal singers	1,217	10	0
Band	946	18	6
Chorus	664	13	0
Advertising	96	15	9
Miscellaneous	685	15	1
Balance in hand:—			
Orchestra and fittings purchased £57 10 0			
Balance forward to 1885 account 45 7 5			
	102	17	5
	£3,714	9	9

Receipts.

Tickets sold	2,706	5	0
Books of words sold	68	6	0
Balance forward, with interest from 1879 acct.	87	18	9
Guarantee Fund	850	0	0
	£3,714	9	9

Attendances.—First day, 1,406; second (morning), 1,176; second, (evening), 919; third, 767; fourth, 1,689. Total, 5,957.

CHARITY ACCOUNT.

Payments.

To Treasurer:—			
Hereford Charity	289	1	8
Worcester ,,	289	1	9
Gloucester ,,	289	1	9
	£867	5	2

Receipts.

By offertories and donations	£867	5	2

BERLIN.—One of the most noteworthy concerts here lately was given by Mdme Sophie Menter, whose programme comprised pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, &c.

BRUSSELS.—The first performance of Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie will, it is expected, take place early in December. Meanwhile the revival of Auber's *Muette de Portici* has afforded Mdme Gedda an opportunity of distinguishing herself as Fenella.—*La Mascotte* and *Bocaccio* are alternating with each other at the Galeries St Hubert, where the next novelty will be *Fanfan la Tulipe*, which may probably be given on the 28th inst., to be followed in February either by Audran's *Gillette de Narbonne* or von Suppé's *Juanita*.—The Queen was present at the distribution of prizes to successful pupils of the Conservatory, and personally congratulated them.—There will be four Popular Concerts (two with chorus) this winter, with, as hitherto, M. Dupont, who assumes all pecuniary responsibility, as the conductor.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The officers and members of this society met together for the last time, in a corporate capacity, at a *conversazione* held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 21st, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. There were few, if any, signs of anguish perceptible in the act of dissolution; for, indeed, the meeting was not only interesting, but, to a high degree, enjoyable. The Society died in a manner becoming its unselfish and noble life, with a smile of satisfaction upon the past, and a look, bright with hope, upon the future of the art it had so faithfully and successfully served. Judging from ominous signs that its day was ended, and work done, it peacefully and resignedly accepted the euthanasia fate had allotted. This is good and right. After an hour spent on Tuesday evening in mutual greetings and pleasant chat, the chair was taken at seven o'clock by the respected president, Mr D. Hill, who certainly did not pitch the opening address in a doleful key. In describing the musical state of the metropolis fifty years ago, when the society was formed, he dwelt specially upon the low taste of the public in sacred music, and, quoting from "bills of the play" showed, that in the most ambitious performances of oratorio music, those held at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres during the seasons of Lent, were entertainments of a most incongruous character. The speaker claimed for the society credit and honour for having rescued the sublime works of Handel from such mutilation and sacrilege, and for having placed this greatest of oratorio composers before, not only the London public, but directly or indirectly before the entire nation, in all his fulness and majesty. He dilated with marked regard upon the Society's efforts in the cause of charity, and referred to the "Fund" still in existence, with its investments, amounting to £3,000, to be devoted to the good work. With confidence he appealed to members, subscribers, and the general public for approval of the way in which the large sum of £222,000, entrusted, during the society's existence, to committees and officers, has been disbursed. The president, in respectful and feeling terms, referred to the claims their conductor, Sir Michael Costa, had upon the gratitude of the society. To his genius it was indebted for its high position and great utility. All present rejoiced at the good news announced that the eminent musician was progressing satisfactorily in health and strength. Later in the evening three cheers were given for Sir Michael. The chairman called upon M. Sainton, their renowned orchestral leader, to discourse to the company some strains of music, which he did most eloquently upon his violin, assisted by M. Leopold at the piano, thereby earning an ovation from the delighted audience. The secretary, Mr E. H. Mannering, caught up the theme dropped by the previous speaker, and contended, with considerable point and force, that the sole motto of the society had been "Art to the foreground." He gave unmixed satisfaction by announcing that the library they all so much prized had that very day been purchased by the Royal College of Music. It surely is a cause for general congratulation that, through the instrumentality of Mr Geo. Grove, Mr W. H. Cummings, and others, this desirable arrangement has been consummated. The secretary entered into details as to losses incurred by recent performances, and enforced the fact that artistic success brought often pecuniary failure; whilst the customary expenses of a concert had been so great as to preclude, in any case, the possibility of a balance on the right side. Statements such as these surely justify the dissolution of the society. Mr W. H. Cummings then favoured the company with a very artistic interpretation of David's barcarolle, "O ma maitresse," in which the excellent quality of his medium voice was specially manifested. Mr Withall provoked merriment by a humorous address, particularly so when reciting the qualifications required when he joined the society, one of which was the possession of a "strictly moral character." His reference to the late Mr Bowley, who lifted, as it were, the society to its eminence on his own broad shoulders, was fully appreciated; and had reference been made, at the same time, to the labours of his trusted and faithful assistant, Mr James Peck, it would not, perhaps, have been altogether out of place. Mr Husk, the esteemed Librarian, gave, in an instructive address, many interesting reminiscences of past doings. This gentleman is, in point of service, the oldest living member upon the society's rolls. When he joined in 1834, a fortnight after the late Mr Bowley, the constitution of the society, he said, was but in its infancy, there being only about three voices to a part, and the members had to copy out (why did Mr Littleton smile at this?) the parts used. Mr Husk, unfolding the story of the institution's growth, related its happy intercourse with Mendelssohn and Spohr, and traced the progress of its strength until it reached gigantic dimensions, culminating in the Handel festivals—which celebrations, Meyerbeer said, more than realized the highest conception previously formed by him of the power of music. Mdme Enriquez closed the first part of the programme by singing Pinsuti's "Heaven and Earth." Her fine voice, under perfect control, enabling her to declaim the varied passages with a force that appealed to the trained choristers whom she was addressing.

In the interval a medal was presented to each vocal member of the orchestra, which will, doubtless, be highly valued as a souvenir of pleasant hours past and gone. During the second part of the programme Mr Willcocks delivered an animated address. He seemed, however, to be looking more into the future than on the past, and to be more engaged in fondling in anticipation a new bantling than making dole over the defunct. However that may be, his speech was so full of life and overflowing with goodwill and humour that his hearers were provoked into positive gaiety. This jovial state was intensified when Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, who had been detained at Calais on her journey from Brussels, made her appearance in the room. The worthy lady seemed overcome by the warmth of the reception accorded her. Well, is it not a pleasant thing to know that those with whom one has been for many years associated should entertain such kindly feelings? The accomplished artist justified the applause by singing with all her usual power and finish Handel's "From mighty kings." In accordance with the programme, "a member of the orchestra" addressed the meeting. The motto this gentleman seemed to have chosen was in character something like the herald's proclamation, "Le Roi est mort! vive le Roi!" with a strong accent however on the latter clause. But the evident feeling of the meeting was that it would be better to announce and discuss the new organization at some other time. Mr Lewis Thomas followed the speaker by singing Handel's "Honour and arms" to the satisfaction of his old patrons. The four above-mentioned vocalists, assisted, as in other pieces, by Mr W. Bendall at the pianoforte, rendered in good style Sir Michael Costa's quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante." A vote of thanks to the soloists was proposed and carried; and, as M. Sainton had left the hall, the duty of replying fell to Mr Lewis Thomas, the next in priority of service, whose remarks were supplemented and emphasized by his comrade, Mr W. H. Cummings. In conclusion, the entire assembly joined in Mendelssohn's part song, "O forest deep and gloomy," conducted by Mr W. H. Cummings, and in the National Anthem.

PENCERDD GWEFYN.

—o—

ALWINA VALLERIA.

The following glowing apostrophe has been addressed by an enthusiastic poet of Auld Reekie to Mdme Valleria, after witnessing her performances at the Glasgow opera:—

How lovely, sweet, how grand thy voice—
Madame Alwina Valleria;
Thy warbling music tones rejoice
Our souls with thrilling sympathy.
The attributes of thy great mind
Abound in rich variety;
Every mortal there may find
His sweetest thought reflected.
O bright, angelic mirror-soul;
How faithfully thou picturest
Humanity: Emotions roll
In quick succession at thy will,
Unfolding visions dim or bright,
The heart's abyss of dismal pain,
The joyous soul's resplendent light.
Oh sing, sweet songstress, sing away—
The tragic scene, the simple lay.
Pour forth thy soul in music sweet,
Till angels, raptured at thy feet,
Are fain to bear thee up on high
To that pure home beyond the sky;
Where thou thy lovely voice canst raise
In tones of sweet, eternal praise
To Him, whose Love thy soul redeemed:
Gave thee thy voice—created thee.

ROBERT MCHARDY.

In consequence of the absence of Mdlle Marie Brandt, the performances of Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, have been temporarily interrupted.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey commenced the seventeenth season on Wednesday evening, November 23rd, with the vigour and liberality which have secured for these delightful entertainments their immense popularity. Ballads, appealing to no special class, have admirers amongst all grades of the community. Perhaps in no country does this form of composition play such an important part as in England, where it is found nourishing patriotic feelings. Mr Boosey has stedfastly held this in view, and many of the songs introduced under his direction—such as "Nancy Lee," and "The Midshipmite," by the purpose they serve, have become, as it were, national property. Unfortunately, the representative of this class of music, Mr Maybrick, was unable, through indisposition, to appear on Wednesday. His place in the programme, however, was more or less satisfactorily filled by Mr Barrington Foote, who met with success in Molloy's "Three merry men." Miss Clara Samuell, from the same cause, was also prevented fulfilling her engagement; but Miss Ambler, who sang instead, acquitted herself, despite nervousness, remarkably well. Mr Edward Lloyd, an immense favourite at these concerts, sang in a manner that raised him, if possible, still higher in the estimation of the public. Whether he was singing Clay's graceful melody, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," or Blumenthal's new song, "Thy hand in mine," or Hobbs' charming old ditty, "Phillis is my only joy," it was all the same; to each he imparted characteristic charm. Mdme Antoinette Stirling again distinguished herself as a ballad singer. The audience insisted upon hearing her twice in Molloy's "Always together," and applauded her rendering of Schubert's "Song of the Quail," and cheered her for imparting zest to the Scotch ditty, "We're a' nodddin'." Miss Mary Davies, another prime favourite, achieved success in "Good-night" (Hugh Clendon), "Maiden Thoughts" (Mendelssohn), and in "The Sailor Lad." Nor was Miss Damian unappreciated, for she gained an encore for Theo. Marzials' song, "If only," and acknowledgments for a pleasant rendering of "To the woods" (Warner). Mr Oswald showed refined taste and real ability in "If doughty deeds" (Sullivan), and "When Vulcan forged" (Braham). The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables, contributed some well executed choral numbers. Mdme Norman-Néruda, in conjunction with Miss Maude Valerie White and Mr Sidney Naylor at the piano, performed an arrangement of "South American Airs," which, from some cause or other, did not altogether suit the taste of the audience; but the lady-violinist subsequently played Vieuxtemps "Fantaisie caprice" in such a style as to secure a veritable triumph. Mr Sidney Naylor conducted with his usual skill.

—o—

BALFE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.*

(From Galignani's Messenger.)

The publication of Mr Barrett's work falls opportunely. Public interest in Balfe has been greatly revived by the recent monumental tribute paid to his memory in Westminster Abbey and the accompanying celebration. Whatever triumphs may be yet in store for English opera, we doubt if any productions of this order which the future may have in reserve for us will enjoy a more stable popularity than the *Bohemian Girl*, whose melodies have long since become English national music. But although this delightful composer has done so much to popularize opera in England, through some strange oversight many years elapsed after his death before a satisfactory record of his life was added to biographical literature. The honour of rendering this justice to Balfe belongs to Mr Barrett, who, as musical critic for the *Morning Post*, has fully proved his right and his ability to speak on such a subject. The book is written in an easy, attractive style, so that the reader's interest is never allowed to flag. It is, moreover, full of those bright anecdotical touches which go so far to make a work of this kind successful, simply from the light thus thrown on human character. As an illustration of Mr Barrett's pleasing style, we select a passage at random from the description of Balfe's first meeting with Rossini as a guest of Cherubini in the Rue Poissonnière:—"After dinner Balfe was invited to sing. Cherubini chose some duets written by his illustrious guest, and Mdme Rossini joined her voice with that of the aspirant for fame, Rossini accompanying and Cherubini listening with critical admiration. . ." Rossini was charmed with the sweetness and flexibility of Balfe's voice, and, above all, with the artistic spirit and intelligence of his rendering. When, in the course of the evening, Balfe had gathered together some of his old saucy spirit and sat to the piano and accompanied himself in the song, "Largo al factotum," from *Il Barbiere*, Rossini was delighted. At the same time he told Balfe that he was sorry that he had heard him perform that task, "inasmuch as," said the composer, good-humoredly, "until this time I had imagined that no one in the world could do that but myself." We should add that Mr Barrett's work is enriched with several portraits of musical celebrities, including an excellent likeness of Balfe himself as frontispiece.

* By William Alexander Barrett. London: Remington & Co.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Morning Advertiser," Nov. 20.)

The first selection for the concert of last night was a Pianoforte Quartet by Anton Dvorák. It is one of his earliest works, and has not hitherto been given at St James's Hall. Dvorák is a Bohemian, and in most of his works the characteristics of his country's music are apparent. His nationality proclaims itself, to a certain extent, in this quartet, which is a clever composition, if not one of notable charm. It is written in three movements, and of these the third is by far the most likely to make an agreeable impression. The first and second subjects are clear, rhythmical, and clearly worked. There is more spontaneity in the last than in the two preceding movements, which give the impression of having been written with some effort. They "smell of the lamp," as the phrase goes, and have little or no trace of anything approaching inspiration. The opening movement is an *allejo moderato*, in D major; and the second, an *andantino*, an air and variations in B minor. The theme is more strange than captivating. Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti—four artists of the first rank, and all constantly before the frequenters of these concerts—played the quartet, it is hardly needful to say, to perfection. After Dvorák's Quartet, the Pianoforte Sonata, in A major (posthumous) of Schubert was most grateful. It was played by Mr Hallé in his most careful, precise, and finished manner. The themes are of that enchanting, melodious kind the composer has, luckily, taught the world to expect from him. Nothing could be more beautiful than the *andante* and variations, and the Sonata ends worthily with a charming *rondo*. It was first played by Mr Hallé at one of the concerts of the eighth season, as far back as 1866. A Quartet of Haydn's, in E flat, and a Sonata by Handel for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, was given last night. The violinist was Mdme Néruda, and Mr Hallé played the pianoforte part, written by himself, on Handel's figured bass. Miss Santley sang, in a pure and refined style, a recitative and air from Mozart's opera, *Idomeneo*, first performed at Munich, by order of the Elector of Bavaria, on the 26th of January, 1781. The air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" has frequently been sung in London concert-rooms.

The following gentlemen will act this year as honorary adjudicators of the musical prizes annually offered for competition by the Academical Board, Trinity College, London:—Quartet for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (ten guineas and gold medal), Sir Michael Costa; essay on a musical subject (gold medal), Mr G. A. Osborne; chorale or hymn tune prize (three guineas), Dr Longhurst; musical history prizes (three guineas, and two guineas), Dr Gordon Saunders. We remind our readers that all MSS. must be lodged with the secretary on or before November 30.

St Petersburgh.—Carl Davidoff, the well-known violoncellist and director of the Conservatory here, is once more, after a long pause, about to undertake a concert-tour, in the course of which he will visit Königsberg, Hamburgh, Bremen, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Wiesbaden, and various towns in Switzerland.

Boston, U. S.—(*Correspondence.*)—Mdme Christine Nilsson, assisted by Miss Hope Glenn, MM. Biorksten, Del Puente, Schnitzer, Giese, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, gave her opening concert on the 1st inst. Among the audience, which filled the Boston Music Hall, were many professionals and amateurs who had come purposely from New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to welcome her back to America. Mdme Nilsson was much applauded on her first appearance and during the entire evening. Miss Glenn made a favourable impression, nor had the other artists, including the members of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, any reason to complain.—Gounod's *Redemption* was being rehearsed, with a chorus numbering 300 voices, under the direction of Mr J. C. Lennon.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY IN GLASGOW.

(From the "Glasgow Herald.")

Were the Bayreuth *maestro* to find his way to Glasgow this week his organization would doubtless be sorely tried. Flowing melody, as represented by the writings of Boieldieu, Verdi, Vincent Wallace, and Balfe, is extremely prevalent. Moreover, it is absolutely popular, judging from the unstinted applause falling last night to the lot of the Italian composer. While at one end of the city musical interests are zealously guarded by our premier choral society, in the heart almost of our busy centre the *ear*, shocking to relate, is being gratified. Clearly there is something considerably out of joint, and Mr Carl Rosa has a heavy account to settle with the higher development *cultus*. The *impresario* is, nevertheless, well-known as a man of cultured taste, and ever desirous of keeping in the van of musical progress. But he is also a man of business, and opera, like any other speculation, must not only meet its cost, but also provide some measure of profit for its proprietor. The leading towns on Mr Rosa's visiting list can only entertain the advanced form of art in homœopathic proportions, and these, be it conceded, are prescribed by a judicious hand—witness the introduction here of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and of *Lohengrin* in former seasons, as well as the revival of the *Flying Dutchman* to-morrow evening. Verdi is still a considerable "draw" amongst opera-goers, and, when properly cared for, the man who once believed himself to be "the best hissed of all composers," and whose melodies are piped and danced in every quarter of the globe, is not to be despised. On the contrary, given a favourite songstress in the leading *rôle*, and Leonora retains her power to charm. Mdme Alwina Valleria, who last night made her first appearance in Glasgow in English opera, has studied the character to excellent purpose. Her artistic triumphs contribute in no small measure to the success of Italian opera in London, while in the concert-room there is hardly a more popular artist than Mr Rosa's new representative of Verdi's heroine. To say that in her opening *aria* and the sympathetic music in the last act she brought to bear all the technique of her art, is only to repeat what has been chronicled over and over again. In all her achievements, her cultivated voice, purity of style, and histrionic ability were features of a personation which must rank with the foremost of modern times. Miss Josephine Yorke's Azucena has gained considerably in dramatic force, and it may be doubted if the English stage has witnessed a finer reading of the gipsy. Her first air was declaimed with great fervour, and she lent valuable aid in the concerted music. Mr Barton M'Guckin was the Manrico of the cast, being in excellent voice, it may be imagined with what artistic skill he sang "Ah si ben mio." He also gave a vigorous reading of the air which brings Act III. to a close, and had a special call. Mr Leslie Crotty repeated his well-known personation of the Count, and Mr Snazelle made an excellent Ferrando. The prison scene was admirably presented, and the opening number, which included an impressive and excellent performance of the "Miserere," had to be repeated in response to a clamorous *encore*. Mr John Pew conducted, and the band was again in excellent order. Altogether the representation of *Il Trovatore* was such as is seldom witnessed in the provinces. The audience was the best of the week; and were it sufficiently known that a high-class entertainment is with us, the remaining performances of Mr Rosa's able company would hardly fail to draw out the public in large numbers. Boieldieu's *chef d'œuvre*, *La Dame Blanche*, is announced.

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A NEW OPERA AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "Manchester Evening Mail.")

The opera of Victor E. Nessler, styled in Mr. H. Hersee's English version, *The Piper of Hamelin*, was produced last night at the Queen's Theatre with complete success. It was the first time of the work being heard in England, and the house was crowded from floor to roof. Nor was the large audience disappointed in any respect. The opera was put upon the stage in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on the management; the company was thoroughly sufficient for the interpretation of the music; the work had been so well rehearsed that not a hitch of importance occurred; and the orchestra was quite equal to the rather arduous task assigned to it. The opera is in five acts, though the curtain falls very frequently for the arrangement of the scenery, without, however, breaking unpleasantly the continuity of interest.

The story of the opera is based upon the legend which goes back to the year 1284. The city was infested with rats, of which the piper, Hunold Singuf, agrees to rid the city for the sum of 100 marks sterling and a *douceur*, stipulating, however, that he shall not be observed. Leaving the council chamber, where the bargain is concluded, he is fascinated by Gertrude, a village maiden, who is warned by her former lover, Wulff, a blacksmith, that Hunold is a sorcerer, which she refuses to believe. A wager is next made by Hunold that the gift he is to receive shall be a kiss from the mayor's daughter, Regina, and, having charmed the rats into the Weser by means of playing on his pipe, he proceeds to the town hall to demand his payment and the promised gift. There is general indignation at the audacity of the demand, and Hunold is refused payment, as three young rats still remain. He then vows that he will so fascinate Regina that she shall grant him a kiss. The scene changes to the Banqueting Hall of the Court House, festively decorated for the wedding of Heribert, the town architect, and Regina. The hall is filled with guests, when Hunold arrives, and is welcomed by some of the people, who wish him to entertain them with a song. His song, addressed to Regina, so fascinates her that she gives him a kiss. A scene of excitement ensues; Hunold is charged with sorcery, and is sent to prison. He is condemned to suffer at the stake, a punishment from which he is saved by Gertrude, who, by offering to suffer his punishment, procures his release, and, having done so, drowns herself in the Weser. On the day of the marriage of Heribert and Regina, Hunold causes the children of the city to follow him into the depths of a mountain, into which they for ever disappear. We can only to-day speak briefly of the music and the performance generally. There can be no doubt of the musician-like quality of M. Nessler's work. It is full of sprightly melodies, stirring choruses, and brilliant orchestration. The company, as we have already said, were thoroughly up to their task, and the applause of the large audience was continuous and hearty throughout the evening.

[The original title of this opera is equivalent in English to The Ratcatcher. Further particulars about it are postponed till our next.—D. B.]

Bereaved.*

BALLAD.

"Why do I sit with folded hands,
And gaze across the yellow sands,
Till the evening sun is low?"
My boy, when thou art at my side,
I love to watch the flowing tide,
And the white waves come and go.

For they whisper sweet, sweet thoughts to me
Of loved ones now on the glassy sea.

"Why do my eyes grow moist with tears,
As the last white sail the harbour nears,
And the children shout with glee?"
'Tis many years, my darling boy,
Since this lone heart beat high with joy
When the boats came in from sea.

For they whisper sad, sad thoughts to me
Of a boat that sank in a stormy sea.

"Why do I watch at break of day
Till the sun's first gleam across the bay
Makes the darker shadows flee?"
Ah! angels come when night grows late
To weary hearts that watch and wait
By the ever restless sea.

And they whisper glad, glad thoughts to me
Of the brighter land and the glassy sea.

* *Copyright.* WETSTAR.

SCHWERIN.—The temporary theatre, a wooden structure erected near the railway terminus, was inaugurated with a performance of *Tannhäuser*. Everything went on as usual up to the end of the second act, where the Landgrave tells Tannhäuser that the only way he can clear himself from the burden of sin which he has incurred is by going to the Eternal City and imploring pardon of the Pope. Hereupon Tannhäuser rushes to the footlights and exclaims enthusiastically: "To Rome!" On the night in question, as he uttered these words, the bell of the neighbouring railway station was heard, as well as the guard calling out: "Take your seats, please, take your seats." The house was convulsed with laughter.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I. Quartet, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Lend me your aid" (Gounod)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Polonaise, in F sharp minor, Op. 44, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdlle Janotha.

PART II.—Ballade, in G minor, Op. 42, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Néruda)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Regret" (Schubert)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 25, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Canzone di Mignon" and "Primavera" (Mario Costa)—Miss Santley; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha; Song, "Ye Cupids, droop each little head" (Maude V. White)—Miss Santley; Trio, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Janotha, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On Tuesday, November 21st, at 34, Bessborough Street, S. W., LOUISA FRANCES TURLE, the last surviving sister of the late James Turle, of The Cloisters, Westminster, in the 72nd year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAGRAMORE.—Wait until Petipace's argosy is safely landed. He pineth still piteously.

ARGUS.—No. Pluck out ninety-nine of your eyes, and you will see better.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

THE LATE HERR NOTTEBOHM.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Herr Gustav Nottebohm, whose death you announced recently, deserves a longer notice than has been given him by the English press. He was not a "musical historian" so much as a provider of historical materials for others. He began life as a practical musician, and soon published several works for the piano; he was much sought after to the end as a teacher; but what gave him his lasting claim to notice was his extraordinary instinct, patience, tact, and accuracy as an investigator. The chief field which he investigated was one of remarkable interest and extent, nothing less than the sketch-books of Beethoven; and the manner in which he explored these, and the results which he drew from them and published entitle him to the gratitude of all students of music.

Little as it might be imagined, Beethoven was one of the slowest and most tentative of composers. He always carried a large sketch-book with him, into which he scribbled every thought, and every change of thought, as it occurred to him. Many of these remain, and thus the progress of his works can be traced from the germ to the finished production. His subjects and passages, on their first appearance, often almost commonplace, are gradually polished and altered, seeming to grow more spontaneous at each step, until at last, after a dozen or more corrections, they become what we know them to be. Notwithstanding the absorption which this would seem to imply, his common practice was to work at two, and even three, of his greatest pieces at the same time, the sketches for which are inextricably mixed up together in these precious books. With the music are mingled household accounts, addresses, memoranda of facts, droll puns, quotations, prayers, ejaculations, cries of misery. These pages—to most eyes a mere *congeries* of scratches and blots—through long practice and a peculiar art, Nottebohm could read as easily as the *Times* newspaper, and he has left the results in various publications. The principal of these are:—A sketch-book of Beethoven of 1802, a second ditto of 1803, reprints of the music with copious elucidations—both published by Breitkopf, of Leipzig; "Beethoveniana" and *Neue Beethoveniana* detached examples and extracts from the same stores, amounting to seventy or eighty numbers, many of them very long. The first of the two is published by Rieter-Biedermann, and the second must be looked for in the numbers of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* (Leipzig), to which they were communicated in the years 1875 to 1879. Nottebohm has also published a most interesting edition (the only correct one) of the early portion of Beethoven's Studies—his exercises as a youth when taking lessons from Albrechtsberger, Haydn, and Salieri, with elucidatory notes and comments; an exhaustive thematic catalogue of Beethoven's works, and another, even more complete, of Schubert's. Having used these books almost every day for years, I know their extraordinary fascination and value, and I cannot but urge them strongly on our many cultivated amateurs.

I trust that the *Neue Beethoveniana* may be soon re-published in a volume, and that the papers of this most indefatigable and most accurate of explorers may yield much more of the same kind—for he was never idle, and it is some years since he published anything. We should treasure everything that he has left, for such qualities as his are not likely to be soon reproduced.—Your obedient servant,

Lower Sydenham, Nov. 21. G. GROVE.

GOUNOD ON MOZART'S *DON JUAN*.

(Concluded from page 721.*)*

Le rideau se lève. Il fait nuit. Seul sur la place publique, Leporello, le valet peureux, aux ordres de tous les caprices du seigneur volage, attend son maître qui vient de pénétrer dans le palais du Commandeur, pour ravir la noble fille, dona Anna. Don Juan accourt, suivi de sa victime qui s'attache à ses pas et dont les cris ont éveillé son père. Le Commandeur provoque l'audacieux félon; on dégaîne de part et d'autre, et ici s'engage un *trio*, saisissant de vérité sombre et de suprême agonie auquel Leporello, transi de peur, prend, dans le coin de la scène, une part tragi-comique. Le Commandeur mort, son meurtrier s'esquive à la faveur de la nuit dont l'obscurité sert son incognito. Rentre dona Anna, pâle, effarée; sur la place déserte, elle cherche, elle aperçoit un homme étendu,—elle approche tremblante . . . C'est son père!

Quels sanglots! quels gémissements! quels cris! quelle révolte de tout l'être! Et tout cela dans quelle sereine et indicible beauté de forme! Quel ordre consommé dans l'expression palpitante de ce désordre! Quelle clarté dans ce chaos de tous les sentiments! Comme l'angoisse de l'*âme*, dans son paroxysme le plus poignant, n'y trouble pas, un seul instant, cette perfection du langage qui s'appelle le *style* et qui est le ravissement de l'*esprit!* Comme la musique y pleure toutes les larmes, y exhale toutes les douleurs, sans jamais vociférer! Je demande à quiconque a lu Eschyle, Sophocle, Euripide: ces grandes voix de l'humanité tragique ont-elles jamais eu d'accent plus profond et plus vrai que l'auteur de cette scène musicale immortelle? Cela *reste beau* en étant *terrible;* c'est là le propre du *sublime*.

Don Ottavio, le fiancé de la noble orpheline, est accouru avec elle sur le lieu du combat. Après le premier abattement de la douleur, dona Anna se relève et, dans un *duo* d'un élan superbe, elle adjure son fiancé de chercher le meurtrier et de le punir. Ils partent.

Arrive dona Elvire, l'épouse abandonnée, poursuivant partout son infidèle. Quel type de fureur jalouse que cet *air* dans lequel elle s'écrie: "Ah! qui me dira où est ce cruel qui j'aimai pour mon malheur et qui a trahi sa foi? Si je retrouve le traître, je veux lui arracher le cœur!"

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Comme le sang lui monte au visage! Avec quelle intensité l'orchestre met en relief le dépit amer et tenace de la femme outragée! Comme elle sauterait à la gorge du coupable, s'il était là devant elle!

Le voici, suivi de Leporello, son souffre-douleur; mais il le laisse avec Elvire et s'esquive dès qu'il la reconnaît.

Ici se place l'*air* célèbre dans lequel Leporello déroule sans vergogne, devant les yeux de la malheureuse Elvire, le catalogue des "mille et trois" fredaines de son maître. Cet air, unique dans son allure, est un modèle achevé de verve comique; Molière musicien ne l'eût pas écrit autrement; c'est de la gloriole de valetaille soulignant à plaisir, sous un malicieux semblant de persiflage, les traits les plus grossiers de cette nomenclature scandaleuse.

Et cependant, là comme partout, le tact suprême du génie qui saisit l'essence même des choses dont il rejette les scories.

Mais voici reparaître dona Anna et don Ottavio, cherchant toujours à découvrir les traces de l'assassin, lorsque don Juan se présente. Le noble maintien de la grande dame l'attire et le séduit; cette douleur grave, ces vêtements de deuil, tout ce qui est pour provoquer une pitié respectueuse devient un aliment pour sa passion toujours aiguillonnée, jamais satisfaite. Il aborde la sévère inconnue dont la nuit lui avait dérobé les traits. Il s'informe du motif de cette douleur, de ce deuil; on l'en instruit; il offre, à l'instant, de joindre ses recherches à celles des deux amants.

Sur ces entrefaites paraît dona Elvire courroucée. "Ne vous fiez pas à ce traître,"—dit Elvire en montrant son époux;—"il m'a trahie et vous trahira de même."—"Mes amis!"—reprend don Juan,—"la pauvre fille est folle! laissez-moi seul un instant avec elle; peut-être parviendrai-je à la calmer."

Quel merveilleux dialogue que ce *quatuor!* Comme chaque personnage y est à son plan, et comme tous s'y meuvent avec une apparente indépendance et une incroyable souplesse de liberté dans le plus parfait ensemble musical!

Don Juan et dona Elvire s'éloignent. Dona Anna, restée seule avec don Ottavio, suit du regard l'homme qui vient de la quitter et dont la voix a réveillé des souvenirs qui la bouleversent. "Don Ottavio—s'écrie-t-elle—je meurs! Cet homme, c'est l'assassin de mon père! N'en doutez plus; je l'ai reconnu à sa voix,—c'est lui!" Et après un récit frémissant de cette nuit funèbre, elle se dresse de toute la hauteur d'une Némésis, et, dans une imprécation d'une solennité magistrale, elle dit à son Ottavio: "Maintenant que tu sais qui m'a ravi mon père et m'a voulu ravir l'honneur, je te demande vengeance et ton cœur même l'exige." Ce morceau est un chef-d'œuvre de fière et majestueuse indignation.

Je passe sur le délicieux petit *duo* (*là, ci darem la mano*) entre don Juan et Zerline la jeune paysanne, nouveau caprice de ce coureur sans repos et de ce séducteur sans merci. Je laisse de côté vingt autres perles de cet inépuisable écrin, l'air pimpant et alerte de don Juan ordonnant les préparatifs d'une fête, l'air de Zerline (*Batti, batti, o bel Masetto*), d'une douceur si câline et si coquette, et j'arrive à la grande scène du bal qui termine le premier acte.

Et d'abord, l'entrée de don Ottavio, dona Anna et dona Elvire masqués. Quel prodige d'inspiration que ce fameux "trio des Masques!". La beauté musicale ne va pas plus loin: c'est un enchantement pour l'oreille et pour l'intelligence; c'est un diamant de la plus belle eau! Et combien il y en a de cette valeur dans les œuvres de Mozart! dans *la Flûte enchantée*, dans *les Noces de Figaro*, dans *Così fan tutte*, dans les symphonies, dans les concertos, dans la musique de chambre (quintettes, quatuors, trios, sonates!). C'est à ne les plus compter. Et quelle plénitude d'harmonie, quelle ampleur dans l'effet produit, avec quelle économie de procédés! Comme on voit bien là, dans une pleine évidence, que la véritable marque du génie est précisément cette sobriété des moyens qui est en raison même de la richesse de l'idée! C'est le sentiment de cette vérité qui dicta un jour à Mozart une fière et superbe réponse. On venait de représenter *Don Juan* à Vienne. L'empereur fait appeler Mozart dans sa loge, et lui dit: "Monsieur Mozart, vous venez de nous donner un fort bel ouvrage; mais, dites-moi, est-ce qu'il n'y a pas bien des notes là-dedans?"—"Sire,—répliqua Mozart,—pas une de plus qu'il ne faut!" Il n'y a que la conscience de la vraie force qui inspire de telles réparties.

Et cette fête qui succède au "trio des Masques"! quel entrain! quelle animation! Et le finale robuste et tumultueux qui termine l'acte! que de lumière dans cette mêlée! que d'éclat dans cette bagarre! Et tout cela, sans violence d'instrumentation, parce que la sonorité est dans la force et que la force est dans l'idée.

Me voici à moitié seulement de ma course déjà longue, bien que hâtive, à travers cette œuvre faite de chefs-d'œuvre. Il me faut restreindre, jusqu'à la mutiler, l'analyse du second acte.

Je ne puis cependant passer sous silence quelques-uns des plus beaux morceaux qu'il y ait au monde.

Le trio sous le balcon d'Elvire, si complètement exquis, d'un art si consommé qu'il suffirait à rendre immortel le musicien capable de l'écrire! Quel hypocrisie féline dans les soupirs amoureux que, sous les fenêtres mêmes de sa femme, don Juan adresse à la jeune camériste! Quels replis, quelles insinuations perfides dans cet orchestre qui fait *patte de velours*, et dont les caresses ne sont que piège et mensonge!

La crédule Elvire descend à la voix du séducteur qu'elle croit repentant. Soudain, dans un de ces éclairs familiers à l'astuce, don Juan troque son chapeau et sa cape contre ceux de son valet, le chargeant de donner le change à dona Elvire et de faire la place libre à son nouvel exploit.

Quelle trouvaille que cette petite sérénade fripponne, souple et railleuse! quel sursaut de gaillardise dans ce sceptique qui n'écoute et n'entend plus que ses sens!

Hélas! il me faut passer, sans m'arrêter, devant l'air adorable de Zerline, "*Vedrai, carino*"; devant le magnifique septuor dans la forêt; devant l'air "*Ah! non mi dir*" de dona Anna, résistant avec une dignité si noble et si touchante aux tendres instances de son fiancé; devant la scène du Cimetière, chef-d'œuvre d'impression tragique sur le fond de comédie de cet étonnant *Duo* qui nous montre Leporello terrifié devant cette statue du Commandeur hochant la tête, sur une tenue d'orchestre d'une simplicité lugubre, autour de laquelle se dessine un tremblement nerveux qui nous fait lire jusque dans les entrailles du valet blême d'épouvante.

Vient enfin la scène capitale du Festin.

Don Juan va souper. Il a déjà oublié son invitation insolente acceptée par "l'Homme de pierre." On frappe à la porte. Leporello va ouvrir et, à l'aspect du terrible convive, recule, mort de frayeur.

Alors commence cette scène formidable, d'un accent tragique sans égal. Rien ne peut rendre l'impression sinistre qui circule à travers cet orchestre d'une teinte sépulcrale. La justice s'avance avec une sûreté, avec une autorité, avec une puissance souveraine à laquelle on sent que le condamné ne peut plus échapper.

C'est en vain qu'il se tord et se débat sous cette étreinte inflexible: aux dernières instances, aux dernières menaces de la voix qui le sollicite encore: "Repens-toi!" il répond: "Non! vieux fou!. . ."; il ne résiste pas seulement: il blasphème et il insulte!. . . il tombe enfin dans le gouffre éternel de sa damnation.

Cette page est une œuvre de géant; et si jamais elle est égalée, elle ne saurait être surpassée: elle marque le sommet de la tragédie lyrique.

Ainsi se termine, du moins au théâtre, cette œuvre sublime, la plus belle étoile peu-être qui ait jamais resplendi au firmament de l'art musical.

L'art, Messieurs, dans son acception la plus complète, c'est le sentiment du Beau devenu science du Beau; c'est l'*Instinct* devenu *Raison*. Dans un ordre quelconque, le progrès vers la perfection consiste à connaître et appliquer de plus en plus les *Lois* qui président à cet ordre de réalités. C'est pourquoi l'on peut dire de tous les grands maîtres qu'ils le sont par les mêmes *raisons*, encore qu'ils ne le soient pas par les mêmes *côtés:* l'un découvrira la loi de ses sensations, c'est-à-dire des impressions produites sur ses organes; celui-là sera un maître par la science de la palette, ou de l'instrumentation, cette palette du musicien; un autre découvrira la loi des impressions produites non plus *sur ses organes*, mais *sur son entendement*, par des éléments d'un autre ordre, tels que les contours, les proportions, les attitudes, les caractères, les expressions, en un mot, par tout ce qui relève du domaine non de la matière, mais de la forme; celui-là aussi sera un maître. Je n'ai ni le dessein ni, moins encore, le droit de fixer les rangs dans cette hiérarchie des grands artistes; mais qu'il me soit permis de rendre ici un suprême et complet hommage à ce génie exceptionnel qui s'est appelé Mozart, et qui, par un privilège peut-être unique, a pénétré le secret de toutes les perfections.

CH. GOUNOD

MR GYE has concluded an arrangement with Mr Joseph Maas to join the company at the Royal Italian Opera next season. The affair was settled on Friday, the 17th inst.

Mdme Fursch-Madi has left Madrid to join Mr Mapleson's company in New York.

ROME.—One afternoon, a short time since, a red strip was pasted over the bills of the Teatro Costanzi. On it was the following notice:—"Owing to the asserted, but not professionally attested, indisposition of the tenor, Prévost, there will be no performance." The relations between the artist and the public have, in consequence, become very strained, and it is expected that the former's engagement will be cancelled.

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CONCERTS.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Since our last notice of these performances the string quartet party and the solo pianist have remained the same as on the opening night until last Saturday afternoon, when Herr Straus replaced Mr Hollander at the viola, and Mr Hallé appeared, for the first time this season, in lieu of Mdlle Janotha. The last named gentleman sustained the principal part in Brahms' Pianoforte Quintet in F minor, Op. 34, and played, for his solo, Beethoven's sonata in E flat from Op. 29. The quintet had previously been heard four times at these concerts, and may now be briefly dismissed. It is a dry, diffuse, and laboured piece of mere technical workmanship, which would fail to produce any effect but for excellence of rendering such as that of Saturday's performance. In the sonata, Mr Hallé displayed all that neatness and clearness of execution and thoughtful interpretation in which he has so long excelled. Herr Franz Ries' prelude, romance, and scherzo for violinw as repeated "by desire," with the advantage of Mdme Norman-Néruda's refined playing, as before; and Beethoven's string trio in G—by the lady violinist in association with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti—completed the instrumental programme. Mr Santley was the vocalist. His first song was Signor Piatti's "Hymn to God the Father," given with such marked success by the same singer at a recent concert. The other vocal piece on Saturday was Gounod's "Le nom de Marie." . . . . . This week's evening concert brought forward—for the first time here—a pianoforte quartet by Anton Dvorák. A sestet and a quartet—both for stringed instruments—by the same Bohemian composer had previously been introduced at the Popular Concerts, and some of his orchestral works have been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. Of these latter, his "Sclavonian Dances," and "Rhapsodies" are the most interesting as being strongly impressed with a distinctive national character, and not being amenable to such principles of coherent structural form and development as should, more or less, govern the composition of works of the symphonic class. The quartet given on Monday night had twice before been heard through the agency of Mr Hallé—at his series of recitals at the Grosvenor Gallery in May and June last. There is, therefore, no occasion now to say more than that its interest does not increase by repeated hearing, not even when so admirably played as it was by Mr Hallé in association with Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. The most successful portion is the middle movement, an *andantino*, with variations, some of the elaborations being ingenious and effective, In the first *allegro* and the final *allegretto* some detached themes, agreeable in themselves, are strung together so loosely and surrounded with so much discursive and laboured surplusage that the effect of the whole work is disappointing, not to say wearisome. Its performance on Monday added another to many instances of the factitious importance given by fine execution to music that is really commonplace, however pretentious in assumption. Mr Hallé's solo piece was Schubert's pianoforte sonata in A major, a late and posthumous work by the composer. Here, also, diffuseness and over-prolongation are apparent in its principal movements, with this difference from much of the music of the day, that Schubert's inventive power scarcely ever fails him, and his subject-matter is rarely, if ever, commonplace, although it may be occasionally overwrought. The sonata was very finely rendered, especially the *scherzo* and the final *rondo*. Another charming solo performance was that of Mdme Norman-Néruda in Handel's sonata in D, for violin (with pianoforte accompaniment), the instrumental selection having closed with Haydn's quartet in E flat (from Op. 71); a bright and genial work of the past, in which imaginative genius and artistic power are combined in a way to throw into lamentable contrast the dreary boredom of much (we might, perhaps, say most) of the laboured productions of the present that assume symphonic dimensions and importance with an absence of any intrinsic title thereto. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Santley, who sang Mozart's aria, "Zeffiretti" (from *Idomeneo*), and Gounod's song, "Esclave et Reine," with great charm and refinement. Mr Zerbini officiated, as usual, as accompanist, with the exception of Handel's sonata, the pianoforte part of which was sustained by Mr Hallé.—*D. N.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the sixth Saturday Afternoon Concert the specialties were Mdlle Janotha's performance of Beethoven's Concerto in G, and of some unaccompanied solos, and, for the first time here, of Mr F. Corder's "Nocturne" for orchestra, composed for and produced at Mr Kuhe's recent Festival at Brighton. Mr Corder's Nocturne is graceful and melodious, and was favourably received. Mdme Howitz, a lady from Australia, we believe, made her first appearance here, and displayed a powerful voice in "Hear ye, Israel" (*Elijah*). Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*, completed the programme. At to-day's concert Miss Arma Harkness, a new lady violinist, is announced to appear.

MR WALTER BACHE'S RECITAL.—This gentleman's twelfth annual performance of pianoforte music took place at St James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when his programme consisted entirely of original compositions by Franz Liszt—of whose works Mr Bache has long been an enthusiastic executant and zealous expounder. At several of his annual orchestral concerts Mr Bache has brought forward, for the first time in England, some of Liszt's ambitious symphonic works in which the composer assumes a poetical and metaphysical mission such as would require the genius of a Beethoven worthily to fulfil. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of these pretentious effusions, thanks are due to Mr Bache for the opportunities afforded by him for English hearers to form their opinion by means of excellent performances. Monday's recital of unaccompanied pianoforte pieces calls for little remark beyond a record of Mr Bache's earnest expositions of the music of his favourite composer, friend, and instructor. The most ambitious piece in the selection was the sonata in B minor dedicated to Schumann, of which an elaborate analysis — including an enthusiastic eulogium—was furnished to the audience, for their acquiescence or otherwise. Of this violently eccentric sonata we have before spoken in reference to its previous public performance, and need now say no more than to express the full belief that it will be generally comprehended and admired when the sonatas of Beethoven, Clementi, Dussek, and other classical masters are forgotten—scarcely before that far distant period. The other pianoforte pieces in Mr Bache's programme were the fugue in the letters of Bach's name, B. A. C. H. (B meaning b flat, and H b natural in German notation); three "Etudes;" *Sonetta di Petrarca* (from the *Années de Pélerinage*), *Valse Oubliée*, and *Pesther Carneval* (No. 9 of *Rhapsodies Hongroises*). In all these Mr Bache's laboriously cultivated powers of execution were successfully manifested, his efforts having been much applauded in each instance. An agreeable contrast was given to the instrumental music by Mr Oswald's refined singing in two *Lieder* by Liszt—"Die drei Zigeuner" and "In Liebeslust."—*Daily News, Nov.* 8.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The announcement of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* by the Choral Society of the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday evening last, awakened the usual public interest, and an enormous audience was present, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, to listen to a performance which, in attractiveness, it would be impossible to surpass, whether as regards the celebrity of the principals, the efficiency of the orchestra, or the force and grandeur of Mr Barnby's well-disciplined choir. Under these circumstances, the enjoyment of all present could but be of that high and ennobling kind which ever attends a due and complete representation of Mendelssohn's matchless work. Mdme Albani has, within the last year or two, given so many proofs of her admirable fitness for the interpretation of the chief soprano part as to render it superfluous to say more than that, upon the present occasion she was quite equal to herself, and, consequently, to the music. She sang throughout the evening with a fervour, grace, and brilliancy which have never been excelled in the executive annals of the oratorio. Her delivery of the exhortatory air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb display of declamatory vocalism; while her assistance in those touching expostulations and admonitions assigned to the intervening "Angels" lent all the charm to them of which they are so eminently susceptible. The contralto responsibilities were borne by that intelligent and useful vocalist, Mdme Isabel Fassett, whose efficiency was tested agreeably in everything that was confided to her, and whose delivery of the lovely air, "O rest in the Lord," left, in spite of obtruding comparisons, but little to be desired. Like Mdme Albani, Mr Santley challenges but passing notice, for his rendering of the music of the Prophet has long been among the most famous of his achievements, being, as it unquestionably is, one of those exceptional combinations of fine natural endowment with highly cultured art to which we can call to mind but few parallels. That Mr Joseph Maas would sing the beautiful air, "If with all your hearts," and fulfil all the other duties devolving upon him well and truthfully it is needless to say. This excellent artist is always welcome. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, thanks to the sympathetic quality of his voice and his skilful and judicious management of it. The remaining vocalists were Miss Marianne Fenna, Miss Dones, Mr Arthur Thompson, and Mr Henry Cross, whose services in the several concerted pieces in which they were engaged were uniformly satisfactory. Mr Barnby conducted with his accustomed vigilance and spirit, and, by means of the skilled amateur society over which he presides so wisely and so well, invested the magnificent choruses of the oratorio with as much majestic and illustrative effect as it was probably possible to attain.

H.

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PEOPLE OF ST. GILES'S, BLOOMSBURY.—A concert of a good class was given in the Girls' Schoolroom, Endell Street, on Monday, Nov. 13, the vocalists being Misses Ellis Walton, Henden-Warde, and Sanders, Messrs Addison and John Cross. The pianists were Misses Carr Moseley, Millard, and Mr F. Sewell Southgate. The violinist was Miss Colvina Waite. Miss Ethel Lloyd recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and an orchestra of ladies and gentlemen, including more than one *titled* performer, gave a most efficient rendering of a cleverly written "toy symphony," composed by Miss Carr Moseley, R.A.M. The building was crowded to excess with a highly delighted and enthusiastic audience.

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PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—Last night's representation of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* by the Carl Rosa company was a commendable one, keeping in view the severe demands of the author on all concerned. All things considered, band and chorus got amazingly well over their work. The music of the heroine was assigned to Mdme Valleria, who, thoroughly grasping its poetic significance, carried her audience with her throughout. Alike in the scene with Erik in Act 2, and in the great duet with the "Dutchman," she sang with rare sweetness and pathos, the needful vocal power being also imparted in the more dramatic passages. In the duet just named Mdme Valleria was joined by Mr Ludwig, whose declamatory music in the opening act was artistically delivered, and whose conception of the spectre-captain is in most respects admirable. Mr M'Guckin personated Erik, phrasing the cavatina in the last act with delightful effect; and Mr Henry Pope, as Daland, made probably his most successful appearance of the week. His air, when soliciting from Senta a friendly welcome for Vanderdecken, was exceedingly well sung. Mr John Pew ably conducted the performance, which, as we have said, was witnessed by an overflowing audience. Before the commencement of the opera Mr Knapp found his way to the gallery, and, in a few well chosen sentences, declined to believe that former unseemly proceedings at another house could be charged against our young friends at Gilmorehill. His observations were received with unmistakable demonstrations of good humour.—*Nov.* 18.—*Another account.*—An immense audience assembled on Friday week, to witness Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. The performance was a complete triumph and the reception of the opera warmer than that accorded to any other representation by Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Troupe during their present engagement. Public interest with regard to the performance was naturally enough centred in the Senta of Mdme Valleria, and her vocal and dramatic efforts in the character were responded to by plaudits amounting to little short of an ovation. The character is, for the music entrusted to it, one of the most difficult and trying that can fall to the lot of any *prima donna*, but Mdme Valleria's execution of it proved her in every respect worthy to take rank in the character with either Ilma di Murska or Frau Sucher. Never before have we heard her to more if to so much advantage. Her histrionic efforts were in every way worthy of her vocalization. Her conception of the character is most artistic, and was characterised last evening by a repose and ease which is the legacy only of the experience of the most refined and finished artists. The Vanderdecken of Mr Ludwig was also very satisfactory, as were also the Daland of Mr Henry Pope, the Eric of Mr M'Guckin, the Mary of Miss M. Walsh, and the Steeraman of Mr B. Davies.—*Daily Mail.*

CAMBRIDGE.—The Cambridge Musical Society gave their usual "terminal concert" in the Guildhall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14. The work performed was Handel's *Esther*, under the direction of Mr W. C. Dewberry; the solo singers were Miss Carlotta Elliott, Miss Alice Farren, Mr Vernon Rigby, Messrs Henry Blower and Hagyard. Mr F. Dewberry presided at the organ. Miss Carlotta Elliot, in "Flatt'ring tongne," was particularly good. Mr Vernon Rigby's "O beauteous Queen," and "How can I stay when love invites," were undoubtedly the gems of the evening. This gentleman—says the *Cambridge Chronicle*—always reminds us of Sims Reeves in his most robust style; his refined taste and exquisite pathos fairly brought down the house, and still further reminds one of the great English tenor. The part of the young Israelite was ably sustained by Miss Alice Farren, a local artist who has been trained at the Royal Academy of Music. The choruses went splendidly throughout, and the orchestra, led by Mr F. Ralph, left little to be desired.

BRIGHTON.—At the Aquarium last Saturday Mdme Cave Ashton's "opera company" concluded their engagement by giving excerpts from Wallace's *Maritana* in the morning, and from *Il Trovatore* in the evening. The concert in aid of the funds of the Brighton Hove and Sussex Throat and Ear Dispensary, was given last week at the Pavilion, as also Signor Conti's, on Thursday, in the same *locale*, assisted by Signori Scalzi and Sajeghi, Messrs William Shakespeare, Horscroft and Haughton. Signor Conti was not in good voice but his companions were, especially Mr Shakespeare, so that the selection from Bellini's *Puritani* went off much better than was expected. Miss Kuhe's concert is announced for this morning at the Pavilion Dome, at which the Misses Robertson, Miss Ella Lemmens, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Terry, Messrs Bernard Lane, Edward Lloyd and Santley are announced to sing, and Mr. Henry Irving to recite "The dream of Eugene Aram" and Charles Dickens's "Copperfield and the Waiter."

SALISBURY.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 15th, the third of the series of Miss Aylward's chamber concerts was given at the Assembly Rooms, in aid of the fund for re-pewing St Thomas' Church. The singers were Miss José Sherrington, Mr A. Burnett, Mr W. E. Whitehouse, and some gentlemen of local musical eminence. Miss Sherrington, says the *Salisbury Times*, possesses a beautiful voice, wealthy in tone, and of wonderful compass, a style chaste and brilliant, her notes never in the highest range losing their sweetness. In a mazurka of Chopin's, arranged for the voice, "Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie," she, after a most brilliant *cadenza*, took a splendid high D. Her other songs, Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," Schumann's "Widmung," Mendelssohn's "Reiselied," a new song of Tosti's "That day," and "Home, sweet Home," (which she gave in response to an encore for the preceding song), were in no wise less worthy the vocalist. Of the instrumental performances we must especially allude to the "Variations concertantes" for piano and violoncello (Mendelssohn), which Miss Aylward and Mr Whitehouse rendered with skill. A sonata, in A major, of Bach's, for violin and piano (Mr Burnett and Miss Aylward), and a charming string quartett of Haydn's (No. 1, Op. 76), by Mr A. Burnett, Rev. E. H. Moberley (violin), Messrs A. Foley (viola), and W. E. Whitehouse (violoncello). Beethoven's trio in C minor (Miss Aylward, Messrs A. Burnett and W. E. Whitehouse) concluded the concert. Mr A. Aylward was accompanist.

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CARL ENGEL.

We regret to have to record the death, on the 17th inst., unfortunately under very painful circumstances, of Mr Carl Engel, the well-known collector of musical instruments and learned writer upon them. The fine collection of instruments at South Kensington was partly gathered by him, and the catalogue describing them, published in 1874, a masterpiece of erudition and lucid arrangement, was from his pen. His works upon musical subjects, chiefly historical or ethnological, have become of standard authority, and it is understood that his *magnum opus*, a continuation of the South Kensington catalogue, a voluminous work, including all the musical instruments known in the world, and, happily, completed, will be published under the auspices of the Department of Science and Art. Mr Engel was only sixty-four years old. He was a native of Hanover, and pupil of Hummel, but had resided the greater part of his life in England, and at Kensington, where he died.

LEIPSIC *(Correspondence)*.—The programme of the Fifth Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I.—Overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven); Air from *Elijah* (Mendelssohn); Pianoforte Concerto in G major, with the original cadences (Beethoven); Songs, with Piano Accompaniment (Franz Schubert, Adolph Jensen and Carl Reinecke); Pianoforte Solos (J. S. Bach, Carl Reinecke and Mendelssohn). Part II.—Symphony (without Minuet) in D major (Mozart). The vocalist was Herr Paul Jensen, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden; the pianist, Mdlle Mary Krebs, who played superbly, and was rapturously applauded. The sixth concert was dedicated to the memory of Mendelssohn, and all the works performed emanated from his pen. They were: Part I.—Motet for Eight-part Chorus, "Mitten wir im Leben sind" (words by Luther); Air from *Elijah*; "Ave, Maria," for Tenor, Eight-part Chorus, and Orchestra. Part II.—Symphony in A major; Air from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*; Overture, "The Hebrides"; Finale from the unfinished opera of *Lorely*. Two of the above pieces, the motet and the air from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, were novelties in Leipsic. The world-renowned Violin Concerto, also, was to have been included in the programme, but, owing to the illness of Mdlle Marianne Eissler, of Vienna, who should have been the executant, it was omitted. The vocalists were Moran-Olden, Oldenburg Grand-Ducal chamber singer, and Hedmont, of the Leipsic Stadttheater.

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MARIE KREBS.

*(From the Leipsiger Tageblatt.)**

"As regards execution, the Concerto in G major is certainly more difficult than that in E flat major. It demands less strength, it is true, from the player, but, to make up for this, more agility and, finally, more lasting power. With respect to expression, there is less need of a passionate going-out-of-one's-self than inward warmth united to gracefulness. As a rule, artists who quite satisfy all the demands made on them by the Concerto in G major are rare. That foremost among those naturally qualified for this task stands Marie Krebs, yesterday evening amply proved. It was a great, a magnificent treat to see so gifted a performer combine with so intelligent an orchestra in such a work. Words of gold are due to them for what they did. Yet it is precisely when a writer is actuated by the best intentions that his critical pen sometimes fails him. If I must declare my firm conviction, it is: that no one is capable of rendering the G major Concerto with greater clearness, technically, as well as generally, with more life and truth, than Mdlle Marie Krebs. With the most earnest attention I could not find a shortcoming anywhere: her runs, her shakes, her tone—everything was a model of perfection, a marvel. But what most especially enhanced the impression produced was the noble repose exhibited by the fair executant; there was nothing inconsiderate, no hurried expression, but everywhere the same thorough command, conscious of the aim it had in view, over the task to be accomplished. Owing to the intentional restraint kept on herself by the player, the entire Concerto appeared to be shaded one degree deeper than usual, but, judging from the artistic success, this rendering, which raises the expression so extraordinarily, may be designated as appropriate. That Mdlle Krebs played the original cadences was probably an interesting fact for many persons. Beethoven, as we know, himself wrote cadences to some of his concertos, and several to the Concerto in G major. But, if by means of the cadence an opportunity is to be offered the player of presenting in a virtuoso-like and condensed form the passport of what has preceded, no one can be angry with other artists for adopting the perhaps more grateful cadences of Reinecke, Bülow, Clara Schumann, &c. On the other hand, and as a matter of course, we cannot object to the feeling of reverence which causes Marie Krebs to remain, here as elsewhere, true to the Master.

"In the way of solo-pieces, Mdlle Krebs played the D minor Toccata by Bach-Starke, a Gavotte, Op. 129, by Reinecke; and the Prelude in D major, from Op. 104, by Mendelssohn—the Toccata with the greatest possible energy; the Gavotte, a very grateful piece, with exceeding gracefulness; and the Prelude with astounding fluency. This last work is a kind of *Perpetuum Mobile*, the execution of which is rendered even more difficult than it otherwise would be because the semi-quavers are given to both hands. The extra piece ('Am Springbrunnen'), by H. Scholz, was of a pleasing character."

* *Apropos* to her recent performance at the last Gewandhaus concert.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 6.

1786.

(Continued from page 725.)

There were three grand performances this year at Westminster Abbey, by command, and under the patronage of their Majesties. They commenced on the 31st of May; and were under the direction of the honorary noble president, and the noble vice-presidents of the Royal Society of Musicians, so styled by command of the King, George the Third. Mdme Mara and Mrs Billington were at the head of the vocal corps, and Cramer led the band, which was considerably increased in number. The profits of these performances were applied in aid of the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians, the Westminster Hospital, and the Sons of the Clergy. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Queen's brother, the Prince of Mecklenburg, the Princess Royal, and five other princesses. The Abbey was thronged at the performance of *The Messiah*. At the last rehearsal, owing to some neglect, there were not the customary refreshments prepared for the magistrates who attended. On Mr Justice B—d entering the room wherein they had been usually displayed, and not seeing any preparation for them, he said, with surprise, "Are we not to have any of the good things of this world to-day?" Being answered in the negative, "Oh!" said he, "if that's the case, I can be of no use here; so I wish you a good morning," and departed! That justices of the peace have been long famed for good living, admits of no doubt: indeed, it may be clearly traced as far back as the reign of Elizabeth (who, by the bye, loved a good beefsteak for breakfast), for Shakspere describes one, "With fair round belly, with capon lined;" and, if we may hazard a conjecture, the science of gastronomy might have been known amongst the quorum, even at a much more remote period.

Mr Justice Collick, the hair merchant of St Martin's Lane, with whom I was acquainted, displayed a different disposition to his before-named worship, being, though a little eccentric, kind and liberal. He was good-natured, though at times he affected to be severe. He did not care a straw for money, while he was desirous to appear frugal. He had acquired a large fortune in trade, and was from habit still so devoted to it, that though he had an elegant house at Clapham, where he always slept, he never failed being in his carriage at nine in the morning, Sundays excepted, and in the midst of his business at ten. Mr Collick, who was in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, having no family, was at all times happy to see a few of his old friends, mostly musical ones, drop in at the dinner hour, for whom preparations were made whether they came or not. Among the oldest and most intimate was Mr Crosdill, the celebrated violoncello player, who, when he intended visiting Collick, proceeded to the fishmonger, poulterer, &c., of the latter, and directed those articles he preferred to be sent to his house for dinner. When Collick was informed of such arrivals, he pretended to be displeased, exclaiming, "Ah! now I see that scapegrace, Jack Crosdill, is coming, rot him!" while he was secretly highly gratified. Indeed, the most happy hours of his life were those in which his friends passed their time with him in that manner. The old gentleman being one day taken with a fit of economy, and considering that his servants consumed at their luncheons an unreasonable quantity of cheese, hit on a scheme by which he thought he would restrain them in future. He posted to the warehouse of his brother magistrate, Slaughter, the cheesemonger, and desired to see a good and strong Cheshire cheese. After having tasted two or three which he thought too mild, they produced one which they called a peeler, a name appropriate enough, it having blistered his tongue while tasting it. "Ay," said Collick, "this is quite the thing I wanted. Send it to my house." The servants, however, rejected the peeler, and in future ate meat instead of it. Collick at length discovering this, through the increased amount of his butcher's bill, said to himself, "I see my scheme don't take, I have been too cunning for myself;" and, ringing his bell for the servants, good-humouredly told them that, "as they could not eat the peeler themselves, they might send it as a present to the fire-eater, who would perhaps think it too mild."

Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season on the first of June, with a brilliant fête, entitled "The Vauxhall Jubilee," the gardens having been established half a century. Mr Incledon sang there that season for the first time, with great applause. The songs, &c., by Mr Hook were appropriate and pleasing.

Walking with James Hook, the composer, and his first wife, to view the British Museum, we were accosted by a female beggar, one of the most miserable in appearance imaginable. The poor creature, who solicited alms, had neither shoe nor stocking on, and her dress consisted literally of "shreds and patches," while she amused herself, during the whole of her solicitation, with a practice well-known north of the Tweed, that of scratching her thigh. The applicant being disgusting as well as wretched, Hook, who was never at a loss for a pun, in order to get rid of her (which was no easy thing), wrapt some money in a piece of paper, and keeping at a respectful distance, dropped it into her hand, saying at the same time, "There, good woman, is sixpence for you; but I must say, you are a very *feel-thigh* (filthy) woman."

A translation of the popular French piece, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the twentieth of October, with the original music by Grétry. Miss Romanzini (afterwards Mrs Bland) sang the pretty chanson, "The merry dance," with great *naïveté* and effect. The character of Richard was acted by Mr John Kemble, who, though he had not a singing voice, got through the two-part song, on which the plot hinges, better than was expected. At one of the rehearsals of this piece Kemble, who had got the tune of it tolerably well, being very deficient in keeping the time, Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band, impatiently exclaimed, "Mr Kemble, that wont do at all! you *murder* time abominably!" "Well, Mr Shaw," replied Kemble, "it is better to *murder* it, than to be continually *beating* it as you are."

(To be continued.)

—o—

MADRID.

(Correspondence.)

Don Eusebio Gonzalez is appointed professor of the flute at the Conservatory here.—The Italian opera company from the Theatre in the Calle de la Libertad are now in Seville.—Mdme Sembrich has made another great hit—this time as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Lhérie, who made his *début* in the Spanish capital, as Hamlet, was well received.

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WAIFS.

Wagner is writing his autobiography.

Bianca Donadio was very successful in Malaga.

The Liceo, Barcelona, will shortly be re-opened.

Carolina Ferni is engaged at Lyons for the Carnival.

Peschka-Leutner is engaged at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mdme Scalchi is expected at New York from Buenos Ayres.

A new periodical, *Cuba Musical*, has appeared in Havannah.

An "Austrian Ladies' Vocal Quartet" has arrived in Paris.

The number of theatres in the United States is said to be 4,500.

It is expected that Gayarre will sing next season in Buenos Ayres.

The Danish pianist, Edmund Neupert, has been well received in New York.

It is announced from Montevideo that the tenor Guardenti has lost his reason.

Masini is engaged for next season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The Theatre of the new Casino, Nice, will be inaugurated in the early part of January.

Mdme Etelka Gerster has made a successful *début* as a concert-singer in St Petersburgh.

Von Perfall's opera, *Raimondin*, has been given at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe.

The reported approaching marriage of Arrigo Boïto with Erminia Borghi-Mamò is contradicted.

La Mascotte was to be given last Thursday or Saturday, at the Teatro-Circo de Price, Madrid.

Wilhelm Hill's prize-opera, *Alona*, is in rehearsal at the Stadt-theater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

From Algiers comes the announcement that Vieuxtemps' daughter, the wife of Dr Ludonesky, is dead.

Mdme Théo has sailed from New York for Havannah, postponing her Boston engagement till March.

The ballet for which Rubinstein has composed the music will be produced at St. Petersburgh in January.

Rubinstein's *Demon* has been revived at the Stadttheater, Cologne, where it was first performed last season.

Among the works to be produced this season at Bucharest, are *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Carmen*, and *Haiducul*.

Teresina Tua is bound to Herr Alfred Fischoff till the 1st January. He thinks of taking her to St Petersburgh.

Gayarre chose *La Favorita* for his *début* at the San Carlo, Lisbon, and met with a highly favourable reception.

The Vigo press speak in high terms of the *Africaine* as performed by the Italian company under Sig. Tamberlik.

Ch. Gounod directed the last rehearsal and first two public performances of his *Tribut de Zamora* in Antwerp.

Victor Gluth, formerly conductor at the Gärtnerplatz Theater, Munich, has written an opera entitled *Zladarog*.

Varesi proved so successful in Warsaw that her engagement was extended by five nights, all she had still left free.

According to repert, Verdi will be present at the first performance of *Simon Boccanegra*, at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Two new operas, *Cachupin en Catarrocha*, by Ximenes, and *El Canario Gris* by Plà, are in preparation at Valencia.

To-day a meeting of the Committee is convened to elect a new scholar for the Mendelssohn Scholarship Foundation.

Mdme Szarvady (Wilhelmine Clauss) has determined to devote herself once more to giving instruction on the piano.

Eugene Gura will play a short starring engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich, between the 8th and 18th December.

Mad. Pauline Lucca goes to Berlin at the end of the present month and will appear six times at the Royal Operahouse.

The Becker Trio, the daughter and two sons of Jean Becker, opened their first tour successfully on the 31st at Heidelberg.

Mdlle Isaac, of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, leaves next July for the Grand Opera, where she will receive 8,000 francs a month.

The Municipal Council, Nice, have voted the money to build a new Italian Operahouse on the site of that burnt down in 1880.

Henrik Westberg, the Swedish tenor, sang at the first concert of the Orchestral Association, Breslau, and made a good impression.

Negotiations are pending between Botesini, the baritone, and Mr Gye. (Mr Gye is becoming more or less omniverous.—Dr Blidge.)

Among the operas included in the carneval repertory at Parma are Auteri's *Stella*, and Halévy's *Reine de Chypre;* the latter a novelty in Italy.

On the conclusion of her engagement in Madrid, Mad. Sembrich will go, by way of Dresden and Warsaw, to St Petersburgh and Moscow.

Pollini has purchased the right of performing Gounod's *Redemption* in Germany, and will produce it first at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

Rafel Joseffy, the Austrian pianist, was announced to appear at a series of six orchestral concerts given by Theodore Thomas in Philadelphia.

Johann Strauss himself conducted the 250th performance of his buffo-opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Dr Rust, Precentor at the Thomasschule, Leipsic, and a great Bach scholar, has been created honorary member of the St Cecilia Academy, Rome.

Victor Chéri, brother of the late celebrated Rose Chéri, and for many years conductor at the Paris Gymnase, was lately found dead in his own house.

Miss Catherine Penna has returned from a successful tour in the provinces, where she has been singing the soprano parts in the principal oratorios.

Stefano Ronchetti-Monteviti, born at Asti, the 18th September, 1814, and formerly director of the Milan Conservatory, has died at Casale-Monferrato.

Herr and Mdme Lissmann, members of the company at the Stadttheater, Bremen, are engaged for next season at the Stadt-theater, Hamburgh.

The sale of subscription tickets for the Symphony Society Concerts, New York, is (said to be) almost double this year what it has ever been before.

The two Richter concerts in St James's Hall, for the benefit of the members of his orchestra, are said to have realized more than one thousand pounds.

Der Chevalier von San Marco, a buffo opera, with music by Joseph Bayer, first produced at New York, has proved successful at the Carl-Theater, Vienna.

Jacob Kunkel, member of the firm of Kunkel Brothers, publishers of *Kunkel's Musical Review*, St Louis, U. S., died unexpectedly, aged 36, on the 16th October.

Wilhelm Kleinecke, member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has written the music and words of *Rosamunde*, a five-act opera.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, with Sucher and Winkelmann in the leading parts, was produced on the 11th inst. at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, for the first time.

Aldighieri, the barytone, and Signoretti, the tenor, have organized a performance at the San Carlo, Lisbon, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Italy.

Subscriptions have been flowing in freely of late at St Petersburgh, Moscow, and elsewhere in Russia, towards the monument to be erected at Smolensk in memory of Glinka.

Liban, the Mime of Angelo Neumann's *Nibelungen* Company, has signed for several years, commencing on the 1st June, 1883, with the management of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

According to the *Mundo Artistico* of Buenos Ayres, the composer Gomez is working at no fewer than three operas—*Leona*, *Ninon de l'Enclos*, and *Palma*.—(It is to be hoped he may produce only one at a time.—Dr Blidge.)

Max Bruch goes in April to America, for the purpose of directing the performance of several of his choral works in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukie, and other large towns. At the conclusion of his tour he returns to Liverpool.

Mr Charles Salaman, who has already written music to "Love Songs" in several languages, notably Greek and Latin, has just completed a musical setting of the original text of a Hebrew love song by Rabbi Jehuda ben Sabbathai Hallevi, of Barcelona, who lived about A.D. 1150. This song will shortly be published.—*Athenæum.*

On Tuesday Dr Diplock held an inquest at 54, Addison Road, Kensington, on the body of a German gentleman named Carl Engel, sixty-four, who was found dead on Saturday morning last, on which day he was to have been married to a Miss Lawrence. It appeared that on Friday evening last the deceased retired to bed in his usual health. On the following morning his bedroom door was found to be locked. The door was broken open, and the deceased was found dead, suspended by a strap which was fastened through a hole cut in the cupboard door. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind.

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An organ, which is to have 120 speaking stops, is (according to the *Leipziger Zeitung*) being built by Walter & Co., in Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgard, for the Cathedral at Riga. As it is to have all the most modern improvements, it will be the most elaborately-designed instrument there is. It will be so constructed that it can be played from an upper gallery or from below. The whole upper portion is to be blown by gas motors, and the lower part by hand. Thus two people will be able to play at the same time, one playing the solo, whilst the other plays the *tutti*. It will, according to the above-named journal, be the largest organ in the world, and is to cost 90,000 marks (say £4,500). The great organ in New York has 115 speaking stops.

The concert at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall in the Waterloo Road, on Monday evening, the 11th December, will be under the direction of Mr Charles Oberthür, when the first part will consist of his cantata for ladies' voices, *The Red Cross Knight*, performed by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir under the direction of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, the solo parts being sung by Misses Howes, Park, O'Leary, Guy, and Fräulein Bertha Kaysel. In the second part Mr Oberthür will play, with his pupil, Miss Fortescue, his brillant duet for two harps on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Fräulein Kaysel will give the same author's romance, "Je voudrais être" (with harp accompaniment). Mr Alfred Hemming will sing Blumenthal's "Evening Song," and the South Kensington Ladies' Choir, Schumann's "Gipsy Life" and other choral pieces.

LITTLE MAY.*

Out in the morning's balmy air,
Into the fields so fresh and fair,
Hied Little May,
So blithe and gay,
Into the woods where the flowers were rare;
There in the nook,
Where the noisy brook
Laughed and murmured all day long,
She stole the flow'rs
From the sylvan bow'rs,
And mingled her voice with the water's song.

Into the brook with feet all bare,
Laughing eyes and sunny hair,
Little May stepped,
And her basket kept
All the bright flow'rs she had picked with care;
But ere she crossed
Her flowers were tossed
Into the stream to her sad dismay.
And Little May cried
At the water side
As the flowers she'd gathered were swept away.

So in life's early morn we go
Into the fields where pleasures grow,
To gather the flow'rs
Of childhood's hours
Before the heart a thorn can know;
But the hour draws nigh
When those pleasures die,
For sorrow's stream comes gliding past,
And ere the day
It has swept away
The joys we fondly thought would last.

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MR EDWARD LLOYD—"Adelaide" (Beethoven), "Sally in our Alley" (Carey), "Courage, dear heart" (Clay).

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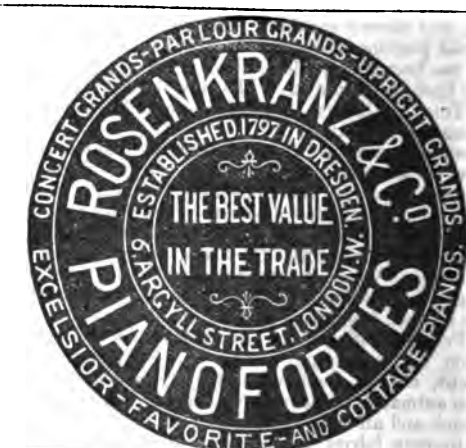

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SAVOY THEATRE.

Mr W. S. Gilbert is an illustration of the common fact that when a man has hit the taste of the public in a special way he remains a specialist, because, even if he would, the public will not allow him to change. We have not the smallest reason to suppose that Mr Gilbert desires to alter his course as a librettist. He, and his musical colleague, resemble the present Government in being "on the crest of the wave of public favour," and are doubtless satisfied with that enviable altitude. All the same there is an obligation on him to work in the way which gave the first impetus to his upward course. He has created an appetite that must be fed, imparted a flavour of pleasant fooling without which no concoction would be palatable, and marches as a prisoner bound to the chariot-wheels of his own art. This state of things is in no case an unmixed good, and assuredly cannot be so considered with a speciality limited in its nature and to some extent restricted in its application. There is danger of exhaustion on the one hand, and of satiating public taste on the other. Face to face with such a contingency Mr Gilbert has not yet arrived, but even now each succeeding play is revealed to a public who have discounted its character, divined its method, and prophesied its personages. The librettist seems to be aware of the fact, and in his latest work gives indications of a desire to belie it. Thus, he has stopped the proud procession of the P's, discerning no absolute reason why he should run in an alphabetical rut. He is credited with having looked at *Perola*, and wished to place it in the gallery that already holds *Pinafore*, *The Pirates*, and *Patience*. With an effort, however, he wrenched himself away, travelled back towards letter A, and, halting at I, embraced *Iolanthe*. Even this exercise of an independent will is, to some extent, resented by the public, who naturally looked for their P, and now take it out in complaining. Mr Gilbert, on the other hand, does not seem to have risked much by venturing into fairyland; mixing the supernatural with those realities of the common world he has handled in so grotesque a fashion. The first audience of *Iolanthe* gave a kindly greeting to the fairies, and the author may congratulate himself upon having opened up a fresh field. For the rest, *Iolanthe* is Mr Gilbert in Topsyturvydom, where we have now so often seen him. He takes us once again "behind the looking-glass," and shows us all things inverted, working with the old machinery a set of fresh puppets—in some cases not fresh puppets, only new clothes. Really, however, the mannikins do not much matter so long as they are mouthpieces for the author's quips and cranks. We, as an audience, go through the play, reading the dialogue from Mr Gilbert's book, and, turning the leaves altogether with a mighty rustle, simultaneously behold Mr Gilbert laughing at us in his grim way on the other side. So intense a personality is hard to sustain, and even this ingenious creator of a new dramatic method falters under the burden of his own invention. The last act of *Iolanthe* sometimes halts and totters. Its march is that of weariness. The author, unsupported by character and plot, and himself speaking through each mouthpiece, ends by being in the position of his own Lord Chancellor when he sings "The night has been long; Ditto, ditto, my song; And, thank goodness, they're both of them over." To this Mr Gilbert is condemned, just as Mr Tom Matthews, of pantomime fame, was fated to be always singing "Hot Codlins."

Having resolved upon a band of fairies, it became the author's obvious care to associate them with a set of mortals as little congruous as possible. He therefore hit upon the Peers of England, and the connection of those robed and coronetted personages with the aerial denizens of woods and streams is the basis upon which Mr Gilbert erects his structure. The idea is aptly developed from beginning to end. We see its expansion when, in the first act, the Peers hold informal session by daisied bank and babbling brook, and when, in the second, the fairies gambol in old Palace Yard, under the eyes of Private Willis, of the Grenadiers, there, for some unexplained reason, on "sentry go." This wild inversion of *habitat* has its complement, not so much when the Peers lay their coronets at the feet of an animated Dresden china shepherdess called Phyllis, as when they each and all take a fairy to wife, and, suddenly developing wings, become fairies themselves. Moreover, the Lord Chancellor has married a fairy, Iolanthe, before the play opens, and it is their son Strephon, who is fairy down to the waist, that carries off Phyllis against his own father and the entire House of Lords. Still further developing his unutterably odd idea, Mr Gilbert places the Peers under a fairy spell, condemning them for sundry offences to become the legislative slaves of Strephon, M.P.

> "You shall sit, if he sees reason,
> Through the grouse and salmon season;
> He shall end the cherished rights
> You enjoy on Wednesday nights,"

and so on. Upon these violent incongruities the main structure of the play rests; as for the attendant details, students of Mr Gilbert's method will not be surprised to hear that the Lords enter the Arcadian meadow of the first act headed by the band of the Grenadier Guards; that the Chancellor and two of his peers dance in Old Palace Yard by moonlight; that Phyllis's noble suitors implore her not to "treat with virtuous scorn the well connected," since "high rank involves no shame;" and that the most exalted of her lovers puzzles his legal mind with doubts whether a Chancellor can obtain his own consent to marry his own ward, and, if he marry his own ward without his own consent, whether he can commit himself for contempt of his own court. All these things were more or less inevitable, while it was quite in Mr Gilbert's way that he should mingle something of grave satire with his grotesque treatment of the second estate. He is hard upon the Lords, those "Paragons" of legislation, "Pillars of the British nation." They are the one British institution "not susceptible of any improvement;" Britain won her proudest bays when "The House of Peers made no pretence to intellectual eminence;" and thrashed Bonaparte because "The House of Peers throughout the war, Did nothing in particular, And did it very well." The satire is smart, but that it forms an element of strength in the play may be doubted. Mr Gilbert is not here covering with ridicule a "fashionable craze," or holding up to laughter a civilian "ruler of the Queen's Navee," while even his fertile fancy invents no new gibe against an institution many Englishmen admire, and the rest are content to tolerate. For this reason his satirical humour falls flat. Not so, however, the quaint conceits in prose and verse that attend the development of the plot and throw it, as we have already remarked, into second place. The first act—by far the better of the two in all respects—is one long procession of laughter-moving oddities. "Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop—to nestle in a nutshell—to gambol upon gossamer?" asks Miss Alice Barnett, as the Fairy Queen, thinking of Iolanthe, then doing penal servitude "on her head" for marrying a mortal. Strephon speaks of trying to placate the Lord Chancellor by playing songs of Arcadee in court, and objects to going into Parliament because his fairy half being Conservative and his mortal legs Radical, a majority of two to one would take him into the wrong lobby. And when Strephon pleads before the legal guardian of his love that Nature bade him take her, the official answers "It's not evidence;" but professes readiness to weigh well "an affidavit from a thunderstorm, or a few words on oath from a heavy shower." The supply of such mental and verbal fireworks throughout a long evening, and in connection with scenes and characters of narrow limit, above all, when an audience will not be diverted from looking after them, is a task that Mr Gilbert here finds beyond his powers. He ultimately repeats himself; he is tedious in a dialogue between two peers as to which shall kill the other; the sparks of humour become less frequent and bright, and a feeling spreads that the author has sat down in the saddle and is riding home for dear life. As usual in Mr Gilbert's work, the lyrics are admirable, whether regarded for themselves or as lines for music. There may, perhaps, be a little too much of the patter song, but in contrast of subject and variety of rhythm the verses of *Iolanthe* are exceptionally rich.

Mr Sullivan's share of the work is important in a special degree, the musical pieces being not only numerous, but some of them—the first *finale* for example—of large dimensions. The composer has risen to his opportunity, and we are disposed to account *Iolanthe* his best effort in all the Gilbertian series. Not that the music claims to be more tuneful or better adapted for popularity. It is that, while pleasing the general ear, artistic requirements are met with a frank and practical acknowledgment of their claims. Mr Sullivan has written nothing from which the cultured musician is absent, and probably could not do so if he tried. In *Iolanthe* the cultured musician predominates, investing graceful and refined ideas with all the charm of art. It need hardly be said that Mr Sullivan again displays the acute sense of humour which makes him fit Mr Gilbert as glove fits hand. This is often overlooked, its special effect being merged in a general sensation of pleasure. It exists, nevertheless, and in *Iolanthe* cannot easily pass unrecognized. Examples crowd upon us for quotation, but we will take only one. The Fairy Queen, referring to the common sense which restrains her amorous nature, finds in Captain Shaw its figurative presentment, whereupon the chorus of fairies invokes Captain Shaw, "type of true love kept under," in strains of the most gushing sentimentality, set off by voluptuous orchestral colouring. The house on Saturday caught the fun of the idea at once, and broke into a shout of laughter. With such true comedy in music the new work abounds, but, indeed, merit of even higher kinds shines in each scene. Schubert in his sweetest mood might have written the fairies' invocation of their banished sister Iolanthe; and there is laughter-moving humour in the pompous *ensemble*, with military band, that ushers in the House of Peers, as well as in the short fugal passage which then

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and after introduces the Lord Chancellor. Not less distinguished is some of the music to the scene between Phyllis and the Lords, Mr Sullivan here giving free rein to his fancy in the orchestra. The first *finale*, long though it be, is sustained without flagging, and evinces a power of combination and development unusual in works of the class. Among the best pieces in the opera for artistic interest is a dialogue with the very unpromising refrain "Tarradiddle, tol lol lay." In the second act a song by the sentry deserves praise; and that of Lord Mountararat, "When Britain really ruled the waves," has a character of its own subtly mingled with the least possible flavour of "Rule Britannia." It is, however, in a patter song for the Lord Chancellor, descriptive of a weird dream, that Mr Sullivan's art touches its highest point. He might have been content with mere chords of accompaniment, since the audience in such cases listen only to the words, but the orchestral part is one of singular elaboration, beauty, and effect. We know nothing better of its kind. It has all the delicacy of touch and felicitous fancy of Mendelssohn when dealing with kindred themes. These examples of general and nearly uniform merit must suffice. Enough with regard to the opera as a whole that Mr Sullivan has associated his colleague's outrageous conceits with examples of true and refined musicianship. The performance which was witnessed by a crowded and representative audience, had every merit that careful rehearsal and clever adaptation of work to workers could secure. No hitch of any importance disfigured it, nor did incompetence anywhere convey a sense of weakness or insecurity. The dresses were superb; the scenery was excellent—the "set" of Palace yard with the towers of the Houses of Parliament soaring into the air, being a triumph which met with prompt recognition, while the details of the stage management scarcely gave room for criticism. Miss Leonora Braham, as Phyllis, again asserted her value to the company, singing and acting with brightness and charm, in which she was emulated by Miss Jessie Bond (Iolanthe), Misses Fortescue, Gwynne and Gray also doing good service as three prominent fairies. The imposing figure and intense seriousness of Miss Alice Barnett made the character she presented stand out conspicuously, and helped to give significance to an impersonation by no means lacking quiet humour. The Strephon of Mr R. Temple; the Sentry of Mr Manners—a figure admirable in its disciplined stolidity; the Earl Tolloller of Mr Lely; and the Earl of Mountararat as embodied by Mr Rutland Barrington fitted into the play so as to leave no gap open for the darts of, at any rate, serious criticism, while Mr George Grossmith as the Lord Chancellor was a constant cause for laughter, whether gravely debating knotty points, singing patter songs, dancing in Palace-yard, or developing into a fairy. Throughout this versatile artist showed a perfect adaptability, and a power of throwing into each scene something of his own native humour. Mr Sullivan conducted an orchestra generally efficient, and at the close was summoned, with Mr Gilbert, to receive all the assurance of success that cordial and unanimous applause could convey.—*D. T.*

—o—

IOLANTHE.

(By Anglo-American Telegraph)

A crowded and fashionable audience witnessed the first performance of *Iolanthe* on Saturday evening. The piece was finely mounted, and greeted with much enthusiasm. The critics praise it generously, and predict for it a long, successful run.—*Correspondence of the "Daily News," Nov.* 27.

—o—

RICHTER CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—We regret to inform you that our relations with Mr Richter are again broken off. . . . . We had undertaken the management of the autumn concerts, and the future series of Richter Concerts were also to be under our management, for which a basis of terms had been agreed upon.

Now, after the good results of the autumn concerts, cheaper terms for the management having been offered to Mr Richter, unacceptable to us, our connection with these concerts has ceased.—Yours faithfully,

SCHULZ CURTIUS.

174, *New Bond Street.*

HAMBURGH.—It is at the Stadttheater that Massenet's *Hérodiade* will be given, under the composer's direction, for the first time in Germany. Another novelty secured by Herr Pollini, is Dvorák's comic opera, *Der Bauer ein Schulm*, recently produced at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subjoined is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, November 25:—

Am Brunnen und Im Rittersall, from Liebensbilder, Op. 60, Bk. 1, pianoforte (Adolf Jensen), Miss Mary Pain and Miss Amelia Corper, pupils of Mr H. R. Eyers; Air, "He was despised," *Messiah* (Handel)—(accompanist, Miss Eva Thompson)—Miss Leonora Pople, pupil of Mr G. Garcia; Prelude and Fugue, in B minor, Vol. 2, organ (J. S. Bach), Mr Kirkland, pupil of Mr Rose; Song (MS.), "Lights and Shadows" (Charles Wilkes, Sir John Goss scholar)—(accompanist, Mr Wilkes)—Miss Mary Chamberlain, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr M. Garcia; Sonata Concertante, in A flat, Op. 15, harp and violin (Spohr), Mr Thomas Barker and Mr H. C. Tonking, pupils of Mr John Thomas and Mr Sainton; Novellette Etude, in A flat (MS.), pianoforte (T. K. Hattersley, Balfe scholar, Mr G. W. F. Crowther (Sterndale Bennett scholar), pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr H. R. Eyers; Recitative and Air, "Be thou patient," *Jacob* (Henry Smart)—(accompanist, Mr Septimus Webbe)—Miss Delia Harris, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Sonata, in F, No. 1, pianoforte and violin (Walter Macfarren), Miss Elson and Mr Frank Arnold, pupils of Mr F. B. Jewson and Mr Sainton; Recitation, *Tempest*, Act 1, sc. ii. (William Shakspere), Prospero, Mr F. Williams, and Ariel, Miss Ercell, pupils of Mr Walter Lacy; Three Studies (Post. Op. 104, Bk. 2, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Amy Good, pupil of Mr Westlake; Serenade (MS.), "Stars of the Summer night" (C. S. Macpherson, student)—(accompanist, Mr C. S. Macpherson; horn *obbligato*, Mr C. Catchpole)—Mr Dyved Lewis, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Variations, in F minor, pianoforte (Haydn), Miss Amy Horrock, pupil of Mr Schlosser; Andante and Scherzo, from MS. Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello (O. S. Marshall, student), Mr Marshall and Mr Hambleton, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Walter Macfarren and Mr Pezze; Song, "Good-bye" (P. Testi)—(accompanist, Mr C. S. Macpherson)—Miss Felicia Howard, pupil of Mr Fiori; Gavotte in G, Menuet Impromptu, and Bourrée in D, pianoforte (Walter Macfarren), Miss Edith Young, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Air, "Rose softly blooming," *Azor and Zemira* (Spohr)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest Kiver)—Zemira, Miss Mary Warburton, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Quartet, in G minor, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Mozart), Mr F. Wareham, Mr G. Jones, Mr Richardson, and Mr Hambleton, pupils of Mr Walter Bache, Mr Burnett, and Mr Pezze.

—o—

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is very little to relate on matters musical; but I saw, for the first time (though it had been performed twice previously), *Un Lycée de jeunes filles*, by Louis Grech. The words are by M. A. Brisson, the author of *Le Voyage d'agrément*. The "plot and passion" I will not describe, but must notice the talent of Mdlle Suzanne Leblanc (a new acquisition here) in the character of Tambourine, and that of M. Rispal, the directeur du Lycée. Mdlle Geoffroy has established herself as a good singer, and as an artist of histrionic capabilities, in *Giroflé, La vie Parisienne*, and *Les Braconniers*. In *La vie Parisienne* M. Bérard, the director, well known to us here years ago, appeared in the first two acts as Frick and "le Major." *L'Assommoir* also attracts the frequenters of the "upper boxes," who applaud, look on astonished, and go out between each of the nine *tableaux* to *drink*. M. Bérard has signed for *Gillette de Narbonne*, and I hope we shall have it well brought out in January. From what I have not only read in the papers, but heard from the best of sources, the opera is so good that you may anticipate us in London by its production in an English dress; for I hear that it is bought by some one who knows "what's what." *Fanfan la Tulipe* is announced for Tuesday, and *Pompon* is in rehearsal. I do not despair of our having the new Parisian drama, *Les Mères ennemies*—*when* Mdme Agar has time to visit her property near Boulogne, and, bringing a starring *troupe* with her, as she usually does once or twice a year, to entertain and charm the Boulonnais. The first Philharmonic Concert (*intime*) takes place on Monday, December 4, and, thanks to the efforts of the vigilant founder of the society, the programme is well selected. The Mass in honour of Ste Cécile is to come off at the Church of St Nicholas on Monday morning.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Nov. 29, 1882.

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SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The winter exhibition of this esteemed and long-established society, which opened to the public on Monday, November 27th, contains many works of high merit, while in average quality it equals—perhaps excels—former displays. It is evident that the need of strenuous efforts is, at the present time, unmistakably enforced on English artists of a certain grade; for the foreigner, never absent in art, is now very active in the market competing for that patronage, already lessened by prolonged depression and uncertainty in the trade of the country. Formerly, when the aristocracy only "did" the grand tour, "old masters," oftener than not spurious, were brought home; now, however, in these days of return tickets and coupons, the Continent is overrun by travellers whose journeyings during the rest of the year are limited to daily pilgrimages to the City. These worthies are generally seized with the proud desire of bringing back signs of foreign travel, in the shape of works of art. Oftentimes such patrons, doubting their own judgment, procure art treasures through traders. Naturally, picture dealers are not wanting in devotion to that first, and chiefest commandment in the gospel of trade, "buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest," and, in fulfilment of that pure and lofty precept, English art is apt to be pushed aside. To win, then, the native artist must either sell cheaper, or work better than his rival. How far the exhibitors have been successful in holding their own is an enquiry which the visitor to the Suffolk Street Gallery will not find unpleasant to pursue. Early in the catalogue will be found Mr Walter Stacey's "News of the world," (No. 10), a vigorous representation of an old man, at his cottage door, reading; and near (No. 15) will be seen Mr Arthur Bell's sketch of the "River Rother," in which a prevailing harmony of grey tones is skilfully preserved. Mr J. H. S. Mann sends a cabinet picture (No. 46) of charm and merit; a mother, enacting that earliest of conceits, is pointing out to her amused child "the pig that went to market, and the one that stopped at home." The author has modestly called it a sketch, whilst it is, in every sense of the word, a highly finished picture. In the same room no one can fail seeing Mr Christian Symons' "Three stages of life" (No. 80); the epochs are illustrated by a girl, mother, and grandmother. If Mr Symons had done justice to his idea, by carrying it out with something approaching elaboration, then the work would have been enjoyed by many, now passing it by as immature.

Mr W. H. Gadsby has, this season, elected to send a small canvas "Asleep" (No. 90); but the simplicity of the subject, a child sleeping in its little bed, is made thoroughly attractive by the consistent treatment, and unconstrained handling of this progressing artist. Mr James E. Grace, not unmindful of the particular landscape which brought him renown, has again in "Amongst the Surrey hills" (No. 108) painted the well-known pool, with long grass, and the silvery-barked tree, with encircling meadows. No one has hesitated in acknowledging the power of Mr Edwin Ellis's brush; to see his productions from afar is sufficient to be impressed with his unusual vigour. Perhaps "Pemberth Cove" (No. 136) is better appreciated from the end of the room furthest from the picture. Standing at that point the blue waves seem alive with foam-producing motion, as they tumble on the beach, where fisher-folk are busy with nets and boats. On coming near, however, the effect is lessened, for paint then looks only like paint. This is unfortunate, for buyers have not always large rooms, and it is not likely they will build on purpose. Moreover, pictures are not banners to be "hung on the outward walls." Mr. J. C. Waite, never found wanting in jealous care for his artistic reputation, always places before the public well-studied transcriptions of nature, and in "Looking at the Well" (No. 164) he again demonstrates his skill. Another humorous incident in priestly recreations is graphically told by Mr Dendy Sadler in "Habet" (No. 182). Whether priestly fun loses by repetition, or the present picture is too black in tone, this capital work scarcely provokes the same mirth as its predecessors. One of the most valued and respected contributors to the gallery is Mr. E. J. Cobbett, and great pleasure is felt in witnessing the sustained strength of the artist. No. 170 "On the Coast," shows the capacity he retains for out-of-door work. Sea, beach, and sky, are harmoniously blended, whilst light from the hastening sun tips the ruffled waters, and turns into silver the pools left by the receding tide. Mr Ernest Waterlow, always an acceptable exhibitor, sends a well executed study entitled "A Thaw," (No. 210); near which hangs Mr Haynes King's most important effort of the season, "Granny's Story," (No. 196.) The old lady seems to be a good teller of a story, and the younger, if anything, a better listener; both however are admirably depicted, and the interior with its lights and shadows is painted with a Dutch-like fidelity.

The "Plague of the Village" (No. 230) revels in brilliant colour, and the grouping of the figures adds naturalness to the animated scene. Mr Caffieri, in "Back of Hurley Lock" (No. 294), has made a charming picture out of unpromising materials, but this gentleman has a keen perception of nature, and a fine touch that seldom fails him. Mr G. T. Walters is evidently a devotee to uniformity, and therefore exercises his gifts in supplying representations of an unvarying character. In "Sunset after Rain" (No. 306) will be found the same sunlight, struggling through the same broken clouds, upon the same rippling waters, which floats the same boats, that have done time-honoured duty. There will also be found the same excellence, but his thoughtful admirers might possibly be glad now and then of just a little variety. Mr Helmick's "Working for his Landlord," and "Working for Himself" (Nos. 327 and 626), are extremely good in subject and treatment, and withal full of unenforced humour; while Mr Thomas Watson must be congratulated upon a fine landscape, "A Surrey Lane" (No. 335), in which a thoroughly English scene is set forth with such artistic judgment, and such loving reverence for the subject, as to place the author amongst the highest of the exhibitors. Mr Yeend King has an agreeable breadth of style, but in "Fresh-water Sailors" (No. 345) the colours seem to be laid on too much in masses; while Mr A. F. Grace cannot fail to please by his manly and unaffected "Our Village" (No. 369). Mr Carlton Smith's "Normandy Milkmaid" (No. 379) is full of vivacity; and Mr Lance Calkin's "Eventide" (No. 632) full of promising merit. There are many lady exhibitors, amongst whom must be named Miss Phœbe Cobbett, who gives a pleasant reminiscence of "Autumn" in No. 258. It would be superfluous to discuss the high artistic qualities of Mr A. J. Woolmer, or the skill of Mr Thomas Roberts, the Secretary, for their positions have long been placed beyond question.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

—o—

MARIE ROZE.

Another enthusiastic poet of Auld Reekie thus ardently addresses Mdme Marie Roze, after seeing her as Fidelio and Lucrezia Borgia.

O beautiful Singer of tender lays
That linger long in the hearer's heart;
Like the golden breath of the Summer days
Is the sweetening touch of thy matchless art;
In hours of gloom, when the spirit seems
To lie like a load on the wearied breast,
Thy presence comes from a land of dreams,
And the sound of thy song is the voice of rest!

Winter is wailing around me here;
Beauty hath vanished from land and sea;
In the dreary woodlands the leaves fall sere
From the shivering grasp of each desolate tree;
The rapture of music is heard no more,
Breathing of love from the blossoming bough;
The singers are flown to a summer shore,
Whose strains bloom only in fancy now.

But thou, perennial nightingale!
Thro' all the seasons art with us still:
Though flowers have faded from wood and dale,
And mists are creeping from hill to hill,
Yet nought can silence that stream of song
Wherewith thou makest all eyes gleam bright;
For grief is banished, and hope grows strong,
Wherever thou pourest thy floods of light!

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON, M.A.

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THE BEGINNING OF THE CONCERT-SEASON IN VIENNA.*

Signor Enea Brizzi, chief of the Florentine Orchestral Association, began by giving his word and afterwards failing to keep it. Tremendous posters invited the public to go and hear the concert of the Italians in the large room of the Musical Association—but the concert was first postponed and then altogether abandoned. This last step was, no doubt, a painful one, but it was wise. However delighted we should have been to mark the great progress which a people hitherto celebrated musically only for its singing has recently made in orchestral playing as well, our delight would not have been very profitable for the concert-givers. Despite some excellent soloists (especially on wood wind-instruments), the orchestral efforts of our visitors, despite all their excellence, would scarcely have been such as to create a sensation in Vienna. Yet nothing but what would create a sensation, nothing but what was extraordinary, must have been offered for the concert-tour of an orchestral society numbering seventy persons to pay in Germany, which is above all others the land of symphony. Even the most brilliant execution of the programme would never have satisfied us with a programme like this: Overtures to Verdi's *Giovanna di Guzman*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Mignon*, Variations by Volzani, an Oboe Concerto by Pascilli, and a Fantasia on Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*—these are not model specimens of a "celebrated orchestra" to be offered to the serious lovers of music in Vienna, but mere sweetmeats of which we have plenty supplied us at garden-concerts by popular military and civilian bands. On the national soil of Italy itself, however, we should have been extremely pleased to make the acquaintance, in reality and not only on posters, of the Florentine orchestra.

Earnestly and nobly has the Society of the Friends of Music come forward with Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. This oratorio, seldom, comparatively speaking, heard in Vienna, was last performed (under Herbeck) eighteen years ago. At that time, there ran even through the most favourable notices a tone of lamentation and reproach at the want of sympathy exhibited by the audience. We appear to have improved as regards Handel, for at the performance this month the Maccabæan hero had no reason to complain either of scanty attendance or lukewarm reception. The public listened reverently, besides applauding much and warmly. This was the more satisfactory as *Judas Maccabæus* contains, by the side of what is imperishably grandiose and sublime, much that both humanly and musically is tolerably far removed from us. Few are familiar with and still fewer take an interest in the conflicts of the Jews with the Syrians, and their alternate victories and defeats (160 years before Christ), the significance and connection of which are, moreover, not quite intelligible in the oratorio. The pathos of freedom, religious and political, bursts forth powerfully among the masses, but forces almost entirely into the background the separate personages, including the dead hero, Matathias, whom we hear mourned for all through the first part, and the living Judas, who follows him as leader of the army. This imparts to the whole action something peculiarly impersonal and abstract, and does not excite so lively an interest as the oratorios of *Samson*, *Saul*, and *Belshazzar*, which contain incomparably more dramatic action. What strikes us musically as strange in this, as in other oratorios by Handel, are the airs. Our modern feeling has lost nearly all sympathy with them. This applies not only to their stiff, conventional form, not only to the old fashioned way in which they are decked out with bravura passages that strike us as doubly strange in the mouths of heroes and prophets—there is, strictly speaking, an utter absence of varied inward life. A Handelian air rolls along like a ball, it may be slowly or it may be quickly, but always like a ball, straightforward, evenly, and without stopping. Since Beethoven, we have been accustomed to musical development from within, to growth and blossoming of the living thought, and in Handel's airs we keenly miss this expansion. There are certainly exceptions in his works, but they are rare; one of the most beautiful specimens is Samson's tenor air: "Nacht ist's umher; nicht Sonn', nicht Mond," which, for simple, tender fervency, stands almost alone. We scarcely know an air in *Judas Maccabæus* which can be compared to it, and in which genuine human feeling has so flung off the fetters of old fashioned musical conventionality. It would be rather late in the day to praise the grandeur and power of the choruses in *Judas*. Even in Handel, there are not many such splendid pieces as "Fall war sein Los," which will never fail to make an irresistible impression. The oratorio was carefully got up and as carefully conducted by Herr Gericke. If that gentleman does not possess Herbeck's glance and arm, which sent forth fire, moving and inflaming, as it were, the masses, his conducting left scarcely anything to be desired on the score of ability and correctness. The instrumentation had been judiciously strengthened in many over-thin portions, and a good dozen pieces omitted from the very long work. No objection to such a course can be raised from the standpoint of intelligent reverence, honestly anxious for the effect of the work as a whole, and only double-dyed Handelian chamber-scholars like Chrysander are likely to enter the lists against it.† Excellence predominated in the solo parts. Mdme Materna's voice poured forth warmth and brilliancy over the airs of the Israelitish Woman, while Herr Rokitansky displayed in Simon's difficult A minor air a rare mastery of florid singing. As far back as eighteen years ago, when his voice was in full vigour, the heroico-dramatic part of Judas Maccabæus did not quite suit our admirable lyric tenor, Herr Walter. On the present occasion, in no single bar did he fail to prove himself a classically-trained singer, and even now we may defiantly ask: Which of his colleagues would sing the part of Judas not to say better, but as well? A Mdlle Mayer sang the contralto part respectably, but without making a deep impression.

(To be continued.)

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

† What Handel himself thought on this head is shown by a letter of his, referring, moreover, to one of his most effective oratorios, *Belshazzar*. On the 2nd October, 1745, he wrote to the author of the text: "I consider it a very grand and noble oratorio, but it is really too long; I have already cut out a large portion of the *music*, so as to preserve as much as possible of the *text*, but it must be shortened still more." As, however, the author would not sacrifice a line, there was nothing left for Handel but to set and publish the entire book in its unabbreviated form. He had, however, the following notice printed on it: "As the oratorio is too long, various pieces have been marked with a black line in the margin as pieces that may be omitted in performance." According to Schoelcher (*Life of Handel*, p. 290), *more than 200 lines* of the book were marked with this black line.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Sir,—We shall be much obliged if you will kindly give the following facts circulation in your valuable paper. A short time since an American manager engaged, through our musical agency, the following artists to appear in Liverpool and sing for the "Orphan Boys' Asylum":—Mdme Mina Gould, Miss Clara Myers, Mr Hirwen Jones, Mr Cecil Traherne, and Mr Ernest Cecil. In addition to the above-named concert there were to be five others in England, and in the event of the artists pleasing the public, they were to have been individually offered a six months' engagement in the United States of America. On the arrival of the artists in Liverpool they were somewhat astonished to see that they had all been advertised in the papers "as prior to a six months' tour in the United States of America," whereas no contract had ever been submitted, let alone entered into by any of them. On the evening of the concert there was a notice placed outside the Philharmonic Hall saying that the "hirer not having completed the terms of the hiring contract there would be no concert." The American manager then called on the artists at the Adelphi Hotel, and wished them to sing to him there, and they rightly and justly refused, their contract being to sing at the Philharmonic Hall, which they were prepared to fulfil, and on the results of which they were to have been offered or not an American engagement, but not certainly on a private hearing.

Trusting that you will give the matter all the publicity in your power, as the future appearances of the artists in Liverpool or elsewhere may be injured by such unbusinesslike conduct.—We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

F. Allan Gould, & Co., *Musical Agents*.

53, *New Bond Street, London, W., Nov. 29th*.

Moscow.—Joseph Kotek, of Berlin, recently played at a concert, under the direction of Max Erdmannsdörfer, a new Violin Concerto by Peter Tschaikowsky. Both the work (said to be one of the composer's best) and the execution, were greatly admired.

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ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

ST. JAMES'S HALL was crowded to overflowing on Thursday night with an enthusiastic audience. The Glasgow Select Choir made its second appearance, and received such a reception as to confirm the good opinion formed of it last year upon a similar occasion. Mr Austin, with all his ability, will find it difficult to prepare equally attractive programmes without this choir, unless he gives his Caledonian friends an opportunity of hearing the other "select choir"—Mr Lambeth's. From first to last Mr Allan's choir sang in an almost faultless manner—now delighting their audience with the touching pathos of "Annie Laurie" and "The Flowers of the Forest," firing their patriotism in "Scots wha ha'e," or heartily enjoying the rich humour of "Kate Dalrymple," "Willie Wastle," and the "Laird o' Cockpen," substituted as an encore in one instance. Their opening song, "In the garb of old Gaul," and several others, were re-demanded in such a manner as to leave no room for refusal. It is not too much to say that the Select Choir proved the very backbone of the concert; or shall we rather say it formed a fit setting for our matchless Master artist—Mr Sims Reeves? We all know how well Mr Reeves can render Scottish songs, whether as regards words or music, and upon this occasion his "Land o' the Leal" and "The Macgregors' Gathering" were given with such taste and spirit as to call forth round after round of applause, the latter song being given again in response to an encore. In Mr Reeves' opening phrase, "I'm wearin' awa'," a sympathetic chord seemed to be touched. We dare not expect to have him long with us as a vocalist, but may at least hope that it may be long before he leaves us for the "land o' the leal." It is some consolation to know that Mr Lloyd may be counted on for many years yet to come, and he never fails to create a favourable impression at the Scotch concerts—encores being a matter of course. Miss Agnes Ross seems to be quite an established favourite, "Auld Robin Gray" was re-demanded, as was also "Caller Herrin'," for which "A man's a man for a' that" was substituted. Mr Santley was even more successful than upon previous occasions. "Bonnie Dundee" was given with great spirit, and when the first few bars of "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman" were heard for the encore song, the audience at once testified their delight. Mr Santley was equally successful in the humorous song "M-HM!" two verses of which he repeated in response to universal demand. An apology was circulated for Mr Walter Clifford, who was absent through indisposition. Mdme Bertini and Miss Helen Meason sang with their accustomed good taste, and received a hearty reception, the latter lady being re-called for "Jock o' Hazeldean." Miss Meason injured her second song very much by singing *Jamie* instead of *Jemie*. Signor Piatti, accompanied by Mr J. B. Zerbini, brought the first part to a close with a "Fantasia on Scotch Melodies," as a violoncello solo, written specially by Signor Piatti, and rendered, it need scarcely be added, in the most artistic manner. The duet singing of the Misses Allitsen was equally artistic. There was nothing finer in the programme than their charming rendering of "O wert thou in the cauld blast," and "Ye banks and braes," and the audience testified their appreciation by an enthusiastic re-call. One could only wish to have heard them in solos—and a future occasion we hope may afford this opportunity. The Scottish National Anthem, "Auld Lang Syne," followed by "God save the Queen," brought a most successful concert to a fitting conclusion, for the Scotch are as loyal as they are patriotic, and the Premier, whose proud boast is that every drop of blood in his veins is Scotch, was not very far wrong, after all, when he referred to the land of his fathers as the "land o' the leal."—W. H.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—While the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, of "the Golden Mouth," was dilating to the upper ten of "the Scottish Colony" at the 218th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, Mr William Carter, of "the Golden Stick," was holding forth to the "middle ten thousand" at the spacious tholus at South Kensington. A glance at the immense audience assembled at the shrine of St Andrew was sufficient to justify the compliment of the Home Secretary, that "all the Scotch ladies were young, and all the Scotch men were well to do." An excellent programme was prepared, and thoroughly appreciated by an exacting audience, who, before the last item was reached, had nearly doubled its proportions. We cannot help remarking, however, that the realm over which the Scottish Muse wields supremacy is so extensive that it is possible to give the programmes wider variety—nine of the pieces presented on this occasion having been given at the last year's concert. All the same, they were received with undiminished favour. The pipers of the Scots Guards, who paraded the hall, included those whose war-note led their comrades to victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and this knowledge prepared the way for an ovation from all parts of the house, which must have cheered the hearts of the gallant fellows. The festival opened with the National Anthem, followed by "See the conquering Hero comes," given with the full forces at Mr Carter's disposal. "Let the bright Seraphim" (cornet *obbligato*, excellently rendered, of course, by Mr J. Levy) was superbly given by Mdme Marie Roze. Her piquant *singing* of "Comin' thro' the Rye" was a gem in its way; and when Mr Carter led her on to assist in "Rule Britannia," although not set down for her in the programme, the audience testified their approbation in the heartiest manner. This talented artist has made marked advance in her mastery over the difficulties of Scottish pronunciation—no mean achievement in her case. Mdme Trebelli, it is needless to remark, in "What the Waves said," and, in what was more *apropos* to the occasion, "Robin Adair," sustained her high reputation. Mdme Isabel Fassett, in "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Jock o' Hazeldean," proved that she is making steady advance in her profession, while Mdlle Patti Winter, a pupil, we believe, of Mr Carter, did credit to her mentor, in "Auld Robin Gray," and in a pretty new ballad, "Not for ever." Mr Redfern Hollins gave with refined taste "The Death of Nelson," and "The standard on the braes o' Mar," with *verve* and expression. Mr Sinclair Dunn, who made his *début* before a Royal Albert Hall audience, in his first selection ("The Macgregors' Gathering,") appeared slightly nervous, but in "O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me," showed more confidence, and, consequently, produced a better effect. Signor Ghilberti, in "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," would have appealed more directly to his audience had he infused more spirit into his rendering. The same remark applies to Mr Frederick King's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." We are glad to note a further improvement in the work of the choir in the direction of steadiness of attack and obedience to the conductor's beat. We think, however, there is still room for improvement, especially in their rendering of the part-song "The Land o' the Leal." To our mind, taking the line "Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean" *fortissimo* is a mistake, and sadly marred the otherwise faithful rendering of one of the most plaintive airs ever written. Credit where credit is due, however. "Ye banks and braes" received ample justice at their hands, and was received with proportionate favour. We must not omit to note the services of Mr Levy, his cornet solo, "Annie Laurie," with band accompaniment, evoking a loud encore, to which he responded with the pawky "Within a mile o' Edinboro' town." The band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards gave valuable assistance, and the "Scotch Symphony" (Mendelssohn), performed by Mr E. Bending at the grand organ and Mr W. Carter at the pianoforte, was well received. "Auld Lang Syne" brought the festival to a termination.—WETSTAR.

MY BONNIE WEE ROSE.

Awa' in the woods, the bonnie green woods,
That grow on the haughs o' Kenmare,
There blooms a wee Rose, a bonnie wee Rose,
On a stem sae comely and fair.
I've tended that flower, that bonnie wee flower,
As miser gloats over his gold;
Wi' fondest delight, at morn and at night,
I've watched a' its beauties unfold.

In wealthier bowers far gaudier flowers
May bloom for the lordly to see,
But my bonnie wee Rose, at eve's dewy close,
Keeps a' its sweet fragrance for me.
Ere winter's cauld frost the woodlands has cross'd
To kill the wee flowers wi' its smart,
I'll pluck the wee Rose, the bonnie wee Rose,
And wear it aye close to my heart.

WETSTAR.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Air, "Thou shalt die," *Rodelinda* (Handel)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Scherzo à Capriccio, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Miss Dora Schirmacher.

PART II.—Concerto, in A minor, for violin, with double quartet accompaniment (Bach)—Herr Joachim, accompanied by MM. L. Ries, Pollitzer, Wiener, Zerbini, Straus, Zerbini Junr., Pezze, Reynolds, and Piatti; Song, "Frau Nachtigall" (Taubert)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Octet, in E flat, Op. 20, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Mendelssohn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Pollitzer, Wiener, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 2, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in C major, Op. 163, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Schubert) Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, Pezze, and Piatti; Songs, "The night has a thousand eyes" and "I think of all thou art to me" (Cowen)—Miss De Fonblanque; Sonata, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Miss Dora Schirmacher; Allemande, Largo, and Allegro, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Veracini)—Signor Piatti; Recit. and Air, "Oh, bien aimé" (Massenet)—Miss De Fonblanque; Trio, in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mozart)—Miss Dora Schirmacher, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882.

THE NEW OPERA AT MANCHESTER.

On Change.

X AND T.—That's my opinion. What's yours?

G.—You shall have it ere long. Wait a bit. They quote you in London.

X AND T.—And you?

G.—Aye! There's the rub. Adieu, Exty.

X AND T.—Adieu, Guardy.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN.

(From the "Manchester Examiner and Times.)

The interest excited by the production of Herr Nessler's opera was evinced in the fact in spite of inclement weather, not a seat in the Queen's Theatre was unoccupied on Saturday night, when it was given for the second time. That public hesitation was not disappointed is proved by the unflagging attention of the vast audience during a performance which lasted fully three hours and a half.

We spoke fully of the plot in our first notice. It only remains to refer to the music and the manner in which it was performed. As to the music, a second hearing does nothing to weaken its freshness, while it undoubtedly confirms an impression that though Nessler has remarkable powers of adaptation, he possesses no great originality. In him we have no Weber or Gounod. The *Ratcatcher of Hamelin*—for that is its proper title—does not open new ground or take people by surprise, as did the *Freischütz* of the former composer or the *Faust* of the latter. Yet Nessler seems to have something in his nature which has absorbed the romantic and folk-song forms which delighted Weber, while his early ecclesiastical training has given him so much in common with Gounod that he readily seizes on the church forms and quasi-sacred harmonies so potently used by that great master of stage effect. The combination of these forms—the popular German romantic and what may be called the sensuous ecclesiastical—is what, perhaps, gives its peculiar interest to the style of Nessler. While full of suggestiveness—because, somehow, we are being constantly reminded of something familiar—he is never really guilty of plagiarism. Try as we may, we are unable to convict him of directly appropriating the ideas of others, though there is ever that subtle something—in rhythm or harmonic sequence—which proves how thoroughly Nessler is imbued with the manner of certain earlier writers. As an example of this we may cite the "Wedding March" in the last act, which it is certain would never have been written had Mendelssohn and Hofmann not existed. Yet the march is really a beautiful one, and can hardly be said to resemble exactly any other composition. The influence of Mendelssohn is again shown in the peculiar fondness which Nessler displays for the augmented fifth, a device which may almost be said to be the peculiar property of that composer, and the use of which must always be suggestive of his influence. In Nessler, then, we have clearly displayed the love of simple national forms of folk-song, tinctured by the influence of an early training in church music and an evident partiality for the particular sequences of Weber and Mendelssohn. Necessarily the result is something of a *pot-pourri*. It is a combination of odours in which none specially predominates, though each may faintly be detected. As a writer of modern times Nessler can hardly be quite uninfluenced by Wagner, though this influence has gone no further than an adoption, to some extent, of *leit-motifs* as indicative of particular characters. The Mayor of the city especially is associated with a theme of simple dignity which, however pretty as it is, becomes at last almost as tiresome from repetition as does the master bellfounder's theme in Romberg's well-known setting of Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*. In no other instance, however, has Nessler carried the device to an extreme. Of course there are the "rat" motive and the "charm" motive, but these are so sparingly used that probably they almost escaped notice. Then, all these musical elements are so ingeniously combined as to form an attractive whole, while each tableau is long enough for complete development without being carried to the point when musical forms become tedious. We shall not attempt to point to particular movements in support of what we have said above. The musical student will easily trace out the portions to which our remarks apply; nor can the study of the work be other than productive of pleasure to all who feel an interest in the development of artistic musical form.

It would be unfair to criticise severely the performance of the opera, though it was much better on Saturday evening than on Thursday. In the first place, the orchestra was not only inadequate for, but also far from familiar with, its task. The frequent changes of *tempo*, and the peculiar harmonies, require that they should be so well known as to be always anticipated before they can be effectively rendered, and, with the small amount of rehearsal usually accorded to new works in England, we need not say that nothing like this degree of familiarity had been acquired by the orchestra. To some extent this may be said also of the vocalists, though, all things considered, they had by Saturday evening gained considerable mastery over their parts. Mr Sauvage especially, as the Piper, must be complimented on having at a bound placed himself in the front rank amongst English operatic singers. Young as he is, he is evidently an accomplished musician. No matter how difficult the music of his part, he displays none of that uncomfortable reliance on the aid of the conductor which so often dispels all illusion as we listen to an operatic singer. It is this which makes the difference between an artist who can grasp the whole harmony of the work and one who masters his part only. The latter always needs a guide, while the former has that perfect knowledge which prevents him ever going astray. Mr Sauvage's voice is a high baritone, of excellent quality

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in its upper range, though somewhat wanting in volume below. He certainly ought to make a mark on the lyric stage. Our old friend Mr Lyall, was, of course, admirable as Ethelerus, everywhere proving how valuable are his services to any company of which he forms part. A player of less tact would have been tempted to exaggeration in the drinking scene with the priest. As it was, while it was absurdly humorous, nothing was attempted for which the score does not afford justification. Mr Temple's Mayor was given in his usual careful manner, which is in perfect keeping with the dignity and self-importance of the part; while Mr Howell—if he had but a voice—would be as acceptable as we might expect from his musical acquirements as Sunneborne. The ladies ought to have been first noticed perhaps, but it is not too late to say that Mdme Blanche Cole—though her voice is hardly so fresh as a few seasons ago—is still an accomplished singer; while Miss Siedle possesses a voice and style which ought to commend her to future notice. Miss Helen Armstrong was capital as the nurse Dorothea, her somewhat worn voice not being objectionable as associated with the character. Mr Aynsley Cook had not a great part as Wulff but he supported it with all his accustomed energy and intelligence.

G.—You broad old field!
X. and T.—You free old mantle!

[*Exeunt severally.*

—o—

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—With reference to the paragraph in *The Times*, I beg leave to say that the library has not been purchased by the Royal College of Music, which has no funds applicable to such a purpose, but has been secured for its use, and will be removed at once to the college building at Kensington Gore. No boon could be more acceptable to the college than this noble library, which contains musical works of great rarity, variety, and extent, invaluable to both Professors and students. Had it been dispersed, there is no probability that so comprehensive and valuable a collection could ever have been got together again.—Your obedient servant,

G. Grove, *Director of the College.*

—o—

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

Sir,—From the advertisements which frequently appear in journals circulating principally among ladies, offering to supply manuscript copies of copyright music at ridiculously low prices, it would seem the advertisers are under the impression that the making copies by hand of copyright music is no breach of the Copyright Acts.

If this be the impression under which the advertisers labour, it is high time that they should be informed of their mistake; and I therefore ask you, by publishing this letter, to acquaint the public of the fact that the multiplying copies, by any means whatever, of copyright music or other works without the sanction of the owner of the copyright is a breach of the Copyright Acts, and subjects the offender to an action.

The Music Publishers' Association has recently been compelled to take proceedings against one lady, and to threaten proceedings against another, in respect of this very offence, and has only consented to stay further proceedings on an ample apology and payment of costs being made.

In the case of similar infringements of the publishers' rights being hereafter brought to light, the offenders must expect less lenient treatment,—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. Lawrence Harris, *Secretary.*

Music Publishers' Association, 32, *Argyll Street.*

The New Yorkers are eagerly expecting Mdme Albani in their city early next year.

Joseph Joachim has arrived, with his Imperial bow, and, at the Popular Concert of Monday night, will lead the Rasoumowski Quartet in C major (No. 3, Op. 59). *Hoch! Skaal!* (Hear! hear!)

Marie Brandt brought her engagement at the Leipsic Stadttheater to a close by appearing as Leah in Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*. The members of the operatic company presented her on the occasion with a silver laurel-wreath bearing a flattering inscription. Her absence necessitates the temporary withdrawal of Rubinstein's opera.

CONCERTS.

Royal Society of Musicians.—The performance of *The Messiah* annually given in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians took place on the 24th ult. at St James's Hall, in the presence of a large assemblage of the patrons of the institution. The principal artists, as is usual upon these occasions, gave their services gratuitously, and a glance at their names will fully reveal the substantial value of the assistance so kindly rendered. Miss Marie Davies, Mdme Isabel Fassett, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Jessie Jones, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Frederick King, and Mr Hilton were the vocalists who undertook the solo parts, one and all acquitting themselves in a manner worthy of the high position they severally enjoy, and which, as a matter of course, ensured an interpretation of the leading airs of the oratorio hardly to be exceeded in artistic interest. The choruses were effectively sung by a large body of choristers, under the experienced *bâton* of Mr Barnby, and the orchestra, also of fitting dimensions, included Mr J. T. Carrodus, as principal violin, and Mr T. Harper, as trumpet, Dr E. J. Hopkins presiding at the organ. The hall was crowded in every part, and hence it may be assumed that the performance, so considerably helped by the profession, afforded material benefit to the excellent charity in behalf of which it made its annual appeal. —H.

The "Concert d'Invitation," given by members of the St George's Musical Association, at St Andrew's Hall, on Thursday evening, the 23rd ult., was numerously attended. The concert began with Chopin's "Introduction and Polonaise" in C, for pianoforte and violin, played by Misses Elsie Evans and Kate Chaplin, who also contributed solos on their respective instruments with success. Miss Nellie Chaplin gave Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" with much skill, and two movements of a trio by Rheinberger received justice at the hands of Mrs Ullithorne (pianoforte), Miss Adelina Dinelli (violin), and Mr G. Dinelli (violoncello). Mr George Gear was re-called after his effective fantasia on M. Gounod's *Faust*. Miss Edith Ruthven sang "Softly sighs" (*Der Freischütz*) in very good style, her clear and sympathetic voice finding scope for display in Weber's admired *scena* and winning for her a double "call." Later in the evening the same artist sang "When night is gathering round," by Mr George Gear (a tasteful song with flowing accompaniment), and again met with deserved success. Miss Nelly McEwen was "called" after her expressive rendering of Taubert's song, "My darling was so fair," and the same compliment was paid to Miss Frances Smith after Mr George Gear's "Sweet visions," a song we noticed favourably when first introduced by Mdme Patey, and which has since become very popular. Mr Sackville Evans displayed a powerful bass voice in "Honour and Arms" and "Les Rameaux" (violin *obbligato*, Miss Kate Chaplin). Miss Amy Dicksee sang two songs, and Mr G. Tattersall took part in some concerted music. The accompanists were Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr George Gear.

An evening concert was given by Mr Arthur Roby, organist of Camden Road Church, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult, in the Hall, Camden Park Road. He was surrounded by "a host of talent," both vocal and instrumental, and a lengthy programme was rendered to the satisfaction of a crowded audience. The concert opened with the overture to *Semiramide* (arranged for eight hands) the performers being Misses Elsie and Eva Treadaway, Cissie Geflowski, and Green. Miss Coyte Turner made her mark in "Lord Mayor Whittington, or the Bells of Bow," (Roeckel), and in La Serenata (Braga), the violin *obbligato* to the latter being given with much effect in an adjoining room by Mr E. Parfitt, who also showed much executive power in an "Air Varié" (Vieuxtemps), and Romance (Svensden). Mr Herbert Blackmore, the possessor of a capital baritone voice, gave "Sailing" (Marks) with much acceptance, and received an encore for his rendering of "A Creole love song" (Mrs Moncrieffe). Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor was performed with spirit and executive facility on two grand pianofortes by Mr Arnold Birch and the concert-giver. Mr F. J. Gordon sang with taste and expression the two songs set down for him, "Tell her I love her so" (De Faye), and "Annabelle Lee" (Leslie). The same may be said of Mr Herbert Nash, who sang "Stars the night adorning" (Wekerlin), and "The Pilgrim of Love." "Bon Soir," and the National Anthem brought a very enjoyable entertainment to a close.

The monthly concert given by the St George's Glee Union, on November the 3rd, proved a marked success; the concert-room was again filled to overflowing with an appreciative audience. The programme comprised a miscellaneous selection of vocal music interpreted with more than the customary skill exhibited at these concerts. Mdlle Alice Roselli's songs were most favourably received. She was re-called, and in response to very marked applause repeated the "Valse de Venzano." Miss Jeanie Rosse (a promising

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contralto) and Mr Distin contributed to the success of the concert. The part singing of the choir merits great praise for the careful attention they paid to "light and shade." Mr Joseph Monday conducted.—*West Middlesex Advertiser.*

Miss Mary Beare gave a concert at Brixton Hall on Friday evening, November 21, assisted by Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs Hirwen Jones and Lucas Wilson, (vocalists), Mr W. L. Barrett, (flute), Miss Lilian Griffiths (violin), and Miss Dinah Shapley (pianoforte). Miss Beare, a pupil of Mr Goldberg at the Royal Academy of Music, made a great effect by the charming style in which she sang "Pretty mocking bird," the flute *obbligato* part being beautifully played by Mr Barrett, of the Royal Italian Opera. Miss Hilda Wilson, a pupil of Mr Shakespeare, at the Royal Academy of Music, rendered the song, "The Miller and the Maid," most charmingly, and Miss Dinah Shapley's performance at the pianoforte gained for her hearty applause. The concert altogether pleased immensely.

The London Literary and Artistic Union gave one of their interesting musical *réunions* on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall before a full and fashionable audience. The selection of vocal music was fully appreciated, being selected from the compositions of Mozart, Schubert, Bellini, Rossini, &c. The vocalists were Mdmes Heaketh, Nettnam, Shenstone, Gertrude Bendazzi, and Mr W. J. Russell. The pianists were Miss Lillie Albrecht, Miss Lavinia O'Brien, and Herr Liebich. Miss Albrecht gave with much effect Raff's "Tambourine" and Chopin's Etude in C major, receiving great applause after each. Miss Lavinia O'Brien, one of the favourite pupils of Stephen Heller, played with Herr Emanuel Liebich the overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven), and two characteristic duets by Moczkowsky, entitled "Russia" and "Hungary," which pleased the audience immensely. Herr Liebich accompanied the singers.

Mdlle Luise von Hennig gave a concert at Lancaster Hall, Notting Hill, on Thursday evening, Nov. 23rd, under distinguished patronage, assisted by Mdme Mina Gould, Mrs Andrew W. Tuer, Mrs Charles Marshall, Messrs A. D. Sceales, Traherne, Ernest Cecil, and George Bard. The concert-giver sang Mendelssohn's "Hear ye, Israel," *Lieder* by Schubert, Eckert, and Blumenthal, and joined Mrs Tuer in two duets by Rubinstein, and Messrs Traherne and Cecil in a trio from Verdi's *Attila*, "Te sol quest' anima." Mdlle von Hennig pleased both her friends and the public by the style in which she rendered each piece, and was deservedly applauded. Among the novelties introduced were a duet, "Eyes," and a song, "Stay," the composition of Mdme Mina Gould. The duet, capitally sung by Messrs Traherne and Cecil, was heartily applauded and deservedly encored. The song, admirably rendered by Mr Cecil, might also have been repeated, judging from the evident pleasure it afforded the audience. The pianoforte pieces given by Mrs Charles Marshall were Ritter's "Veloce" and Silas's "Andalouse." The accompanists were Mdme Mina Gould and Mr George Bard.

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PROVINCIAL.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The Carl Rosa opera company brought their week's engagement at the Theatre Royal to a close by a fine performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, the principal parts in which were taken by Miss Burns (Gilda), Miss Yorke (Maddelina), Mr Turner (Duke of Mantua), Mr Crotty (Rigoletto), Mr Pope (Sparafucile), and Mr Snazelle (Count Montrose). There was a large audience, and the opera was enthusiastically received. Mr Turner had to repeat "Fair shines the moon to-night." The part of the jester, in the hands of Mr Crotty, was a masterpiece of acting, whilst his artistic vocalization throughout gained for him golden opinions. Miss Burns's representation of Gilda was exceedingly good, and the other characters were ably personated. The celebrated quartet in the last act provoked the usual *furore*; the band and chorus were thoroughly up to their business; and the conductor, Mr Goossens, had little trouble in directing the performance.

Cheltenham.—The third of a subscription series of twelve Promenade Concerts was given at the Montpellier Rotunda, Cheltenham, on Saturday, Nov. 18th; vocalists: Miss Clara Dowle (Guildhall School of Music) and Mr C. W. Fredericks; accompanist: Mr A. von Holst; conductor: Mr A. G. Pollock, R.A.M. This was Miss Clara Dowle's first appearance in Cheltenham, and she made a most favourable impression. Her songs were "It was a dream" (Cowen), "Robin Adair" (Niel Gow—harp accompaniment by Mr Pollock), "Softly Sighs" (Weber), and "The Watchman and the Child" (Cowen). These were all much applauded and encores demanded. In responding to one, she gave "I cannot say good-bye" (Roeckel). Mr C. W. Fredericks, an old favourite in Cheltenham, sang, with effect, "I arise from dreams of thee" (Salaman), "Greklein" (Kucken), "My heart is thine alone" (Kloss), and "The Anchor's Weighed" (Braham). Messrs Pollock and von Holst played Oberthür's Grand Duo, for harp and piano, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia* in masterly style. The Cheltenham military band assisted.

Sherborne.—An intellectual and fashionable audience assembled at the Town Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 23rd, to hear an essay on "Sir Sterndale Bennett: His Life and Works," read by Mr. Arthur O'Leary. The lecture was illustrated by a selection of Bennett's compositions. Mr and Mrs Regan, Mr Donkin, and Miss Howes (who possesses an excellent soprano voice) assisted. The essay was listened to with great attention and the lecturer frequently applauded. After the reading, a short miscellaneous selection of music was given. Mrs Regan played Wollenhaupt's "Caprice" (pianoforte) with great spirit; Mr Regan contributed a movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; and Miss Howes (who was vociferously encored) sang a song from Sullivan's *Patience*, and "I know my love," by Rosetta O'Leary Vinning.

KING'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

Programme

OF

MR SALAMAN'S

ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT,

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1837,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

Grand Sinfonia in A (first time at a Benefit Concert)... *Beethoven*
Ballad, Mr Balfe (by desire), "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest" ..... *Balfe*
Aria, Madame Pasta, "Il braccio mio conquise" (*Il Tancredi*) ..... *Rossini*
Grand Concerto in C, Pianoforte, Mr Salaman (first time) ..... *C. M. von Weber*
Aria, Signor Ivanoff, "Che accenti" (*Otello*) ..... *Rossini*
Aria, Miss Clara Novello, "Sommo ciel."
Violin Obbligato, Mr Blagrove .... *Pacini*
Fantasie Irlandaise, Harp, M. Labarre ..... *Labarre*
Duetto Buffo, Madame Pasta and Mr Balfe, "Io di tutto" ..... *Mosca*
Allegro Brillante al Capriccio, Pianoforte, Mr Salaman, on a subject from *The Maid of Artois*, with Orchestral Accompaniments (first time) ..... *Salaman*

PART II.

Grand Overture to *Der Freyschütz* ..... *C. M. von Weber*
Scena, Madame Schroeder-Devrient (*Der Freyschütz*) *C. M. von Weber*
Grand Fantasia, Pianoforte, Mr Salaman (*Les Huguenots*) *Thalberg*
Duetto, Signor Ivanoff and Mr Balfe, "Voglio dire lo stupendo" (*L' Elisire d'Amore*) ..... *Donizetti*
Cantata, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, "Adelaide." Accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr Salaman *Beethoven*
Grand Overture to *Zauberflöte* ..... *Mozart*

Conductor, Sir George Smart.
Leader, Mr Eliason.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—In our account of the final gathering of the old Sacred Harmonic Society, mention was made of the distribution of the medals struck in commemoration of the fiftieth and last season. It is a very handsome bronze medallion, on the obverse side is a reduced *fac-simile* of Roubilliac's statue of Handel, and the words "To commemorate the fiftieth and last season, 1882," on the reverse, a lyre, with open score of *Messiah* enclosed in a wreath, with the inscription, "Sacred Harmonic Society, Founded 1832." The only two recipients of this medal apart from the list of members and assistants of the late Sacred Harmonic Society, were Mr James Peck and Mr Henry Wright, both of whom have for so many years conducted the business of the office in their respective departments.

The programme on the occasion of Mdme Sembrich's last appearance at the Teatro Real, Madrid, comprised the third act of *La Sonnambula*, the third of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the fourth of *Hamlet*, and the grand air from *Il Flauto magico*.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second of Mr John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" was given at St James's Hall on Wednesday evening before an audience as numerous and enthusiastic as at the first, the singers being Misses Mary Davies and Edith Santley, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, and Santley. Mdme Norman-Néruda was again the violinist, and the South London Choral Society, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables, held their usual post in the van, centre, and rear of the excellent programme. The new songs were "For Pity's Sake" (Stephen Adams), sung by Miss Mary Davies, and "Kismet" (Molloy), sung by Mr Santley. Both were received with marked favour, and had to be repeated at the unanimous desire of the audience. All the old songs were received with great applause, "The Little Hero" (Stephen Adams), "The Three Ravens," "Here's a health unto his Majesty," and "Wapping Old Stairs," respectively sung by Mr Maybrick, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Santley, and Miss Edith Santley, being heartily encored. Mdme Néruda has taken firm hold of her new audience, who "called" her after her performance of a slow movement by Viotti, and insisted on a repetition of Wieniawski's "Mazurka." The satisfaction of the audience was also loudly expressed after the South London Choir had sung Sir R. P. Stewart's arrangement of "The Bells of St Michael's Tower," and were compelled to repeat it. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the singers with his well-known ability. The concert under notice was the last to be given, in the evening, this side of Christmas; but one is announced for Wednesday morning next, which, no doubt, will be well patronized by those who fear to encounter the night air.

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MR COWEN'S "SCANDINAVIAN" SYMPHONY.

The *New York Tribune*, of November 12, in its notice of the opening concert of the forty-first season of the New York Philharmonic Society, thus writes about Mr Cowen's symphony, which, *en passant*, we may remark, is announced to be given at the Sydenham Crystal Palace on December 16th, at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 21st, at Birmingham in January next, and at Glasgow and Edinburgh in February:—

Mr Cowen is a native of the Island of Jamaica, and an alumnus of the conservatories of Leipsic and Berlin. Though still quite young—he is in his thirty-first year—he has been an industrious and successful composer, having written cantatas for the English festivals, an opera for Carl Rosa, many songs and various other music. This is his third symphony. It ought to assure his position in the front rank of the contemporary English school, even if it do not vindicate his right to a still higher place, for it shows vigour, fine workmanship, and fresh ideas. Although it appears from its title to belong to the class of descriptive music, it is entirely free from the extravagances and strained effects into which the followers of the programme style are apt to be betrayed. The name of "Scandinavian," which Mr Cowen applies to it, indicates only the character of the themes, and although there are certain devices in the second and third movements with a distinctly picturesque object, they are, nevertheless, musically legitimate. The opening of the first movement (*allegro moderato ma con moto*), with its striking use of the reeds, inclines us to expect something in the Mendelssohn manner; but that delusion does not last long, and by the time we reach the broad and beautiful second subject we feel quite sure that Mr Cowen is nobody's echo. The treatment here is principally by means of dialogue with some charming contrasts of tone and expression; especially happy is the interchange of the melody between the violins and the violas and 'cellos; the subsequent development and combination of the two principal subjects is ingeniously managed; and the working up of the close of the movement is admirable. It is apparent that Mr Cowen knows how to write as well as that he has something to say. The extent of his scholarship is indicated by the solidity of the score; it is compact and well balanced; the colouring is not brilliant, but it is harmonious and refined; instead of trusting to sensational combinations, he relies principally upon the strings, which give a substantial character to the music not to be obtained in any other way. The second movement (*adagio con moto*) is marked on the score "A Summer Evening on the Fjord," a legend which perhaps sufficiently indicates the soft and dreamy spirit of its melody and the delicate quality of the instrumentation. An exceedingly pretty effect is produced by a quartet of horns placed out of sight behind the orchestra, with accompaniment of harp arpeggios. The quartet is repeated at a still greater distance, and dies away in an echo. Nothing could have been finer than Thomas's execution of this passage. The third movement (*scherzo*) is not explained on the score, but we have seen it referred to—we know not upon what authority—as a suggestion of a sleigh-journey. It requires no great stretch of fancy to hear in the quick rhythmic movement the beat of flying hoofs and the ring of the frozen snow; the faint sound of distant bells, too, comes to us now and then; but, however this may be, Mr Cowen has written a beautiful and brilliant *scherzo*, again showing his good judgment and self-confidence by giving the best work to the strings, and avoiding the ostentatious use which a man of smaller talent would have been sure to make of the triangle. It is no slight praise to say that the last movement (*allegro ma non troppo*) shows no falling off either in animation or construction. It is on the contrary the strongest, most masculine part of the symphony, and it culminates in a masterly *finale*. The whole work received a most sympathetic interpretation, dainty in the *adagio* and *scherzo*, animated in the two *allegros*; and the applause showed that it was keenly relished by the audience.

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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On several occasions lately the managers of these concerts have given prominence to works by English composers. They did so last Wednesday evening, and may now be congratulated, not only upon a successful stroke of policy, but upon having shown with what ease a programme of modern music may be made up without going beyond the range of native talent. Those who have faith in the capacity of Englishmen as composers saw nothing to disconcert them in the selections put forward, but much that was confirmatory. For example, Mr Walter Macfarren's "Pastoral" overture, originally produced at one of Mr Kuhe's festivals, has merit of a high order—merit alike in fancy, development, and characteristic expression. This very pleasing work, performed under the author's own guidance, could not be heard without satisfaction. Then, there was the "Graceful Dance" from Mr Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, shortly followed by his setting of the "Willow Song" from *Othello*. These pieces are too well known for description, while that they rightly had place in an English programme, and faithfully represent some of the best features in English art, is obvious. Mr Eaton Faning's overture, *The Holiday*, was another fit illustration of native talent, and as much may be said, with particular emphasis, regarding Mr Cowen's *Suite de Ballet*, "The Language of the Flowers." These graceful little pieces, as happy in character as in name, and marked by touches not less dainty in their way than those of Flora's pencil, are now established in the rank of popular favourites, and bid fair to endure. They deserve the peculiar honour of long life, for, trifles though they be, the invention and workmanship here shown are of the highest order. Mr Cowen conducted in person, to the obvious advantage of his music and its audience. A song, "Best of all," by Moir; an orchestral selection from *Pinafore*, the Irish air known as "Oft in the stilly night," Mr A. Burnett's pretty "Mandolinata," for strings; Mr Cowen's march, "Maid of Orleans;" and an arrangement of Balfe's airs, as well as of old English melodies, by Mr F. Godfrey, completed the list of works from the pens of British composers. That the programme gave satisfaction need not be insisted on, especially as the performance was in most cases fairly good.

Besides the works named above, Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, and violin solos by Vieuxtemps, Saint-Saëns, and Sarasate were given. The Concerto was played, with her usual sound judgment and good taste, by Mdme Frickenhaus; the violinist being Miss Alma Harkness, a young American lady of whose ability the Paris Conservatoire is justified in boasting. The vocalists were Mdme Isabel Fassett and Mr Redfern Hollins.—*D. T.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The commencement of this institution in March, 1823, was by the election of ten boys and ten girls instead of forty of each, as at first resolved. At the time expectation ran high. Their names were:—

Girls.	*Boys.*
Lavson, Mary Euphrasina	Cooke, H. A. M.
Smith, Catherine	Greatorex, Henry
Chanceller, Mary	Mudie, Thomas Mollison
Collier, Susanah	Blagrove, H. G.
Jenkyms, Emily Waring	Pye, Kellow John
Jay, Mary Ann	Phipps, William Henry
Bromley, Charlotte	Devaux, Alfred
Little, Hannah Mary	Seymour, Charles Alex.
Palin, Josephine	Nielson, Edwin John
Porter, Catherine	Pacher, Charles Sandys

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 7.

1786.

(Continued from page 740.)

The composer of the music of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Gretry, was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and, to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was nearly falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old, his father (a teacher of music) placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Gretry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they asked of him at their first communion; young Gretry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion week, a beam of considerable weight fell upon his head, and laid him senseless on the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him,—"Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed, I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered, on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not, it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to *pianissimo*; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him; and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence. Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Gretry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, advised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Gretry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches in order to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lustrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an *intermezzo*, entitled *Le Vende Miatrice*. His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession. Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Gretry here continued his labours and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of *Isabelle et Gertrude*. Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy. 'You will, however, see it here,' says he, 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our Republic.' It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence. I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!' 'What's the matter?' asked his brethren in the orchestra. 'I am out of all patience,' said the dancing-master. 'I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?'" It was some time before Gretry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera, *Le Huron*. This met with the most flattering success. The opera of *Lucile* followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced nearly thirty comic operas for the great operahouse in Paris. Of these, *Zemire et Azor* and *Richard Cœur de Lion* have been translated and successfully brought out on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Gretry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sachini has been known to say of Gretry that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Gretry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles: he went so far as to publish a work on the subject of religion, entitled "De la vérité de ce que nous fûmes, ce que nous sommes, et ce que nous devrons être"; which shows him also to have been deeply tinctured with infidelity. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.

(To be continued.)

I SLEPT AND WAS WEARY.*

BALLAD.

I slept and was weary; I slept well, and then
A voice from the window awoke me again,
Crying, "Rouse thee, fair maiden, for long have I been
Awaiting without, and I fain would be in."
'Twas sweet to my ear as the voice of the grove,
When its bosom is burst with the nightingale's love;
I knew 'twas his voice, for I'd heard it so oft
In accents so thrilling, melodious and soft.

I flew to the window as swift as the gleam,
As the moon from a dark cloud obscuring her beams;
Could my fond heart deceive me? I flew to my dear,
But judge my surprise when no Jamie was there.
I tossed and was weary, till morning came in,
And I wished to dream over my vision again.

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MR GEAUSSENT'S CHOIR.

This body purposes giving two concerts during the present winter season, and the first took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. A somewhat motley programme was put before a rather scanty audience, whose smallness was due more to unfavourable weather than to dissatisfaction with the varied bill of fare. Of all nations we English are the most remarkable for an indiscriminating musical appetite. We are ready to swallow anything in any quantity, and those amongst us who perceive and regret the fact have hardly a right to censure concert-givers for heeding it in their own way. Nevertheless, the sooner Mr Geaussent can see his way clear to avoid mixing up Bach and ballads the better he will please lovers of the congruous, and those who long for the reign of a genuine eclecticism. Bach was represented in the programme of Thursday night (Nov. 23rd) by his cantata "O, light everlasting"—one of the smallest, though not least meritorious, contributions to sacred art from the old master's untiring pen. The work opens with a very elaborate chorus, followed by an air and two recitatives; a second chorus of smaller dimensions and simpler construction serving as *finale*. Its general character need not be indicated, because, while evincing inexhaustible resources in detail, the church cantatas of Bach differ but slightly in other respects. Enough that this example was welcome for the marvellous clearness and effect of its choral writing, and for the antique grace of its contralto air, which, however, was badly placed for the voice of Miss Marian Mackenzie, so many of its passages being on and about a very decided and not easily manageable "break." The choruses were attacked with great spirit and confidence, but hardly with entire success. *Apropos*, it may be said that Mr Geaussent's people are heard to less advantage in accompanied than in unaccompanied music. This is not unusual, and may arise from a vague idea that "chorus singing" is less exigent than part-singing. The mistake should be corrected. Another feature of interest was Schubert's Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," nicely rendered by sixteen ladies, equal attention being deserved by the performance of Mendelssohn's Cantata for male voices, "To the Sons of Art." The choir, however, appeared at its best in the madrigals and part songs; notably in Hatton's "Indian Maid" and Blumenthal's "Gather ye rosebuds." Of the last named a remarkable rendering was given, despite the absurdly exaggerated speed at which the piece was taken—such a speed that only an accomplished master of "patter" song could have articulated some of the words. We trust that Mr Geaussent, who is a young and presumably inexperienced man, will avoid sensationalism of every kind. He has an admirable choir, with the possibilities in it of great excellence, and its powers should not be abused. The programme contained one instrumental piece, to wit, a Duo Concertante in G, for pianos, by Mr C. E. Stephens, who played it in conjuntion with Mr Geaussent. This work has distinct and easily appreciable merits, to be found chiefly in its first and third movements; the second, a choral with variations, having little regarding which terms of praise can be used. The opening *allegro*, written in strict form, is not only well adapted to the instruments employed, but full of high interest and charm, while the *finale* excels in brilliancy, tempered always by delicacy and grace. Such a work cannot fail to please, through its symmetry, elegance, and purity of thought. As regards it, Mr Stephens should be a German, for two reasons: first, because he would derive from the work the credit he deserves; and next, because it would afford proof that a German composer now-a-days dares to publish that which is at once beautiful and coherent. The duet was well played and much applauded. As the solo vocalists engaged supplied the song and ballad "padding," little need be said about them. Praise is due to Mr Lloyd for an excellent rendering of "Adelaide"; to Mr King, for a spirited version of Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm"; and to Miss Clara Samuell, for singing with expression a ballad, entitled "Waiting for the King." Mr Sidney Naylor presided at the organ and Mr Herbert Waite at the pianoforte—both very efficiently.—*D. T.*

VIENNA.—Dr Eduard Schelle, writer on music, and Professor of Musical History at the Conservatory, died on the 16th November. He was born on the 31st May, 1816, at Biesenthal, near Berlin, and studied philology and theology at the University, but eventually devoted himself exclusively to music. After a long stay in Paris, Rome, Florence, &c., he accepted, in 1864, the post of musical critic on the *Presse*. Here, too, he concluded his work (1871) on the Sixtine Chapel, and contributed valuable articles to different periodicals. He was respected as a thoroughly conscientious critic, and an amiable man. His loss, like that of his friend, Nottebohm, who preceded him to the tomb, is regretted in all the musical circles of the Austrian capital.—*Signale.*

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Baron von Perfall's opera, *Raimondin*, has been produced as the first novelty of the season at the Royal Operahouse. It met with a friendly, though far from enthusiastic reception, and will probably not long be retained in the bills. After a lengthened interval Mdme Carlotta Patti has again been heard here. She gave a concert in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel. She was supported by her husband, De Munck, the violoncellist; Leitert, pianist; and Boretti, vocalist.—The second Subscription Concert, under the direction of Dr Franz Wüllner, at the Philharmonie was no less successful than the first. The solo-player of the evening was Marsick, the well-known violinist. At the third concert, on the 4th inst., Pablo de Sarasate, the violinist, will take the place of Hans von Bülow, who is still seriously indisposed.—The Musical Collection of the late Dr. Müller, librarian of the Conservatory, is announced for sale on the 4th inst. Among the rare works put up—for which, report says, the authorities of the British Museum and the Belgian Government will appear as rival bidders—is a collection of sonnets published in London about 1710, and written by Jean Baptiste Lœillet, of Ghent, who made a large fortune in the English capital by his weekly concerts and music lessons. The collection is thus entered in the catalogue:—"LŒILLET (J.), *XII sonatas in 3 parts; 6 of which are for 2 violins and a bass, 3 for 2 German flutes, and 3 for hautboy and common flute, with a bass for the violoncello and a thorough bass for the harpsichord. Op. II.*—London print. for J. Walsh. No date (about 1710). 4 vols., small fol. A fine and perfect copy in old leather binding. *Extremely rare.*"

WARE WONG!

Englishmen are accustomed to those censorial prohibitions which taboo our theatrical stage to operas or dramas founded upon any Biblical subject, and, as a rule, more or less cheerfully acquiesce in ordinances which practically hinder the playwright or actor from touching upon persons and events, narratives and incidents, universally regarded as sacred. It is curious and interesting to observe how diametrically opposite a view of the drama's mission on earth is taken by official perceptions in China. Some of the Canton magnates have recently raised objections to the mundane and even frivolous character of the pieces performed at the local theatres; and their remonstrances have elicited a very remarkable decree from Provincial Treasurer Wong, chief censor of plays:—

"The population of Canton, as I am aware, delight in dramatic representations. And why? Because those who worship the gods know full well that it is necessary to pay them especial honour through the medium of theatrical performances. Thus does the theatre become a pure source of enjoyment for the people; and there exist no laws that could or should restrain it in that direction. But, on the other hand, it is absolutely requisite that the pieces performed should be animated by a tendency to stimulate their audiences to fear of the gods, attachment to the throne, and veneration of their parents. The performance of frivolous plays cannot but lead to the annihilation of morality. I therefore, hereby command all theatrical lessees and managers to forbear the production of such abominations for the future, under penalty, not only of imprisonment, but of extremely severe corporeal punishment. *Given on the seventh day of the tenth month of the eighth year of the reign of the Emperor Tung-Chi.*"

Judging by this specimen of Chinese censorship, we are entitled to assume that, were China a Christian country, its operatic *impresarii* would have no difficulty in bringing out such works as Rossini's *Mosé*, Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*, Goldmark's *Koenigin von Saba*,* or Massenet's *Hérodiade*, the plots of which lyric dramas have been culled from the pages of the *Apocrypha* and the Old Testament.—*D. T.*

Mr Nicolas Mori has been appointed Professor of the Violin at the West London College of Music, of which Sir Julius Benedict, Mr W. Kuhe, and Mr Carl Rosa are the "examiners."

* Or Gounod's *Reine de Saba* (*Irène*)? We have already had Verdi's *Nabucodonozzar* (*Nabucco*); and Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*; and why not Méhul's *Joseph*? Wong is a great matter.—Dr Blidge.

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WAIFS.

Last Saturday, at the Crystal Palace Concert, we had Schubert's Ninth or (as Mr George Grove is thoroughly persuaded) Tenth Symphony. The concert to-day will be devoted to M. Gounod's "Oratorio," *The Redemption*. What different forms music can assume! Proteus and Alberich sink into the shade.

The tenor De Negri has been singing in Prague.

Sparapani, the baritone, returned from Brazil, is now in Florence.

Mancinelli is engaged as conductor at Parma for the Carnival season.

Verdi has taken up his winter quarters at the Palazzo Doria, Genoa.

Bianca Donadio is singing with the Italian-opera company in Malaga.

Carmen has proved a great success at the Italian Operahouse, St Petersburgh.

Teresa Théo is now in Havannah, whence she returns next March to New York.

The Théâtre Royal, Liége, opened for the season with Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*.

Paolo-Marie has been ill in America with typhoid fever but is now convalescent.

Joseph Edler, Professor at the Conservatory, died in Vienna on the 2nd November.

Biorghi-Mamò's benefit at the Teatro Dom Pedro, Rio Janeiro, was a great success.

There is some talk of giving Arrigo Böito's *Mefistofele* at Modena during the Carnival.

Pozzoni is said to be engaged at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, to play Amneris in *Aïda*.

Mdme Basta's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich, is renewed for two years.

Franz Liszt has left Weimar for Venice, where he intends making a stay of some months.

Marschner's opera, *Sangeskönig Hiarne*, is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

It is reported from Barcelona that Albert Bernis has taken a five years' lease of the Liceo.

The Istituto Rossini, Pesaro, has been formally opened under the management of Pedrotti.

The Orfeon Valenciano, Valencia, has established a gratuitous music school for children.

Kéler Béla, the well-known composer of dance music, died in Wiesbaden on the 20th ult.

The Theatre attached to the New Casino, Nice, will be opened in the early part of January.

A Conservatory of Music, with Fernando Sellès as director, has been established at Jativa, Spain.

Mesdames Sachse-Hofmeister and Reicher-Kindermann are engaged at the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Emil Kaiser's opera, *Der Trompeter von Säkkingen*, has been produced at Olmutz with fair success.

Gounod's *Redemption*, with Flemish text, is to be given next year by the Society of Music, Antwerp.

It is definitely settled that the Spohr Memorial, Cassel, shall be inaugurated on the 15th April, 1883.

Mdme Franck-Duvernoy was much applauded in Verdi's *Lombardi* at the Italian Opera, St Petersburgh.

Synonymous: "A soldier of fortune" and "A soldier who has none."—(Excruciating.—Dr Blinge.)

Rubinstein has already begun a new opera, *Sulamith, ein Schäferspiel*, to be first produced at Hamburgh.

Moran-Olden commenced a short engagement at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, appearing as Leonore in *Fidelio*.

A new theatre, to be called the Teatro Morrananzo, is in course of construction at Salto Orientale, Uruguay.

According to a Florence paper, Wagner's *Walküre* will probably be given ere long at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Les Huguenots, with De Reszké and Gayarre as Valentine and Raoul, has been given at the San Carlos, Lisbon.

Mdme Odoardo Barri was engaged to appear at the Italian Opera, Trieste, on the 29th November in Verdi's *Aïda*.

It is proposed to erect in the Piazza Venezia, Turin, a large hotel with, among other accessories, a café and Theatre.

The Baltimore (U.S.) Oratorio Society will give performances this winter, of *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *The Redemption*.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt.

At a recent concert in the Town Hall, Genoa, Sivori played two pieces on the violin formerly belonging to Paganini.

A new Quartet Society, consisting of Jeno Hubay, Colyns, van Styndoort, and Servais, has been formed in Brussels.

Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* is in rehearsal at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and will be produced in January.

Boïeldieu's *Dame Blanche* has been performed 1,465 times, and Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*, 1,341, at the Paris Opéra-Comique.

Mdlle Mei will probably by this time have made her first appearance at the Teatro Real, Madrid, as Leonora, in *La Favorita*.

Von Suppé's *Boccaccio* has been performed at the Teatro de San Fernando, Seville, by the buffo Italian company under Scalvini.

Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora*, with Pauline Lucca in the leading part, will be given early next year at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.

Christine Nilsson's stage-jewels, supposed to have been destroyed at the Park Theatre fire, New York, have been recovered uninjured.

The Spanish composer, Enrique Marti, is setting two zarzuelas in the Catalonian dialect—*Los Fills de Catalunya* and *La Pell de Cabra*.

A new opera, *Getafe al Paraiso ó la Familia del Tio Maroma*, music by Barbieri, is in preparation at the Teatro de Variedades, Madrid.

After an interval of several years, Wagner's *Lohengrin* has again been performed at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, where it is still running.

The Musical Association, Darmstadt, recently celebrated its 50th anniversary, and, at the same time the 40th of Herr Mangold as director.

Francisca Kopka, the popular German buffo-opera singer, is taking lessons of Lamperti, in Milan, and will appear in January at the Scala.

There is to be a season of Italian opera at Lyons, among the artists already engaged being Carolina Ferni, and the tenor Abrugnedo.

Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson will probably sing at the Cincinnati (U.S.) Opera Festival in January.—(Very probably.—Dr Blinge.)

The Italian operatic season at the Teatro Principal, Valencia (Spain), was inaugurated by *La Juive*, never previously performed in that city.

Philip Fahrbach of Vienna will again conduct the orchestra in the crush-room on the occasion of the four masked balls at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Bianca Bianchi, who created a deep impression in *Lucia*, at the National Theatre, Pesth, has undertaken the part of the heroine in Doppler's opera, *Ilka*.

Dr Ludonesky, Vieuxtemps' son-in-law, died on the 9th November, having taken cold at the funeral of his wife who was buried only three days previously.

Massenet's *Hérodiade*, already given seventy times at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, will be performed this winter at Hamburgh, Pesth, Prague, and Nantes.

The *Promessi Sposi* of Ponchielli has been performed in Leghorn, under the direction of the composer, Catalanotti, the regular conductor being indisposed.

Next year's festival of the North American Sängerbund will be held at Buffalo, from the 16th to the 20th July, and conclude with a trip to the Falls of Niagara.

It is said that the first performance of Gounod's *Redemption* at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, will take place in Christmas week, for the benefit of the Pension Fund.

A cantata, *Le Hoyon*, words and music by M. E. Mathieu, director of the local School of Music, has been performed for the first time at Louvain, Belgium.

The King of Portugal lately conferred the Cross of the Order of the Redeemer on Popper (violoncellist), and Emile Sauret (violinist), who have been giving concerts in Lisbon.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been performed at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin, a fact worthy of notice because the operas of the most gifted and prolific of French composers are seldom heard in Italy.

The Nestor of living artists is probably Christophe Hilf, formerly a clarinettist of repute, who attained his ninety-eighth birthday on the 4th November, and resides at Elster, in Saxony.

After singing at Monte Carlo, where she is to receive 6,000 francs for two concerts, Anna de Belocca goes to Nice, for the Italian season at the Casino, under the direction of Sig. Vianesi.

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, December 2, 1882.*

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 49. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Dec. 9, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Symphony, "Eroica" (Beethoven); Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso in A, for violin and orchestra (Saint-Saëns); Rigaudon de Dardanus (Rameau); Polonaise Brillante, in D major (Wieniawski); Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner). Vocalist—Mdlle Elly Warnots (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Violin—Miss Arma Harkness (her second appearance). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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SIMON BOCCANEGRA IN VIENNA.*

Most of the audience assembled at the Imperial Operahouse probably asked themselves how much historical truth there was in this Doge Boccanegra and the tangled series of events heaped up around him in Verdi's early work. In the most accessible manuals and other similar works they will not find his name, so we will spare them the trouble we ourselves have gone through, and give them, in a condensed form, the essential facts culled from old special histories of mediæval Genoa. The plot is based upon the stormy political events of the 14th century, when civil wars between the Plebeians and the Nobles convulsed the free Italian States, and when Genoa more especially (the scene of the opera) was at war, now with Venice, now with Pisa, Milan, and other neighbouring cities. Dissatisfied Genoese sailors, in the pay of Philip of Valois, revolted in 1339 against their admiral, Doria, who had kept back what was due to them. They returned, for the purpose of lodging their complaint, to Genoa, where they found their fellow-citizens full of bitterness against the Fieschis, the Dorias, the Spinolas, and the Grimaldis. For eighteen years these four great families had by their jealousy of one another convulsed the State, which they wanted to subject to an hereditary oligarchy. Two Ghibelline captains, a Spinola and a Doria, ruled Genoa; they had wrested from the people the latter's right to elect their own Abbés (Abbots of the People), magistrates, like the Tribunes in Rome, chosen to be the protectors and defenders of the lower orders. The discontented spirits in Genoa demanded the restitution of this right. Twenty Plebeians, elected by their fellow-citizens, met on the 23rd September, 1329, at the Prefecture, when one of their number, a silver-foil manufacturer, exclaimed, "Choose Boccanegra!" (Italian historians sometimes write the name: "Boccanigra," and, sometimes, "Boccanera," but, for the sake of convenience, we shall adhere to Verdi's mode of spelling it). Simon Boccanegra is described as a man of courage and experience, who, though of an ancient and noble family, always defended the Plebeians. He was enthusiastically proclaimed the new Abbé, but declined the office. The people then felt that the title of "People's Abbé" was fitted only for a Plebeian, and that Boccanegra, on account of his rank, could not accept a post of such inferior rank. "Be, then, our Prince, our Doge!" cried the multitude, and their leaders pressed him to accept the proffered dignity. As the title of Doge accidentally conferred on him reminded the people of the Doges of Venice, the heads of an independent State, like Genoa, the new constitution, developed, so to speak, amidst the popular tumult, was free and Republican. Boccanegra made praiseworthy use of the power entrusted to him, and retained it for five years. He checked with a strong hand the excesses to which the people at first abandoned themselves. He rescued his personal foe, the Guelph, Rebella Grimaldi, from the hands of the insurgents, and subjected to the Republic old castles and fortresses on both Rivieras. Meanwhile he had always to contend against the intrigues of the four powerful families whom he had excluded from the government. These families combined against him, and at last, tired of the conflict, he resigned his post, and went to Pisa. At one of the most stormy epochs in the history of Genoa, and, again, in consequence of an armed rising, he was elected Doge a second time, in November, 1353. He at once banished some of the most influential Nobles, and allowed Plebeians alone a share in municipal affairs. During the visit of King Peter of Cyprus to Genoa in 1363, the Doge, while dining with his Majesty at Malacelli's, was poisoned, and taken ill in consequence. The opposite faction then rose up, forced their way into the Dogal Palace, and caused Gabriele Adorno, a wealthy merchant, to be elected Doge. Soon afterwards Boccanegra died, and, being hated by the Adorno party, who then held sway, was buried with scarcely any ceremony.

Verdi's librettist, Piave, has retained only a few leading outlines connected with Boccanegra as a historical figure (his election by the people and his poisoning) but in other respects has made up a thoroughly arbitrary personage of romance.† Of the other historical characters he takes simply the names, with which he decks this or that creature of his own fancy. He makes the succeeding Doge, Adorno, a warm-blooded tenor lover, and "Paolo, the gold-thread-spinner," the intrigant and villain of the piece. Various historical names (Grimaldi, Fieschi, &c.) are continually flitting about like so many bits of ostentatious tinsel; nay, even a letter from Petrarch admonishing the people to preserve peace is produced before the Assembled Council and ridiculed by Paolo. No one can blame a librettist for making free use of historical events, especially such obscure and distant events as these, if he only has the skill to draw from them an exciting and connected plot, and living characters which arouse our interest. Piave, unfortunately, does precisely the reverse.

In the Prologue, Boccanegra comes as a young man to Genoa for the sake of once more seeing his Beloved, the daughter of the proud patrician, Fiescho—he finds her a corpse. The first act takes place five-and-twenty years later. Boccanegra's daughter and Fiescho's grandchild, supposed by both to be long dead, has been saved—Heaven knows how—in Pisa, and, under the name of Amalia Grimaldi, is living near Genoa. She is in love with a young noble, Gabriel Adorno, who proposes for her. In order to communicate to her personally the consent of her supposed brothers (the Grimaldis), the Doge Boccanegra visits her and recognizes in her his own daughter. A grand meeting of the Council in the Dogal Palace follows. Adorno, pursued by the people, rushes in; he has murdered a certain Lorenzino, to whose house, Amalia, after being violently carried off, has been conveyed. Adorno believes the Doge to be the person who has had her spirited away, and rushes on him with drawn sword; Amalia, to shield the Doge, throws herself between the two. The second act plays in the Doge's chamber. The most unlikely characters come and go without let or hindrance—the captive Adorno, the captive Fiescho, and lastly Paolo, who puts the poison into the Doge's goblet. Boccanegra drinks the poison, which is slow in its operation for the sake of the opera, as he has to sing all through the third act. At first it makes him only drowsy; scarcely, however, has he fallen off to sleep ere Adorno with naked dagger steals in. Again does Amalia appear at the right moment and stop the murderer's arm. Now for the first time Adorno learns that Amalia is not the sweetheart but the daughter of the hoary-headed Doge, whereupon he immediately resolves to fight *for* the latter. Most opportunely again "Foes" appear on the spot ("Und frage nicht wo Feinde sind—Die Feinde kommen mit dem Wind,"‡ as Herwegh once sang to the King of Prussia). In the third act we behold Boccanegra slowly die from the effects of the poison; in his last moments he unites Amalia and Adorno, while, in obedience to his wish, Adorno mounts the throne; Paolo, the scaffold.

The principal personages who by fits and starts impel this absurd story forward are wooden dolls in fine costumes, without flesh or bone. We willingly accept the magnanimous Boccanegra, who forms so strong a contrast to the blackguardly set around him; but that he should give his only daughter as wife to a wicked fool like Adorno, who would murder him in his sleep, and that he should urgently recommend such a fellow to the people as most worthy to be Doge —— is something which passes the limits even of operatic magnanimity. Then we have this detestable lover, Adorno, and the incomprehensible Amalia, who twice stops the murderous youth when he is about to slay her father, and yet does not speak the only words which can enlighten and disarm him: "Boccanegra is my father!" What her grandfather, the very old Fiescho, has to do with the plot is a mystery of the most brain-puzzling description. Every time he appears he only makes things more confused than before. In the Prologue he has a long conversation with Boccanegra to whom he is perfectly well known. As, however, he appears in the following acts under the name of "Andrea," we are bound to suppose that, after Boccanegra's election, he has been banished, and, stealing furtively into Genoa under an assumed name, dares not go near the Doge. But lo and behold! at the solemn meeting of the Council we see our Fiescho-Andrea among the members, and absolutely close to the Doge! In the third act we have something yet stronger. Fiescho addresses the Doge. "Ah! that voice!" exclaims the latter in surprise (though he has just been singing with him all

* *Neue freie Presse.*

† We cannot well understand by what right Piave has made Boccanegra a "pirate"; our historians mention nothing of the kind, but merely say that, after Boccanegra was elected Doge, the Nobles driven by him out of the State lived by piracy. Stella names a Grimaldi, a Marin, and a Malacelli among the pirates who preyed on Venetian vessels.

‡ "*Refrain to ask where foes you'll find;*
They stream from all parts like the wind."

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through the second *finale*). "You have heard it before," replies the aged man; "do you know me?" "Fiesco!" Is not that enough to drive one silly? The audience are also much in the dark with regard to Paolo, and his sudden change from Boccanegra's friend and companion into his deadly foe and murderer. For this obscurity, however, the management of the Imperial Operahouse is more to blame than the librettist. Let the reader judge. Paolo has begged the Doge to sue, in his name, for the beautiful Amalia. But when Boccanegra has recognized in her his daughter, he is far from feeling inclined to gratify Paolo. After the duet between Boccanegra and Amalia (which concludes the scene in Vienna) the libretto contains the following short dialogue between Boccanegra and Paolo, who is waiting to hear what course things have taken:—

PAOLO. What said she? DOGE. Abandon all hope. PAOLO. I shall never be able to do so. DOGE. It is my will! (*exit*). PAOLO. Your will! Do you forget what you owe me? PIETRO. (*advancing*) How did matters go off? PAOLO. Repelled! PIETRO. What will you do? PAOLO. Carry her off. Of an evening she strolls alone by the seaside; she shall be taken on board my vessel, and then Lorenzo's abode shall receive her.

This short dialogue, which alone casts a light on all that follows, since it explains to us Paolo's sudden hatred of Boccanegra and acquaints us with the fact that it is Paolo who will carry off Amalia—is all cut out at the Imperial Operahouse! Yet it is so indispensably requisite that a clear-sighted dramatist would supply it of his own accord were it not in the libretto. The fact is, we could see in the way the opera was placed on the stage the hand of the stage-manager skilled in effective decoration and excellent as regards all externals, rather than the deeper and more searching eye of the dramatist, as the following and second example will prove. The Doge knows it is Paolo who has carried off Amalia; he determines to give him to understand this and act on him morally, without unmasking him before the assembled and excited people. "There is a traitor among us," he says with emphasis, "My word of thunder shall strike the infamous knave! A curse on the traitor! And you, Paolo, shall repeat the words." Paolo does repeat them; he ought to do so, moved in the inmost recesses of his soul, "startled and trembling," as the libretto directs, but with the artificial outward composure of a hypocrite who knows that his life depends upon it. Paolo may turn pale and shake, but he must remain erect like an accused murderer who at the decisive moment takes a false oath that he may not be his own guide to the gallows. Instead of this, the representative of Paolo at the Imperial Operahouse falls, after repeating the curse, penitently on his knees and hides his face with both hands, while the crowd point their fingers at him. By this utterly false reading of the scene, the very reverse of what the author intended is done; instead of being touched only in conscience, Paolo, by his penitently despairing behaviour, becomes his own accuser, confesses his crime before the entire people, and thus could not possibly do as he does: appear in the next act, in undisputed possession of his former post of honour and with head erect. Thus the story of Boccanegra is in the Vienna version even more confused than it was originally.

Among the various kinds of pernicious operatic librettos the unintelligible and involved specimens are more prejudicial to musical effect than those which are simply wearisome. In Verdi's *Boccanegra* as in other operas, our interest in the music diminishes the moment we can no longer follow the story with sympathetic comprehension, and begin to wax more and more angry with the contradictions of a disconnected plot. This opera, now a drawing piece in Italy, was, as we are aware, composed as long as twenty-six years ago, when it proved decidedly unsuccessful at the Fenice. Fétis explains the fiasco on the ground that in *Simon Boccanegra* Verdi took as his model German Music of the Future, "*une fantaisie*," necessarily attended with disastrous results. Of this we can find no trace even in the new and modern version, though we can see in it a true and more dramatic adaptation of the music to the text, sharper accentuation, and more choice instrumentation—qualities foreshadowing the style of the composer's later operas. This is very natural; *Boccanegra*, written between *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* and *Il Ballo in Maschera*, stands at the threshold of Verdi's last period or "*Maniera terza*." Not, however, with half, but with three-quarter profile does *Simon Boccanegra* look backwards, and is, therefore—even from a Verdi standpoint—Music of the Past, rather than of the Future. The hand of the *maestro* was probably most busy in the Prologue and first act as regards revision and the introduction of fresh matter; in these we find the fire of youth combined with the heightened art of age. In them there reigns the sweet melodiousness, fierce sensualism, and passionate dramatic spirit of the early Verdi, partly refined and partly spiced more highly by the more delicate elements of his later style. The instrumental introduction of the Prologue, and the following scenes, treated rather in conversational tone than otherwise, at once captivate us by the warm life and peculiar power of exciting anxious curiosity which Verdi understands how to impart to such preparatory scenes. Fiesco's sorrowful cavatina with the "Miserere," heard from afar, blending with it, is charactized by genuine feeling and the most beautifully harmonious charm. The following duet between Boccanegra and Fiesco breathes a strong sentiment of pathos, and is brought to an effective conclusion by the People flocking in and enthusiastically announcing Boccanegra's election, while he himself is bowed down with grief for the death of her he loved. The most pleasing portions of the opera are contained in the first part of the first act. The introduction is scored with delicate and almost coquettish grace; a flowery vocal dialogue between clarinet and violoncello, accompanied by high tremolo violin chords, which imitate the low warbling of birds. Amalia's air in E flat major and her love-duet with Adorno—though, it is true, transiently disturbed by certain commonplace outbursts—proved effective, in consequence of their melodic charm and passionate character. Of less account, and as though purposely toned down, is the duet between Adorno and Fiesco. On the other hand, the duet which follows between Amalia and Boccanegra, in the portion where it dramatically develops the story, as well as in Amalia's intermediate lyrical part ("Grave d'anni della pia") is one of the best Verdi has written. On the grand scene in the Doge's palace which concludes the first act, the composer has bestowed especial care, and his fire did not fail him during his task. The *finale* is built up comprehensively and effectively; especially striking, musically, is the long and pathetic F sharp major movement, over which the melody of the soprano part ("Pace!") floats like a silver streak.

We are now at the end of the first act, which for us is the end of the opera. Nearly all that follows in the last two acts consists of familiar melodies, conventional phrases, and worn-out effects. It is the old Verdi, but out of sorts, absent-minded, and fatigued. A shower of bright sparks fly upwards now and then, particularly towards the close of the opera; but in the damp gloom of the whole they decrepitate without making any impression. *Simon Boccanegra* is, in its first half, emphatically worth hearing and, on account of the magnificence with which it is got up, amusing and worth seeing from beginning to end. Mdme Materna lifts the part of Amalia by her brilliant voice and passionate style. There is nothing to be done dramatically with it, and even less with that of Fiesco, which pleases only on account of Rokitansky's splendid voice. The title-part is more thankful and characteristic. Herr Beck (though evidently fatigued by the rehearsals) flung into it the ever welcome dash of his genuinely artistic nature. Herr Broulik, as Adorno, endeavoured to be moderate, but, unfortunately, not in the right way, for his invariably toneless, dry mezza voce was not much more edifying than the fortissimo bursts he turned on directly afterwards. Herr Horwitz deserved considerable praise in the not very long but important and ticklish part of the villain Paolo. Great credit is due to Herr Jahn, who conducted, for the success of the performance, which evoked loud applause.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

BRUSSELS.—*Jean de Nivelle* has been somewhat coldly received at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, owing partly to the general inefficiency of the performance, partly to the libretto, and partly—say critics—to the music, which is found wanting in originality. The performance, nevertheless, was all that could be desired. M. Dupont was the conductor. On the 20th, Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* will be produced, with a French version of the text by M. Paul Milliet, who wrote the libretto of Massenet's *Hérodiade*. Varney's *Fanfan la Tulipe* has been brought out at the Théâtre des Galeries, Saint-Hubert.

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SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

Two days after the retirement of Villaret from the Grand Opera his place as *tenore robusto* was taken by M. Salomon, formerly a member of the theatre to which he has returned, and which he left some years ago. Since then, he has been singing in the provinces. For his re-appearance he chose the part of Jean de Leyde, in *Le Prophète*. Neither his style nor voice has improved during his absence, but he was well received and applauded on several occasions during the evening. Mdlle Richard was an excellent Fidès, lending life and colour to what was generally a tame and spiritless performance. *Guillaume Tell*, with Mdme Lacombe-Duprez, Sellier, Lassalle, and Boudouresque, has re-appeared in the bills. Another quasi revival has been that of *Sylvia*, in which both M. Léo Delibes' music and Mdlle Sangalli's dancing were as greatly admired as ever. It is hoped that Mdlle Rosita Mauri will soon be able to take part in the rehearsal of the new ballet, *La Farandole*, music by M. Théodore Dubois, whose colleagues for the literary portion of the work are MM. Gille and Mortier, while M. Mérante represents Terpsichore.—With regard to *Henry VIII.*, all the singers are perfectly up in the first act, which is now, or shortly will be, in rehearsal on the stage. But rumour asserts there is to be an important alteration in the cast. To please one of the artists, who complained that his part did not lie well for his voice, M. Saint-Saëns modified it considerably more than once. Still the artist was not satisfied. At length, M. Saint-Saëns wrote to M. Vaucorbeil stating that, though a great admirer of the exacting malcontent, he would sooner give someone else the part than alter another note.

By a ministerial decree recently published, M. Carvalho's lease of management, which was on the point of expiration, has been renewed for seven years, at the Opéra-Comique. This has afforded general satisfaction, for M. Carvalho is regarded by the majority of the artistic world as eminently the right man in the right place. He certainly cannot be accused of want of energy. For instance: Next June, Mdlle Isaac, one of the most popular members of his company, will leave his theatre for the Grand Opera. While people were wondering what he would do, and whom he could possibly find to replace her, he had already engaged Mdlle Emma Nevada, a young countrywoman of Marie Vanzandt's, and an ex-pupil of Mdme Marchesi's. The young lady, who has already made a name in Italy, and was going to the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, when M. Carvalho secured her, will probably make her first appearance as Zora in Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil*. Another new-comer is Mdlle Rolandt, a native of Gratz, who is said to possess a phenomenal soprano voice. The repertory has been augmented, temporarily, at least, by two slight novelties—*La Nuit de Saint Jean*, music by M. Lacome, composer of *Jeanne, Jeannette et Jeanneton*, *Le Beau Nicolas*, and *La Dot mal placée*, book by MM. Delacour and Lau de Lusignan; and *Battez Philidor*, music by M. Amédée Dutacq, book by M. Abraham Dreifus. The first-named libretto is founded on a story entitled *Les Fiancés de Grinderwald*, from the pen of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The gist of it is as follows: Franz is devotedly attached to the lovely Charlotte, but the latter's father objects to the match, because the youth has not the means to support a wife. Notwithstanding this opposition on the part of the stern parent, Franz proceeds, in conformity with the custom of the country, to serenade his beloved on Midsummer's Eve. He meets an old Judge, Zaccharias Seiler, who also is in love with Charlotte, but, on learning the true state of affairs, pleads the cause of the young couple so effectually that the father relents, and gives his consent, which he has no longer any reason for withholding, as Zaccharias promises his young and fortunate rival the post of *garde-chasse*, or forester. M. Lacome has written some pleasing music, but its charm is considerably deteriorated by a pretentiousness out of place in a light production such as that under discussion. The pieces most applauded were the duet between the two lovers, a quartet, the serenade, and Seiler's song: "J'avais rêvé," admirably rendered by Grivot, who undoubtedly bore off the chief honours, and was excellent both as singer and comedian. The other artists comprised in the cast were Mdme Thuillier, Mdlle Vidal, Mouliérat, and Maris.—*Battez Philidor* introduces us to the famous Café de la Régence, whither Philidor, renowned as a composer, and still more as master of all the secrets of chess, at which he was unrivalled, used to repair of an evening to play his favourite game. A young Violinist, Richard, loves Mdlle Doris, daughter of Boudignot, proprietor of the Café. When he begs her hand of her father, the latter at once refuses, save on one condition, which he fancies is an impossibility: "Beat Philidor at chess, and my child is yours." Richard accepts the condition, though he has scarcely ever touched a pawn in his life. He goes off at once and states his case to Philidor, whose heart is touched by the young man's appeal, and who promises to allow himself to be beaten. Unfortunately, while he is playing to lose, Doris begins singing an air from his score of *Ernelinde*. His delight on hearing his music thus charmingly rendered causes him to forget his kindly intentions, and he wins the game without thinking what he is doing. Richard is in despair. But all is not lost. When Philidor finds what is the disastrous result of his absence of mind he at once declares that, unless Boudignot will consent to the marriage of Doris and Richard, he, Philidor, will transfer his patronage to the Café Procope, an act which would prove tantamount to the ruin of the Café de la Régence. As Boudignot is by no means prepared to face such a contingency, he acts upon the principle that discretion is the better part of valour, and accepts the enamoured Violinist as his son-in-law. The best part of the score is at the commencement of the piece, where Philidor is discovered playing chess. The rest is weak. Let us hope that M. Dutacq, who some few years ago was second "*prix de Rome*," will do better next time. On the first night, the music had certainly not a fair chance. M. Nicot was unlucky enough entirely to lose his voice just before the rising of the curtain, and consequently was totally unable to do the composer justice. At the second performance, however, he was in full possession of all his means, and the piece went off proportionately better, though not destined probably to achieve lasting popularity. M. Barré was Philidor; M. Grivot made the very most of Boudignot, and Mdme Thuillier appeared to advantage as Doris.—*Les Noces de Figaro* and *Joseph en Egypte* are to be revived as soon as the receipts of *Mignon* and *Roméo et Juliette* show signs of diminution. At present these two pieces are almost as attractive as ever, and M. Carvalho is, therefore, naturally reluctant to change the bill. Meanwhile, Mdme Bilbaut-Vauchelet, fully restored to health and strength, has returned to the scene of her triumphs, appearing first as Catarina in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and then as Isabella in *Le Pré aux Clercs*, the part she chose for her original *début* at this theatre.

The plot of *Gillette de Narbonne*, lately produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, and founded on a tale in Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, is from the combined and practised pens of MM. Chivot and Duru. It bears a marked resemblance to the plot of *Le Jour et la Nuit*, and is pronounced very full flavoured, even for Paris. Such being the case, it is as well, perhaps, not to describe in detail the means whereby Gillette fulfils conditions on which alone Comte Roger de Lignolles declares he will become her husband. The music is light, facile, and sparkling, but not equal to that of *La Mascotte* by the same composer, though occasionally very suggestive of it as well as of productions by other musicians. The best things in it are a duet, "Rappelez-vous nos promenades," and the *finale* of Act I., and a trio in Act II. The artists were Mdme Montbazon, Mdlle Gélabert, Morlet, Maugé, and Lamy, to all of whom librettists and composers owe no small portion of the success achieved.

The question of the Opéra-Populaire has advanced a step. The Municipal Council have voted an annual grant of 300,000 francs towards it, but nothing is as yet decided as to who is to be the manager or which the site.—The Chamber of Deputies has stopped the grant to the *Maitrises* of the Cathedrals, but has continued that paid to the School of Sacred Music founded by Niedermeyer.—The Berlioz Monument Committee have decided that the inauguration shall take place very shortly. The tomb will be surmounted by a bust of the composer, after that by Perraud at the Institut. Above the bust will be the inscription: "Monument erected to the glory of the composer, Berlioz (Louis Hector), born at Côte-Saint-André (Isère), the 11th December, 1803; died a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, the 8th March, 1869.

"HAROLD EN ITALIE—ROMÉO ET JULIETTE,
"BENVENUTO CELLINI—LA DAMNATION DE FAUST,
"LA FUITE EN EGYPTE,
"LES TROYENS—BÉATRIX ET BÉNÉDICT, ETC."

It may, perhaps, here be mentioned that MM. Brandus

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have published an arrangement for voice and piano of Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts*, performed in 1837 at the Invalides on the occasion of the funeral service for General Damrémont, the Officers, and Soldiers, who fell at the taking of Constantine. At the beginning of the score is the following phrase, taken from a letter addressed by the composer, two years before his death, to his friend, Humbert Ferrand: "If anyone threatened to burn all I had ever written with the exception of a single score, the *Messe des Morts* is the one I should beg to have spared."

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THE BEGINNING OF THE CONCERT-SEASON IN VIENNA.*

(Concluded from page 750.)

The Orchestral Concerts given at half-past four on Sunday afternoon in the Ehrbar Rooms by Herr Kretschmann, are a new speculation which at first sight strikes one as strange. A more unfavourable day and a more unfavourable hour, we should have thought, could scarcely have been selected, for who of "all Vienna," musically speaking, which fills the regular Sunday morning concerts of the "Philharmonicans" and the "Friends of Music," can have sufficient appetite left for a second orchestral concert immediately afterwards? But actual experience has strikingly refuted our apprehensions. Ehrbar's concert-room, brilliantly lighted up and glistening like a jewel casket, was filled with an attentive and grateful audience. It was a different public from that of the Philharmonic and the Society's Concerts, but those engaged in the speculation appear to have relied on this very fact, namely: on the existence of a considerable contingent of persons who, though fond of music, cannot find admittance in the greatly reduced parquet of the Musikverein's Hall, but who probably can devote Sunday afternoon more conveniently than any other time to serious musical enjoyment. In a word, there could scarcely have been a more auspicious commencement. Herr Kretschmann, the excellent violoncellist of the so-called Radnitzky Quartet, proved himself in his new enterprise a skilful conductor, and, at the same time, the possessor of sound judgment in the constitution of his programme, which, mingling the Classical with the Modern, lays great importance on compositions not generally known. Practical, too, is the composition of his orchestra, which is restricted to 12 violins, 4 tenors, 3 violoncellos, and 2 double basses, together with a full wind band, trombones and noisy instruments, however, being excluded. Only such orchestral pieces, therefore, are played as are adapted for a small locality and free from the drawback of over-loudness. The first of the Six Subscription Concerts began with a Mozart Symphony (that in A major, No. 29). Herr R. Hummer, a member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, then played, with most beautiful tone and brilliant execution of the rapid passages, a Violoncello Concerto by Handel, one of the most graceful and most thankful pieces of old concert literature. In the harmonious rather than original prelude to the fifth act of Reinecke's *Manfred*, the *pianissimo* of the orchestra was something astonishingly beautiful. The concert, which took up scarcely an hour and a half, was brought to a conclusion by an *Orchestral Suite* in five movements (Op. 49), from the pen of Saint-Saëns. The Prelude, which reminds us rather strongly of the principal motive in the "Hebrides Overture" and the *Pastoral Symphony*, is followed by a delicately scored "Gavotte," a melodious romance (the best thing in the work probably), and lastly a fresh *finale* foaming along all of a piece. The work in its entirety is not imposing either by depth or luxuriant fancy, but pleases by the grace and skilfulness of form distinguishing this delicate composer who, though genuinely French, is thoroughly embued with German musical feeling.

The series of concert-playing pianoforte virtuosos (may it not reach too great a length?) was opened by Herr Heinrich Barth, Pianist to the Court of Berlin. Such a beginning as this we like. Herr Barth is an eminent performer, and his virtuosity of that sterling brilliancy which does not desire to shine everywhere and at any price. Herr Barth's object is above all things to play good—and, moreover, difficult good—music in such a way that, never reminded of the technical difficulties so completely overcome, we never have our enjoyment disturbed. His principal aim and principal excellence are perfect clearness of exposition and distinctness in the smallest detail. Glaring contrasts, intrusive coquetting, and the other things in which the caprice of "genius-gifted" individuals delights to exhibit itself, he utterly disdains. It is impossible to praise too highly his rendering of Brahms' "Handel Variations," Op. 24. This clever piece requires above all things rhythmical clearness and transparency, with a nice distribution of light and shade, if it is to stand plastically before us. Herr Barth renders this enjoyment of easy attainment, and by his rendering of the piece enables us to follow the composer into the most hidden recesses of his marvellous metamorphosising power. In Beethoven's sonata, "Adieu, Absence, et Retour," also, Herr Barth combined energy with delightful repose. Perhaps certain details of this piece, in which, it is true, Beethoven's heart does not pulsate so fully and freely as in other sonatas, but is impeded partly by capricious, and partly by "modish" accessories, might be given with deeper feeling; that is, however, an open question. Herr Barth may, possibly, side with the new school of research, which, to the grief of sentimental commentators, have decided that in this piece Beethoven was referring not to any parting from his mistress but from his pupil, the Arch-Duke Rudolph; and of a truth we really often seemed to distinguish in Barth's version "Imperial Highness" rather than "beloved darling." The concert-giver's cardinal virtues, clearness and fidelity of reproduction, are, of course, highly valuable in every composition, but they are not always completely sufficient. Rarely are they enough for Schumann, and still more rarely for Chopin. In the technically perfect rendering of two of the most difficult among Chopin's pieces (the G minor "Ballad" and the E flat major "Polonaise," Op. 22), and then in that of Schumann's second "Nouvelette," we miss that something so difficult to define which is a blossom of only the most delicate nervous susceptibility, and usually designated by the name of "poesy." In the whole nature of our athletic Court Pianist from Berlin there is a touch of the celebrated Prussian discipline and accuracy. This does not preclude a poetic, but does probably preclude a dreamy spirit. We scarcely need state that, as last winter, Herr Barth reaped a plenteous harvest of merited applause. By way of warning to future concert-givers it may, on the other hand, be mentioned that at Herr Barth's concert three programmes of different import were in circulation and puzzled many of the audience (but, let us hope, none of the musical critics). Let concert-givers, therefore, stick bravely to the programme first issued.

The day before yesterday, Sunday, we had the first Philharmonic Concert. Herr Wilhelm Jahn, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, who officiated for the first time here as conductor, though not recognized when he first appeared, was rewarded with hearty applause after each piece. It is unquestionably a stroke of great good fortune for the Philharmonic Concerts that a *Capellmeister* of acknowledged distinction like Herr Jahn should have been found to occupy the conductor's empty chair. After a predecessor so talented and so famous as Hans Richter, a second-rate man would have had a difficult task and, through him, the enterprise itself one more difficult still. The Philharmonic public will certainly not forget Richter's services and good qualities, which we have ever acknowledged and readily praised. If we were often compelled to oppose him, the opposition was generally to his programme, which was latterly deficient in interesting and meritorious novelties. In this respect the present year's programme shows no advance, but rather the reverse. With the exception of Dvorák's "Legenden," interpolated at the last moment, we are promised nothing save old familiar things we have often heard, for the second composition put forward as a "novelty," an unpublished Symphony of Schubert's, appears on good authority to be the one performed under Herbeck's direction. Yet Herr Jahn, as manager of the Imperial Operahouse, possesses this advantage over his predecessors that he can have as many rehearsals as he likes with the Philharmonic orchestra. The concert began with Lachner's D minor *Suite*, a sterling and agreeable work which on the present occasion, as once before under Dessoff (1863), proved effective rather by the virtuosity with which it was performed than by its own inward importance; nay, the latter struck us, after the lapse of nineteen years, to have shrunk a little more than before. The other two numbers in the programme, Schumann's *Genoveva* Overture, in

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

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which capricious changes of time, and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in which the far too rapid *tempo* of the Allegretto and still more of the finale, were conspicuous, are known as model performances, worked out with special delicacy, of our Philharmonic orchestra, and evoked, as they always do, loud applause. Many amateurs hoped that at the first concert Herr Jahn would give the Prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal*, already performed in several towns in Germany, and in Paris by even two orchestral associations (those of Colonne and of Lamoureux). The performance of the piece in question would at any rate have been a natural mark of attention towards the Philharmonic subscribers, who are now compelled to make acquaintance with this much discussed sensational composition at the Promenade Concerts of Herr Eduard Strauss. EDUARD HANSLICK.

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"BUT BRIGHTON."

(From a Correspondent in Transit.)

But Brighton, like a hospitable friend, is not at all disposed to ask this hard-worked, sorrowful, pale-faced London down to see her without giving a very special Saturday set of amusements. The full fun of a Brighton Saturday does not consist of chatting on the parade, lounging on the pier, or starting off with the breeze full in one's face, turning the back to fashion, and skirting the sea-shore as far as Shoreham. What is there to be done to-day at Brighton? asks the anxious epicure. Better may be asked, What is there not to be done? Music, as ever, is in the ascendant. There is to be music under the Dome, music at the Aquarium; the Black Watch band is to play at the opening of the Hove Rink; for Brighton, unlike the rest of the world, is still devoted to roller-skating; and there is to be more music at the Bazaar at the Pavilion, made into the form of a pretty Swiss village. Strangest eccentricity of all, there is to be music of an attractive kind in St Patrick's Protestant Church, where Mdme Marie Roze Mapleson is to sing in aid of the funds of the National School for Music, and from which curious exhibition his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who was advertised to play, excused himself early in the day on the score of indisposition. But even this is not nearly all, for Brighton consults every conceivable taste when she sets about it. Brandram—the most popular entertainer in Brighton—is to recite *The Wife's Secret* from memory at the Pavilion, and will be sure of a good house; and Mr Edgar Bruce's "*Colonel* Company" has once more done so well that Mrs Nye-Chart has determined on giving a morning performance, for which every seat is booked. Even the children are not forgotten, and after luncheon they are crowding off to that delightful entertainment, "Myers' Circus."

One more, the greatest attraction, may be left, like a *bonne bouche*, for the last, for has not Miss Kuhe been able to announce that Mr Henry Irving, in fulfilment of an old promise given long before *Much Ado About Nothing* was such a success, or the consequent arrangements were made, has abandoned the London *matinée*, which would have been crowded in every seat, in order to keep his word and recite at the great concert under the Dome? Such spontaneous acts as these are well appreciated, particularly at Brighton, and the consequence was that the Dome presented a curious scene. Long before the concert began people were turned away, and in this huge space there was not room for another seat. Those willing to stand crowded into the doorways, and were generous in their applause when such distinguished favourites as Mr Santley, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mdlle Lemmens, and the charming sisters Robertson sang the songs and duets allotted to them. Encores on such an occasion were out of the question. At such a musical feast provided by Miss Kuhe there was more than enough. The appearance of Mr Henry Irving on the platform was the signal for unstinted applause, generously given and gracefully acknowledged. But the huge audience was hushed to immediate silence as the popular actor gave his well-known rendering of Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram*, with even more than his accustomed force and power of facial expression. This, we all know, is more than a recitation in the accepted sense of the term; it is a piece of very fine tragedy, highly wrought, powerful, and in the best taste. As an immediate contrast, Mr Irving gave the celebrated scene between the child David Copperfield and the waiter with such quiet incision and comedy power that had it not been for the London train which was to take the actor back to town at five o'clock, the audience would have broken through all rules and insisted on an encore. What wonder then that the season is encouraging and Brighton as popular as ever, when a Saturday by the sea is productive of so many and such varied pleasures? "BEATTIE."

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

In the programme of Saturday last there were no novelties, but classic excellence abounded, and served for entire content. This will be understood the more easily, seeing that the larger works have long held high rank among established favourites. Schubert's String Quintet in C, for example, is always a safe "draw" with that composer's legion of admirers, while the mere announcement of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata suffices for many others, without particular reference to the artist named as its executant. Lovers of Mozart, again, are prepared to swear by his Pianoforte trio in E, and so it came to pass that Mr Chappell delighted a mass of his patrons on this particular occasion. The pianist was Miss Dora Schirmacher, a young lady who has appeared in St James's Hall often enough for an estimate of her powers, and who, unquestionably, is an artist of ability beyond common. With her were associated in the trio Mdme Néruda and Signor Piatti, these admirable performers, in turn, having Messrs Ries, Straus, and Pezze as colleagues in the quintet. Under such circumstances, description can hardly be required, and criticism finds little or nothing to say. Let exception be made, however, even at the risk of superfluity, in favour of Signor Piatti, whose rendering of an *Allemande*, *Largo* and *Allegro*, by Veracini, was the perfection of interpretive musical art. The vocalist, Miss de Fonblanque, is always welcome at these concerts for the grace and charm of her style. All her work is done with taste and refinement, such as commend it to those whose culture exact high qualities.

On Monday night Herr Joachim made his first appearance for the season, and, notwithstanding the thronged streets, a crowd came out to give him welcome. His reception was as enthusiastic as heretofore—indeed there is no likelihood, hardly a possibility, that the favour shown to an artist so sterling in quality will ever abate. The great violinist led Beethoven's Quartet in C (Op. 59) with all his old breadth of style and power of expression, subsequently playing Bach's Concerto in A for violin, a double quartet doing duty for the master's small orchestra of strings. This fine work was grandly rendered, and so wrought upon the audience that the concluding Allegro had to be repeated. In its performance Herr Joachim's associates were Messrs Ries, Pollitzer, Wiener, Zerbini, Straus, Zerbini, jun., Pezze, Reynolds, and Piatti. They proved worthy of him, as he of them. Mendelssohn's ever-welcome Ottet concluded this remarkably good programme, which contained also the same master's "Scherzo à Capriccio" in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone. In this piece Miss Schirmacher achieved a genuine success, playing with such precision and point that the audience honoured her with a call for a second piece. The singer was Miss Carlotta Elliott, another of Mr Chappell's acceptable vocalists. Miss Elliott pleased greatly in a song by Kjerulf and another by Taubert.

NAPLES.—The programme of the Teatro San Carlo has been issued. The season commences on the 15th inst. and terminates on the 15th April, 1883. The operas will be *Il Re di Lahore*, *La Traviata*, *L'Africaine*, *La Favorita*, and *Simon Boccanegra*. The company will comprise, sopranos: Mdmes Singer, Rubini-Scalisi, Heilbron (for *La Traviata* only); contraltos: Mesdes Mariani, De Angelis, Aimo; tenors: Gayarre, Cardinali, Nouvelli; barytons: Kaschmann, Laban; basses: Silvestri, and Jeromin, with Sig. Scalisi as conductor. Señor Gayarre, engaged for sixteen nights, will sing in *L'Africaine* and *La Favourita*. There will be two ballets: Pallerini's *Due Gemelle*, with music by Ponchielli, and Danesi's *Arduino d'Ivrea*, with music by Giaquinto.

Mr. Herbert Standing has purchased the sole rights of a new three-act opera bouffe entitled *Robert Macaire*, the music of which is from the pen of Mr Eugene Barnett, younger son of Mr John Barnett, the famous composer of *The Mountain Sylph* and other operas. *Robert Macaire* will shortly be produced in London, and should prove successful, for the music, we are informed, is charmingly melodious, and very dramatic. Mr Eugene Barnett, who is already known as the composer of some pretty songs, has also written music to a comedietta by Mr Malcolm Charles Salaman, which will probably be produced at the same time as his opera.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in G major, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Thou'rt passing hence" (Sullivan)—Mr Santley; Impromptu, in F sharp major, Op. 36, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdme Haas.

PART II.—Sonata, "Il Trill'o del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Tartini)—Herr Joachim; Song, "The Erl King" (Schubert)—Mr Santley; Trio, in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Schubert)—Mdme Haas, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 9, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in C major, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Air, "Where'er you walk" (Handel)—Mr Abercrombie; Sonata, in A flat, Op. 110, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Miss Dora Schirmacher; Adagio, from the Eleventh Concerto (Spohr), and Caprice, in E major (Paganini), for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr Joachim; Songs, "The Farewell" and "The Dream" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Abercrombie; Quartet, in G major, Op. 18. No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DUPONT.—Yes. "Israelitin" is an undoubted equivalent for "Israelitish Woman." Never mind *Tristan und Isolde*. We have had enough of it.

HERLEUS LE BERBEUS.—"Go"—*on*. Never mind Dr Blidge.

BIRTH.

On December 1st, at 66, Maida Vale, the wife of BARTON McGUCKIN, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On November 25th, at St Mark's, Kennington, by the Rev. W. Walter Edwards, M.A., Vicar of St Barnabas, South Kennington, GEORGE WILLIAM LOUIS, son of the late HENRY BUCKLAND, Vicar Choral of St Paul's Cathedral, to KATHERINE EGERTON, daughter of THOMAS BAXTER, Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey.

On November 25th, at the parish church, Seaford, GEORGE ERNEST GOULD, of Calcutta, British India, to BENA, daughter of W. Bull, Esq., of Hardwicke House, Seaford.

On December 5th, at St. Mary Magdalen's, Regent's Park, HARLEY LAWRENCE, son of E. C. MATHER, of Tooting, to VIOLET AUGUSTA, daughter of W. SPENCER JOHNSON, of Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, and Nassau Steam Press, St. Martin's Lane.

DEATHS.

On December 3rd, at 40, Dorset Street, Baker Street, London, W., RAFFAELLO PALMERINI, of Florence, Italy, Professor of Music, aged 58.

On December 6th, at her residence, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, FRANCES, widow of WILLIAM JEWSON, Esq., in her 85th year.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

LAMOUREUX CONCERTS IN PARIS.

(From an errant Correspondent.)

The large audience assembled last Sunday in the Theatre du Chateau d'Eau testifies to the prosperity of M. Lamoureux's artistic venture. These concerts are entering a second season of success, and, considering who is their initiator and director, there is no reason why the high standard of excellence they have hitherto maintained should not make them a permanent institution. Long ago M. Lamoureux proved his inborn capacity as a conductor, and now he is generally admitted to be one of the most eminent conductors of the day. The same qualities that distinguished his orchestra a year since have been developed to an even greater degree of perfection—such as steadiness and unanimity, liveliness, "go,"* with, at the same time, extreme finish and delicacy of execution; and this result is directly traceable to the rigid discipline enforced by a leader eminently endowed with that aforesaid inborn capacity. The programmes are in every respect well arranged, with a liberality of spirit which excludes no kind of good art. Of this the programme of the last concert was a fair instance. We were given the Italian Symphony, an air from *Alceste*, fragments of *Manfred*, Beethoven's First Concerto, a very interesting excerpt from Berlioz's *Beatrice et Benedick*, and, to finish, the overture to *Rienzi*. The performance of Mendelssohn's deliciously magnificent and genially glorious Symphony was from one end to the other irreproachable, and it would be difficult to say which of the four movements received the finest interpretation. After the opening bars of the *andante*, the audience, by an irresistible impulse of admiration, nearly interrupted the music. Immediately following Mendelssohn's Symphony, "Divinités du Styx" sounded somewhat *rococo*. Howbeit Gluck's air was exceedingly well declaimed by Mdme Brunet Lafleur.

The *Manfred* music scarcely had the same justice that was rendered to the great symphony, insomuch as the overture was taken at a faster pace than is the prevailing use. At the end of *Manfred* a curious incident occurred. The invariable custom of a Parisian audience is to demand an encore for the "Apparition de la fée des Alpes," the last of the four fragments. But on the other hand M. Lamoureux, having evidently set his face against the vicious "encore" system, refused to obey the noisy demonstration of the galleries. If any piece of music can bear repetition assuredly this delicious fancy of Schumann's can, being, if anything, too short, and it is unfortunate that the battle should have been waged over anything so beautiful. But M. Lamoureux opposed an obstinate indifference to the vociferations which began to assail him on all sides, and the issue was doubtful, till suddenly there was a great commotion in the top gallery, and an excited young man, personally addressing the conductor, cried out with a loud voice "Monsieur Lamoureux, on veut mettre un monsieur à la porte parce qu'il crie 'bis!'" This settled the question, the indignant uproar that ensued obliging M. Lamoureux to yield, and the disputed "Apparition" was played again, to the intense delight of the large majority.

When, as presently, the Berlioz duet was encored, some of the audience groaned in spirit, but they had brought it on their own heads, and it served them right.

The original intention had been that Mdme Montigny-Rémaury should introduce a concerto by Gernsheim, spoken of as very interesting; the orchestral parts, however, having been delayed in transmission from Germany, Beethoven's Concerto in C major was cheerfully substituted, and the great pianist's performance of that work needs no criticism. Besides, I believe you, in London, have had an opportunity of appreciating it. She has the work absolutely at her fingers' ends, alike in abstract and in concrete; it was, therefore, by no means surprising that Mdme Montigny should achieve a veritable success. But the ovation that crowned her performance on this occasion was an absolute triumph; and though, like a true artist, she prefers satisfying her own artistic conscience to merely winning so much hand-clapping from the public, the enthusiasm she created cannot but have gratified her. The combined beauty and brilliancy of her play were never more conspicuous.

Mdlle Roch was associated with Mdme Brunet Lafleur in the duet from Berlioz's little opera, which, as I have already stated, obtained an encore. This duet is truly one of the most pleasing examples of Berlioz in his happiest mood.

The concert came to an end with Wagner's *Rienzi* overture. It could not here be said, "Finis coronat opus," for the overture, though full of power, is not one on which admirers of the mighty modern master are most wont to dwell with complacency. But its strenuous clamour was not ill calculated to lead people to

* Go to!—Dr Blidge.

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the quest of cloaks and umbrellas. When will audiences learn to sit a concert out to the end? There are no signs of such a desirable consummation. Anyhow, till that time comes, music like the *Rienzi* overture may well continue to be placed as a kind of hardy bulwark at the stern of a programme.

SAMUEL TOPER TARLE.

Paris, Nov. 30.

CONCERTS.

THE Covent Garden Promenade Concerts conclude their series this evening, but an "extra night" is announced for Monday. Recent performances have included selections of English music—instrumental and vocal—and a repetition of the popular and quaint music which had previously proved so attractive. The first-named occasions comprised a Pianoforte Concerto, by Mr E. Evans, introduced for the first time, performed by Mr Leipold, and conducted by the composer. As a young effort, the work is creditable, and holds out promise of better productions—another novelty having been a bright and pleasing Overture, by Mr E. Faning, entitled *The Holiday*. Other more familiar pieces made up the programmes, which, however, were but partially representative of English music. During the past week the skilful performances of Mdme Frickenhaus (pianoforte), and Miss Arma Harkness (violin) have been among the attractions, as well as the cornet playing of Mr Levy, and solos by other well-known performers.

THE Highbury Philharmonic Society (conducted by Dr Bridge) made a good commencement of their new season, when the programme comprised Herr Gade's dramatic cantata *Psyche*, and a miscellaneous selection. The cantata has already been fully noticed in our report of its first production at the recent Birmingham Festival, where, of course, it had the advantage of a grander rendering than is possible by a small suburban society. It was, however, on the whole, very creditably performed by the Highbury Institution, with a select orchestra and chorus, and Miss M. Williams, Mrs B. M'Kay, and Mr Bridson as principal solo vocalists. The miscellaneous selection included a cleverly-written overture by the late Sir John Goss. *The Messiah* is to be given by the society on the 18th December.—*D. N.*

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The last public *Soirée* of the sixteenth season of this society (for the introduction of young rising artists) took place at St James's Hall on Friday, December 1st. Not less than eleven ladies and gentlemen, vocalists and instrumentalists, on this occasion made their *début*. The artists who took part, in addition to the members who made their first appearance, included the Countess Sussi, Mdmes Vogri, Zimari, Kean, English, Klein, and Burt; Messrs Rocca, Fritz, Cox, and Shepherd, &c. Herr Schuberth conducted. The hall was very full, and the audience highly appreciative. The two private *soirées* announced to take place on the 13th and 27th December will close the sixteenth, and one of the most successful seasons of this excellent society.

HACKNEY.—A "Welcome Home Concert and Entertainment" was given at Manor Hall, which attracted a full audience, on November 30. The concert was admirably gone through. Amongst the principal attractions were Mdme Reeves, who proved herself a most talented artist, playing Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," receiving much applause, and singing Meyerbeer's "Robert toi que j'aime" (*Robert le Diable*), "Golden Days" (Wellings), and Wellington Guernsey's "O buy my Flowers" (encored); Mr Woods, who gave "The Old Brigade"—as well as Balfe's "Come into the Garden, Maud;" and Mr Plunket, in Henriette's admired ballad, "The King and I." Mdme Reeves also accompanied the vocal music.

THE *soirée musicale* of Mr Lansdowne Cottell's London Conservatoire of Music, given at the Principal's residence in Tavistock Square, on Tuesday, November 28, went off, as usual, with great spirit. The young students were all on their metal, "Excelsior" evidently being their motto. There was Miss Findlater in Signor Tito Mattei's "Psyche," Miss Catherine Taylor in Lysberg's "La Napolitana," Miss Hall in Lansdowne Cottell's popular "Sea song," Miss Mary Leary in Liszt's *Tannhäuser*, Miss Leonora Sorrell in Signor Tito Mattei's "Valse galop," and Mr George Sumpter in a fantasia on airs from J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, all rising young pianists who vied with each other in obtaining the lion's share of the applause, applause so equally distributed that they must have been very hard to please if not satisfied. In the second part of the programme there was Miss Clarina Haslewood in the *adagio* and *allegretto* movements from Beethoven's sonata in C, Op. 53, Miss Alice Gould in a transcription of Mr Lansdowne Cottell's "Westminster Bridge," Miss L. Chapman in Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, and Miss L. Rimanoczy in a nocturne by Ravina, entitled "Ines." These fair and youthful students also met with hearty applause, and ought also to have been satisfied with the approbation meted out to them. We have gone into such length with the pianists that we have no space left to record the doings of the vocalists, whose names, however, were Misses Gertrude Thilenberg, E. Conyngham, Vere de Vyne, and Mdme Allan Dobson; Messrs J. Betteley, J. Sisley, W. Dailly, Joseph Newbold, and George Aylmer. Solos on the flute were also played by Mr Colonieu, on airs from *The Pirates of Penzance*, (arranged Mr J. Radcliff) and *Fra Diavolo* (by Mr Sampson); and on the violin by Mr D. Brodolet. The accompanists named on the programme were Messrs F. A. Jewson, Robinson Irving, and Lansdowne Cottell.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—Sir Herbert Oakeley, Professor of Music, gave the first of this season's organ recitals in the Music Class-room, Park Place, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 30. The body of the hall was crowded with students, and the reserved seats near the organ were occupied, as usual, by a select company present on invitation. The programme began with Luther's Choral for Advent, "Great God, what do I see and hear!" which Sir Herbert played with fine expression. Handel's sublime air and chorus, "O Thou that tellest," was next given, both parts coming out clear and tuneful, and displaying the rich tones of the instrument. After a prelude and fugue by Rink, a selection from Haydn's Symphony in C elicited much applause, while an *Allegro cantabile* of lovely character from a pianoforte sonata by Mozart was no less acceptable. Two examples of Beethoven, from early works, a gavotte by Bach, and the *finale* to Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, No. 3, made up a most enjoyable recital.—*Daily Review.*

NORWICH.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for performance on Thursday evening next at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. The singers engaged are the Misses Robertson, Messrs Hirwen Jones and Lucas Williams, with Mr F. W. B. Noverre as leader of the band, Dr. E. Bunnett, organist, and Dr. Horace Hill, conductor. On Friday evening M. Alex. Guilmant will give an organ recital in the same *locale*.

WORCESTER.—The new organ, built by Mr Nicholson of Worcester, which has been presented to St. Mary Magdalene's Church by Colonel Johnstone, was opened on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 29, with a recital by Mr W. Haynes, Professor of Music at Malvern College. It has been erected in a chamber to the left of the chancel, and immediately opposite the pulpit. The following is a description of the organ:—

The organ has three complete manuals from CC to G, 56 notes; also separate pedal organ, CCC to F, 30 notes, containing the following stops:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G, 56 NOTES.—Bourdon, wood and metal, 16 feet, 56 pipes; large open diapason, metal, 8, 56; violon diapason, metal, 8, 56; clarabella, wood, 8, 56; keraulophon, metal, 8, 44; principal, metal 4, 56; wald flute, wood, 4, 56; fifteenth, metal, 2, 56; mixture (4 ranks), metal, 224; preparation for trumpet.

SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G, 56 NOTES.—Bourdon, wood and metal, 16 feet, 56 pipes; open diapason, metal, 8, 56; Gamba and stop bass, metal, 8, 56; Lieblich gedact, wood and metal, 8, 56; voix céleste, metal, 8, 44; principal, metal, 4, 56; harmonic flute, metal, 4, 56; piccolo, wood, 2, 56; mixture (3 ranks), metal, 168; cornopean, metal, 8, 56; oboe, metal, 8, 44.

CHOIR ORGAN—CC TO G, 56 NOTES.—Dulciana, metal, 8 feet, 56 pipes; stop diapason, bass, wood, 8, 56; stop diapason, treble, wood, 8, 56; gamba, metal, 8, 44; flute, wood, 4, 56; piccolo, wood, 2, 56; cremona, metal, 8, 44.

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC TO F, 30 NOTES.—Open diapason, wood, 16 feet, 30 pipes; Bourdon, wood, 16, 30; principal, metal, 8, 30.

COUPLERS.—Choir to pedal; great to pedal; swell to pedal; swell to great; swell to choir; super-octave to pedal; three composition pedals to great organ; three composition pedals to swell organ; radiating pedals.

Large bellows with four feeders and double action.

In addition, it may be mentioned that the great organ comprises 660 pipes, the swell 704, the choir 312, and the pedal 90, making a total of 1,766 pipes.

A service was held in the evening, at which the late vicar, the Rev. C. H. Pilkington, preached. The choir was augmented for the occasion by members of St. Martin's and St. Stephen's, and comprised about sixty voices. There were processional and recessional hymns. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" were sung with spirit to settings by Mr Caleb Simper, the organist and choirmaster of the church, after which a collection was made in aid of the fund for defraying the expense incurred in the erection of an organ chamber. Mr E. J. Spark, organist of St. Martin's, presided at the organ during the service, at the conclusion of which a short recital was given by Mr Stanley James, organist of St Stephen's.

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OXFORD.—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, the Choral Society gave a concert in the Corn Exchange, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed before a densely crowded audience. The soloists were Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Enriquez, Mr Burgon and Mr Acott. Of the former it is hardly necessary to say that her dramatic delivery seemed to have lost but little of its former fire. Mdlle Enriquez took all her hearers by storm, and every one who heard her magnificent rendering of "O rest in the Lord" will admit that she achieved a triumph, and showed herself worthy to rank among the first of oratorio contralto singers. Her quiet, unaffected manner, and the absence of all airs and graces, add charm to her grand voice and fine declamation. Mr Burgon undertook the onerous part of Elijah, and, in the absence of Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Acott, the tenor of Christ Church, took the "Ahab" music. The supplementary solos were allotted to local vocalists, who all acquitted themselves with success. The choruses went with spirit, especially "Thanks be to God." Mr C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., held the *bâton*, and proved himself a most admirable conductor; he is a perfect musician, first-rate timeist, and evidently throws himself heart and soul into the work, so that the Choral Society have reason to congratulate themselves on the head and hand which are now conducting them to a fresh series of successes. Mr Burnett was, as usual, leader of the orchestra, which included many leading musicians of the University and city, as well as the young lady violinists who are now become recognized members of the band on these occasions.

BRIGHTON.—M. Voarino gave a concert in the music-room of the Royal Pavilion on Saturday afternoon, December 2, assisted by Mdme Dukas Van Noorden, Miss Gertrude de Lille, Messrs D'Arcy Ferris and Hayes (vocalists), Mdme Napoleone Voarino (pianoforte), Mr Beresford (violin), Mr Chas. Oberthür (harp), and Mdme de Naucaze (reciter). M. Voarino did not appear *en artiste*, but Mdme Voarino played, with success, a "Caprice de Concert," by Raff, a "Caprice" of her own composition, a Rondo, by P. Strada, joining M. Oberthür in his popular duet, for harp and pianoforte, on airs from Weber's *Oberon*. Among the other successful instrumental pieces were Vieuxtemps' "Fantasia appassionata" for the violin, capitally rendered by Mr Beresford; Mr Oberthür's Fantasia, for the harp, on airs from *Martha*, played by the composer so much to the satisfaction of the audience that he was compelled to return to the platform and give another of his admired solos, "La Cascade." During the afternoon Mdme de Naucaze "recited," both in French and English, and was honoured by a "call" at the conclusion. The concert, which was fully and fashionably attended, finished with a trio, "The Knights of the Cross" (Oberthür), entrusted to Miss G. de Lille, and Messrs D'Arcy Ferris and Hayes.

TAUNTON.—The first number of a monthly magazine has been just published in connection with the Independent College, which, it is anticipated, will do much good by developing the thinking powers of the students, who are, for the most part, the contributors, and at the same time retain the interest of old students in their *alma mater*. The publication is under the able editorship of the Principal, the Rev. F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc. In his brief introduction, Mr Aveling explains the scope and intention of the magazine. He says:—"It was suggested, not long ago, that the school should bring out a magazine, which should contain original articles by the pupils, and an account of what is being done in the class and in the playground. This proposal, originating with the boys, has been warmly received by all. The editor will receive articles in prose and poetry from present and from past students. Letters from 'old boys' now abroad, or studying at the Universities, or in art studios, will be inserted from time to time. It is hoped that a natural science column will be opened, and will contain useful and interesting information from past and present students concerning the physical sciences." Mr Thomas J. Dudeney will contribute a series of papers, entitled "Lives of Musicians," and the present number contains the commencement of a Biography of Professor Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Prizes will be given at the end of the year for the best poems and essays.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A meeting of guarantors for the Festival was held in the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the Mayor (Councillor Woodhouse) presiding. Mr Fred. R. Spark (hon. sec.) read a report, showing what had been done by the provisional committee. The new works already secured are *King David*, an oratorio by Professor G. Macfarren; *Sardanapalus*, a secular cantata by Mr Frederic Clay; and the "Ninety-seventh Psalm," by Mr Joseph Barnby. Signor Verdi, Herr Joachim Raff, and Herr Niels Gade were solicited to write works for the Festival. Signor Verdi, in reply, expressed his regret that he was unable to comply with the wishes of the committee. He had almost entirely given up writing, and above all he could not undertake anything which would oblige him to write within a definite time. Herr Gade replied that his engagements were such as to prevent his writing anything new for the Festival, however much he should like to do so. With Herr Joachim Raff the committee began a correspondence early in this year, and whilst negotiating for the production of his recently completed oratorio, *The End of the World, Judgment, and the New World*, the death of the composer unhappily took place. A letter received from his widow stated that her husband had made up his mind, if his work were completed, to attend the performance at Leeds personally, and this occasion she added, would have been his first visit to England. The report was unanimously adopted, and fifty gentlemen were elected on the general committee. The guarantee fund now reaches £17,000, nearly double the amount subscribed at the corresponding period for the previous festival.

BIRMINGHAM.—The third of Mr S. S. Stratton's "popular chamber concerts" was given at the Masonic Hall on Monday evening, December 4th. In accordance with his usual regulations, Mr Stratton's programme contained works by classical masters of our own and other countries, with one example by a living English composer, viz., a quartet in B flat for stringed instruments, by Mr Ebenezer Prout, a work—says the *Birmingham Gazette*—"characterised by beauty of theme and symmetry of form. The first and third movements display more originality perhaps than the second and fourth, but, as a whole, the piece is among the finest compositions which Mr Stratton has brought forward. The performance was admirable, and every movement met with genuine applause." The second piece was Beethoven's sonata in G, (No. 3 of Op. 30) for pianoforte and violin, played by Messrs T. Troman and F. Ward. Mr Troman afterwards gave the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's Capriccio, Op. 28, for pianoforte alone. This was followed by Schumann's pianoforte quartet in E flat, Op. 47, and the last piece in the programme was Beethoven's quintet in C major, Op. 29, capitally played by all concerned.

EXETER.—Miss Alice Roselli gave a "grand concert" on Tuesday evening, November 14, at the Victoria Hall, with the assistance of Mdme Enriquez, Messrs W. H. Cummings and Frank May (vocalists), Mr Carrodus (violin), M. Hollman (violoncello), and Signor N. Carozzi (pianoforte). The concert was one of the best we have attended at Victoria Hall, the excellence of the programme giving unmixed satisfaction. The concert began with the *andante* and *allegro* movements from Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, capitally played by MM. Carozzi, Carrodus, and Hollman. Amongst the most admired of the vocal pieces were Blumenthal's "Our Ships at Sea," which afforded Mdme Enriquez an opportunity of exhibiting the beauty of her rich contralto voice; Rossini's ever fresh and charming aria, "Una voce poco fa," so brilliantly rendered by Miss Roselli that she was called back to the platform with enthusiasm; and Blumenthal's famous song, "The Message," which Mr Cummings sang with so much expression that a unanimous "call" was the result. Then there was a charming duet (the composition of Miss Harriet Young), "In Sunny Spain," contributed by Miss Roselli and Mdme Enriquez, as well as "The Raft," by Pinsuti, which obtained for Mr Frank May a vociferous encore. In the second part of the programme Lucantoni's pretty duet, "Una notte a Venezia," was charmingly sung by Miss Roselli and Mdme Enriquez, and afterwards Miss Roselli gave Milton Wellings' new ballad, "Forget and Forgive," with consummate taste and genuine expression. We must not omit to mention the artistic way in which Mr Cummings gave his own pathetic ballad, "The love of long ago," re-demanded with acclamation, but Mr Cummings sang in place of it the favourite old ballad, "Sally in our Alley." Mr Carrodus created a *furore* by his splendid performance of Ernst's fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, and M. Hollman obtained great applause after his solos on the violoncello. There were many other successes during the evening, which want of space will not permit us to enumerate. The concert concluded with the quartet, "Dormi pur," from Flotow's *Martha*. Signor Carozzi accompanied the songs like a thorough musician, and the concert altogether gave unbounded satisfaction.

SHEFFIELD.—The visit of the Carl Rosa Opera Company to Sheffield is always welcome, and doubly so when, as last night, it was the means of presenting Beethoven's *Fidelio* with so accomplished an artist as Mdme Marie Roze in the title *rôle*. So far as we are aware, this is the first time *Fidelio* has been given in Sheffield, and thus it constituted an event of much interest. One of the choicest numbers in the opera is the quartet, "Within this panting breast," and Mdme Roze was heard to much advantage in it as well as in the trio, "Fear not my son," and in the recitative and air, "Remorseless Fiend." The scene in the dungeon occupies the whole of the second act, and it is in this act that Mdme Roze produced the highest dramatic effect. The minor characters were well sustained. Miss Clara Perry acquitted herself admirably as

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Marcellina. The Rocco of Mr Snazelle was excellent. Mr Ludwig made the most of a character which never finds favour on the stage, and Mr McGuckin, as Florestan, was heard to considerable advantage in the air, "Though I mourn my young hopes blighted." Mdme Marie Roze was called before the curtain at the close of the second act, a compliment which was repeated when the opera was concluded. Mr J. Pew conducted.

MANCHESTER.—M. De Jong's popular concert was not so fully attended as its merits deserved, owing to the very unfavourable weather. The principal singers were Mdmes Lemmens Sherrington, Enriquez, and Valleria, who delighted the audience by the beautiful style in which they respectively sang Beethoven's "A perfido," Mozart's "Voi che sapete," and the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's *Faust*. The band gave the overture to *Otello* (Rossini), the "Saltarella" from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, a Russian Dance by Glinka, as well as a Waltz by Gungl and a Galop by Lumbye, all of which were highly enjoyed and heartily applauded.

LIVERPOOL.—A meeting of the Society of Professional Musicians was held on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, in the Union Hotel, Clayton Square. Mr J. C. Bridge, M.A., Mus. Bac. (Chester), presided, and there were also present Dr R. W. Crowe, and Messrs F. Haworth, J. J. Monk, W. D. Hall, and H. Grimshaw (Liverpool); Drs Hiles, Horton, Allison, and George Marsden, and Messrs J. Wrigley, John Marsden, W. J. Young, James Thorley, and C. Grundy (Manchester); Messrs T. S. Hill, and W. H. Hunt, Mus. Bac. (Birkenhead); Messrs James Dawber, Mus. Bac. (secretary), J. Mortimer, A. Alexander, and A. W. Newell (Wigan); Mr S. Myerscough (Rochdale), Mr Slater (Oldham), Mr J. M. Field (Bowdon), Mr R. B. Woodward (St Helens), Mr George Mellor (Blackburn), and Mr Hinchcliffe (Southport). The following declaration was then submitted by the council of the society and adopted:—"It is desirable that in England music should be re-instated in its old position as a branch of learning, and its cultivation again recognized as an important educational influence. The facilities for its study should therefore be largely increased and diffused.—1. By the systematic teaching in all large schools, public and private, of vocal music and the rudiments of the grammar of the science. 2. By classes in conveniently situated schools or public buildings for the practice of more important orchestral instruments. 3. By the further training in higher-grade schools of those students who in elementary classes have displayed talent. 4. By the establishment in our larger cities of colleges wherein every branch and detail of a musician's thorough education may be fully directed and matured. Drawing classes, aided by Government grants are now general throughout the country; schools wherein will be given scientific instruction in all technical matters will probably soon be opened in all suitable centres of large population, and attention is called to the advisability of stimulating and systematizing musical instruction. It is therefore of the greatest importance that a wise and well-considered scheme should be adopted, and the earnest co-operation of all musicians and lovers of music is sought, in order that the opportunity may not be wasted, and that, by the adoption not only in London, but throughout the kingdom, of the most advanced educational methods, a school of English music may be fostered and developed worthy of the traditions of the past." After which Dr. Horton Allison, of Manchester, read a lengthy but interesting paper on "The Registration of Teachers," in the course of which he said—"Teachers are one of the most important, if not the most important, section of the body of professional musicians, and as such may reasonably undertake and have entrusted to them any project for the amelioration of the condition or raising the status of the professional musician." A discussion followed the reading of the paper, and the subjoined resolution was carried unanimously, on the motion of T. S. Hill, seconded by Dr. Hiles:—"That it be an instruction to the Council of the Society of Professional Musicians to confer upon and submit to an early meeting of the society a scheme for bringing the subject of the legal registration of teachers of music before members of Parliament with a view to legislative action." Votes of thanks having been conveyed to Dr. Allison for his paper, and to Mr Bridge for presiding, the meeting came to a close. At the next meeting Mr J. J. Monk will read a paper on "The Compilation of Musical Directories."

The New York Chorus Society's first concert this season was to come off on the 6th inst. The others will be given on the 16th inst, on February 17th, and April 14th. At that on February 17th, scenes from Wagner's *Parsifal* will form part of the programme.

The romantic drama, *Pluck*, was given at Drury Lane on Saturday evening for the last time this season, having completed its hundredth night of representation on Wednesday last. The theatre will remain closed until Boxing-night, in order to allow time and space for the preparations for the Christmas pantomime.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert on Wednesday morning went off famously. The singers were Mrs Hutchinson; Misses Mary Davies, Clara Samuel, Fonblanque, and Damian; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, and Santley. Miss Davies, on being called upon to repeat Molloy's "Little Match Girl," responded with "Only for One"; and Mr Santley, after "O ruddier than the cherry," favoured the audience with Hatton's "To Anthea." The new songs given were Mr F. Clay's "Courage, dear heart" (Mr Edward Lloyd), Marzials' "If only" (Miss Damian), Stephen Adams' "Sprung a Leak" (Mr Maybrick), and Molloy's "Kismet" (Mr Santley). The South London Choral Society sang the "Bridal Chorus" from Mr F. H. Cowen's *Rose Maiden*, Miss E. Philpa' "Hop Pickers," Sullivan's "Evening," Caldicott's "Jack and Jill," and Henry Leslie's "We roam and rule the sea." Mdme Norman-Néruda, the "Queen Violinist," played an Adagio by Spohr, as well as a "Sarabande" and "Tambourin" by Leclair, winning hearty applause and an encore for the last piece, which the accomplished artist responded to by playing another popular composition. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the songs with his well-known musical ability. Mr John Boosey announces that his next "Ballad Concert" will be given on Saturday morning, Jan. 6th ("Twelfth-Cake day"), when the singers are to be Misses Mary Davies, Agnes Larkcom, Damian, and Mrs Hutchinson; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Barrington Foote, Maybrick, and Santley. Mdme Norman-Néruda will be the violinist, Mdme Sophie Menter the pianist, the South London Choral Society will occupy their usual post, and Mr Sidney Naylor will be the accompanist.

BERLIN.—Having returned from Warsaw, Varesi has been singing at concerts with her usual success.

There is some talk of giving *Hamlet* and *Mignon* at the Teatro Rossini, Venice, during the Carnival.

The music composed by Dr G. A. Macfarren for the recent performances at Cambridge and Eton of the *Ajax* of Sophocles in the original language is everywhere highly spoken of. The distinguished occupant of the musical chair in Cambridge University is now busily engaged upon his new oratorio, *King David*, written expressly for the Leeds Festival of 1883.

The following "appeal" we extract from *Lloyd's Newspaper*, Dec. 3:—"Scarcely a day now passes without inquiries for lost relatives being sent us, and far more have come to hand this week than we can possibly deal with. Room must, however, be found for the following appeal of a mother:—'In the year 1874 I left in charge of a musician named Rice, living at Whitby, my daughter, then ten years of age, to be taught music and singing; but in 1877 he left that place, taking the child with him. Since that time I have not been able to gain intelligence of them, but believe them to be travelling in the north of England or Scotland. The girl (now eighteen) is named Alice Minns, but is supposed to be passing as his daughter, and called Alice Rice. If any of your numerous readers could give me any information that would lead to the recovery of my child, I should be truly grateful.—MARY A. MINNS.'"

THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—A distinguished and numerous audience assembled at the second meeting of the above association, on the 4th inst., to hear Signor Carozzi unfold the story of his several inventions for the aid of vocal students. Signor Carozzi delivered a well written paper dealing with the history of vocal art, its present condition, and its defects as compared with the excellence of former epochs. Great interest was evinced by the members of the association in making acquaintance with the many uses of Signor Carozzi's ingenious *Ortophone* and its adjuncts; it was clearly demonstrated that by its aid masters and pupils could ensure a proper position of mouth and tongue, and combining the *Ortophone* with the *Teinomoro*, a just and complete system of breathing, the foundation of all good singing. The length of Signor Carozzi's observations and explanations absorbed most of the time usually allotted by the society to discussion, but the value of Signor Carozzi's inventions was emphatically endorsed by the President in the Chair, Mr W. H. Cummings, whose practical knowledge as a vocalist and teacher entitled him to speak with authority. Dr. Lennox Brown also added his testimony to the excellence of Signor Carozzi's very clever inventions. It was understood that very shortly Signor Carozzi would be prepared to show other inventions for the use of students, which have already received commendation from the most eminent masters on the continent, and for which Signor Carozzi received diplomas granted at the Milan exhibition of last year.—A. B.

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CHERUBINI.

(*Continued from page* 731.)

Despite of everything, and whatever may be the value of these reflections, it was evidently not the music of *Epicure* which the public of the Théâtre Favart had in view when they gave the work a reception, which, as the reader will see, was aught but encouraging. The first performance on the 23rd Ventôse, Year VIII. (14th March, 1800), was not followed by many others, and, moreover, in order to render the piece anything like endurable, it was necessary to re-cast it almost entirely, and cut out an act. One thing is certain, namely, that the spectators were in a very bad humour on the first night, which was marked by disturbances, cries for silence, protestations, and whistling, and that it was with much difficulty that the performance could be finished in the midst of unusual and regrettable noise. *Epicure*, with Solié in the leading part, was, nevertheless, well played and sung by all its interpreters: Chenard, Saint-Aubain, Paulin, Dozainville, Andrieu, Moreau, Allaire, Batiste, Mdmes Jenny Bouvier, Pingenet (sen. and jun.), and Quinebaud, but, in addition to the defects of the book, it must be observed that a work of this kind belonged to the Opera rather than to a comic-operatic stage, and that, despite the talent displayed by the excellent artists engaged in the performance, there were complaints that the piece had not been cast in a way to bring out the good qualities of all of them, and put each one in his proper place.

The *Courier des Spectacles* gives us a specimen of the incidents which troubled the performance:—

"If," it says, "the imperfections of a work are to be calculated by the signs of disapprobation on the part of the public, those in the book of *Epicure* are exceedingly numerous. . . . . These defects, which neither the elegance of the poetry nor the remarkable beauties of the music could palliate, were detrimental to the success of the piece, which, however, was played to the end, though with difficulty."

Sauvo, the critic of the *Moniteur Universel*, enters more into detail. Here is a fragment from the interesting article he dedicates to the subject:—

"The music of this opera is by two justly celebrated authors. It was not doubtless as an example to be followed that they exhibted their extraordinary talents combined for one composition. It was not to two authors that we owed *Iphigénie*, *Alceste*, *Œdipe*, and *Didon*; we might even add *Stratonice* and *Lodoïska*, were it necessary to bring their own authority to bear upon the two authors in the present instance by mentioning their own successes. Are we justified in expecting new masterpieces from such a partnership? No. The arts have a common object, the imitation of nature; but every artist has a manner of his own. The different parts of a work confided to two artists may be beautiful, but the work will be wanting in uniformity, in that homogeneous character conveyed by the expression: *the stamp of the master*, and it is difficult to believe that any work can be improved by this defect. There are some great beauties in this dual composition containing few songs, but many concerted pieces. The first duet, though, perhaps, too long, has some charming touches; the short air which follows is full of grace; the finale is too uniform in tone, and would probably be better appreciated sung in a buffo style; but there is in the work an admixture of the Comic and the Serious, of the Graceful and the Grotesque, which must puzzle those who have to define it, and consequently those who devote their talent to its representation. Epicurus's dream produced little effect; it is a piece which should be heard without our having to consider its merit with regard to the situation it occupies: the songs of the second act are full of warmth and bold touches; the only remarkable thing the third offers us is the first concerted piece, with which, we fancy, fault may be found on account of its defects of prosody. The first night was extremely stormy. There was no call for the authors. On the second, whether the tumult had frightened the peaceable spectators, or whether the first verdict was regarded as decisive, there were few persons present, but the authors were called for. They are citizens Dumoustier for the words, Méhul and Cherubini for the music. Solié, who sustained the part of Epicurus, acquitted himself with talent, and sang with grace. As for the other parts, though, in truth, of secondary importance, they are cast, we must say, in a manner little favourable to the work, which, after all, appertaining to the domain of the Opera, would there have found more ample means of execution, and placed within its authors' reach developments and accessories sufficiently pleasing to establish it as a pendant to *Anacréon*. It is not the first time that such an error has been fatal to lyrical theatres of the second class, but what special privileges can no longer command, will, doubtless, be commanded by interest and experience."

The failure of *Epicure* was quite an event in Paris, and the *Gazette de France* very gently reproached the public for their boisterous conduct on the occasion:

"It has long been observed," said the venerable publication, "that the actors of the Opéra-Comique are unfortunate whenever they attempt to assume the cothurnus; the Greek costume suits neither their figure nor their class of theatre. The opera of *Epicure* excited more noise than applause; it will, however, continue to be played. The music of Méhul and Cherubini, and passages evidently emanating from the author of *Le Conciliateur*, deserve to try more than once the taste of the public, who, we beg to say without offence, now take to the theatre the turbulence of which they have corrected themselves in political matters."

The second performance of *Epicure* took place on the 26th Ventôse, three days after the first, to a house three parts empty. This unsatisfactory circumstance induced Dumoustier to shorten the piece, so as to render it more lively. At the third performance, which came off on the 20th, the *Courier des Spectacles*, when announcing that *Epicure* had been given at the Théâtre Favart, stated that it was "reduced to two acts." This did not render the public much more favourable, and the work soon languished away.* It is as well to remark that, in reaching the poet, the storm passed harmlessly over the heads of the composers, to whom the critics generally were well disposed, though declaring they entertained small liking for collaboration in musical matters. The *Année Théâtrale* said on this subject:

"Méhul and Cherubini have not belied in the pieces with which they have enriched this work their brilliant reputation. The public recognized in the first act the original and brilliant manner of the author of *Lodoïska*, and in the second the learned touch, the sustained and harmonious style, of the author of *Euphrosine*. But as was generally observed at the performances, of which there were not many, Gluck was alone when, to use Piron's expression in speaking of his own works, he cast in bronze his *Iphigénie en Tauride*; he was alone when he found the accents of *Armide* and *Alceste*; two composers did not write *Didon*; *Stratonice* and *Démophon* are each due to only one great master. When two talented men unite their efforts, the details may be charming and the separate parts deserving of all our suffrages, but the whole is seldom satisfactory. The work is of two colours, the same style is not everywhere perceptible, and unity, the principle of all the imitative arts, is sacrificed to the innovation of a dangerous precedent."

I have discovered, however, one tartish note amid the concert of praise which greeted the work of the two musicians; it was struck by the *Etrennes lyriques et théâtrales*, indulgent for the librettist while severe on his collaborators:

"Four insignificant personages," says this publication, "opera-like scenes of magic, a hurried ending, the love of a young girl for old Epicurus, and the child's confession before the grave Areopagus, put the spectators in a bad humour and inclined them to laughter. It was time the piece finished when it did. Little interest but facility of versification; agreeable touches, but buffoonery for comedy: interest without interest, but a tolerably satisfactory development of the character of Epicurus, which is in itself pleasing—such, to our mind, are the beauties and defects of the work. The music is not the music for such a subject; it belongs neither to the buffo nor the terrible style, but makes an infernal noise, produces many orchestral effects, and multiplies difficulties—we do not know very well wherefore. Wishing to surpass each other, the two composers who wrote the music have offered us something scientific for trained ears; the audience were not likely to take this into account."

This is the only example I have found of a really surly criticism of the score. We saw above, from the account given by the *Année Théâtrale*, that the music of the first act was written by Cherubini, and that of the second by Méhul (they no doubt divided that of the third between them). The overture was, therefore, Cherubini's, and the following letter addressed by him to his friend Pleyel, the publisher, informs us that he himself undertook the pianoforte arrangement:—

"Here, my dear Pleyel, is the overture of *Epicure* arranged. I did my best, especially at the commencement, where the task of an arrangement was not easy. I have endeavoured to make it easy of execution, so that it may be played by all pianists, no matter what their strength.—If the duet is engraved, I should like to have some copies. May I beg you to make me a present of one or two romances. —Send me, please, news about your health; mine is still feeble.

* The bill on the first night of *Epicure* was completed by *La Bonne Mère*, a short comedy of Florian's.

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This was the reason of my not sending you the overture sooner, because, being unwell, I have not been able to work these last few days. Adieu; my respectful compliments to Mdme Pleyel. Ever yours, with the esteem and consideration which are your due,

"CHERUBINI."

(To be continued.)

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 8.

1786.

(Continued from page 756.)

In the year 1784, when the opera in three acts, called *Robin Hood*, was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, it soon became very popular, and had a long run to overflowing houses. In consequence of the great success of this piece, the author of it, MacNally, then a briefless barrister of the sister kingdom, who had come to England to court Dame Fortune, but who had only become acquainted with her illegitimate sister, Miss Fortune, rose high in the favour of Mr Harris, the proprietor of that theatre. Mr Harris intending to bring out, this season, the favourite French musical piece called *Richard Cœur de Lion*, then performing with great success at Drury Lane Theatre, in the plenitude of his partiality he gave the copy of it to MacNally to translate and adapt it for the English stage. MacNally, who, though totally unacquainted with the French language, was, nevertheless, too poor to stick at trifles, employed a friend to put it into English for him; but, it proving altogether a lame production, it limped on for a few nights, but had no run. The following season Mr Harris revived *Robin Hood* at his theatre, in which a new singer named Bowden appeared in the principal character, Robin Hood. This performer's talent not being of any high order, the houses, which at the first production of the opera had been overflowing, were now miserably thin; on which an actor one night behind the scenes, observing the benches to be nearly empty, exclaimed, "Here's a wretched house!—Do ye call this Robin Hood?"—"No," replied Charles Bannister, "it is not Robbin Hood,—it's Robbing Harris!" This same singer (Bowden) had a remarkably prominent proboscis. He and some other vocalists of the theatre, being subsequently engaged to attend a public dinner, had appointed to meet at Williams's coffee-house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, situated on the spot where the entrance to the boxes now stands, where, having waited till the last moment for Bowden, they left the coffee-room to proceed to their destination without him. When they had got into the street, however, Bannister suddenly exclaimed, "Stop, stop! Bowden will be here in a minute or two, for I perceive that his nose has already turned the corner of Hart Street!"

This season I became an honorary member of the Anacreontic Society, and at the first meeting played a concerto on the oboe, as did Cramer on the violin. The assemblage of subscribers was as usual very numerous, amongst whom were several noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction. Sir Richard Hankey (the banker) was the chairman. This fashionable society consisted of a limited number of members, each of whom had the privilege of introducing a friend, for which he paid in his subscription accordingly. The meetings were held in the great ball-room of the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, once a fortnight during the season, and the entertainments of the evening consisted of a grand concert, in which all the flower of the musical profession assisted as honorary members. After the concert an elegant supper was served up; and when the cloth was removed, the constitutional song, beginning, "To Anacreon in Heaven," was sung by the chairman or his deputy. This was followed by songs in all the varied styles, by theatrical singers and the members; and catches and glees were given by some of the first vocalists in the kingdom. The late chairman, Mr Mulso, possessed a good tenor voice, and sang the song alluded to with great effect. A curious circumstance occurred to that gentleman, whose person was by no means athletic. As he was walking down Southampton Street, Covent Garden, with a friend, a horse belonging to a hackney coach, waiting at a shop door, suddenly seized him by the arm, and with his teeth so severely gripped it, that, stimulated by surprise and pain, he, like another Milo, struck the animal on the head with his doubled fist with such force that it felled him to the earth as if he had been shot.

The above mentioned gentleman was a most agreeable companion, and had a happy knack of relating stories bearing on the circumstances in which he happened to be placed. The following is an instance.

"I was in a party a few years ago, in which there was a young gentleman who had recently returned from his travels. This traveller, like many of his fraternity, was 'rather too poetical in his prose,' related so many wonderful occurrences that the surprise he had at first excited was afterwards converted into *ennui*. In fact, he tired the company with his marvellous loquacity. Mr Mulso, who was present, being disgusted with his improbable narrations, and determined if possible to silence him, said to the young traveller, 'Pray, sir, are you acquainted with the mode in which they catch tigers in the East Indies?' Being answered in the negative, he added, 'Then, sir, I will inform you. The persons employed in that hazardous service go out for the purpose, armed only with a cork target and a wooden mallet, and when they discover one of those ferocious beasts preparing to spring upon them from amongst the jungle, they receive him on the cork target, which his long talons passing through, they clench them on the inside with the wooden mallet, and then lead him home quietly on his hind legs!'"

At the death of Mr Mulso, Sir Richard Hankey succeeded to the presidential chair. Sir Richard, with whom I had the pleasure of being intimate, was an accomplished musical amateur, and performed admirably on the oboe. He had been in the army, and had served with his regiment during the war in North America, where he was placed in a situation of great jeopardy. The commander of the English forces having hanged an American officer, who had been taken as a spy, the American general was so incensed that he determined to retaliate, and having several British officers prisoners, among whom was Sir Richard Hankey, he ordered that they should draw lots to determine which of them should suffer. The lot fell on Captain Asgill, son of Sir Charles Asgill the banker; but the unjust sentence being from some cause delayed, he was saved by the humane interference of Maria Antoinette, consort to Louis the Sixteenth of France.

This society, to become members of which noblemen and gentlemen would wait a year for a vacancy, was by an act of gallantry brought to a premature dissolution. The Duchess of Devonshire, the great leader of the *haut ton*, having heard the Anacreontic highly extolled, expressed a particular wish to some of its members to be permitted to be privately present to hear the concert, &c.; which being made known to the directors, they caused the elevated orchestra occupied by the musicians at balls to be fitted up, with a lattice affixed to the front of it, for the accommodation of her grace and party, so that they could see without being seen; but, some of the comic songs not being exactly calculated for the entertainment of ladies, the singers were restrained; which displeasing many of the members, they resigned one after another, and a general meeting being called, the society was dissolved.

The King's Theatre opened for the season on the 23rd of December, with the serious opera of *Alceste*. The music, which was entirely new, was by Gresnich. In this opera Rubinelli and Mdme Mara delighted the audience, who bestowed on them the most unbounded applause.

(To be continued.)

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WAIFS.

Teresina Singer is still at Palermo.

Aïda has been produced with much success at Bucharest.

Carlos Gomes has returned from Brazil and is now in Milan.

Eduard Schelle, the well-known musical critic of Vienna, is dead.

The Teatro Bellini, Catania, is finished and will be opened in the spring.

Liszt's oratorio, *Die heilige Elisabeth*, has been performed in Bremen.

Miss Emma Thursby is singing at concerts in America with the greatest success.

Mr William Dorrell has left town to pass the winter at his residence in Sussex.

August Wilhelmj purposes going next month to Berlin and making a long stay there.

Maurice Dengremont has been playing in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin.

Mdme Brunet-Lafleur and the baryton Lauwers are engaged for a series of concerts at Geneva.

Cimarosa's *Astuzie femminili* is to be played at the Teatro della Filarmonica dei Nobili, Naples.

Die Czarin, Max Wolf's last buffo opera, is accepted at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

A new opera, *Kleopatra*, music by W. Freudenberg, has been favourably received in Wiesbaden.

Albert Bernis, manager of the Liceo, Barcelona, was lately in Milan.—(Impossible!—Dr Blüge.)

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It is said that an unpublished opera, *Elnava*, by the deceased composer Pacini, has been discovered.

The King of Spain has conferred on Herr Popper and M. Emile Sauret, the Knight's Cross of the Order of Charles III.

Herr Max Vogreich, pianist of the Wilhelmj concert-tour in America and elsewhere, has married and settled in Australia.

A new zarzuela, *¡ Ay, que Pié !* music by Señor Malumbres, has been produced with success at the Teatro de Goya, Saragossa.

After a short holiday in the country, M. Ambroise Thomas has returned to Paris and resumed his duties at the Conservatory.

Bernhard Scholz, of Breslau, has been appointed to succeed Raff as Director of the Hoch Conservatory, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Gasparre Villate, the Cuban composer, is working on an opera to be called *Baldassare*, the book being supplied by Carlo D'Ormeville.

It is currently reported in St Petersburgh that M. Wsewolowski is about to resign the Intendancy-General of the Imperial Theatres.

Among the artists engaged for the Liceo, Barcelona, are Casanova de Cepeda, Mei; Stagno, Sani, and Athos, with Vianesi as conductor.

Mdme Christine Nilsson, we are informed by the *Musical Record* (Boston, U.S.), has joined the "Farewellers"—whoever they may be.

Another phenomenally precocious girl-violinist is said to have sprung up in the person of Lucietta Neglia, aged nine, at Castrogiovanni.

H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr Frederic Penna's military duet "The return of the army."

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, has presented Herr Max-Stagemann, the Leipsic manager, with the Large Medal for Art and Science.

Herr and Mad. Vogl, the former suffering from an affection of the throat, have left Angelo Neumann's *Nibelungen* Company, and returned to Munich.

Carl Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist, has commenced his concert-tour in Germany, and met with a flattering reception wherever he has appeared.

Miss Rosa Kenney will shortly make an appearance as Lady Macbeth, a character she has been earnestly studying under a highly competent instructor.

Herr Richard Hillgenberg, who has officiated since January last as first professor of the violin at the Conservatory, Stettin, has been engaged for six years longer.

Clara Monhaupt, formerly a popular operatic soubrette at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, is engaged for a series of performances at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

At a recent performance of Haydn's *Creation* by the Boston (U.S.) Handel and Haydn Society, Miss Emma Thursby, C. R. Adams, and J. T. Winch were the vocalists.

After a concert given recently at Gratz by Teresina Tua, the students unyoked the horses from her carriage and themselves dragged her in triumph to her hotel.

Mdme Minnie Hauk lately made at Louisville, Kentucky, her first appearance in English opera in America, and her first appearance in *The Bohemian Girl* anywhere.

Headed by Nadina Bulicioff, who suggested it, the members of the company at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, will present Sig. Mancinelli, on the occasion of his benefit, with a silver crown.

Eugene d'Albert, a young pianist, only eighteen, a pupil of Franz Liszt's, recently gave a concert in Weimar. Immediately afterwards, the Grand Duke, who was present, appointed him Pianist to the Court.

On Advent Sunday afternoon, December 3, Mr N. Dumville, senior "Singing Man" on the foundation of the Manchester Cathedral, sang for the twenty-first time "Comfort ye my people," from *The Messiah*. Few can record that for 21 years, on the same day each year, without interruption, they have sung the same air.

The Alhambra Theatre, which took fire early on Thursday morning, is now a wreck, nothing remaining but the ornamental doorway, the minarets, and the central dome. Eight houses at the back were destroyed, as well as the Turkish baths and Messrs Riviere and Hawkes' music warehouse immediately adjoining. It is stated that the fire broke out in the balcony, and the resident fireman had difficulty in making his escape. Two of the fire brigade men were seriously injured, and lie in a very critical condition. At present the loss is estimated at quite £150,000. Orders, it is announced, have already been given for the immediate re-erection of the building.

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.*

Sir Herbert Oakeley speaks.

"As the objects of this meeting may not be known to all present, it seems well to commence this Annual Report by stating them. We wish to re-establish and get into working order our University Musical Society, and for 12 years past it has been the custom at this time to hold a general meeting of those interested in the matter, as a sort of overture to our programme for the session. It is advisable to glance at what has been done since last November, to ascertain the state of our funds, to elect office-bearers, and to fix the time of practising. For the information of new-comers I may as well read our rules:"

(*Ten rules here read.*)

"To these ten rules a resolution from the *Sederunt* Book of March 25, 1880, should be supplemented as rule II,—'The Committee agreed to recommend that in future when any member of the Committee (not being the Secretary or Treasurer of the Society) shall have ceased to be a matriculated student of the University of Edinburgh for a period of two years, and shall also have ceased to give the Society any active assistance, his name shall be removed from the Committee, and that he be made an honorary member of the Society." Having referred to these matters for the benefit of fresh-men here, I wish to express a cordial welcome to those who have joined in preceding years, and to those I last saw before me on a memorable occasion eight months ago when they promised, in chorus, to 'Tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld langsyne.' Though all these choralists can never again be present, and already between some of us and them 'seas braid hae roar'd,' it is to be hoped that a considerable number of them, and also an unprecedented quantity of new members, may this winter combine in forming the best Students' Chorus we have had. It is neither the place nor the occasion for allusion to changes and chances at home and abroad which have occurred since we last met, my glance at passing events being from a musical point of view; although, in regard to heroic scenes enacted abroad, perhaps no more inspiriting theme to a musician could be found, if he were fortunate enough to be supplied with words—say by the author of 'Alma Mater' (Professor Maclagan)—than the dash of the Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir. But the changes in this Society seem great this session—more members having left, and more apparently coming to the University than usual. Already 2915 are enrolled, or 94 more than this day last winter. New-comers may infer that the increase augurs well for our numbers, but old stagers have observed, with curiosity if not with disappointment, that it does not always follow that a proportionate number of matriculations is reflected by a corresponding increase of enrolments in the Musical Society. For instance, in the session before last, 1880-81, with 3160 matriculations, we had 247 members—or rather less than a twelfth of the whole of the students. Last session, with 3269 students, our numbers were 185—less than one-seventeenth of the matriculations. It is, moreover, curious to note, as I have previously done here, that in the case of a sister University, 150 students, or one-fifth, have joined their choral association. Supposing we have this winter as many as last winter—3269—according to Aberdonian rules of proportion we ought to have about 650 members on our roll, or nearly the numerical strength of the Aberdeen students. Some consolation may be elicited in regard to discrepancy in this matter between two Scottish Universities by considering that not only would so large a chorus be very difficult to manage, but that the 650 members, each with a friend's ticket, and including the other admissions we give away, would amount to about 1400, a number which would just fill the Music Hall in every part, and thus leave, as we sang last year, 'no space for receipt of a fly,' indeed no chance of 'receipts' at all.

"But though our chorus is not so numerous as might be wished, there is encouragement, not only in looking back on what has been done by them under circumstances presenting real difficulties, but in perceiving each year some advance in musical taste and skill throughout the country generally. It should not be forgotten that until quite recently here the mere putting, or even adapting a melody to words, or of words to a melody, seems to have been considered evidence of existence of much musical cultivation. Now there is a craving after higher things, and the real art which was brought to perfection by great Teutonic masters seems to be making way and to be sought after in the larger towns of Scotland. Now operas and concerts are not generally considered wicked, nor oratorios profane, and the highest development of the art, orchestral music, is each year more appreciated,—that is, pure and absolute music untrammelled by words, which tells its glorious and mysterious story, to those who can hear it, with greater depth and power than music which is only a handmaid, or sometimes, as in these latter days, a mere slave to other arts with which it is associated. It is, indeed, not unfrequently asserted that the resources of pure instrumental music are exhausted, and that even a Beethoven seemed to admit this from his introduction of a chorus into part of his last symphony—an introduction evidently merely experimental or for the sake of variety,—and had he lived to finish his tenth symphony it would probably have been, like all his others excepting No. 9, *without* chorus. The assertion alluded to is disproved by some great orchestral works which have been composed since Beethoven, and even in our own times. And those who thus take a low estimate of musical development seem unable, as might be expected, to produce music not dependent on words, or on a given subject, or on some dramatic situation, or dependent on 'orchestral effects'; they cannot, in fact, successfully give us a symphony, or a sonata, or a string-quartett, those pure forms left us by the great masters as things of beauty and joys for ever. The theories of the modern party to which I refer seem retrogade, not progressive, and would take us back to the 'earliest development of music among the ancient Greeks, when the art was still in a position of tutelage to its more developed sister arts, Poetry and Dancing, and independent instrumental music was quite subordinate.' But, returning from somewhat of a digression, I think it may fairly be said that the production of pure and unalloyed music is greater evidence of national pre-eminence in that art than the production of music allied either to poetry or to any fine art. 'Music is indeed strong to aid and second poetry through retaining, not through surrendering, inherent strength and beauty.' The growing appreciation here of orchestral music, which is so satisfactory to notice, might be expected sooner or later in a land so long renowned for love of Song, a love which may be taken as an indication of susceptibility to, or capability for the more developed art so highly cultivated by some other nations, and high promise is thus given for the musical future of this part of the kingdom. Those who have been here even as long as I can bear witness to the rapid improvement and to the enlightened views on music which have taken place. When the first tolerably efficient band had been heard here in 1867, a local journal remarked that the occasion might be said to be 'the first on which Edinburgh had heard an orchestra.' Two years later when, thanks to General Reid, Hallé's band was imported here, great orchestral works were at last adequately heard in Scotland, and from that time, musical appetite having been whetted, each year has shown further appreciation. Various associations have aided in the encouragement, cultivation, and practice of good music. A leading Society, not satisfied with promulgating a love for choral music whence its name is taken, has laudably co-operated with its sister union at Glasgow in securing also for Edinburgh a series of orchestral concerts, which were last year more successful and are this year more numerous than ever. Even the rare feature of amateur orchestral societies is here found, of which the principal one has this winter over sixty players, including no less than thirteen violoncellos—until lately an unusual instrument in Scotland—and even a couple of amateur trombonists. This useful society has for some years given three creditable concerts each winter, and has often assisted University concerts. Leith also forms or resuscitates an amateur orchestral union this year. Other musical associations which have sprung up here during the last decade of years might be specified and eulogised, but enough will have been said on this head to show you that a strong desire towards musical improvement exists in Scotland; and that while there is reason for thankfulness on the part of those who have striven for such a result, there is also a lesson to be learned by our Students' Society, rough and changing as its members will always be,—namely, that it must, so far as it can, keep pace with the times, and a high standard must be aimed at, though it may not be reached, owing to circumstances over which there is no control.

"The advance in matters musical, though, as has been shown, especially marked and rapid here as contrasted with a few years ago also continues farther south. If no striking or original genius has lately astonished the world, a growing love for the art is shown by the increase in Continental countries, as well as in England and in our Colonies, of all phases of musical associations. Many an athenæum, museum, club, or even mechanics' institute has a choral society, and the first and most elevating of all recreations is now found to be eminently beneficial to working men. To take the latest instance which has come under my notice in an article in a well-known *Review*, entitled an 'Alsacian Manchester,' in which the writer, after alluding to the advantage of knowing something of the life and training of continental workmen, and of considering whether they may not live and work under conditions more favourable to productive power than our own artizans, gives a remarkable account of the admirable and comprehensive system of general care and training of mind and body provided by masters and merchants for their *employés* and

* Twelfth Annual Meeting, Nov. 28, Sir H. Oakeley in the chair.

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their *employés'* families at the manufacturing town chosen for illustration, namely Mulhausen, in Alsace. And in a long list of schools, colleges, museums, and *cercles* of almost every description, it is shown that in the *Cités Ouvrières* music is not forgotten as a great agent or lever in the training even of mechanics and artisans. But there are instances nearer home, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, of something of the same kind; and the necessity of bringing recreation within the reach of the working classes generally is almost everywhere more and more recognized. Another evidence of the attention given to the subject is shown by the attempt to establish a National School of Music in London, on the excellent system of foreign conservatoires, which ought here, as abroad, to elicit musicians.

"It may be noted that at the autumnal musical festivals in England an oratorio by a great French composer has been produced, and will soon be heard here, and that several works by native musicians have been brought forward. Amongst these is one by a native of Edinburgh who has often led the violins at our concerts, and who, though inadequately appreciated here, for '*Propheta in sua patria honorem non habet*' is, in the opinion of those competent to judge, making his mark in the far wider field in which he is now working, reflecting credit on the thorough German training he received from his boyhood.

"It will be expected that some allusion to our tercentenary celebration should be made in addressing the University Musical Society this session. But I am not in a position to give you the first, and to us a very important point, namely, its date. A committee meeting has been held, but we came to no decision, and I am therefore obliged to defer giving you information on the matter. I may, however, say that the event is not likely to occur so soon as some of us had anticipated, and that it need not, I think, cause us this session to alter our arrangements either for practising or for the annual concert.

"The mention of practising reminds me to allude to a new difficulty which presents itself this winter, regarding the afternoon of Fridays. The great reason for choosing that time two years ago was that there was then no anatomical demonstration, and thus many could attend here who could not do so any other afternoon. But it appears that this session Dr Chiene has a lecture, very numerously attended, at four on Fridays. Therefore, unless this can be altered, which I fear is unlikely, our time must be changed. And if so, we seem driven back to an evening practice. I am aware of the great difficulty most of you find in giving up an evening; but there may be no alternative, and, after all, the Society for eight years used to practice here on Monday evenings, and there is no doubt whatever that members can then give far greater attention than at a time which seems about the very worst, for physical reasons—I mean after a day's work, and before dinner—for grinding at a musical mill. But this is only the opinion of a Doctor of Music, who speaks under correction in the presence of Doctors of Medicine. It was decided in committee to hold the first practice, with enrolment and trial of voices, to-morrow afternoon, at a quarter past four, as usual, and then to consider whether Wednesday evening might do, instead of Friday afternoon, for the future.

"To add a few practical remarks to a Society in which I have always taken the deepest interest:—In the present stage of musical advance, to which allusion has been made, no educated person with a fair voice, able to 'turn a tune,' should be quite unable to take a part in simple part-singing. The various registers of voices, including bass and tenor, have been created so entirely different, in quality and pitch, that it may fairly be inferred that they were so created for combination—for Divine harmony, or 'order, Heaven's first law,' rather than for being all used together in unison, by which use the particular characteristic of each register is missed. Many voices, scarcely worth the arduous cultivation and practice necessary for solo-singing, are quite good enough to be useful and agreeable in part-music. Many of you, working hard to acquire the knowledge necessary for various learned professions, have little time to spare; but, after all, life is not merely professional, or its whole object to gain funds or fame. Of much importance, also, are the antidotes to labour found in harmless relaxations and elevating recreations, to which I have been referring, and which, moreover, contribute to make society brighter, happier, and more cultivated. If this is so, it is scarcely possible to mention any agent more valuable for these purposes than part-singing—easily acquired by you, but curiously difficult to acquire as life goes on. For, as a rule, in Britain, it has to be acquired. We have not yet nationally the musical instinct that causes the youths of a German village to march through it after their working hours singing their *Lieder*, in three or four-part harmony, which they seem able to supply by the light of nature; or, as may be heard in Norway, a militia regiment making their camp gay of an evening with their harmonized national songs. Or, as I lately heard at Venice, a chorus, containing specially splendid tenor voices, singing in the palatial hall of the hotel a selection of melodies, to which the accompaniment, as if instrumental, was made; giving the idea of improvisation, in *chorus*. But it requires but a little painstaking to place yourselves, at least, on a level of providing a source of pleasure to others at home and in society. One or two hours in the week may surely be spared from severer work for a pursuit, not unpleasant in the present, and securing such advantage in the future. I would further remind you that as soon as the craft of part-singing is attained, a door is opened admitting to a treasury of beautiful things in the realm of vocal music—to madrigals, glees, part-songs, and choruses. Much is thought and said now in Scotland about improvement of Church music; but, perhaps, the first step towards such improvement is a wide-spread taste amongst the people, 'the laity,' for harmony, and their ability to sing in parts. If the masses generally understood, and therefore better liked artistic music, they would insist on higher aims and greater cultivation in ecclesiastical music—so long here neglected in respect to its rendering as well as its composition.

"I hope that a large accession of new members may aid in making appreciation of choral music more national. There are, I am thankful to know, some amongst you who, beyond the initiatory stage of having rudiments to learn, can read part-music with some facility. These I would beg to have patience with beginners, and not to desert their University Musical Society because they find it irksome to be held back by the tardier gait of less experienced new-comers. It is doubtless more amusing to sing with those as advanced as themselves, and I would not say a word against their doing so, but they may bear in mind, especially if they only have time for one musical society, that in this one they are really useful, as being the greatest helpers to beginners, and are also most valuable and reliable aiders at the concert, seriously handicapped, as it always is, by the annual difficulty of loss of some of the best singers, as year after year they quit the University. It is most gratifying to learn from some members in our society that last year some two-thirds of another students' musical club here were also members of this society, and also that this year many of the pieces learnt here are in the programme of a coming students' concert. Thus, any other students' musical society here is an offshoot from the original; and that ours should have ramifications in directions to suit all musically inclined, widens our sphere, and aids our main object of diffusing a taste for choral music amongst students.

"And, from a University point of view, I would add a few words. With full appreciation of this noble University, with its deep and wide-spread educational advantages, and illustrious for the roll of great men who have taught or studied in its class-rooms, I may be excused, if, as an Oxonian, I miss one stirring enthusiasm which to a greater extent animates the English Universities, namely, *esprit de corps*—the corporate feeling which makes '*Alma Mater*' a name with an inspiring charm to the end of life.

"Therefore, I think, everything that brings you together as students of this great University—and you ought to feel connected by that tie—everything that contributes to a feeling of fellowship, or *camaraderie*, or brotherhood, should be encouraged and cherished. And, perhaps, nowhere do we find a better occasion for the manifestation of such fellow-feeling and sympathy as at our annual concert. I have frequently said how proud I feel of our students when I see them before me at that concert. Indeed, the scene is one which, to any member of Senatus, should give gratification, for I question if on any other occasion our students show before the public to better advantage. The music indulged in is at least of a higher order than that to which we are sometimes favoured by a larger and less taught chorus of you elsewhere. The last excellent concert gave more general satisfaction than any previous one of the kind. Many letters of congratulation reached me, as well as others who were present. We were fortunate with soloists as well as with chorus, and I shall be delighted if we do as well next March. *Sed etiam meliora speravimus.*

"I think that the treasurer's report will show a satisfactory state of our funds; for, although we had last winter sixty-two members less than the previous year, representing a deficit in subscriptions of £15 10s., our total balance in hand does not seem to have suffered to that amount. The costs and receipts of concerts must, of course, vary from year to year, but the society must be gratified to know that, notwithstanding such variations, we have been able, the last four years, to give four excellent concerts without drawing on our funds. Thus those four concerts have cost altogether £486, and have brought us £490, so that they are absolutely gain instead of loss to our funds. And it should not be forgotten that future expenses are likely to be diminished rather

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than increased. For, during the last ten years or so, we have acquired a large and unique collection of music arranged as well as composed for men's voices, including accompaniments of full orchestral scores, most of which belongs to the society. Upon this collection we can draw the more frequently as it increases and as time goes on. And besides annual fees for valuable instruction to our chorus-master, and also to our librarian and custos, and including, too, an elementary class free to members, the hire of a pianoforte, and other annual expenses, we have been able to give some aid to a Musical Society at an older sister University—which is without many of our advantages, and, indeed, has a struggle for its existence; and this winter I hope you will sanction a donation to the low funds of our Athletic Club, to which this Society owes co-operation in its early days. I do not think, therefore, that any anxiety should be felt, even if the subscription funds were slightly trenched on, so as to do a little more with our balance; for instance, by securing a still more effective orchestra at the concert, when I have sometimes felt the want of more and better wind instrumentalists. £ s. d. often enters too much into matters musical. Here our very moderate subscription of 5s. proves sufficient for our moderate expenses. We have something laid by to meet a rainy day, or a rainy concert night, and an increase, say of 100 members, would probably place us beyond fear of deficit. But I must not trespass on the ground of our excellent treasurer, without whose care, prudence, and trouble for many years, our accumulated balance might have been less than it is to-day—and my allusion to 'the needful' is only suggestive of a liberal principle on which, I think, our society now might act. Nor will I delay you longer to *talk* about music. I would rather remind you of the old German classification of the arts under the forms or species—the 'bildende,' or constructive and representative, and the 'sprechende,' or speaking arts. To the former belong painting, sculpture, and architecture; to the latter, besides poetry and the drama, is assigned music. Music has her own and her universal language, and speaks most eloquently for herself. Only those who frequently listen to music, and, still more, those who make music, know anything really of her, or can approach her shrine. Gentlemen, I will always do my best to aid you in making acquaintance with music more worth listening to than any amount of prelections on an art which is not only itself 'sprechende,' but which, without irreverence, is called 'divine.'

Mr Small, honorary treasurer, submitted his annual financial statement, showing that the society began last year with a balance of £206 18s. 3d.; that the income of the year had been £391; and the expenditure £200 10s.; leaving a balance of £191 7s. 8d.

Professor Rutherford and Sir George Warrender also addressed the meeting, the last named concluding by requesting Sir Herbert Oakeley to play on the organ, and after two pieces had been performed, the proceedings terminated with hearty cheering.—(*Condensed from "The Edinburgh Courant."*)

—o—

NOVELTY THEATRE.

On Saturday night this theatre opened its doors to the public for the first time, and received within its walls a curious and somewhat demonstrative audience. The Novelty may be regarded as standing without the bounds enclosing the peculiar domain of London theatres; yet its position, nearly opposite the Freemasons' Tavern, is but a little way from our two greatest houses, and enjoys the advantage of being easily accessible from all quarters. The architect, moreover, has taken pains to provide as far as possible for the comfort of those who do not consider Great Queen Street too remote. A spacious vestibule, a *foyer* of unusual dimensions—to be utilized also for the display of pictures—and a fair measure of lobby and passage room, are advantages which the public will readily appreciate, as they will Mr Verity's provision of two exits from every part of the house. The decorations are liberal and, for the most part, in good taste, while as to the auditorium, if exception may be taken to the pillars necessitated by very deep "circles," comfort, as well as a combination of chasteness and richness in adornment, is unquestionable. Room has been provided for 1,000 persons, and not room only. Frequenters of the pit and amphitheatre will find their seats separated and numbered, so that they may be secured in advance; the attendants are forbidden to accept fees; programmes are distributed free of charge, and, by way of absolute novelty, opera glasses are lent on the same terms to the occupants of the stalls, boxes, and dress-circle. Clearly, if the public are not drawn to the new theatre, the reason cannot lie in want of considerate treatment.

The house opened with a new comic opera, in three acts, entitled *Melita; or, the Parsee's Daughter*, libretto by Juba Kennerley, music by Henry Pontet. As neither of these authors can boast more than a nodding acquaintance with fame, the management relied not upon their reputation so much as upon their work. We regret our inability to see where the reliance comes in. The play is a crude, amateurish composition, with no adequate dramatic motive, very little incident, and scarcely anything that deserves to be called character. In construction it is a three-fold quartet, with a low comedian *obbligato*. There are four Parsee maidens who want to be married; four British officers who are willing to marry them; four outraged Parsee fathers eager to "forbid the banns," and an Irish sentry to help in the comic business. As for the incidents, they are these: first, Captain Melville, the lover of Melita, rescues her from drowning, and obtains from her father, Jamsetjee, the *entrée* of himself and comrades to the Parsee's "palatial bungalo"; secondly, the four British officers drug the four Parsee fathers in order to carry on with the four Parsee daughters, but the parents "come to" inconveniently early and expel them from the house; thirdly, Captain Melville marries Melita secretly, and takes boat for England in the nick of time, Jamsetjee storming from the shore, while the remaining Parsee fathers triumphantly rescue the remaining Parsee maidens from the residue of the British officers. This in substance is the play. The details call for no more than two remarks. In the dialogue broad farce is interlarded with stilted sentiment, and in such development of character as offers itself may be observed a curious gravitation towards intense seriousness, checked now and then by spasmodic attempts at burlesque. It is as though a clown had to force his jokes through a thick stratum of something on his mind. Thus the Parsee fathers are essentially a grave and earnest quartet till, without any warning, they begin to sing—

"I always have been chary
Of English military,
They are such a rakish lot,"

cutting a caper to the chorus, "Oh, we are unhappy Parsees." Melita, too, at one moment pathetically conjures her father by the memory of his dead wife, and soon after "chaffs" him to the tune of

"Forgive me, papa!
I wish you ta-ta.
Your dearest daughter
Crosses the water."

No doubt life is made up of smiles and tears, but merriment in this case seems the result of conviction that where no spontaneity exists a little force will serve. Mr Pontet's music, though tuneful, and in some instances engaging, is far from adequate to the requirements of even such a libretto as that provided by his colleague. The composer gives us the idea of being equal to a ballad, but the variety, dramatic power, and *entrain* demanded in an opera of this class seem altogether beyond him. One of the best things in the work is a gavotte danced and sung by the officers and maidens. This obtained a deserved encore, and shows capacity as far as it goes. For much of the rest the old remark will serve: "What is good is not new, and what is new is not good." Mr Pontet may do better in the coming by-and-bye, but meanwhile he must enlarge himself considerably. The opera is well put upon the stage, the dresses being particularly handsome, and the performance promises in a little while to go as well as can be expected where the artists are not singers of capacity. Miss Clare Leslie as Melita stood out conspicuously from the rest, as did Mr Henry Hallam (Captain Melville), and Mr E. Rosenthal (Jamsetjee), all three obtaining much applause. The peculiar humour of Mr F. Thorne (Lieutenant Buzzer) and the broad fun of Mr E. D. Lyons as an Irish sentry were of great value in securing such success as the work enjoyed; while Mr Otto Langey, an exceedingly energetic conductor, presided over an orchestra numerically sufficient. At the close the authors obeyed a call, but the greeting they received was more than a little "mixed."—*D. T.*

CAEN.—The Conservatory of Music here has been re-organized. The Director is now M. Jules Carlez, who has under him thirteen professors, three for solfeggio and ten for instruments. With one or two exceptions, the professors are bound to belong to the orchestra of the theatre. The number of pupils, including those of both sexes, is at present fifteen hundred.

NEW YORK.—During the whole of a recent performance of *Faust* at the Academy of Music, Mdme Adelina Patti was attended by detectives who escorted her when she drove home. It appears that she had received during the day a letter saying she would be shot if she went on the stage as Marguerite that evening. The letter was written in a bold hand with no trace of nervousness. What its object may have been nobody can surmise. It is fair to suppose that it emanated from a lunatic, for Mdme Patti is not known to have any enemies. (*Correspondence.*)

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HECTOR BERLIOZ.

The monument to Berlioz will shortly be "inaugurated." The tomb is to be surmounted by a bust of the now honoured, once (by his compatriots) neglected, musician, with the subjoined inscription above: "Monument erected to the glory of the composer, Berlioz (Louis Hector), born at Côte-Saint André (Isère), December 11th, 1803; died a Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, March 8th, 1869.—*Harold en Italie—Romeo et Juliette—Benvenuto Cellini—La Fuite en Egypte—Les Troyens—Beatrix et Benedict—Grande Messe des Morts*, &c." Referring to the Mass performed in the Church of the Invalides, on the 5th of December, 1837, at the Funeral service for General Damrément, and the officers and soldiers whose lives were sacrificed at the taking of Constantine, it may be added that an arrangement for voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, has just been issued by the eminent Paris firm of Brandus & Co. In a letter to his friend, Humbert Ferrand, Berlioz thus writes about his avowed most ambitious effort:—"If it were decided to commit to the flames all the scores I have produced with a single exception, the *Messe des Morts* is the one I should most desire to have spared." Some may agree, others not, with this opinion coming directly from the author of the Requiem; but words so earnestly spoken merit, on the part of those now inclined to rate Berlioz as a sort of "phenomenon," no less earnest consideration. It remains for Mr August Manns to persuade the audience at the Crystal Palace, where the *Messe* is to be given on a Saturday in Lent, next year; and if he succeeds his example will, in all likelihood, be followed by musical societies with resources in hand to pay for a chorus and orchestra able to realize in its full significance the effect contemplated by the musician. Had Berlioz lived to witness the singular enthusiasm excited of late by his works among the Parisians, for whom he so often and emphatically expressed his contempt, he would have been lost in amazement. How much of this newly-born rapture is attributable to the events of 1870, has frequently, and not unreasonably, formed a topic for discussion. The Germans had created a Richard Wagner, who mercilessly (and in anything but good taste) ridiculed the French, after their reverses; and so, to retaliate, the Parisians conjured up a formidable rival in the shape of their own erewhile unappreciated Hector Berlioz, who, though Wagner had gathered much from him, in the way of extraordinary orchestral combinations, was a staunch opponent of the principles laid down by the Bayreuth Oracle in his elucidation of "Art-Work of the Future," as exemplified in that elaborate and very original treatise, "*Oper und Drama*." Berlioz, in short, paid Wagner back in his own coin, by publicly repudiating all connection, or sympathy, with the newly-promulgated doctrines.—*Graphic*.

FÉDORA.

Paris, Dec. 11.

It is easy to imagine what feverish excitement has prevailed for a month back among those singularly ardent people called "Tout Paris" to be present at the first night of *Fédora*, a comedy in four acts, by M. Victorien Sardou, which was given this evening at the Vaudeville, and wherein Mdme Sarah Bernhardt acted the chief part; hoisting her victorious flag in rivalry to the Comédie Française, with which she so romantically severed her connection. With the exception of a flying visit to Paris, to play in the *Dame aux Camélias*, for the benefit of a poor artist's widow, she had not appeared here since her sudden break with the Théâtre Français. Mdme Favart and Mdme Croizette, have retired from the Paris stage, and thus, since Sarah Bernhardt's absence, brilliant nights—the so-called *soirées étoilées*—have become few and far between. *Fédora* has brought back Mdme Bernhardt, whose talents have been, if possible, enhanced by the homage she has received all over the world. That homage has gratified the judgment of the French public, which again singles her out, as of yore, for its favourite actress. Sardou's comedy throws into relief the manifold and striking qualities of her unrivalled genius, in which powerful artistic insight is aided by the most melodious of voices, and indefinable grace, and a marvellous skill in fascinating her audience.

Fédora is a Russian woman, whose affianced husband has been assassinated, in Russia, and who is on the track of the supposed murderer, on whom she seeks to wreak her vengeance. However, in the course of her search she falls in love with him whom she wishes to deliver over to justice; and finds that the motive of his crime is justifiable, Loris Ipanoff, the supposed murderer, having killed her lover in order to avenge his own honour, and thereby also avenged hers. Unfortunately, before having made this discovery, which excuses Ipanoff in her eyes, Fédora, to avenge the death of her affianced, has written to the Russian head of the police, denouncing Ipanoff's friends and relatives as belonging to the Nihilist party. When Ipanoff learns that it is Fédora who has denounced him and his friends and relatives, he is inspired with a sudden hatred towards her. Fédora, to escape from this hatred, poisons herself, and dies as only Sarah Bernhardt *can* die.

The idea of the piece is strange and fresh, and in many respects conceived with all the ability characteristic of M. Sardou's talent. It is admirably got up, and yet without the attraction of Mdme Bernhardt, without the fascination she exercises on the spectators, without that art she has of bringing into relief the slightest details, and most subtle shades of emotion, it would hardly bear criticism. But the is *Fédora* an event by itself. To-night's applause, the general and intense delight, were due to the artist's work. Berton, an actor of the Vaudeville company, who plays the part of Loris Ipanoff, contributed to the success of the piece, and was much applauded in the third act, where he confesses his crime. The public showed throughout rapt interest—an interest intensified during each successive act, as Mdme Bernhardt's dramatic powers were gradually unfolded; and it was before a house unanimously thrilled that the curtain fell half-an-hour after midnight. The great actress was re-called four times, amid unparalleled enthusiasm.—*Times Correspondent*.

ROME.

(Correspondence.)

On the site of the old Teatro Quirino, as we learn from the *Italie*, there has arisen in a few months a magnificent edifice, including a Theatre and a vast five-storied block of other buildings. The Theatre is spacious, well-ventilated, fitted up with every comfort both for public and artists, and adapted for all kinds of performances, though principally for *buffo* opera and comedy. It is all that can be desired as regards safety, being constructed entirely of stone and iron. There are numerous convenient means of egress, and every contrivance will be adopted to prevent or to extinguish fire. The owners intend that though the new theatre shall preserve the characteristic popular physiognomy of the old, combined with more elegance and commodiousness, the public shall enjoy as much liberty as before. It will be the only Theatre where smoking will be allowed. The same paper (the *Italie*) publishes the programme of the Teatro Apollo. There will be fifty-two performances in the course of the season, the operas being *Le Prophète*, Meyerbeer; *La Vestale*, Mercadante; *Il Guarany*, Gomez; *La Favorita*, Donizetti; and *L'Assedio di Firenze*, a new work by Sig. Terziani. There will be only one ballet, Manzotti's *Excelsior*. The vocal company will include Signore Biancolini, Carbini, Tati-Giannelli, Cortini, Martinez; tenors: de Sanctis, Bertini; baritons: Vilmant, Sardou; basses: Abulcare, Buzzi. Gayarre, also, will appear a few nights in *La Favorita*. The season will be inaugurated with *Le Prophète*.

DESSAU.—Herr Thiele celebrated on the 1st inst., his fiftieth anniversary as *Capellmeister* at the Ducal Theatre. The opera was the same he had conducted when wielding the *bâton* for the first time. The Duke of Anhalt created him Knight of the Ducal House Order, besides bestowing other marks of favour. He was, likewise, presented with a grand piano and with an inlaid tablet bearing the inscription: "*To the Master, Eduard Thiele, 1st December*, 1882, *from Friends and Admirers*."

VIENNA.—Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* will be performed at the Imperial Operahouse, with this cast: Hermosa, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Xaima, Mdme Kupfer; Hadjar, Herr Bignio; Ben Said, Herr Sommer; Don Manuel, Herr Müller. The management intend giving, in the early part of next month, an historical performance of specimens taken from different works, and illustrating the progress of opera from its commencement down to the present day.

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THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

In the programme of Monday night there was nothing new and nothing strange; but neither this negation nor the very positive fog prevented a crowded audience from assembling. The main attraction was Herr Joachim, undoubtedly; we must, however, take the fact into account that amateurs always reckon upon a selection of first-rate classical works when the great violinist is chief interpreter. Herr Joachim is content to let others range over the fields of "advanced" music. For him the purer and serener region of the great masters, and of their worthy successors, amply suffices, and thus we had on Monday night Mozart's Quartet in G (No. 1), Schubert's Trio in B flat, and, by way of show piece, Tartini's famous "Il Trillo del Diavolo." All these were splendidly played, Herr Joachim having as his colleagues in the first MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; in the second, Mdme Haas and the accomplished Italian violoncellist. The personal triumph came, however, with Tartini's brilliant solo, performed by the Hungarian artist in St James's Hall for the twenty-fourth time. It once more created the utmost enthusiasm, a perfect tumult of applause compelling Herr Joachim to re-appear twice. On the last occasion, besides bowing his acknowledgments, the violin master played another piece. Mdme Haas introduced as her solo Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp major, with which she made an unquestionable success. Her style is artistic, and her command of the instrument easy as well as efficient. This the audience promptly recognized, stamping the performance with their approval in a manner unmistakable by twice re-calling the executant. Mdme Haas responded with a movement by Scarlatti. The pleasure of every amateur in the room was much enhanced by the singing of Mr Santley, who introduced two of the most effective songs in his large repertory—Sullivan's "Thou art passing hence" and Schubert's "Erl King." Wide asunder as these works are in style, they were equally well rendered by our favourite baritone. The "Erl King" was, as usual, received with abundant applause, answering which, Mr Santley gave Boildieu's "Toi" in his best manner, Mr Zerbini ably accompanying.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fortnightly meeting of professors and students was held on Saturday, December 9. The following is the programme of music performed:—

Air with variations, and Finale Fugato in A, organ (Henry Smart)—Mr Edwin Lemare, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song (MS), "The Angelic Chord" (Theophilus Ward, student)—(accompanist, Mr T. Ward; organ, Mr G. J. Bennett)—Mr Lucas Williams, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr Randegger; Rondo, from Concerto in A minor, No. 28, violin (Viotti)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Mr T. W. Blakey, pupil of Mr Burnett; Duet, "Children pray," *God, Thou art Great* (Spohr)—(accompanist, Mr C. S. Macpherson) Miss Mary Thomas and Mr Dyved Lewis, pupils of Mr Fiori; Bourrée, in G, and Tarantella, in A minor (MS.), pianoforte (German E. Jones, student)—Mr Septimus Webbe, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Westlake; Aria, "In questo semplice," *Betley* (Donizetti)—(accompanist, Miss Margaret Gyde)—Betley, Miss Florence Norman, pupil of Mr Garcia; Impromptu, in E flat (MS.), pianoforte (Cecilia Lancelot, student)—Miss Cecilia Lancelot, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr F. B. Jewson; Aria, *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas)—(accompanist, Miss Cantelo)—Mignon, Miss Eddison, pupil of Mr Duvivier; Allegro, from Sonata in G minor (MS.), pianoforte and violin (Margaret Gyde, Thalberg scholar)—Miss Margaret Gyde and Mr Frank Arnold, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Walter Macfarren and Mr Sainton; Recitation, *Les Femmes Savantes*, Act ii., Scene vi. (Molière)—Philaminte, Miss Amy Bellinfante, Bélise, Miss Kate Skinner, Martine, Miss Amy E. Horrocks, Chrysale, Mr Woodgate, pupils of Mr Hartog; Song (MS.), "The fountains mingle with the river" (F. Kilvington Hattersley, Balfe scholar)—(accompanist, Mr F. K. Hattersley)—Mr Courtice Pounds, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr F. Walker; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 23, pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Miss Kate Isaacson, pupil of Mr Wingham, and Miss Colvina Waite, pupil of Mr Sainton; Song (MS.), "The Children's Song" (Caroline Moseley, student)—(accompanist, Miss Moseley)—Miss Henden Ward, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Shakespeare; Characteristic Piece, "Lurline" (Hans Seeling)—Miss Theakstone, pupil of Mr Eaton Faning; Duet, "I will always give thanks" (T. M. Mudie)—(accompanist, Miss Lilian Munster)—Miss Beatrice Walker and Miss Penelope May, pupils of Mr F. R. Cox; Polonaise, in D (MS.), violin and pianoforte (W. Richardson, student)—Mr German E. Jones and Mr Septimus Webbe, pupils of Mr Davenport, Mr Burnett, and Mr Westlake; Aria, "O, Salutaris Hostia," *Messe Solennelle* (Rossini)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Miss Gillington, pupil of Mr R. H. Cummings; Brautgesang und Festzug, from Hochzeitsmusik, pianoforte (Adolf Jensen)—Miss Peck* and Miss Sbalders, pupils of Mr Morton.

VISIONS.*

'Twas but a lay of other years,
A plaintive little strain,
That filled my aching eyes with tears,
And woke the old, old pain.
My fancy saw him mid the throng,
The gayest of the gay;—
The singer paused, and with the song
The vision died away.

'Tis but the tread of passing feet,
Beneath my window pane,
And as they echo through the street,
I dream he comes again.
Friends whisper, Time will heal the wound;
I heed not what they say;—
The footsteps cease, and with the sound
The vision fades away.

And still those visions come and go,
In fitful sunny gleams,
To bathe the heart that's bowed with woe
In mem'ry's golden beams.
They tell of radiant joys above,
That never can decay,
When, heart to heart and love to love,
These dreams have passed away.

* *Copyright.* WESTAR.

PAULINE LUCCA ON MDME REICHER-KINDERMANN.

(Correspondence.)

Vienna, Dec. 9.—"We in Vienna cannot comprehend the sudden development of this extraordinarily gifted lady,† of whom the public and the critics of Berlin entertain, and with strict justice, so high an opinion. She was engaged three years ago in Vienna. Even then I was struck by the magnificent middle register of her voice. She sang various parts with success. As Leah, in Rubinstein's *Maccabäer*, she proved herself an artist of the first rank, but that she would become what she at present is I never could have imagined. We have now at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, another lady whose artistic career bears some resemblance to Mdme Kindermann's. Mdlle Schläger used to play in *buffo* opera, but came out a short time ago with great success in *Les Huguenots*; her powerful voice involuntarily reminds us of Mdme Kindermann."

ST PETERSBURGH.

(Correspondence.)

The Philharmonic Society intend giving a series of concerts this winter. The band will be made up of the bands from the Italian and the Russian Opera, reinforced from other theatres. The number of stringed instruments will be 150; that of the wind, 50. The conductors are Naprawnik and Vizentini. The Society is the oldest of its kind in Russia, the list of its honorary members comprising the names of Joseph Haydn (1808), Field, Cherubini, Glinka, Schumann, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Spohr, Ernst, &c.

* With whom this subject is a second study.

† *We can.*—Dr Bligs.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in F minor, Op. 95, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Au rossignol" (Gounod)—Miss Santley; Studies, Op. 10, Nos. 4, 11, and 12, and Op. 25, Nos. 6, 8, and 9, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Herr Pachmann.

PART II.—Barcarolle and Scherzo, Op. 135, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Spohr)—Herr Joachim; Songs, "My heart is thine" and "Ye Cupids, droop each little head" (Maude V. White)—Miss Santley; Quartet, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—MM. Pachmann, Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Songs, "The Dustman" (Molloy), and "May Dew" (Bennett)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in B minor, Op. 58, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Herr Pachmann; Duo Concertante, in D minor, Op. 39, for two violins (Spohr)—MM. Joachim and Straus; Song, "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre" (Handel)—Miss Santley; Trio, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Pachmann, Joachim, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On December 11th, WALTER PETTIT, Professor of Music, in the 47th year of his age.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

Cambridge University.

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

[Pills for Candidates.]

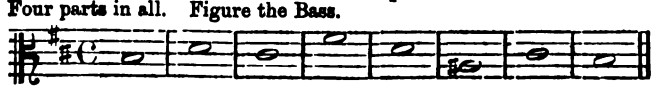
Thursday, December 7, 1882. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

COUNTERPOINT.

1. Write a fugue in two parts on the following subject. Figure the Bass throughout.

2. Continue the following canon in the ninth above. Make it perpetual and add a free coda. There must not be less than twelve bars within the repeat.

3. To the following Canto Fermo add counterpoint of the third species for Soprano, and of the first species for Tenor and Bass. Four parts in all. Figure the Bass.



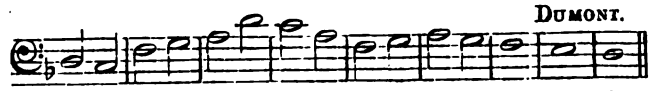
4. To the same Canto Fermo add counterpoint of the fourth species in the Bass. Also counterpoint of the fourth species for Soprano. Each score to consist of two parts. Figure the Bass.

5. To the same Canto Fermo add two parts in second species, one above and one below. Three parts in all. Figure the Bass in both instances.

6. Transpose the Canto Fermo into C minor. Put it in the Bass, and add counterpoint of the first species for first and second Soprano, of the fifth species for Alto, and of the first species for Tenor. Five parts in all. Use C clefs and figure the Bass.

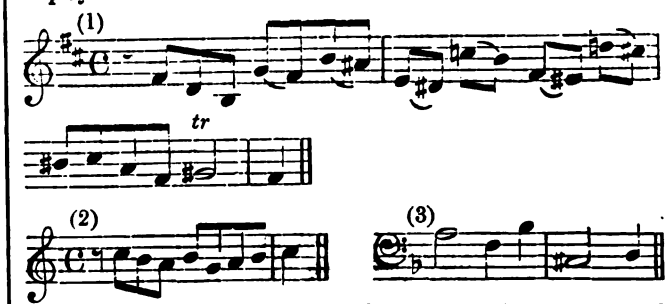
7. Write a double counterpoint in the octave to the following subject, fifth species. Also write the inversion and figure the Bass in each instance.

DUMONT.



8. Write the subject to precede the following fugal answer. State from what work the subject is taken.

9. Write answers to the following fugal subjects. State from what works the first two are taken, and what several authors have employed the third.



10. State the difference between the resolution of suspensions and of other prepared discords.

ATTACK UPON RUBINSTEIN AND HIS ADMIRER.

(To Dr. Beard.)

DEAR BEARD,—The subjoined savage (nay, inhuman) attack upon a pianist universally known, and a sonata as universally considered, appears in the columns of one of your most esteemed and ably edited contemporaries:—

"Rubinstein's Sonata for that beautiful, but too-rarely-heard com-

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bination, 'cello and piano, is unequal, but not altogether unpleasant. The first movement must resemble that improvisation, in the course of which Beethoven inquired, 'When are you going to begin in earnest?' The opening phrase, called, by courtesy, 'first theme,' is nothing but a preamble, ambling to nothing. The second movement is a common-place melody for the 'cello in 'minuet and trio' form. The *finale* is the most pleasing division of the work, being tuneful, *though not original.*"

"*Though not original*" (the italics are mine*) is good. To be "pleasing" we must be "tuneful," but "not original."

What follows, touching up the author of the Analytical Remarks, "sarves him right," being peppery and pungent to a particle.

"By the way, what is the meaning of the extraordinary statement made at the end of the 'Analytical Remarks?' After being told that 'the position he (Rubinstein) now holds at the head of his profession is universally acknowledged,' we read, 'Who knows not Anton Rubinstein is himself unknown!' (*The exclamation is mine.*†) This is evidently considered an overpowering climax, to annihilate those who do *not* know Anton Rubinstein. But would not 'is himself *unknowing*'‡ have more sense in it? It is, perhaps, a very awful thing to be 'unknown;' but to know Rubinstein will not remove the curse. Many remain unknown who know, at a distance, Rubinstein, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Roger Tichborne, and others. It really is no help at all to know Rubinstein; and it is advisable to warn those who might be misled by the wording of a sentence which probably only means 'any one who does not admire Anton Rubinstein pianist and composer, has shockingly bad taste.'

"B. F. WYATT-SMITH."

Of course it does, as you, dear Beard—*not to know whom argues ones'self unknown!* (the italics and "exclamation" are mine§)—will readily admit, recognize, and acknowledge. Yours always, as of old,

SIMON HALF.

Half-way House, Slapton-on-See.

DR. BEARD.—*I admit, recognize, and acknowledge nothing. Perish the thought!* (Aside.) *The exclamation is mine.*

TWO FRANKENSTEINS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Are there not now two Frankensteins in the field? A Teutonic Frankenstein and a Gallic Frankenstein? Are not both haunted by spectres of their own creation? Is not the mysterious influence of these spectres likely to hold fast for an indefinite period? Are not these spectres Richard and Hector? Can you guess which of the two spectres is destined to be laid first? Hector or Richard? Richard or Hector? Will you urge that, when Richard has departed, he has no likely successor, his imitators being little more substantial than shadows? Will you insist that Hector has no possible successor? Having, also, no imitators?—unless Richard be hailed as one? Can you accept either forecast as a true solution? Can you deny that Gauls are as susceptible as Teutons are obstinate? Can you deny that both are vain? Can't you understand that both, Gauls especially, will make it a point to stand by their champions? Is not this, after all, a sheer matter of politics? Open to Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan for their next co-rhapsody? Will you, by allaying some or all these doubts, oblige yours faithfully,

INTERROGATOR?

P.S.—Or will you not?

[We will not. "Interrogator" interrogates too curiously. We refer him to Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert.—*Ed. M.*]

It is reported by the local press that Mdme Christine Nilsson will shortly re-appear on the operatic stage in America.

Mdme Minnie Hauk will appear before the end of the season in *Carmen, Lohengrin,* and *L'Africaine* at the New York Academy of Music.

Mdme Adelina Patti's New York engagement has proved so successful that Mr Mapleson (it is said) has released the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund from their liability (£8,800.)

PROFESSOR MACFARREN has agreed to deliver four lectures to the Blind Musicians at Sydenham. So what with his duties at Cambridge University and as Principal of our Royal Academy of Music, to say nothing of his oratorio for the Leeds Festival, &c., his hands must be full.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Competition for the Bonamy Dobree prize for violoncellists (£10 10s.) was competed for on Monday. The examiners were M. Albert, M. Lasserre, and Mr Edward Howell (chairman). The prize was awarded to James E. Hambleton.

MR W. G. CUSINS announces a "Christmas performance of *The Messiah*," at St James's Hall for this evening (Saturday), December 16. We learn that he has made a special study of Handel's score and will restore some of the original readings. Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs Maas and Santley are to be the soloists, and an efficient chorus and orchestra have been engaged.

VERDI'S *Simon Boccanegra* has been well received in Vienna. Dr Hanslick, of the *Neue Freie Presse,* gives, with certain reservations, a favourable account of it—more especially with regard to the first, and—as he esteems it—by far the best act. Although the libretto can by no means be reckoned among the happiest with which Piave has supplied his renowned *collaborateur, Simon Boccanegra,* which but lately was revived at the Scala, Milan, is now to be revived at the San Carlo, Naples. It will probably take the round of Italy, and then, in all likelihood, go from city to city wherever Italian opera is not (as the "advanced people" proclaim it) a thing to be henceforth repudiated by cultured amateurs.

STATISTICAL.—According to a paragraph which has lately gone the round, first of the French, and afterwards of the remaining of the continental press, the number of theatres in Europe is 1,457. Italy has 348; France, 337; Germany, 194; England, 150; Spain, 100; Austro-Hungary, 132; Russia, 44; Belgium, 34; Holland, 22; Switzerland, 20; Portugal, 16; Sweden, 10; Denmark, 10; Norway, 8; Greece, 4; Turkey, 4; Roumania, 3; and Servia, 1. Hereupon, the *Trovatore* remarks: "Every year the French papers repeat the statistics of the theatres of Europe, and always with the same errors, at least, as regards Italy, because they say Italy has 348 theatres, while we really boast of 1,231." Whether our facetious contemporary is serious, or simply "poking fun" at his readers, is an open question.

BARCELONA.—During the performance at the Odeon Theatre here, this evening, a thief raised a cry of fire, and a panic ensued, in which several of the spectators, while endeavouring to escape, were thrown down and trampled on. One person was killed, and eighteen others sustained injuries (*Dec.* 9).

* I thought so.—Dr Blidge.
† I thought so.—Dr Blidge.
‡ The italics are *his.* I thought so.—Dr Blidge.
§ I thought so.—Dr Blidge.

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CONCERTS.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The inevitable sequel of such a success as the first performance of Gounod's new oratorio at the Royal Albert Hall was a second presentation of that interesting work. It took place on Saturday afternoon, and again an enormous crowd gathered to hear music so much discussed, and in some respects, so open to the criticism that waits on novelty. It was our duty, on the previous occasion, to speak well of a performance generally excellent, though not free from weak points. Last Saturday those points were found strengthened, and the *ensemble* made as perfect as the most fastidious could expect. The orchestra, for instance, contained an increased number of strings—as many as the space at command permitted—the power of the "celestial choir" was augmented by additional harps and boys' voices; while the contralto solos, which, if not numerous, are important, were sung by Mdme Patey, their interpreter at Birmingham. The result of these changes, and the natural consequence of greater familiarity with the work, satisfied everybody, and Mr Barnby, to whom credit most belongs, might have challenged for the performance the criticism of M. Gounod himself. More than this there is little need to say. Amateurs understand perfectly well now what special merit enters into the execution of *The Redemption* music by Mdme Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, and they know for what good reasons nothing better could be desired. Those reasons were, perhaps, more obvious than ever on Saturday afternoon, since a true artist cannot fail, as acquaintance ripens, to grasp with increasing firmness the character of the work he undertakes. Miss Santley and Mr Pyatt also did good service in the discharge of their comparatively subordinate functions. The orchestra was adequate to its task, and the chorus exceedingly fine, making a special effect not only in "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," which almost "goes" of itself, but in the dramatic utterances of the priests and people. A profound impression was, as usual, the result of the *ensemble*, "From Thy love as a Father." To this Mdme Albani largely contributed by her fervid expression, and by what it is not hyperbole to describe as the angelic purity of her tones. Mr Barnby conducted in excellent style, and with all that was done, equally with the doing of it, the immense audience seemed well pleased. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian, with their respective suites, were present at the performance.—*D. T.*

MR WILLING'S CHOIR.—"After the fathers come up the children." The old Sacred Harmonic Society being dead, Mr Willing's choir succeeds, with an undoubted right of heirship. No question will arise as to the paternity of a body conducted by the organist of the late society, having an orchestra and chorus composed, for the most part, of those by whom the late society was served, and numbering Sir Michael Costa among its honorary officers. These are credentials sufficient to ensure a welcome beyond that which every new artistic venture should receive. For favour in excess of deserts Mr Willing and his colleagues will not look. No one will say "This is the heir: come, let us kill him"; but the heir must earn what he obtains, getting nothing on account of his parentage. For our own part, we heartily wish the new choir well, and trust that it may live through the perilous time of infancy to enter upon a long career of robust usefulness. The first concert, given in St James's Hall on Tuesday night, was not honoured by a large attendance. This surprised nobody acquainted with the exceedingly deliberate acceptance always given by our public to a novelty, substantial or ideal. Of greater consequence was the fact that the performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* proved unfortunate in several respects. Probably for reasons not unconnected with the presence in the programme of an important novelty, the beautiful serenata had not been prepared with adequate care, and its rendering was marked by the indiscriminate vigour, almost amounting to roughness, which in this country is supposed to accord with Handelian tradition. In the next place Mr Lloyd could not attend, and his substitute, Mr Frank Boyle, should also have stayed away to nurse the cold which, soon breaking him down, necessitated the appearance of the second tenor, Mr Albert James (Damon) in the part of Acis, as well as his own. Under such circumstances the less said the better, and we pass *Acis and Galatea* to notice the first performance in London of Herr Gade's Birmingham cantata, *Psyche*. This was really the choir's "inaugural"—one, moreover, wherein reasons for satisfaction were found. Concerning the work itself there is no need to speak, after the full discussion given to it in these columns a very few months ago. Let us say, nevertheless, that better acquaintance sustains the first impression that its merits immensely preponderate. A certain sense of monotony—a monotony of charm—is doubtless experienced by those who hear this music, and it arises from the composer's steadfast adherence to a particular measure of feeling and mode of expression, but we can never lose sight of the fact that we are listening to that which is in the highest degree artistic. Many composers now-a-days deal with sounds as a common house-painter handles colours—that is to say, not artistically. They inflict upon us crude and blatant noises, on the assumption, apparently, that every noise belongs to music. Herr Gade is not of this band. He is an artist in tones, and keeps his duty as such ever before him. Hence grace and refinement, with the true spirit of beauty, distinguish his pages, and give a large measure of compensation for the absence of profound genius. *Psyche* was presented to its first metropolitan audience with an encouraging degree of success. The performers knew their work, and if not "attuned to the finest issues," did it substantial justice. This may be said equally with reference to chorus, orchestra, and soloists, the first-named coming well out of the ordeal imposed by an unfamiliar task. There are good voices and plenty of ability in the choir—so much is clear; the rest ought to follow. Another rehearsal would, no doubt, have given greater finish to the orchestra, as to the capacity of which, however, question did not arise, seeing how many of our best instrumentalists, besides Mr Carrodus, were in its ranks. The soloists were Mdme Marie Roze, Miss Coward, Miss J. Rosse, Mr Albert James, and Mr. F. King. Mdme Roze, who, it will be remembered, "created" the title-character at Birmingham, displayed on this occasion all the qualities upon which we then commented. The French artist never lacks one great element of fitness for such work as she had to do on Tuesday night. That element is sensibility—a warmth of natural feeling that conveys the music through the right medium and tinges it with fitting colour. Her singing in this respect was admirable enough to account for liberal applause. Miss Coward, a young artist of excellent gifts, did good service in the concerted music, while Miss Rosse, in the solos of "Proserpine," displayed a fine voice and promising gifts generally. Mr King, on whom devolved the part assumed at Birmingham by Mr Santley, acquitted himself exceedingly well, singing with spirit, correctness, and artistic skill. There remains to add, referring back to *Acis and Galatea*, that Mr Bridson delivered the Polyphemus music in capital style; that Mr Barrett's piccolo *obbligati* were perfect, and that Mr Willing proved himself the possessor of considerable qualifications for the post of conductor.—*D. T.*

THE Crystal Palace Concerts will be suspended after to-day, Saturday, until February 10, to allow for the run of the Christmas amusements. Last Saturday's concert calls for little remark beyond confirming the success of Miss Arma Harkness, the young violinist who first appeared at these concerts last month. The young lady again achieved a marked success by her refined and skilful performances, which, on this occasion, consisted of a Rondo Capriccioso by M. Saint-Saëns, and a Polonaise by Wieniawski, in which she was encored.

ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The first concert of the eleventh season of the above Society took place on Saturday evening last at the Royal Albert Hall, when the following programme was gone through: Overture, *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (Kreutzer); Saltarello (Gounod); Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 1 (Liszt); Concerto, pianoforte, in A minor (Schumann); and Overture, *Giralda* (Adam). H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh occupied the post of first violin; the pianist, was Miss Clara Asher, a young artist of budding promise; and Mr G. F. Bambridge was the accompanist. The vocalists were Misses Madeline Hardy and Frances Hipwell, who gave respectively the recit. and air, "I will extol," from Costa's *Eli*, "There's a bower of roses" (Villiers Stanford); "The Spirit's Song" (Haydn) and "In life and in death I am thine" (Barnby) more than creditably. The scantiness of the audience in the more select parts of the house was, no doubt, due to the fact that large numbers of concert-goers had "assisted" at the repetition of M. Gounod's new oratorio, *The Redemption*, at an earlier hour in the afternoon. We may be permitted to note that, although there was no lack of earnestness in the orchestra generally, yet there was, at times, a want of precision, especially in their execution of the "Rhapsodie Hongroise." Mr George Mount was the conductor.—WETSTAR.

A concert under the direction of Mr Chas. Oberthür took place on Monday evening last at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall. Mr Oberthür's cantata *The Red Cross Knight*, sung by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir under the guidance of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, was announced as the principal attraction. Only a very few however of those inhabiting the "other side of the water" made their appearance. The severity of the weather and the thin audience had a depressing effect on the whole proceedings, and altogether, South Kensington refinement seemed somewhat out of place at Lambeth. Miss Howes, the principal soprano, has a fine voice which is evidently being artistically trained, no doubt she has a future before her. Miss Mackness played a "Morceau de Concert" for the pianoforte on a popular air by Arthur O'Leary, and her brilliant performance was much applauded. The concert-giver gave various

harp solos of his own composition, including a charming duet with his pupil, Miss Fortescue, with his well-known skill, meeting with deserved success. Miss Kaysell and Signor Villa also assisted.

Mr Windeyer Clark gave a highly successful concert at Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, on December 5th. The programme was carefully drawn out, and the performance gave great satisfaction to a large and appreciative audience. The chief features of the evening were the concert-giver's performances on the pianoforte and Mustel organ and the singing of his newly formed choir, which exhibited most careful and artistic training. Mr Clark chose as his piano solos Walter Macfarren's "Rondo grazioso" and second Tarantella, as well as a brilliant rendering on the Mustel organ of Engel's fantasia on *Don Pasquale*. The principal vocalists were Miss C. Thudicum, Miss Ada Iggulden, and Mr Dyved Lewis (all of the Royal Academy of Music), and excellent instrumental solos were given by Miss Helen de Lisle (violin) and Mr R. H. Tompkins (flute). Mr Arthur O'Leary accompanied Miss Iggulden in his own lovely song, "He roamed in the forest," the remainder of the accompaniments being shared between Mr C. W. Pearce, Mus. Bac., Mr R. Stokoe, Mus. Bac., and Mr Clark.—A. B.

PROVINCIAL.

Northampton. — The Union Glee Club and the Instrumental Quintet Society, whose public co-operation has in late seasons been productive of so much enjoyment to lovers of good music, gave a special concert at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 5, to defray the expenses incurred in the recent copyright case, Wall *v.* Union Glee Club. The audience, although not so large as could have been wished, was fairly numerous. Dealing first with the instrumental contributions, we may state that the band was composed as follows:—Messrs Bonner and Warren, first violins; Messrs Cosford and Grant, second violins; Mr Kirby, viola; Messrs A. and W. Shaw, violoncellos; Mr Laundon, double bass; Mr Oates, flute; Mr Duke, clarionet; Mr Shepherd, hautbois; and Mr Strickland, pianoforte. The overture to Mozart's *Le Nozze de Figaro* received thoroughly adequate treatment; Michaeli's "Turkish Patrol" was admirably played; the remaining concerted piece, Waldteufel's waltz, "Jeunesse Dorée," also proved successful. Mr Bonner, an able musician, who has tried his hand with good result at original composition, gave a *fantasia brillante*, for the violin, "Souvenir de Bellini" (J. Artot), in which, tone, expression, and manipulation were alike commendable. An encore was responded to with Henry Farmer's "True love" Gavotte. The part songs, "Come live with me" (Bennett), "When hands meet" (Pinsuti), "The sands of Dee" (Macfarren), and "Jack and Jill" (A. J. Caldecott), fully deserved the manifestations of approval they received. Miss Cosford, of the Guildhall School of Music, pleased every one by her refined singing of Wellington Guernsey's "O buy my flowers." To a voice of remarkable purity, judiciously cultivated, she adds enviable gifts of expression. Miss Cosford was encored each time she appeared, the other songs given by her during the evening being "Dreaming," "Waiting," and "Miriam's Lullaby." Miss Kate Cosford, to whom Northampton audiences owe much in the way of musical enjoyment, appeared with her sister in Badia's duet, "Say to me." Mr A. Warren, who merits a word of special praise for his services as conductor, gave two songs, "The King's Champion" (M. Watson), and "The Outpost" (Pinsuti). The last named was loudly encored. Mr T. Cosford imbued "Ehren on the Rhine" (Hutchinson) with tenderness and feeling, although his voice was by no means at its best. Miss Kate Cosford, Miss Gardner, and Mr Strickland officiated as accompanists.—*Northampton Chronicle, Dec.* 7.

Sheffield.—The visit which Sheffield receives annually, from Mr Carl Rosa and his company, has begun, and the Alexandra Theatre is once again the temporary home of English opera. On Monday evening, Nov 27, Beethoven's *Fidelio* was presented, and during the rest of the week lovers of operatic music of the highest order had a feast in the performance of *Rigoletto, Faust, The Bohemian Girl, The Flying Dutchman*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mr Carl Rosa's present troupe is quite equal to any previously introduced to Sheffield under his management. Among its members are Misses Georgina Burns, Josephine York, Ella Collins, M. Walsh and Perry, Messrs Barton M'Guckin, J. W. Turner, Ludwig, Snazelle, Crotty, B. Davis, Wilfred Esmond, Hy. Pope, J. H. Stillard, and Brooklyn. The absentees are compensated for by the engagement of Madame Marie Roze and Madame Valleria. Such an array of talent is perhaps only capable of being associated and maintained for a provincial tour by a man of the daring and enterprise of Mr Carl Rosa. Never was a more numerous or appreciative audience assembled in the Alexandra Theatre on an opening night than that which welcomed Mr Rosa as he appeared to conduct the performance. The interest of the occasion was not a little enhanced by the production (we believe for the first time in Sheffield) of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and by the appearance in it of Madame Marie Rose as Leonora, a character which she has sustained with unusual brilliance and success in many of the towns visited during the present tour of Mr Rosa's company. The musicians of Sheffield gave the work a very enthusiastic reception, and their appreciation of the music was frequently marked by vigorous applause.

Liverpool.—Whatever beneficial results may accrue to musical art from the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's forty-fourth series of concerts, the first half thereof will scarcely be remembered as productive of novelty in any important degree, the executive choosing rather to rely upon oft-repeated excerpts than to distinguish the present season by submitting any new works of importance. An experience of close upon half a century, however, should be a sufficient guarantee that the taste of the society's patrons is thoroughly considered, and it will therefore be sufficient to briefly chronicle the programme of Tuesday evening, Dec. 5. The vocalists were Mdme Georgina Burns, Miss Josephine Yorke, Messrs J. W. Turner and Leslie Crotty, names familiar to opera-goers as forming an all-important contingent of the Carl Rosa *troupe*. With the exception of Mdme Burns and Miss Yorke, this was, we believe, the first appearance of these artists at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The committee had certainly no reason to regret their selection, and the concert may with propriety be characterized as one of the most successful of the season. Mr Turner gave a spirited rendering of the air from *Irene*, "Lend me your aid," and Mdme Burns in Mozart's scena, "Thou may'st learn to hate me," was enabled to display to the full her remarkable powers of execution. To Mr Leslie Crotty, however, fell the honours of the evening, his rendering of Wolfram's song from *Tannhäuser* being a perfect specimen of the *cantabile* style of vocalization, and the re-call earned was richly deserved. Miss Josephine Yorke was also successful, and the combined efforts of the quartet in the beautiful *Fidelio* canon deserve special mention. The chorus had but little to do, and the orchestra were at their best.—*Mercury, Dec.* 6.

Brighton.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Aquarium last Saturday afternoon, the singer being Mdme Catherine Penna, and the pianist Miss Maggie Okey. Mdme Penna sang "From Mighty Kings," (*Judas Maccabæus*), Haydn's song, "My mother bids me bind my hair." and Gounod's "Nella Calma" (recalled). Miss Maggie Okey played Chopin's Concerto in E minor (with orchestral accompaniment), and Scarlatti's "Pastorale," in addition to which she took part in a duet with Mr J. Grebe (violin) from *Guillaume Tell*. The programme included several attractive selections by the Aquarium Band.—Mr Brandram concluded his series of recitals on Saturday afternoon, when he gave Shakspere's *As You Like It*, at the Royal Pavilion.—The Saturday "Military Promenade Concerts" are to be revived to-day at the Royal Pavilion by the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

Canterbury.—At the special service at the Cathedral on Friday, Dec. 8, the most impressive part was the hymn "Comes, at times, a stillness as of even," written by the Rev. Gregory Smith, and set to music by Sir Herbert Oakeley, both of whom were formerly pupils of the late Primate. Professor Oakeley's music was repeated in the Cathedral, and sung at Westminster Abbey last Sunday, and, as it was also selected at St Mary's Cathedral and at Rugby, it will have been heard on the same day in the places with which the Primate was intimately connected, as Archbishop and Metropolitan, in his native city, and in the chapel of the school of which he was headmaster.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The second of the series of orchestral concerts announced by Messrs Alderson and Brentnall took place in the Town Hall, and was attended by a very large and fashionable audience. The programme was excellent, including compositions from Dr Pepusch and Bach, to Raff and Wagner. The instrumental music was entrusted to the famous Manchester band, organized and conducted by Mr Charles Hallé—the style in which they rendered Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Rossini's to *Guillaume Tell*, Wagner's march from *Tannhäuser*, and Raff's *Leonora* Symphony, proving the excellent metal they are made of. The careful way in which they accompanied Mr Charles Hallé in Weber's "*Concertstück*" (which he played in perfection) redounded also to their credit. The vocalist was Miss Orridge, whose sympathetic voice was heard to advantage in Meyerbeer's "Fanciulle che il core" (*Dinorah*) and in Dr Pepusch's "cantata," *Alexis* (violoncello *obbligato*, M. Vieuxtemps). We hope to hear at the next concert (the last of the present series) Mr Cowen's "Scandinavian" Symphony, which has already been heard in London, under Herr Richter, and at the Crystal Palace, under Mr Manns, as well as at the principal cities on the continent. Messrs Alderson and

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Brentnall, the *entrepreneurs* of these excellent concerts, are doing excellent work in the cause of music, and we trust their enterprise will meet with substantial reward.

Cork.—The first concert of this season under the auspices of the Cork Musical Society was held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, at the Assembly Rooms, before a large and fashionable audience. A special attraction was the appearance, after a long interval, of Miss Lucy Ashton Hackett, a young lady whose charming voice, wonderful flexibility, and compass has already attracted considerable attention in the musical world. The concert opened with selections from Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*. The introduction over, Mr J. Sullivan's powerful bass voice was heard to great effect in the recitative, "Thus saith Elijah," the other pieces from the oratorio entrusted to him being equally well rendered. Mrs Theodore Wood—an old favourite—had ample opportunity for a display of her vocal powers in the recit. and aria, "They shall be turned back," as well as in the air, with chorus, "Maker of every star." The miscellaneous portion of the programme, which comprised the second part, opened with the martial chorus, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." This was beautifully sung, and showed the careful training of the conductor, Dr Marks. Miss Davidson gave "The Unfinished Song" (Cowen) capitally, and elicited a hearty encore. "The Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, was sung by Miss Lucy Ashton Hackett, who was warmly welcomed. Some years ago, at a concert given by Dr Marks at the Theatre Royal and Operahouse, when ladies were even grateful for standing-room amongst the "gods"—so over-crowded was the theatre—Miss Hackett fairly "brought down" the house by her execution of this difficult song; and on the present occasion her success was none the less complete. She fairly held her audience in her power, and deafening applause greeted her. Mrs Jerome Murphy's rendering of the song "Amore" was perfect, and her well-cultivated voice was listened to with extreme pleasure. Mr Gill was also very favourably received in "Ehren on the Rhine," which brought the concert to a conclusion. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on Dr Marks for this excellent musical treat; and the only thing to be regretted is that the management of the Society should be so very conservative when the public treat it in such a very liberal and generous spirit. This is an old standing evil, and should be remedied immediately, if the prestige of the Cork Musical Society is to be sustained in the future.—J. F. McC.

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MORE YET TO BE DONE.

A correspondent has addressed the subjoined letter to the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*:

Sir,—Will you allow me to bring under your notice the fact that the awkward entrance to the pit at the Savoy Theatre was very nearly becoming the scene of a dangerous panic on the evening of the first performance of *Iolanthe?* There was a great crowd, and this crowd, had to descend a staircase before those composing it were allowed to obtain their tickets and file slowly into the theatre. The ordinary pressure is hard enough to bear, but when it is being applied on a descent the sufferings of the unfortunate people who are nearest the bottom must be terrible. On this occasion several persons became visibly sick, and complained of being hurt. There were loud cries of "Back, back;" but a flowing tide might as well have been expected to ebb at man's bidding as this crowd, jammed on a staircase, to resist an overwhelming pressure from a multitude extending far out into the street behind them. For some moments it seemed not at all certain that there would not be a sacrifice of life on this staircase; but, happily, in response to passionate and peremptory demands, an iron gate through which there was an exit to the Embankment side of the building was opened, and a portion of the struggling mass found an outlet into the street. Those who were thus swept past the door of the theatre were in most cases too thankful to be out of a perilous position to dwell upon their disappointment. Surely to allow a crowd to press down a staircase when only one or two at a time can pass the ticket office at the bottom, is to court a calamity. The Savoy Theatre occupies a situation favourable to the trial of the French "queue" system, and there is need of a fairer, more orderly, and less dangerous system of admission at all theatres. Why should managers not extend to other parts of the house the system by which orderly entrance to the stalls and dress circle is secured? If tickets were issued at any time from some shop in the neighbourhood, and these tickets bore the number of the bench on which the holder was entitled to sit, a theatre crowd need never exceed the capacity of the building, and all excuse for dangerous scrambling would be taken away.—Yours, &c., Experto Crede.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first "*soirée intime*" this season of the Société Philharmonique de Boulogne-sur-Mer was given on Monday night, Dec. 4, at the Hôtel des Sapeurs-Pompiers, to the delight of all present. I subjoin the programme:—

Premièrs Partie—Andante et Menuet (symphonie) (Haydn); Recit. ed **Aria**, *Noces de Figaro* (Mozart); Morceau d'ensemble, *Marie Stuart* (Niedermeyer); Andante du trio en *ut* mineur (Mendelssohn); "Les Bleuets" (1re audition), ballade et chœur (J. Cohen). *Deuxième Partie*—"Le Sommeil de la Vierge" (Massenet) and "Canzonetta" (1re audition) (Mendelssohn); Duo, "Parigi o Cara," *Traviata* (Verdi); Duo pour piano; Canzoni Napolitana, *Nenella* (Badia); Chœur, "Plaisirs d'Amour" (Martini).

The orchestra (amateurs) performed their duties well, though I must say that more light and shade would not have been out of place in the Andante and Minuet of Haydn. Amateurs are, perhaps, not so accustomed to attend to the *bâton* of their conductor like professional musicians. The choruses were well rendered under the direction of M. Brunet. The singing of Mdlle Biencourt in the solo part of M. Cohen's "ballade et chœur," "Les Bleuets," was remarkable for taste and expression, while "Le Sommeil de la Vierge" (Massenet) and Mendelssohn's "Canzonetta" met with deserved applause. Mdlle Mitten, a lady possessed of a good voice, which she knows how to use, gave with effect "Deh Vieni non tardar" (*Les Noces de Figaro*) and Signor Badia's Neapolitan song, "Nenella," obtaining a "call" after each. "Pour les attraits" (Niedermeyer), sung by the chorus, the quartet part by three lady amateurs and Herr Reichardt (who was in excellent voice) was vociferously applauded. Herr Reichardt also took part with Mdlle Mitten in "Parigi o Cara" (*La Traviata*), which so pleased the audience that a "call" was the result, when both reappeared and gave in response a pretty Neapolitan duet. Foremost among the pianists was Miss Cecilia Keene, who, ably accompanied by MM. Boyard and Malo (violin and violoncello), displayed exceptional talent in the slow movement from Mendelssohn's trio in C minor. After this two pianoforte duets were played by Mdme de Launey and Mdlle Gay, the last of which they were called upon to repeat. Altogether, we congratulate the Philharmonic Society on its successful beginning. Although this was only a "*Concert Intime*," if a specimen of what the four public concerts are to be, I am sure all would wish them, as I do, a brilliant season.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dec. 6, 1882.

HOPE DEFERRED.*

When first they met 'twas early spring
The childhood of the year;
The time when birds begin to sing,
And flow'rs bloom far and near.

They plighted troth in summer-time
That autumn they should wed,
While happiness, that light divine,
Shed radiance o'er each head.

The autumn came, but bridals none,
For he was call'd away
To distant lands, and she alone
Was left to hope and pray.

Then gloomy winter, cold and drear,
Brought fogs and frost and snow.
But no fond lover back to cheer
Her solitude and woe.

Of brightness grief soon robbed her eye,
Her cheek of rosy hue;
She daily pray'd that she might die
Were he to prove untrue.

When, lo! an end came to her pain,
For the ensuing spring
The absent one return'd again,
And brought the wedding-ring.

* *Copyright.* Emily Josephs.

The season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre was brought to a close on Monday evening with a "grand extra special night." Extra attractions had been provided, but unfortunately, through the conduct of a body of young men, some fifty or sixty strong, the enjoyment of the majority present was greatly lessened. Marching round and round in a compact body, these young men (or idiots) frequently interrupted the vocalists, till at last Mr Maas, who was singing the "Bay of Biscay," left the platform in disgust. A scene of confusion ensued. At length a body of constables appeared, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in ejecting some of the principal rioters. Mr Gwyllym Crowe then gave the signal to the orchestra to perform the National Anthem, and the concert was abruptly brought to an end.

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WAIFS.

Professor G. A. Macfarren is engaged on the composition of a new sonata for the pianoforte—his fifth work of the kind. The first and second sonatas (in E flat and A major), were written some forty years ago and played in public by Mr W. H. Holmes (still happily a professor in our Royal Academy of Music). Mr Holmes also introduced the same composer's pianoforte Concerto in C minor, at one of the memorable concerts of the "Society of British Musicians."

De Negri, the tenor, is engaged at Messina.

Gobatti's *Cordelia* is to be given at Reggio d'Emilia.

A new musical monthly, *Apollo*, has appeared in Boston, U.S.

The present is the 23rd season of the Quartet Society, Madrid.

The Politeama, Alexandria, will shortly open with buffo opera.

There will be no Italian opera this year at the Casino Theatre, Nice.

The Max Strakosch English Opera Company have been to Canada.

A portrait, in oil, of Molière has been discovered at Montpellier (France).

The ex-tenor, Sottimio Malvezzi, has opened a school of Singing in Florence.

The Aramburos, man and wife, soprano and tenor, are in Florence.

The baritone, Storti, has returned from Rio de Janeiro, and is now in Milan.

Flotow's romantic (and insignificant) opera, *Indra*, has been given at Posen.

Bomboni's *Haidouk*, with Roumanian libretto, is in rehearsal at Bucharest.

It is estimated there are some thousand pianos out on hire in New York.

A new zarzuela, *Miss Brandum*, is announced at the Teatro Martin, Madrid.

On the 12th inst., Bilse conducted his 3,000th concert in the Concerthaus, Berlin.

Marie Wilt opened at the National Theatre, Pesth, in Erkel's *Hunyady Laszlo*.

La Cour d'Amour, music by Hubans, has been produced at the Alcazar, Brussels.

Johann Strauss, recently conducted his *Lustiger Krieg* at the German Theatre, Pesth.

The Duke of Coburg has appointed Oscar Möricke of Berlin, Ducal Musicdirector.

The sum of £8,000 is to be expended in re-decorating the interior of the Liceo, Barcelona.

The first concert of the Soller Musical Association, Erfurt, began with Raff's Symphony, *Im Walde*.

Léon Gastinel has written an opera, *Le Barde*, destined for the "Populaire" (that is to be), Paris.

A new Overture and Symphony by Polak-Daniels, have been received with favour in Amsterdam.

The *Messiah* will be given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on the evening of January 1.

Lucrezia Borgia, with Teodorini, Masini, and Nanetti, is announced at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

A new opera, *Das Andreasfest*, by Carl Grammann, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Moran-Olden's series of performances at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, has led to her re-engagement for 1884.

The management of the Italian Opera, Tunis, has failed. (Parisian Opera-goers are jealous.—Dr Blidge.)

Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* has been given at the Dreikönigskirche, Dresden, under Baumfelder's direction.

Kansas City will have a Musical Festival in February, which Theodor Thomas is engaged to conduct.

Wilhelm Hill's prize opera, *Alona*, was recently produced, with moderate success, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Louis Roth, conductor of the Josephstädter Theater, Vienna, has written a *buffo* opera, *Der Marquis von Rivoli*.

In consequence of ill-health, the *danseuse* Paolina Zamperoni has cancelled her engagement at the San Carlo, Naples.

Gounod's *Redemption* has been sung in its entirety by the choir at the Park Reformed Church, Jersey City, New York.

Edmund Neuport, the Norwegian pianist, who made his *début* in New York, is announced to play this month in Boston.

A new opera, *Muzedin*, by S. Bachrich, is to be produced, after Gounod's *Redemption*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Tschaikowsky, the Russian composer, has completed a new opera, *Massepa*, the book founded on a poem by Pouschkin.

The Choral Society of Ghent will give, this winter, a concert with a programme consisting exclusively of compositions by Massenet.

Mr Charles Lyall has returned to London, the operatic tour in which he took a conspicuous part having come to a temporary end.

Aimée, the popular singing-actress now in the States, has been prohibited by her physician from publicly appearing more than once a week.

Marie Pappenheim—a Norma and Fidelio not to be sneezed at (ask "the Long Captain")—is engaged at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo.

"An old Californian," we read in the New York *Music and Drama*, "says the first opera ever given in San Francisco was *La Sonnambula*."

The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the performance of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe* at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday night.

We read flattering accounts, in various foreign journals, of recent successes achieved by Miss Fernanda Tedesca, the young and gifted American violinist.

Donizetti's "posthumous" opera, *Il Duca d'Alba*, with De Cepeda and Stagno in the leading parts, will be performed next season at the Liceo, Barcelona.

After their *débuts* in Florence, Nina Friede, Paula Novak, and Ida Myers-Morena, pupils of Mdme Marchesi, have been engaged respectively at Palermo, Venice, and Pisa.

During his recent concert-tour Alfred Grünfeld, the pianist, visited Warsaw, St Petersburgh, Moscow, and Odessa. He will shortly undertake tours in France and England.

The Opera Festival, Cincinnati, in which, according to report, both Adelina Patti and Albani will sing, is fixed for January 29th. (The other day it was Patti, Nilsson, and Albani.—Dr Blidge.)

The Pergola, Florence, has been taken for the Carnival season by pretty little Bianca La Blanche, who intends producing Fornari's *Zuma* (first performed at the Teatro Bellini, Naples), the *Faust* of Gounod, &c.

"And who," asked the Young-Lady Teacher, "comes after Esther?" There was a pause. "Was it," she continued, "Job?" "No, Miss," replied the Pupil, "it was Billy Piper's big brother. I see him a Sunday."

Anton Rubinstein's *Ocean* was performed at the second Symphony-Concert of the Russian Musical Society, Moscow. Rubinstein conducted the band of the Russian Musical Society of St Petersburgh at Etelka Gerster's third concert.

The Commander in Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, has been pleased to accept the dedication of a "Quintet for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon," composed by Carli Zoeller, bandmaster 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars.

Miss Emma Thursby, we learn from an American contemporary, has recently sung "with fine success" at a concert in Brooklyn. ("Fine success" is good.—Dr Blidge.) During her visit to Boston, Miss Thursby was the guest of Mrs Ole Bull, widow of the well-known violinist.

Having concluded their engagement at the San Carlo, Lisbon, the mezzo-soprano, Pasqua, and the tenor, Gayarre, have been singing in Oporto. Gayarre was a great favourite in Lisbon. The bills of a recent Corrida de Toros (Bull Fight), given in his honour, were headed: "*Homenagen ao celebre cantor Gayarre.*"

Arditi's L'Estasi.—In the music lesson scene of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, Mdme Adelina Patti rendered Arditi's beautiful waltz, "L'Estasi," with a brilliancy and taste that carried away her audience. It was encored vociferously, and Mdme Patti sang it again with more spirit, if possible, than at first.—*American paper.*

Mr and Mdme Bodda (Miss Louisa Pyne) announce that a concert will be given by the students of their "Academy for Singing" on Tuesday evening next, at the Marlborough Rooms, for the benefit of the "Frithville Memorial Homes for Reduced Gentlepeople." We hope that so excellent a purpose will cause the entertainment to be liberally patronized.

The Pandora Theatre in Leicester Square is to be ready for opening towards the end of January. Meanwhile, the company appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, which will open for a brief period under Mr Alfred Thompson's direction on the 30th inst. with a "grand spectacular Feerie" by Mr Robert Reece and the lessee, called *The Yellow Dwarf*. Mr Telbin will prepare the scenery—a right man in a right place.

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The ballet of *Prometheus* with Beethoven's music was first brought out, for the benefit of a *danseuse* named Casentini, on the 21st or 28th March, 1801, at the Kärntnerthor-Theater, Vienna, its full title being, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus oder die Macht der Musik und des Tanzes. (The Beings created by Prometheus, or, the Power of Music and Dancing.)* It achieved only a moderate success. The version now adopted is that of Herren Frank and Degen, conductor and ballet-master respectively at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Blackpool Winter Gardens, the chairman (Mr W. H. Cocker) stated that the company claimed £500 from Mdme Sarah Bernhardt on account of breach of engagement in August last, as she said through ill health, but, as the directors said, through bad temper. *It was also said that Mdme Bernhardt had paid £270 on account.* (Thus much according to "Cocker." Gallant chairman, gallant shareholders! And "*Mdme Bernhardt has paid £270 on account!*"—Dr Blidge.)

Mr Irving is having reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, with a brief preface by himself, the essay of Talma on the Art of Acting, which was published in an early number of the *Theatre* by the wish of Mr Irving, who thought that it would probably be of service to brother actors. As at present there are appearing works of value on the art in its physical manifestations, it may interest many to whom the stage is dear to read, or re-read, the views of such an actor as Talma on the question in its intellectual aspect. The pamphlet is to appear shortly, and the proceeds of its sale, if any, are to be given to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

A curious musical entertainment has been recently arranged at a circus in the Champs Elysées. Round the circus are supported a variety of instruments, including bells, flutes, cymbals, drums, oboes, &c., connected by wires with a key board in the middle of the circus. There is also, in the space below the circus, a machine similarly connected, which gives a sound, as it were, of earthquakes. An orchestral piece is performed on four trumpets in the centre, one of the performers, by pressing now and again an electric key-board, bringing into action the distant instruments as required; now a drum beat, now a play of bells, imitation of bird-song, &c. He is also enabled in the same way to produce far off detonations, and ignite blue lights. A strange impression is produced.—(Very strange.—Dr Blidge.)

Some two months ago, arrangements were announced for holding a musical festival in Handsworth parish church in aid of the fund for providing additional elementary school accommodation in Handsworth, so as to obviate the necessity of a School Board. The promoters hoped by such means to make up an amount entitling them to the fulfilment of certain promises by which the sum of £5,000 was to be raised; but the Bishop of the diocese, who is opposed to musical entertainments in churches, placed his veto upon the scheme in a letter to the wardens:—"Gentlemen,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. You are, however, under an entire misapprehension as to my having given any sanction to the entertainment which you propose to hold in the parish church. It would be impossible for me to approve or allow such a service to be held where admission is to be obtained by payment, however indirectly that payment may be made. It would be all the more difficult for me to approve in this case when I took so decided a line with reference to a similar entertainment in the parish church of Tamworth last year. Yours faithfully, W. D. Lichfield."—(Put not your faith in Bishops.—Dr Blidge.)

Carlsruhe.—The management of the Grand Ducal Theatre has been distinguishing itself. The bills pasted against the walls contain the following notice with reference to the ballet of *Prometheus*: "For cast, &c., see other side."

Genoa.—A tablet with the following inscription has been affixed to the house where Paganini first saw the light: "A great honour fell to the lot of this modest house, in which, on the 27th October, 1782, Nicolo Paganini, unsurpassed in the divine art of Tone, was born, to the glory of Genoa and the delight of the world."

Advertisements.

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MR FREDERIC PENNA'S Military Duet for tenor and Bass was sung at the Banquet of the "Irrational Knot," St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, by Mr WALTER JARVIS (Amateur) and the Composer. ("The Return of the Army" is published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

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Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, *Saturday, December* 16, 1882.

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VOL. 60.—No. 51. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The SATURDAY CONCERTS will be RESUMED on SATURDAY, Feb. 10th, 1883. The programme will include Overture, *Benvenuto Cellini* (Berlioz); Concerto Symphonique for pianoforte and orchestra (Litolff); New Song, for contralto and orchestra (Gounod); Symphony, No. 5, in C minor (Beethoven). Vocalist—Mdme Patey. Piano—M. Louis Breitner. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS.

On SATURDAY, Feb. 17, New Dramatic Cantata, "ALFRED" (Poem by W. GRIST, Music by E. PROUT). Aliwitha, Miss Annie Marriott; Alfred—Mr Vernon Rigby; Guthrun, Mr Bridson; Chorus of Saxons and Danes, by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association. Selection from Music to *King Thamos* (Mozart), first time at these Concerts. Conductor—Mr EBENEZER PROUT.

On SATURDAY, Feb. 24th, the programme will include Symphony, in G minor (Sterndale Bennett); Concerto, for violin and orchestra (Heinrich Hofmann), first time in England; Adagietto and Minuet, from Suite, *L'Arlesienne* (Bizet), first time at these Concerts; Overture, *Leonora* No. 3 (Beethoven). Vocalist—Miss Edith Santley. Violoncello—Herr Hausmann. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

The programme of the second Society's Concert was neither planned nor carried out under a lucky star. It offered us, it is true, only eminent composers, but somehow or other diminished—either by the mode of selection or form of execution. In the latter respect, Herr de Ahna was first to disappoint us by his rendering of Spohr's Violin Concerto in D minor. Of all Spohr's Concertos this is most frequently heard now-a-days, and the way in which Joachim especially played it has left a deep and delicious impression on us all in Vienna. A virtuoso who presents himself with it before the public must *at least* (!) come near Joachim.† Herr de Ahna has not great tone, but for this we might forgive him, as well as many of his colleagues, were the tone always pure and his execution more uniformly correct and expressive. The Adagio proved more successful, though occasionally spoiled by excessive sentimentality, but technically at least it was irreproachable. The *finale*, devoid of rhythmical life, seemed to indicate that the performer had no sympathy with it. For many years Herr de Ahna has occupied a prominent position in Berlin, which induces us to think that on the present occasion indisposition may have prevented the full display of his capabilities. There was no lack, however, of applause and calls (Herr de Ahna, as we know, is a native of Vienna.)—Another composition, which we all love and value, surprised us by the new garb in which it was for the first time presented. I mean the *Adagio* from Beethoven's B flat major Trio, Op. 97, "arranged" by Liszt for the orchestra. The garment is a rich and gorgeous specimen of ornamental tailoring, such as Liszt alone is capable of turning out—but the simplicity of the old Beethovenian dress is far more beautiful and becoming. Nay, Beethoven's scoring of this Adagio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—is more than a mere dress; it is the very skin of the delicate body, and cannot be stript off without inflicting severe injury; and no other was the exact tone-colour in which Beethoven beheld his superb creation, fashioning it from out the innermost nature of the three instruments. In a word, a Pianoforte Trio is not suited for a full orchestra. If, moreover, we have to do with a trio which combines and contrasts the three instruments with absolute perfection, we fail to see that any advantage is gained by pompous orchestration.

Earnest criticism ought to protest the more strongly, because instances of this uncalled for scoring and over-arranging have become a fashion. The more sparing their own flow of ideas, the more industriously do some composers bestir themselves in decking out those of others.—Another orchestral composition at the last Society's Concert was the overture (*Sinfonia*) to J. S. Bach's Sacred Cantata, No. 49: "Ich gehe und suche mit Verlangen," for strings, two oboes, and organ. It was on this occasion scarcely in its proper place, and produced the less impression as the organ of the Musikverein's Room with its strong reverberation did not allow the rapid figuration to come out with sufficient clearness, while the alternating of the organ and orchestra, on which the principal effect depends, lacked the requisite distinctness.

The concert wound up with Franz Schubert's "Easter Cantata," *Lazarus* (considerably shortened). Despite some great beauties, the effect of the work in its totality is oppressive. Even in 1863, when, after having been forgotten, it was found by Herbeck, and delight at such unexpected treasure-trove, together with the charm of novelty, secured for it a favourable reception, I could not quite share the general enthusiasm. Yet the first performance was given under far more auspicious circumstances, and in a more correct form, than the present one. Herbeck gave *Lazarus* in the small room, in the evening, and in Passion-Week, that is to say—at the right time and in the right place. The work, with its first part laid at the death-bed, and its second, at the place of burial, belongs to Passion-Week or All Saints' Day, when a reverent greeting awaits it, just as upon a lower level, but in a like spirit, a similar greeting awaits the annual performance of *Der Müller und sein Kind*. In a large room, the instrumental part of *Lazarus* is lost, just as the gentle perfume of the pious songs of death is lost on the thousand-headed audience of an afternoon concert. To enter again into the details of the work would be superfluous. After the first performance it was played again in Passion-Week, 1868; but the second was less successful than the first, while the third, and most recent, was less successful than the second. That some of the pieces belong to the finest Schubert has left us is a fact no more to be questioned than that the work as a whole cannot be reckoned among his happiest inspirations. Even Schubert's rich store of musical ideas could not counterbalance the fatal monotony of the book. In addition to his wealth of melody, he must have possessed the pathos of Beethoven and the polyphonic mastery of Bach fully to master the tearful uniformity of his subject. The continued adherence to the same frame of mind, musically represented by the predominance of the slow *tempi* in "four-four," by the long *arioso* recitatives, by the absence of bass and contralto in Part I., &c., must end by wearying. We miss most painfully the compensation of polyphonical treatment and vigorous choral writing. The chorus is introduced only at the end of each part, and on both occasions as a slow song of lamentation. These peculiarities impart to the whole almost the character of a vaudeville, leaving out of consideration a total absence of the *epic* element, indispensable to a strict oratorio style. Between touchingly beautiful numbers there are many others chiefly remarkable for effeminate sentimentality. But the cause of all this, as we have hinted, is to be found in the book, and could no more be hidden at the last performance than at the first. Notwithstanding the efforts of the conductor, Herr Gericke, the work was not well executed. Herr Walter is to be praised for his singing as Lazarus, and, so far as his means permitted, Herr Storwitz as Simon. Mdme Ehnn, as Jemima, was an inadequate successor of Mdme Wilt.

(To be continued.)

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

† Not so easy—"at least," or at most.—Dr Bllngo.

TEN ORIGINAL SONATAS.

(From the "Daily News.")

Ten original sonatas for the pianoforte are about to be published—by subscription—through the eminent firm of Rudall, Carte & Co. The scheme has been organized by Mr Henry W. Carte, who has secured the promise of an original work of the important class referred to from each of the following composers:—Dr Ferdinand Hiller, Herren Gade, Grieg, Reinecke, and Dvorak, Sir J. Benedict, Professor Macfarren, Mr C. E. Stephens, Mr J. F. Barnett, and Mr C. V. Stanford. The project is an artistic one, and deserves especial success in days when the symphonic form of pianoforte music has been almost entirely superseded by compositions of a lighter character.

[Let us hope that the ten sonatas may not only be "original," but good; that the composers, in short, may tread in the footprints of undisputed masters, rather than stumble about in the dark, confounding the "nature of things," after the manner of some recent "epoch-makers," cherished and ministered to by the "advanced people." That "H. J. L." will set to work, practising them all at a breath, may be taken for granted. We wish every success to the scheme.—D. T.]

CHRISTMAS.*

Hail, Christmastide! Fair time of joy and peace,
When all domestic graces sweetly flower;
Love, which doth now in every heart increase,
Pervades, with influence blest, the social hour.

The children's voices, on this happy morn,
Ring out, like silver bells, so sweet and clear;
Let none presume their simple mirth to scorn—
To-day the Christ-child unto them is near.

Methinks bright angels now bend over earth,
And breathe, in tender love, the sweet old tale
Of the Redeemer's lowly-cradled birth,
Whose pathos through all time shall never fail.

Now ring the Christmas chimes with joyous peals—
Their music seems to Heaven our earth to bind;
And o'er each listening heart so softly steals
A sense of goodwill unto all mankind.

* *Copyright.* SARAH ANN STOWE.

DRESDEN.—Auber's *Muette*, with new scenery and dresses, has been revived at the Theatre Royal, but the performance was hardly worthy of the place or the work.—Teresina Tua has been playing at the Hôtel de Saxe, exciting, as usual, the utmost enthusiasm.

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THE ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

The custom of producing new works at the great provincial musical festivals, wherein the composer has the advantage of a well-trained choir, excellent orchestra, and the best available vocal and instrumental talent of the day for the interpretation of his or her composition, is both a judicious and commendable one. There are many reasons, however, against receiving the dictum of a festival audience as a final standard of judgment; hence another and equally important custom has obtained in connection with festival essays of a successful character, namely, that of submitting the work produced to the verdict of a metropolitan audience. Such a course will, undoubtedly, be speedily adopted in the re-production of *The Ode to the Passions*, by Mrs Meadows White, better known by her maiden name of Alice M. Smith. *The Passions*, recently performed with an unusual amount of prestige and success at the late Hereford Festival, is not the work of a tyro in the art of musical composition. Mrs M. White is already recognized as one of the musical geniuses of the day. The author of *The Mask of Pandora*, and many other excellent classical compositions, her writings are highly esteemed by the most judicious art critics, and form the best answer that can be rendered concerning the oft-mooted question of "the feminine in music," and whether woman can or cannot shine as well in the ranks of musical composition as in other branches of high art. In discussing this question, it seems to have been forgotten that women hitherto have had no opportunity of experience in the orchestra; and as one month's practical knowledge of orchestral effects and possibilities is worth one year of theoretical training, those works which include all the resources of elaborate instrumentation could scarcely have been expected to emanate from the ranks of feminine musicians. Whatever may have been the disabilities under which female composers have hitherto laboured, certain it is that Mrs Meadows White has nobly fought against and triumphantly conquered them; for her works not only display original talent for composition of the highest order, but they are scored and instrumented throughout with a vigour, power, and completeness worthy of any name distinguished in the annals of musical art, whether that name indicates the authorship of a master or mistress. Dr Blinge has well remarked that "all art work is personal to the worker." If, then, Mrs Meadows White can score, avail herself of orchestral resources, and, above all, write, as she ever does, with the true ring of genius, "she takes a licence in her work," and her noble compositions will henceforth sweep out of memory, to say nothing of use, the pitiful remarks of the pseudo art critic of half a century ago, such as "Pretty well—*for a woman.*"

Without reverting to Mrs White's former productions, it is enough to say *The Ode to the Passions* is unmistakably her *chef d'œuvre*. It is, as its title implies, a musical rendition of Collins's celebrated ode of that name, the poem having been first set to music in 1774 by Benjamin Cooke, Mus. Doc. Mrs White's score is written for two soprani, contralto, tenor, and bass soli, with chorus and orchestra. There are ten numbers, the first being a short but highly effective introduction, followed by a splendid tenor solo with chorus on the theme, "Fear, Anger, Despair." This is succeeded by a pure Handelian movement for the choir, "When Music," and a graphic fugal movement for tenor, bass, and chorus, very skilfully outwrought, without being laboured or tedious. "The Pleasures of Hope," for soprano solo; "Revenge and Pity," bass solo; and the grand chorus, "Jealousy," are each fine pieces of characteristic writing, and form a *crescendo* in the interest of the work of a marked description. Nos. 6, 7, and 8, "Melancholy," "Cheerfulness," and "Joy," are complete musical studies, and are sufficient in fragmentary shape to ensure a high reputation for their gifted composer. "Love and Mirth"—No. 9—forms a charming theme for a duet between the tenor and soprano, the last number—a stately and massive chorus to the theme of "Music"—bringing the work to a grand climatic close. The style of this composition as a whole is in strict harmony with the poem, and yet is redolent of the age in which Collins wrote, not in the sense of being "old fashioned," for the varied emotions depicted by the poet are grandly, graphically, and forcibly interpreted in the best forms of modern art. But there is a charm in the adaptation of the words and music, which, whether derived from the feminine element of "intuition," or the loftier realm of "inspiration," realizes in its finest sense the true meaning of music—namely, to clothe ideas in expressive and highly characteristic musical phraseology. In this Mrs Meadows White has succeeded to admiration, and when musical criticism shall be regulated by musical knowledge instead of a slavish obedience to the dicta of prejudice and fashion, when English music shall be praised because it is purely English, and German music shall be admired because it represents German nationality, Mrs White's *Ode to the Passions* will be esteemed as worthy of any nation, and a work as truly meriting the title of "a grand tone picture" as that of any composer of any country or time.

In advance of the performance of this fine composition in the metropolis the public may be prepared to listen to it with sentiments of the highest appreciation. It is one which certainly settles the question that genius is of neither sex, and the highest scientific training owes nothing to nationality. A rare treat awaits the musical connoisseur in the production of *The Ode to the Passions* in London, and the gifted composer may well expect an ovation no less brilliant than that with which she was greeted at the Hereford Festival.—*The Echo.*

* Collins's Ode. Set to music by Alice Mary Smith. First performed at the Hereford Musical Festival, 1882.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

Under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, a performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given at St James's Hall last Saturday evening, supported by Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. J. Maas and Santley as principals, with a chorus and band of 300 performers, the latter—led by Herr Ludwig Straus—selected entirely from the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society. In bringing forward the great Saxon musician's masterpiece on this occasion Mr Cusins was actuated by intentions beyond the mere desire to furnish an equivalent for the Christmas representation of the oratorio hitherto given under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society. In a pamphlet circulated amongst the audience, while giving an exhaustive and interesting account of the work, its history, and of the manner in which it has fared since the death of the composer, Mr Cusins points out that, owing to want of marks of expression in the orchestral and choral parts, the performances of *The Messiah* are not what they ought to be. The degrees of light and shade which, according to Dr Crotch, used to be taught at rehearsal, are not to be looked for now, simply because *The Messiah* is never rehearsed, every performer being supposed to know it thoroughly. In this strait Mr Cusins obviously considered that a service to the cause of art would be rendered by remedying the rough and ready style of performance which had previously obtained, and giving a reading in which variety, contrast, and balance of tone were conspicuous features. We have no reason to suppose that the reform initiated by the conductor of Her Majesty's Concerts and those of the Philharmonic Society will fail to bear fruit, but, to judge by Saturday's experience, much that he wishes to accomplish has yet to be realized. How the soloists discharged their tasks can be readily imagined, indeed, no finer quartet could be dreamt of in these days; but the choruses on the whole, left much to desire. Mr Cusins conducted with praiseworthy care, and Mr Pettit supplied the organ part. There was a fair attendance but no crowd.—*Standard.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Talking about the advance of music in England, look to the Guildhall Music School orchestra, composed of a hundred and odd amateur performers, all working for the *love* of the art, unmistakably. I have been accustomed in my native county in the north to hear the best (years ago) of the then amateur performances in England; but Mr Weist Hill, conductor of the Guildhall orchestra, has in such a short time brought this band of really loving gifted amateurs to such wonderful perfection that they *feel* how they are learning. One can but consider what a general love and cultivation of musical feeling there is in London, in the city, above all, and in this country, with such an intelligent "*loving-music*" orchestra directed by one of the best musical conductors we have ever had—Mr Weist Hill.—Yours obediently,

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

RIO JANEIRO.—During the Italian operatic season recently brought to a close at the Imperial Theatre, the number of performances was 41, *Les Huguenots* having been given 5 times; *Aida*, *Le Prophète*, *Semiramide*, and *La Juive*, 4 each; *Méfistofele*, 3; *Il Guarany*, *L'Africaine*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Maria*, and *I Puritani*, 2 each; *La Traviata*, *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Favorita*, once each.

BOLOGNA.—A flattering compliment, showing the esteem in which he is held here, has been paid Sig. Mancinelli, conductor and director of the Liceo. According to the terms on which he accepted the latter office, his appointment required annual renewal. At their last meeting, however, the Municipal Council made it an appointment for life.

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A COMIC CYCLUS.

To Dr Bridge.

SIR,—Is there (I ask you, who know everything that passes or not passes) any truth in a rumour, undulating hereabouts, to the effect that, in emulation of Michael Angelo Tittmarsh Neumann's "cycles," Mr D'Oyly Carte has bent his mound upon a Gilbert-Sullivan, or Sullivan-Gilbert *Cyclus*, throughout Great Britain, America, and the Colonies? How refreshing would be a breeze thus everywhere globularly wafted, dispersing the fever-breeding epidemic under which we are long-suffering victims! It would clear the atmosphere of marshy *miasma* and prolong the existence of people not given to opiates stagnant or mephitic mists. Many of us credulously-imaginative Americans are gasping for pure air; but our eminent conductors, exotic and indigenous, persistently dose us with antidotes worse than the poison under which we have writhen. Stimulants more nerve-shaking and sleep-forbidding than those so queerly styled "Symphonic Poems" I am at a loss to conceive. They are only to be likened to the phantoms which delirium paints upon darkness.—I am, sir, with respect, yours,

DIOMED SHIELD.

[Mr Diomed Shield is a lunatic. What little method there may be in his lunacy is conveyed so unmethodically that it can only be excused under the plea that it comes to him straight from his forefathers.—Dr Bridge.]

A VILLAGE CONCERT.

What a relief, after smarting in throat and eyes with stingings of the fog that hugged London during the earlier days of the week, within its folds, to find oneself trotting along the road that winds its track, by the Hampshire Downs, from Petersfield to Portsmouth! Here the clouds, thrust back to their proper region, have really to make a hard fight to keep the sun's rays from falling upon the heights, still covered with snow that appears like whitest lawn thrown across the upheaved bosom of mother earth. Here the fleece of the flocks grazing on the lowlands does not present such a strong contrast to the snow, as did the sooty sheep in Regent's Park to the spotless flakes that lately fell there. Nor is there less difference in the trees. The oaks, standing as it were in mossy slippers, have their trunks covered with lichen, which, if not meant to keep them warm, makes them look clothed and clean; whilst firs and abundance of evergreens lead one to fancy that winter, as other despots, is not impartial in dealing out scourges. "Early moon to-night," said my companion as daylight was fading out of the sky; and surely there it was, looking for all the world as if it had torn a rent with its sharp horns, in the night clouds, on purpose to show me what a pretty village Horndean, the place of my destination, was. There was something in the aspect of my friend's house as I approached that awoke a doubt as to whether the perfectly quiet evening I had reckoned upon should after all be my lot; and this doubt became a certainty, for I was speedily informed of a concert that was to be held up the village at Merchistoun Hall. Although not unacquainted with the dissimulation necessary to society, I could scarcely help betraying chagrin when told I must be one of the party. Had I then escaped the din of the London music-room for rustic chantings? Well, there was no help for it, and submission followed. "Why have you," I inquired on the road, "given your schoolroom"—for that was the only public building known to me in the parish—"such a grand name as Merchistoun Hall? What made you dub a place so redolent of corduroy with so sweet a title?" Before I could get an answer our trap was driven into park-like grounds, lighted up—the strip of a moon having quickly dropt after the sun—with lanthorns such as Dogberry carried on his rounds. We were saluted at the door of the mansion, for such it really was, by sounds from an organ pealing forth Mendelssohnian strains; and entering, I was not a little charmed to find that the drawing-room, in which the company was assembled, opened upon a music-room, at the end of which an organ towered, like an Assyrian idol, up to the roof. It sounded as noble as it looked imposing, and so admirably has Mr Hunter, the builder, made the dispositions that the tone, even at full force, never falls unpleasantly loud, much less overpoweringly, upon the ear of the listener. Upon this occasion Mr Pillow, the popular professor of the district, "touched" the three-decked instrument with excellent effect and ready skill. The following ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood performed a well-devised programme:—Mrs G. Prior, Mrs Wilson, Miss Ord, Miss Keeley, Miss Courteney, Misses Poate, Miss Antill; Mr J. W. Pillow and Mr J. D. Antill. The last-named gentleman sang "The Message" (Blumenthal) and a Hunting Song in capital style. Mr Antill has a manly and sympathetic tenor voice, which, judging by the enthusiasm it evoked, is held by his neighbours in high repute. His sister, Miss Antill, told "A Winter's Story" with touching pathos, each word being distinctly and naturally uttered, and each phase of sentiment truly embodied. The brother and sister, I am told, belong to a family, the occupiers of Merchistoun Hall, who are all, more or less, musical. Mrs Wilson, evidently suffering from a cold, bravely attacked songs pitched in a high key, and secured sympathy, if not unbounded admiration. A cyclopean basso banged away at the "Village Blacksmith," yet, strange to say, even he, when dwelling upon the Sunday theme, did not seem altogether unconscious of the tender emotions the churchyard calls up in the breast of him who has dear ones lying there. The rough exterior is sometimes linked to a somewhat gentle heart. The glees were sung with great spirit, the church choir assisting. Indeed, the concert was held "in aid of the church choir and cricket club." A strange combination some may say, but the worthy vicar, the Rev R. F. Maynard, perhaps does not see that innocent pastime is antagonistic to religious duty. Anyhow, the concert gave great satisfaction, and it was pleasant to hear a venerable Baronet, and great landowner, on leaving, say: "I like these meetings, they bring us all together."

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

Horndean, December 16th, 1882.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual Christmas concert by the pupils of this flourishing school of music took place on Friday evening, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr William Shakespeare. There was the usual complete orchestra of past and present students, seventy in all, while the chorus, of nearly 150 voices, consisted entirely, we believe, of young people at present running their academic course. The bringing together of such an array of performers, coupled with the executive merit made so abundantly manifest, was an achievement that reflected honour upon the institution over which Professor Macfarren presides. Moreover, it proved, whatever may be said on certain platforms, that all English students do not run abroad for a musical education, and that those who stay at home need not be forlorn of hope. Two compositions by pupils had a conspicuous place in the programme, and held that place by unquestionable right. They were a "Concertstück"—why this German word?—for pianoforte and orchestra, the work of Charles S. Macpherson, who played the solo; and a setting of Psalm 137 for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, from the pen of F. K. Hattersley (Balfe Scholar). With the weaknesses of these ambitious efforts we do not concern ourselves, but their merits demand and deserve acknowledgment. Each is in its way and degree effective; the real value of both lying, however, in their indication of ability which further training and experience will develop. The creative department of English music was never in a more hopeful state than now, and to the realization of its promise Messrs Macpherson and Hattersley may, if they choose, contribute. Only they must continue to work by the light of classic art, and not be tempted to follow the jack-o'-lanthorns that hover over swamps and bogs. In the first part of the programme the compositions just named were associated with the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Brahms' new pianoforte concerto in B flat, and Weber's song, "O Araby," *Oberon*. The solo part of the concerto was divided between Miss Margaret Gyde and Miss Annie Mukle, by each of whom it had obviously been well studied. Not less clearly had Mr Shakespeare made preparation of the work a labour of love. Yet the result, however commendable as regards the performers, failed, we think, to advance the concerto in favour. Masterly the music is, beyond question; but it is also uninspired, painfully elaborated, and dry. The song from *Oberon*, as sung by Miss Ehrenberg, made a "hit." The lady possesses a capital mezzo-soprano voice, and uses it like an artist. She should do good service in time. The second part was wholly taken up with Handel's *Ode for St Cecilia's Day*, given with a new organ accompaniment by W. Sewell (Novello scholar) who, the audience were assured, had discharged his task "with reverence

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for the author's design, and in emulation of the manner of his time." It is satisfactory to add that an effort made in the right spirit achieved a successful result. The ode was generally well performed under Mr Shakespeare's intelligent and sympathetic direction, the orchestra and chorus being particularly good, while the solos entrusted to Misses Hardy and Thudichum, Messrs Dyved Lewis and Courtice Pounds, enabled those young artists to make a very favourable impression.—*D. T.*

Subjoined is the programme:—

Overture, *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Concertstück (MS.), for pianoforte and orchestra (Charles S. Macpherson, student), Mr C. S Macpherson; Psalm CXXXVII. (MS.), for chorus, soprano solo, orchestra, and organ (F. K Hattersley, Balfe scholar), Solo, Miss Charlotte Thudichum; Concerto in B flat, No. 2, Op 83 or pianoforte and orchestra (Brahms), Miss Margaret Gyde (pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren) and Miss Annie Mukle (pupil of Mr Westlake); Song, "O Araby," *Oberon* (Weber), Fatima, Miss Alexander Ehrenberg; Ode For St. Cecilia's Day, Composed in 1789 (Handel, additional organ accompaniment by W. Sewell, Novello scholar), solos by Miss Kate Hardy, Miss Charlotte Thudichum, Mr Courtice Pounds, and Mr Dyved Lewis.

Mr William Shakespeare conducted.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 773.)

X.

Considering the constantly delicate state of his health, we find some difficulty in comprehending the astounding activity of which Cherubini gave at this epoch such manifold proofs. We see him, for instance, engaged, successively or simultaneously, on a number of different things which had no connection with each other, but merely prove to what a degree he was animated by an ardent and sincere love of his art, and how ready he always was to take any trouble when the glory and advantage of that art, which he so cherished, were at stake. Not only did he produce one after the other important works, not only did he write compositions more or less numerous having nothing to do with the stage, not only, as a professor at the Conservatory, did he take an interest in directing the works and studies of his pupils, but he was also the master-mind in the committees charged with planning and carrying out the excellent Methods of Instruction for the use of the establishment; while, lastly, we see him conducting likewise grand concerts in an important theatre, besides being entrusted with the direction of the musical performances at the grand national festivals which the Republican Government got up. Eager for work, always on the breach, truly indefatigable; in turn a composer, a theoretician, an orchestral conductor, and, if necessary—as we shall see presently—a polemical writer. How, we ask, could he satisfy so many demands on him and multiply himself in so prodigious a manner?

Not long after the production of *Epicure*, he assumed a portion of the artistic responsibility of a concert speculation, the concerts being given in the Théâtre Louvois, which then bore the name of the Théâtre des Troubadours. These concerts were thus announced in a class paper—the *Courrier des Spectacles*:*—

"*Manager's Office of the Théâtre des Troubadours.*—The public is informed that in the course of this month there will be given several concerts, in the execution of which Citizens Garat, Kreutzer, the Brothers Romberg, recently arrived in Paris, Citizeness Ribout, Dame Bertaut, and other distinguished artists will take part. The concerts will be under the immediate direction of Citizens Lefebvre, Cherubini, and Garat."

The first concert took place on the 14th Pluviôse (3rd February, 1801), and attracted a good audience; but, though the names of Garat and the two Rombergs, both remarkable virtuosos, appeared in the programme, the performance, as a whole, was not considered satisfactory; a second concert was given on the 26th, but without any great success, while a third, though announced, never came off. The enterprise died at its birth. Some months subsequently we find Cherubini taking part in the dispute which the inspectors of instruction at the Conservatory thought it their duty to sustain in the press with Lesueur, who spent his time in running down the institution, though he had formerly belonged to it. At any rate, the *Courrier des Spectacles* contains in connexion with this matter, in its number for the 27th Frimaire, Year X., a letter signed by Cherubini and his colleagues, Gossec, Méhul, and Martini. Cherubini also inserted in the same paper under the date of the 16th Pluviôse following, a long article in which he analyses Rameau's harmonic system while noticing Catel's *Traité d'harmonie*, which the author had just submitted to the special committee of the Conservatory. At the same time, he undertook with his two friends, Boieldieu and Jadin, the publication of a musical miscellany published by Mdme Duhan. This miscellany, which took the title of the *Journal d'Apollon*, appeared every fortnight, and was made up of French or Italian vocal pieces due exclusively to the three composers.† It was, also, shortly afterwards that Cherubini was mixed up in a commercial scheme started, doubtless, by several composers to defend their authors' rights, disregarded somewhat probably by the music-publishers. One thing, at any rate, is certain. Berton, Boieldieu, Nicolo, Méhul, Jadin, Kreutzer, and Cherubini combined to found a musical publishing firm in which they traded personally with their own works. The house was situated in the Rue Richelieu, then called the Rue de la Loi; it is the same which Boieldieu's younger brother afterwards took on his own account. The trade mark of the firm was a star with the name of one of the associated composers appearing between a couple of the rays.

Cherubini did not, however, give up the stage. He had produced nothing at the Opera since his first work, *Démophon*, was played there, but he now took advantage of an opportunity which presented itself. An obscure writer, named Mendouze, offered him the book of a two-act opera, *Anacréon, ou l'Amour fugitif*. Cherubini set it to music, and the new *Anacréon*, which came six years after Grétry's, made its appearance on our first lyric stage on the 11th Vendémiaire, Year XII. (4th October, 1803). It was not so fortunate as its elder, and, owing to the libretto, was well-nigh a total failure. Castil-Blaze thus speaks of it in his *Académie Impériale de Musique*:

"It was on a trick once played, long before our revolutions, by that sly rogue, Cupido, on the old troubadour of Teos, that two word-writers, Aignan and Mendouze,‡ knocked up a libretto for Cherubini. La Fontaine translated the ode, handing down the memory of this piece of perfidy.§ The Anacreontic libretto struck the public as very wearisome and icy cold. They received certain scenes, however, with transports of merriment, especially one in which Anacréon, when speaking to his favourite Odalisque, to ask her for something to drink, calls her: *Esclave intéressante*. For five minutes shouts of laughter prevented the actor from going on. Cherubini had a success, however, despite his unfortunate word-writers. . . . I will mention in Cherubini's *Anacréon*, the overture, which we still hear at the Conservatory; Corinne's air: 'Jeunes filles aux regards doux,' with its tender melody, graceful character, and forms so often imitated, and which has enjoyed the triple success of theatre, drawing-room, and school; 'De nos cœurs purs,' a harmonious and solemn quartet; and 'Dans ma verte et belle jeunesse,' a brilliantly effective and picturesque trio. The storm has taken its place among the most renowned specimens which have blustered on our stage from *Alcyone* to *Guillaume Tell*. When the '*Anacréon* Overture' was executed for the first time at the Philharmonic Concerts, London, the audience admired it so much that they insisted on hearing it three times." ‖

The interpreters of *Anacréon* were Laïs as the poet himself and the admirable Mdme Branchu as Corinne. Mdlle Jaunard enacted Venus, while to Mdme Gardel was entrusted the part, both a singing and dancing one, of Athenaïs. The *divertissements* were danced by Vestris, his wife, Mdmes Taglioni and Coulon. Despite this cast, and despite the real value of the music, the work fell not only beneath laughter, but—a fact not mentioned by Castil-Blaze—hisses.

"The music was considered agreeable," says Babault, in his *Annales Dramatiques*, "but sometimes a little too learned for the

* For the 6th Pluviôse, Year IX.

† Here is the advertisement of this publication inserted in the number of the *Courrier des Spectacles* for the 21st Germinal, Year X.: "*New Journal d'Apollon*, by Citizens Cherubini, Boieldieu, and Jadin.—This periodical will appear under the title of the *Journal d'Apollon*. It will contain new compositions by the three musicians; each will supply two a month, which, collected, will form six pieces, consisting alternately of French romances, rondeaux, duets, and airs, and Italian duets and cavatinas or canons for three or four voices. The first number will appear on the 1st Floréal next."

‡ I do not know that Castil-Blaze had any special information about Aignan, when he coupled his name with Mendouze's. Contemporaries mention only the latter.

§ The adorable little masterpiece called "L'Amour mouillé."

‖ *L'Académie impériale de Musique*, Vol II., pp. 92, 93.

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style of work. This opera was the first ever hissed at this theatre, and, in this respect, will mark an epoch."

The press was no less severe than the public, and as the work was not withdrawn from the repertory as soon as it wished, Geoffroy, never backward with his pen, exclaimed in the *Journal des Débats*: "The Théâtre des Arts¶ authoritatively upholds its *Anacréon* against the public, who thought the old debauchee, disguised as a hero, very wearisome and very ridiculous." Geoffroy was decidedly too impatient, for the career of *Anacréon* was short, being limited to a total of seven nights.

(To be continued.)

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTENHAM.—There are some most enjoyable concerts given every Saturday afternoon at the Montpelier Rotunda by Mr Pollock, which are well patronized by the residents and visitors. The concert under notice, which was the seventh of the series, was exceptionally good. Messrs Cecil Traherne and Ernest Cecil were the singers. They gave some ballads and duets, which, being frequently sung by them, have become associated with their names; among these were "Stay" and "The Time of Roses," ably rendered by the singers and admirably accompanied by the composer, Mdme Mina Gould. "Eyes" (a new duet by the same composer) and "Napoli," by Signor Tosti, pleased the audience immensely, judging from the hearty applause and unanimous "call" at the conclusion of each.

LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday, Dec. 19th, the Liverpool Philharmonic Society gave Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* with great success, the principal singers being Mdme Albani, Mdme Billinie Porter, Miss Damian, Mr Maas, and Mr Ludwig. Mr Max Bruch conducted.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—The first concert of this season in connection with the Middlesborough Musical Union was given on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, in the Temperance Hall. The singers were Miss José Sherrington, Messrs Henry Guy and Thurley Beale; the instrumentalists—Mrs Frost (harp), Mdlle Brousil (violin), and Mr J. A. Brousil (violoncello). The first part of the concert was devoted to Mr Prout's cantata, *Alfred*, the clever libretto to which is from the pen of Mr W. Grist, of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The performance throughout was eminently successful, the recitatives and solos being sung in a highly creditable manner. The choruses were well rendered, especially "Lift the Raven Standard High" (re-demanded). The singing of Miss Sherrington was admirable. Possessing one of the purest and most flexible of soprano voices, she gave the difficult passages of the soprano music with an ease and grace seldom equalled. In the second part Miss Sherrington sang "The Jewel Song" from *Faust* splendidly. The expression with which she rendered it will not easily be forgotten by those who heard her. Great praise is due to Mr Kilburn for the excellent way in which he conducted the orchestra.

RUGBY.—On Thursday evening, December the 14th, the Rugby Philharmonic Society held a concert at the Town Hall, when Handel's *Messiah* was given by a band and chorus numbering about 120, the band being reinforced by instrumentalists from Leicester and Leamington. The soloists were Miss Emily Paget, R.A.M., (who undertook the soprano music at a few hours' notice in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Clutterbuck), Mrs Steel (contralto), of Rugby, Mr G. Banks, (tenor) and Mr J. Smith (bass), of Peterborough Cathedral. The trumpet *obbligato* was admirably played by Mr A. Robinson, of Birmingham. The band under Herr Pettersson's leadership, played splendidly, and Mr E. Edward proved himself an able conductor. Miss Emily Lawrence presided at the (Estey) organ, and the performance altogether was a great success. The hall was densely crowded and many were unable to gain admission.

CORK.—The second concert of the Cork Orchestral Union was held on Tuesday afternoon, December 19th, in the Assembly Room. The attendance, though large and fashionable, was not as great as if the concert had been held in the evening; but the busy time of the year may account in a great measure for the slight falling off. The feature of this concert was the production of a Grand Fantaisie de Concert, and a better description of it could not be given than in the following: This "fantasia, or 'tone-picture,' is intended to represent musically the different incidents connected with a battle. In the middle part of the last century, a musician of some degree of ability, named Franz Kotzwara (who, for a period, resided in Cork), composed a piece entitled the 'Battle of Prague,' which was in much vogue among pianoforte players about fifty or sixty years a. o. The present fantasia is founded on the lines of Kotzwara's work, some of its themes being partly used as subjects. The orchestral score contains some brilliant effects, the 'attack' movement being specially vivid, while the peculiar discords in the slow movement (in F minor), combined with the wailing characteristics of the instrumentation, are made to represent the 'Regrets for the Slain.'" This work is the composition of Mr W. Ringrose Atkins, the talented conductor and director of the Union, and was selected by the "Alliance Musicale" of Paris and London as one of the four large works to be brought out in their journal for the present year. On the whole, the concert was a decided success, and reflects the greatest possible credit on Mr Atkins, who deserves the thanks of the music loving portion of the Cork people for enabling them to enjoy a treat in music so very seldom afforded even in larger and more important cities.—J. F. McC.

SOUTHSEA.—The attractive programme of the concert at the Portland Hall last week drew a fashionable audience. Miss Alice Roselli gave the famous aria, "Una voce poco fa" (*Il Barbiere*), with great effect, as well as the popular ballad, "Forget and Forgive." Mdme Enriquez, a general and deserved favourite wherever she sings, gave Pinsuti's "Heaven and Earth" with genuine expression, as well as Blumenthal's "When the House is still." Mr Santley delighted everyone. He was in excellent voice, gaining immense applause after "Gipsy John" and "Father O'Flynn." Mr W. H. Cummings sang Felicien David's "O ma maitresse," with genuine expression. Miss Kathleen O'Reilly was the pianist. She played Chopin's Fantasia, Op. 66, and the same composer's "Berceuse," both exceedingly well. Signor Napoleone Carozzi accompanied the songs like a thorough musician.

STRATFORD.—A full house, first-class artists, a capital programme, and an enthusiastic audience, may be accounted sufficient to justify a concert being designated successful. Each of these requirements was complied with at the second popular concert at the Town Hall on Thursday evening, December 14. The singers were Mdme Patey, Miss Mary Beare, Mdme Colletti, Mr Sidney Tower, and Mr Clive. It is almost superfluous to say that Mdme Patey was enthusiastically received, and that each of her songs was encored. Miss Mary Beare and Mdme Colletti (a pupil of Signor Schira) both made their appearance for the first time before a Stratford audience, and both succeeded in making a favourable impression. Both of Miss Beare's songs were applauded, every one appearing charmed with her clear voice and finished style. Bishop's favourite song, "Tell me, my heart," was exceedingly well sung, and she had to comply with an enthusiastic recall, when she sang "On the banks of Allan Water." Mdme Colletti was not fortunate enough to secure an encore, but her singing of a fine dramatic song, "Love lives for aye," by Signor Schira was, notwithstanding, exceedingly good. Mr Henry Parker, in the unavoidable absence of Mr Wilhelm Ganz, conducted.

PAULINE LUCCA ON HERR JANNER.—Speaking in Berlin of the terrible fire at the Ringtheater, Vienna, the popular Mdme Lucca said: "The manager, Herr Janner, is as innocent as anyone ever overtaken by an unexpected calamity; the Police wanted a scapegoat for their own shortcomings, and the manager had to be that scapegoat. In our Operahouse in Vienna I feel as confident as if I were in a fireproof safe.

MR BYRON has returned to his pleasant retirement in the mazes of Clapham-park—a little cautious regarding the fogs that have lately hung heavily over London and the suburbs, but otherwise in better health and spirits than he has been at any time since the commencement of his long indisposition. The public will be glad to learn that besides the comedy which he has written for the Vaudeville, the popular dramatist is at work on pieces for Mr J. S. Clarke and Mr Toole.

MDME ROSE HERSEE.—We are glad to inform our readers, who we are sure will be equally pleased to learn, that Mdme Rose Hersee, the popular "English *prima donna*," has recovered from the severe illness which has compelled her, since August, to relinquish all engagements. Mdme Hersee will sing for the first time since her convalescence, at Nottingham, on Tuesday next ("Boxing-day"), in *The Messiah*, with Mdme Trebelli and Mr Maas, and is engaged by Mr Gye for the Promenade Concerts at the Royal Italian Operahouse, Covent Garden, in January.

On leaving Berlin, Angelo Neumann's "*Nibelungen* Company" proceed to Amsterdam, where they open on the 2nd and conclude on the 15th January. They then visit the Hague, Rotterdam, Brussels, Antwerp, and Copenhagen, whence they go to Denmark and Sweden. In the spring they are to give four "Wagner Concerts" in Paris (in which theatre?—*Le Figaro*.)

¶ The name then borne by the Opera.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1883,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A major, Op. 93, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song (Miss Orridge); Polonaise, in F sharp minor, Op. 44, and Three Studies, Op. 25, Nos. 6, 8, 9, for pianoforte alone, by desire (Chopin)—Herr Pachmann.

PART II.—Sonata, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Boccherini)—Signor Piatti; Song (Miss Orridge); Sonata, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Herr Pachmann and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 23, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Septet, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarionet, bassoon, French horn, violoncello, and double bass (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, Hollander, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Song, "Let me wander not unseen" (Handel)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Barcarolle, in F sharp major, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdme Haas; Andante, in E major, and Scherzo, in A minor, posthumous, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Du bist wie eine Blume" (Rubinstein) and "Au Printemps" (Gounod)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Hungarian Dances, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Brahms and Joachim)—Herr Joachim and Mdme Haas.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

BIRTH.

On November 30th, at 3, Stanhope Place, Hyde Park, W., ANTOINETTE STERLING, the wife of John Mackinlay, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 17th, at 9, Belgrave Square, after a short illness, ESTHER MATILDA JOHNSTONE, niece of the late Catherine, Dowager Countess of Essex (Miss Stevens).

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON gave her farewell concert in New York on the 3rd inst., at the Steinway Hall. Hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission, and the receipts amounted to 6,000 dollars.

MDME ALBANI is expected to reach New York on the 9th January, and to sing at the Symphony Society's concert on the 12th. On the 19th she is to make her operatic *début* in Chicago.

MDME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY took part in a "Beethoven Festival" at Hanover, with the brilliant success to which she is accustomed.

BALFE'S anthem, "Save me, O God," was sung in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, at Evensong, for the first time there.

MR F. LEWIS THOMAS had the honour of performing a selection of music on the organ before H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, on Monday afternoon, the 18th. inst, at the residence of Sir Edward Scott, Bart., Sunbridge Park, Bromley.

MR AUGUST MANNS has gone to Glasgow, and does not return until February.

THOSE who have already in their possession the pianoforte and vocal scores of *The Sorcerer*, *H. M. Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *Patience*, may now enrich their library with *Iolanthe*, which has just been issued.

THE last Popular Concert for 1882 (20th of the pre-Christmas series) is announced for this afternoon. Joseph Joachim then leaves England to return in February and remain to the end of the 25th season (*Hoch!*)—only again, let us hope, to come back to England for the 26th.

THE last Crystal Palace concert, until February 10th, was given on Saturday last, conducted by Mr F. H. Cowen, whose "Scandinavian Symphony" was performed. A general view of the season thus far advanced is reserved for next week.

MR SERGEANT BALLANTINE arrived in New York on the 4th inst. It is hoped the distinguished Q.C. may give some lectures on theatrical life.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, *corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

Cambridge University.

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

[Bills for Candidates.]

Thursday, December 7, 1882. 2 to 5 p.m.

HARMONY.

I. Add an Alto and a Bass part to the following Melody. The score must consist of three parts only.

ABBEY. *The Scotch Pealter*, 1615.

II. Resolve the following chord (1) in the key of A minor, and (2) in that of D major.

Afterwards, by enharmonic change of notation, resolve the chord in at least six other keys. In every case let the progression be preceded and followed by suitable chords to complete the musical phrase.

III. Write parts for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor (each in its proper clef), according to the figuring, above the following Bass. Insert occasional passing notes in any of the parts. All discords except passing notes must be prepared. State, by number of the bars, where and into what keys the music modulates.

IV. Complete the accompaniment to the following melody by the addition of a part, for Viola, according to the figuring. The added part should consist mostly of quavers in arpeggio broken by occasional diatonic or chromatic passing notes, but one or two chords may be introduced if these can be played by "double-stopping." Mark the bowing. State, by number of the bars, where and into what keys the music modulates.

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V. Name the faults in the following strain :—

INSTRUMENTATION.

VI. What is the intended effect of the Quint Stop (10⅔ feet tone) in the Pedal Organ? And upon what acoustical phenomenon does that effect depend?

VII. In designing a modern Organ, is it desirable, or otherwise, to include a *Tierce* Stop? Give a reason for your answer.

VIII. Transcribe the following passages; 1, for a trumpet, 2, for a horn, naming the suitable crook for each.

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IX. Write the real notes of the following passage for violoncello:—

X. Write the real notes of the following passage for basset-horn. Also transpose the same into the key of E for the clarionet, choosing the appropriate clarionet. State from what work the extract is taken.

BASSET-HORN IN F.

CONCERTS.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—An event of interest to the friends of this institution took place at Burlington Hall on Saturday evening, when a concert, organized by the pupils, was given as a "setting" to the ceremony of presenting Mr Lansdowne Cottell, founder and principal, with a handsome testimonial in recognition of "his talent and the great attention bestowed by him upon each student individually." The hall was crowded by an audience quite in sympathy with the occasion, so that Mr H. Schlesinger, who made the presentation on behalf of 258 subscribers, had an easy task in creating the necessary amount of enthusiasm. Mr Schlesinger delivered a brief address, touching upon various abstract considerations in connection with music, but finding his audience more completely with him when extolling the merits of Mr Cottell. Two other gentlemen spoke to the same purpose, referring, likewise, to the position of a music school which, established in 1876, now contains a large number of students, some of whom, by an admirable arrangement, receive a free education. In response, Mr Cottell was satisfied to thank his friends, believing, perhaps, that anything more could best be done by the pupils themselves, who would show the measure of efficiency with which the work of the Conservatoire is carried on. The concert, as a note to the programme stated, was intended to represent "a lively manifestation of good-will rather than the classical element of the institution," and on the basis of this fact the students made a plea for indulgence. It may be that the request was superfluous, and, in any case, the audience entered heartily into the seasonable idea of a "lively manifestation of goodwill" by bestowing cordial, yet not indiscriminate, applause upon the performers. Such an occasion and such labours are not for criticism. The work done had widely various degrees of merit, some of it being advanced, some of it elementary, but every effort was tendered by the "simpleness and duty" on which Shakespeare's Athenian Duke set so great value, and this made it welcome. It is unnecessary to go into the details of a concert devoted to songs and light instrumental pieces. Enough if we indicate the features recognized as most worthy. Among these were Mr H. Colonieu's facile playing of a flute solo on airs from *Il Trovatore*; Mr George Sumpter's rendering of Liszt's wild transcription of the quartet in *Rigoletto*; the singing by Madame Aubrey of "O luce di quest' anima;" and, by Miss Emilie Conyngham, of Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark." The last-named made a very lively impression, justly traceable to a voice of more than average excellence, and to ability beyond common. D'Alquen's "In cellar cool" served Mr Alfred Hervey for the display of a genuine bass voice and a bold, manly style—merits recognized and rewarded by an encore. Among other students who attracted notice were Miss Blanche St Clair, Miss Thilemberg, and Mr T. A. Sisley. These all served to indicate the carrying on of vigorous work under Mr Cottell's supervision, while there were not wanting signs of a spirit of enterprise which will one day, perhaps, attempt the erection of a building for the use of the school.

MDME SAINTON'S ACADEMY.—Among the students' concerts usual at this season, the one given by the pupils of Mdme Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy always takes a conspicuous place on account of merit. There is reason to believe that the performance given in Steinway Hall on Thursday evening would have created even more than average satisfaction, but for the influences of our genial climate, which made such inroads upon the resources at Mdme Sainton's command that she thought fit to proffer an explanation. The audience, however, had little reason to complain. A long programme was set before them, and the standard of executive merit, having regard to the youth and inexperience of those engaged, deserved approval. Among the students who earned words of encouragement and praise were the Misses Walton, Willis, Lord, Killik, and Amy Carter. Several of these ladies had been heard before on one or more similar occasions, so that it was possible to note the satisfactory progress made under the care of their accomplished teacher. The first appearances were those of Miss Walton, who sang Costa's "Turn thee unto me" (*Eli*), and of Miss Willis, whose song was Handel's "Eyes cease from weeping." Criticism here would be out of place, but not so an injunction to persevere in a course entered upon under favourable and promising circumstances. Miss Lord, an American lady, with a fine, rich contralto voice, showed marked improvement in Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," and Miss Killik gave Mdme Sainton's favourite song, "I cannot forget," so well that she was called upon to repeat it. As for Miss Carter, who has long been one of the most hopeful students in the Academy, her rendering of Schubert's "Resting Place" and "The Post" was marked by qualities, both natural and acquired, that should one day become better known. It is pleasant thus to note the signs of merits in young aspirants; it will be still more agreeable to see the pupils working on assiduously, considering nothing done while anything remains to do. "Rome was not built in a day," and the making of a singer is in some respects a finer achievement than the raising of a city. Mdme Sainton was, as usual, assisted by several of her former pupils, those who rendered most valuable service being Miss Adela Vernon and Miss Hilda Coward. Mr Arnold, the talented violin pupil of M. Sainton, also attended, and played some Spanish Dances by Sarasate in capital style, obtaining an easy encore. Concerted music once more formed an attractive feature in the programme. The works presented were Smart's "Night sinks on the wave"; Mendelssohn's motet, "Laudate pueri"; Lassen's "O, holy night"—solo by Miss Coward, violin *obbligato* by Mr Arnold; the Spinning Chorus in *Der Fliegende Holländer* (encored); and Mackenzie's "Waken, waken." All these, conducted with much skill by M. Sainton, were given in a style so correct and refined that the pleasure of listening had no drawback. Mr Leipold presided at the pianoforte throughout the evening.—*D. T.*

TUFNELL PARK CHORAL SOCIETY.—Gade's *Psyche* was selected for performance by this society on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th, when the choral results justified the choice, and further demonstrated the value of such a musical body to dwellers in the north of London. It is no little benefit to have the newest and highest works of art brought to the neighbourhood for weekly practice, and public interpretation. The members, on the occasion under notice, showed, by precision and attack, as well as an intimacy with, and a mastery over the varied characteristics of the choruses, that they had paid close attention to the teachings of their able and indefatigable conductor, Mr W. Henry Thomas. Whatever may be the ultimate position of *Psyche*, whether it prove to be a piece, running for a brief season, and then laid for ever by, or become a standard work, time will reveal. But at present it certainly suffers no neglect, and should such befall it, the English translator will not be charged with failing to use the utmost efforts of his imagination to bring the mythological story exactly to suit the modern ethical palate. Might he not be charged rather with uncommon daring for placing *Psyche* in the "argument" to represent the human soul undergoing preparation for lasting happiness? Painters and sculptors, as well as poets, have conspired to put a very different complexion on the myth, and perhaps evangelical teachings tagged on the erotic fiction, are a little out of place. But however this may be, it is certain that "words" cannot kill music, or it would have been dead and buried long ago; and Gade's art is probably strong and bright enough to shine through verbal mists. In every page of the work refined taste, technical skill, and fluent expression are made manifest, but at the same time powerful feeling and dramatic force are not so readily detected. The fancy and judgment of the listener are appealed to more than the passion and emotion of the heart. There is nothing in it one could wish unsaid, but a great deal that might have been uttered with more marked emphasis. The musical student will, especially if he hears it with an orchestra, always find agreeable instruction, but the general public will scarcely be moved to enthusiasm. In the absence of a band Mr Frank L. Thomas presided at the pianoforte with commendable skill. The part of Psyche was rendered in a musicianly manner by Miss Margaret Hoare, who brought to the trying music not only the advantages of a cultivated voice, but also the perceptions of a true artist. Mr and Mrs Grylls imparted significance to

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the music allotted them, and Mr Fred. Partridge sang with ability, while Mr Lewis Thomas did excellent service. The chorus, as it has been already intimated, was altogether without reproach. In the second part of the programme Mendelssohn's setting of the "Forty-second psalm" was given, wherein the members of the Society again acquired distinction; neither should the singing of Miss Bailey and Miss Argent go unchronicled. Miss Bailey has a remarkably sweet voice, that needs only self-command to be heard in all its fulness. Mr George Cox, singing with great success, was awarded an encore. Gounod's Christmas Carlo *Bethlehem*, a novelty, was very heartily appreciated. At the close of the concert the conductor Mr W. Henry Thomas received an ovation.—S. Y.

Musical Artists' Society.—A critical audience assembled in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Dec. 16th, to decide on the merits of the new compositions produced under the auspices of the above Society. As on former occasions a judiciously-constructed programme afforded unmixed pleasure to the large gathering. First on the list was a "Toccata and Fugue" for the organ, composed by Mr E. H. Thorne, well executed by Mr E. H. Hawthorne. An effective ballad, "The Fisherwife," the composition of Miss Oliveria Prescott, the talented authoress of a series of articles on "Form and Design in Music," and other interesting works, followed, and was well "told" by Miss von Hennig, who, we understand, came forward at the last moment, the lady who had undertaken to sing it being unable to appear. Miss Prescott's ballad, accompanied by the composer, made a decided "hit." Mr J. Baptiste Calkin then presented six characteristic "Tone pictures," entitled "Youth and Age." As was to be expected from the sympathetic rendering by this clever composer the various "pictures" received adequate colouring, and the kaleidoscopic points showed distinctness and boldness of treatment that evoked considerable applause. Mr W. H. Holmes came next with a seasonable song, "Ah, help the poor," his appearance on the platform calling forth a spontaneous burst of applause. Mr Frank Holmes was the singer, but was evidently labouring under the disadvantage of a cold. Two pianoforte solos, by Mr Charles Gardner, "Deux Morceaux Caractéristiques," and "Impromptu in A flat," capitally rendered by Mr Henry Smith, evinced his musical faculty in an eminent degree. Mr George Gear was to the fore in "Sweet visions," sweetly sung by Miss Ellen Marchant, his second contribution being a tasteful setting of Moore's well-known words, "She is far from the land" (encored). A pianoforte solo, by Mr Arthur O'Leary, "Toccata in F major," was done full justice to by Miss Frances Smith, as, from its intrinsic merit, it deserved to be. A touching song by Mr Arthur Carnall was well sung by a young artist, Miss Amy F. Martin, followed by "The Children's Song," composed by Carr Moseley, specially well rendered by Miss Henden Warde. Undoubtedly the "*pièce de resistance*" of the evening was Mr Charles E. Stephen's "Grand Sonata" in A flat, for the pianoforte alone. On a first hearing we can safely affirm that, as a solid contribution to chamber music, the work is worthy the composer's reputation. The opening movement, *Allegro moderato*, showed remarkable power and independence of idea, and this remark, in an enhanced degree, holds good of the second, *Andante cantabile*. The third movement, *Scherzo vivace*, gave a marked degree of pleasure, the *finale* bringing the sonata to a brilliant conclusion amid the plaudits of the audience. It had a suitable executant in Miss Edith Goldsbro'. The concert ended with a contribution, *Overture Scherzo*, from the pen of Mr E. Aguilar, who performed his own work in masterly style, the merits of which were suitably acknowledged.—Wetstar.

Mr Isidore de Lara had the courage to give a "Vocal Recital" at Steinway Hall on Tuesday morning, Dec. 19th, at which he was the only executant. Stop! He had the assistance of Mrs Bernard Beere, assistance as valuable as it was agreeable, the accomplished lady reciting, in perfection, Tennyson's "May Queen" and Lord Lytton's "Portrait," as well as a clever piece by Mortimer Collins. The courage of Mr de Lara deserved the Victoria Cross, and he gained it—in the form of genuine and hearty applause from a large and sympathetic audience, chiefly composed of the fair sex, as our readers, no doubt, have guessed. We subjoin the programme, as a specimen of the variety of Mr de Lara's accomplishments as vocalist and composer:—

"O Jesu Salvator" (Leo); "To Chloe" (Sterndale Bennett); "Medje" (Gounod); "Only a Song," first time (De Lara); New Song, "Aprile," first time (Tosti); "'Tis all that I can say" (Hope Temple); "Bonjour Suson" (Faure); "Long Ago" (De Lara); "Some Night," "Oriental Serenade," Badoura, and "With Smiling and Weeping" (De Lara).

Mr and Mdme Bodda's concert, given, with the aid of their pupils, at the Marlborough Rooms, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 19, for the benefit of the "Frithville Memorial Home," was musically, and, we trust, it will also turn out financially, successful. It is difficult to single out among so many young students any one for special praise, as all did their "duties" *con amore*, heart and soul being evidently in their work. Suffice it that their excellent training was observable in the *morceaux d'ensemble*, and in many of the solos entrusted to them, especially in "Casta Diva" (*Norma*), sung by Miss Annie Lea, and "Caro nome" (*Rigoletto*), by Miss Emily Parkinson. The trio, "My Lady the Countess" (*Matrimonio Segreto*), was admirably sung, and capitally acted by Misses Annie Lea, Schofield, and Millard, all the young students singing with precision and consequent effect, Gounod's chorus, "O Handmaids of Irene," which brought the concert to a termination. Mr and Mdme Bodda alternately accompanied the singers, and must be warmly congratulated on their success.

Mdme Reeves' "Benefit Concert" took place at Morley Hall, Hackney, on Wednesday evening, December 13th, with the assistance of Misses Ella Lemmens and Ellen Marchant; Messrs Charles Manton, W. Phillips and Joseph Lynde, as singers, and Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte) as instrumentalist. The programme consisted principally of works by modern composers. Mdme Reeves played, with her pupil, Miss Hora, a pianoforte duet on airs from *Der Freischütz*, and sang "Robert toi que j'aime," and the duet "Parigi o cara" (*Traviata*), with Mr C. Manton, receiving the applause due to her merit both as pianist and vocalist. Miss Ella Lemmens, the charming young daughter of Mdme Sherrington, gave the waltz from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, and a song by Molloy, "Ringing the flower bells," with fluency and taste. Signor Tito Mattei played Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" and his own brilliant "Valse de concert" in capital style.

A concert was given last week at the "Bayswater Academy of Music" before a large and fashionable audience. The programme, carried out chiefly by pupils, commenced with an arrangement for eight hands of Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, capitally rendered by Mdmes Biggs and Winckworth, Misses Herschell and Langley, and concluded with Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor played by the professors, Dr Helbig, Herren Henkel and Schubert. Miss Rita Mandelson, a young and clever violinist, gave with effect solos by Liuk and Dancla, and Mrs Winckworth sang charmingly Braga's well-known "Serenade," (violin *obbligato*, Herr Henkel). Among the most effective vocal performances was the duet "Che soave zeffiretto," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the singers being Mdmes Reuben Green and Winckworth.

Leipsic.—The 3rd of April next will be the 40th anniversary of the Conservatory, which now numbers 403 pupils. Of these, 97 are natives of Saxony, ; 218 belong to other parts of Germany; 128 to the rest of Europe; and 57 to countries beyond sea. The number of male students is 199; of female 204, married and single. Of the 128 non-German students, 65 come from Great Britain and Ireland; 17, from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 15 from Switzerland; 12, from Austro-Hungary; 10, from Russia; 8, from the Netherlands; and 1, from Spain. Furthermore, of the female students, 50 are English; 12, Scandinavian: 6, Russian; 4, Swiss; 5, Dutch; 2, Austrian; and 1, Spanish. (Then Spaniards are the best judges.—Dr Bilge.)

Mrs Weldon and the Birmingham Festival.—The hearing of the case "Weldon *v* Jaffray," which was an action brought by Mrs Georgina Weldon, trading as the Musical and Art Association, Oxford Street, London, against Mr John Jaffray, chairman of the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee, was set down for hearing on Tuesday, at the Birmingham County Court, before Mr Motteram, Q.C., the judge. Plaintiff claimed £50 as damages for breach of contract, because of the committee excluding her from the recent musical festival. She made up this amount by claiming items for festival tickets, hotel expenses, railway fares to and from London, cab hire, and lastly, £27 18s. 6d. for loss of time and money which would have been paid to her in respect of various musical criticisms which she had arranged to write. As soon as the case was called, Mrs Weldon's solicitor announced that the plaintiff was ill in bed and could not attend, but that he had seen her that morning, and had induced her to accept the terms offered by the other side. He therefore asked leave to withdraw the case. This was assented to, and the case was accordingly struck out. It was understood that the plaintiff accepted the sum of £30 in full discharge of all claims. The Festival Committee excluded Mrs Weldon from the Town Hall at the performances of the *Redemption*, because they feared that a disturbance might be occasioned, or that her presence might in some manner affect the proceedings. This fear arose from Mrs Weldon's own writings and M. Gounod's feelings with regard to her. The plaintiff's husband had not been joined in the summons, but the Festival Committee determined not to take advantage of this technical objection.

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 9.

1787.

(Continued from page 773.)

The new year's Ode was composed for the first time by Mr William Parsons, who on the death of Mr Stanley in the preceding year, 1786, was appointed master of the King's band, and composer to his Majesty.

At the King's Theatre a new comic opera, called *Giannina Berdoni*, was performed on the 9th of January. The music was by Cimarosa. In this opera Signora Binini, a new *prima buffa*, appeared with success. Her voice was sweet, and she sang with great taste. She was encored in a rondo of great beauty. Cimarosa appears to have had great comic talent. The first *finale* is remarkably fine. On the 4th of March a new serious opera, entitled *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, was produced. The music was entirely by Handel, and selected from the various operas of that great master by Dr Arnold. Rubinelli sang the part assigned to him in a chaste and elegant style; and Mara delighted the audience in the air, "Dove sei." Rubinelli never sang with more *éclat* than in Handel's music. Two new performers, Signora Storace and Signor Morelli, who had been very popular in Vienna, made their first appearance on the 24th of April, in a new comic opera of Paesiello, called *Gli Schiavi per amore*. They were extremely successful. Signora Storace displayed a clear and powerful voice. She sang in a chaste and pleasing manner, and acted with great animation. Morelli's bass voice was of a fine rich and mellow quality, and his singing and acting were of the first order. They were vehemently applauded. Both the comic and serious opera were now perfect.

In the early part of January Mr Crosdill called on me, by desire of the subscribers, to engage me to take the place of Fischer, the celebrated oboe player, at the ladies' concerts, of which he, under the ladies' directresses, was the manager. The subscribers to these concerts were of the highest class, and were considered superior judges of music. On the first night I played a concerto on the oboe I was complimented by Lords Brudenell, Ashburnham, &c. At this time I lodged in the house of a silk-dyer in New Street, Covent Garden, which occasioned Crosdill pleasantly to observe to a friend, "It would prove an awkward thing if Parke should be wanted in a hurry, for he lives at the Poles!"

This year I became acquainted with Stuart, the well-known and admired portrait painter, who was infallible in his likenesses, though not equally remarkable for the elegance of his draperies. Sitting with him one evening at his house in New Burlington Street, he (who was a little enthusiastical, or pretended to be so), rising from his chair suddenly, exclaimed to me with great vehemence, "Sit still—don't stir for your life!" I stared at him with astonishment, thinking the man was mad, till, in a subdued tone, he added, "I beg your pardon, but your drapery, as you now sit, is very effective, and I wish to make a sketch of it before you move." A few days afterwards I dined at the house of the same artist with a large party; among whom were Mr T. Smith, a gentleman of fortune, and a very particular friend of mine, who had that day been sitting to Stuart for his portrait, and Mr Hall, the successor of that great artist Woollet, and the engraver of the fine prints, "The battle of the Boyne" and "Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament." These masterly productions, the engraving of which took up several years' labour, were finished on the day preceding our meeting, and, according to custom, the event was celebrated in the artist's gardens, by a discharge of cannon. At that period Mr Shield, the composer, myself, and two or three other friends belonging to the Opera House, had formed a sort of Saturday night's club at the Orange Coffee House in the Haymarket, where we supped after the play and the Italian Opera were ended. It happening, during dinner at Stuart's on Sunday, that I complained of headache, Mr Smith, who had known me ever since I was a boy, said to me in his good-natured and bantering way, "I observe that on Sundays you generally have the head-ache. How happens that?"—"Oh," said Stuart, "I will tell you. If a man's head comes in contact with a club over night, it may be expected that it will ache the next day." Stuart, who had studied under the celebrated historical painter, Benjamin West, acknowledged that his income had for several years averaged fifteen hundred pounds; notwithstanding this he could not contrive to make both ends meet. Therefore, in order to avoid impertinent creditors, he at length departed for North America, his native land. To form some idea of the style of expense of Stuart, it may only be necessary to state that he forgot to pay Fribourg of the Haymarket eighty pounds, which he was indebted to him for snuff only!

Having made a new engagement with Mr Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, by which I secured the privilege of playing at concerts, &c., I attended those of the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, in which his Royal Highness performed on the violoncello. The band consisted of Cramer, Crosdill, Parke (myself), Shield, Blake, Schroeter, and Waterhouse. Schroeter, who had retired from public practice, performed on the pianoforte on these occasions. His style, like his music, was expressive and elegant, and his execution was neat and rapid. He played in so graceful and quiet a manner that his fingers were scarcely seen to move. The admirable pianoforte player, Miss Guest, afterwards Mrs Miles, also played in a similar way.

The Sunday concerts, for which I was engaged, commenced on the 14th of January, at Lord Hampden's. Mrs Billington and Signor Rubinelli were the singers, and Cramer led the excellent band of the professional concert. In one of the overtures the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland performed. The two former on the violoncello, and the latter on the violin. The company on that occasion, which consisted of the flower of the nobility and gentry of England, amounted to at least four hundred persons; and the dresses of both ladies and gentlemen were elegant and splendid. There was, however, one gentleman present, most remarkable for the plainness of his costume, which, notwithstanding, eclipsed all the others in value. This was Count Woronzoff, the Russian ambassador, who appeared in a plain dress suite of puce-coloured cloth, the buttons of the whole of which (then worn very large) were covered with diamonds of the first water, as were his large Artois shoe-buckles, knee-buckles, and the button and loop of his chapeau bras. The sombre appearance of one part of his dress, contrasted with the brilliancy of the other, was extremely effective, and might be compared to one of the northern constellations on a clear winter night, with its stars glittering through the sable firmament. It was said that these elegant appendages were presented to Count Woronzoff by his royal mistress, the Empress Catherine.

(To be continued.)

St. Petersburgh.—The Russian Musical Society gave a special concert at the Conservatory the evening before Anton Rubinstein's birthday in honour of that event, Rubinstein being one of those who founded the Society. When he appeared in the vestibule with his Wife leaning on his arm, he was greeted with tumultuous cheering and conducted into the concert room, tastefully decorated for the occasion. In the middle of the orchestra stood his bust. The programme consisted exclusively of compositions from his pen. Professor Auer conducted.

Royal Academy of Music.—The competition for the Balfe Scholarship took place on Monday. The examiners were Messrs H. C. Bannister, Walter Macfarren, Alberto Randegger, Brinley Richards, E. Prout, Dr Steggall, and Professor Macfarren (chairman). The Scholarship was awarded to Charles K. Macpherson. The competition for the Westmorland Scholarship was held on the same day. The examiners were Messrs Frank R. Cox, Ettiore Fiori, Walter Macfarren, Alberto Randegger, and Professor Macfarren (chairman). The Scholarship was awarded to Miss Charlotte Thudichum.

Karl Eschmann.—"In the person of Johann Karl Eschmann, who died on October 27, Switzerland has lost a highly gifted musician and her most prolific 'master.' Eschmann came of a musical family. Early in the century his grandfather, Jacob, was a shoemaker at Schönenberg, with seven sons, all of whom played on some instrument or other. One became the conductor of an orchestra at Wädenswyl, another a pianist at Lausanne, two entered the French army as bandsmen. Two others became wandering musicians, and travelled with flute and fiddle over the greater part of Central and Southern Europe. One, Heinrich, after various vicissitudes, settled as a teacher of music at Winterthur, where was born to him on April 12, 1826, Johann Karl, the subject of this notice. The old man died only in October last, a few days before his son. Karl was trained to music from his earliest years, and in 1845, when his scholastic education was considered complete, he became a pupil in the Leipsic Conservatory, considered then the first music school in Europe. It was Eschmann's good fortune, while at Leipsic, to make the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and became one of his private pupils. His first composition was published in 1848, and was well received both by critics and the public. On his return from Germany Karl settled at Zurich, where, besides composing, he taught music and the theory and practice of composition. He afterwards removed to Winterthur, then to Schaffhausen; but in 1866 he returned to Zurich, where he died. He was highly successful as a teacher, and his published works exceed 90. The one by which he is best known, both at home and abroad, though not the most important, is his *Frühlingslieder Jugendbrevier*, which for 30 years has enjoyed a well-deserved popularity."—*Times (Geneva Correspondence.)*

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WAIFS.

Campanini, the well-known tenor, is at Milan.

Alexandre Dumas will spend the winter in Savona.

The Trieste Philharmonic Society is being re-organized.

Mdme Geistinger is "touring" through the United States.

Verdi's *Macbeth* was but coldly received at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Mdme Scalchi reached New York from Rio di Janeiro on the 24th ult.

Wagner's *Walküre* was lately given for the first time in Königsberg.

Mrs Osgood, returned from her provincial trip, is again in New York.

Armando Castelmary, the well-known bass singer, was lately in Milan.

Der Bettelstudent, a *buffo* opera, music by Millöcker, has been produced in Vienna.

The Italian opera company at Monte Video are having a prosperous season.

A new Choral Association, under the direction of Bazzini, is being organized in Milan.

Tschaikowsky, the Russian composer, is engaged on an opera to be entitled *Mazeppa*.

The artists engaged in Milan for the Liceo, Barcelona, have left for their destination.

The first of the new series of Popular Concerts in Brussels will be given early in January.

A new opera, *Flora MacDonald*, by John Urich, is announced for production in Bologna.

Etelka Gerster, with Sarasate and Leonhardt E. Bach, has given two concerts in Hamburgh.

Miss Madeleine Cronin, the talented young pianist, is passing the Christmas vacation in Paris.

The Pagliano, Pergola, and Goldoni Theatres, Florence, will open for opera this Carnival season.

Luigi Denza, the Neapolitan composer, has been made Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown.

The *Iolanthe* of Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert is drawing largely at the Standard Theatre, New York.

Mdlle Anna de Belocca has sung twice at Monte Carlo, on each occasion with extraordinary success.

Botto's *Mefistofele* will be produced in the early part of January at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

The Belgian violin virtuoso, Isaye, was applauded at the last concert of the Orchestral Association, Geneva.

Like the management of the Teatro Argentina, that of the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, has come to pecuniary grief.

It is stated that M. von Flotow has suddenly become blind, but there appears to be some doubt on the subject.

Widor is in negotiation with the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, for the composition of the music of a new ballet.

The Popular Concerts of Classical Music, under the direction of F. Nicolao, have been highly successful in Palermo.

The Vogls, man and wife, have re-appeared at the Theatre Royal, Munich, selecting for the purpose Wagner's *Siegfried*.

The Municipal Council have elected Brandes, hitherto a member of the operatic company, director of the Stadttheater, Breslau.

The Municipality of Valparaiso have voted the erection of a new Theatre, capable of holding 2,000 persons at an outlay of £70,000.

Mdme Fursch-Madi made her first appearance at the New York Academy of Music on the 1st inst., the opera being *Les Huguenots*.

Sarasate, it is said, will not visit America unless he is guaranteed 500 dollars a concert. (Sarasate likes the "Spanish."—Dr Blidge.)

An Armenian operatic company are giving performances at the Theatre in Smyrna; they will be succeeded by an Italian company.

Giribaldi's three operas, *Parisina*, *Manfredi di Svevia*, and *Ines de Castro*, are to be produced next season at the Politeama, Buenos Ayres.

Robert Schumann's *Genoveva* has been produced for the first time in Rotterdam by Carl Pflägling's German company and favourably received.

The season at the Teatro Regio, Turin, will be inaugurated with Wagner's *Rienzi*, the Italian version of the book being furnished by Arrigo Boito.

Emma Borghi-Mamo, requiring repose after the fatigue of the long season at Buenos Ayres, has declined an engagement at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Grau's company opened at the Teatro Tacon, Havannah, with *Mignon*, Mdlle Privat sustaining the title-part, and Capoul that of Wilhelm Meister.

Mdme Minnie Hauk has made a very successful tour in Canada. She was to appear on the 4th inst. at the New York Academy of Music in *Carmen*.

Nessler's new opera, *Der Wilde Jäger*, has been produced in Strassburgh; the second act was applauded; the others met with but moderate success.

Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, with the Sarda-De-Bassini couple in the leading parts, will be performed during the Carnival at the Teatro Rossini, Venice.

Marzini, who died recently at Vercelli, has left the annual sum of 2,000 lire to be added to that voted by the Municipality for the winter theatrical season.

Pauline Lucca chose for her second character at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Catharina in Götz's *Bezähmte Widerspenstige*, in which she was applauded to the echo.

At the meeting of the Netherlandish Society of St Gregory (Maestricht) thirty pieces of sacred music dating from the 15th and 16th centuries, will be performed in St Thomas's Church.

Brun, a "lyric and acting tenor," from the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, will sing for a limited number of nights, with a view to a permanent engagement, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Herr Leschetizky, the Viennese pianist, will, next month, undertake a concert-tour, in the course of which he will visit Leipsic, Bremen, Wiesbaden, Strassburgh, Cassel, and Mannheim.

The first Patti operatic *Matinée* on the 2nd inst., at the New York Academy of Music, took place before the largest audience ever known in that building. The opera was *La Traviata*.

The medal presented in 1834 by the Decurional Council, Geneva, to Paganini, has again come into the possession of the Municipality and been placed in the same case as the renowned artist's violin.

Lo Bianco's new carol, "The Christmas Message," just published by Novello & Co., will be welcomed wherever Christmas carols are sung. Easy, bright, and effective, it cannot fail to be a favourite.

The Vaudeville Theatre is not to be so exclusively given up to old English comedy as might be inferred from its recent productions. The next piece to be brought out is a new and original comedy-drama from the pen of Mr Byron.

Battistini, the barytone, who returned only a short time since from Rio Janeiro, received by telegraph an offer from New York, but was forced to decline it in consequence of previous engagements for Madrid and London.

Mdme Colletti (a pupil of Signor Schira) made her *début* at a concert given at the Town Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, on Thursday evening, December 14th. She possesses a soprano voice eminently suited for dramatic music, as was apparent in her rendering of Signor Schira's fine song, "Love lives for aye." Mdme Colletti is likely often to be heard in our London Concerts during the ensuing season. The refinement of her style and the beautiful quality of her voice being sure to command attention.

Miss Frederica Jennings, a pupil of Professor Goldberg at the Royal Academy of Music, made her first appearance at the vocal and instrumental concert, which took place on Friday the 1st December, under the direction of Mr Manns, at the Crystal Palace. She sang Mr Dudley Buck's "When the heart is young," and Mr F. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side," with decided success. Miss Jennings possesses a powerful and clear toned voice, well adapted for the soprano music in oratorios.

Messrs Puttick and Simpson last month sold by auction at their rooms in Leicester Square the orchestral music of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The prices realized were as a rule moderate. For the various relics the bidding was more brisk. The principal lots were as follows:—Crotch's *Palestine*, manuscript full score, the only copy known—the original score is in the British Museum; £5 5s. (Littleton.) Handel's pitch-pipe, £13 10s. (Edward and Sons.) The Chairman or President's Hammer of the Sacred Harmonic Society, made of oak taken from near Shakspere's tomb, silver mounted, with inscription, £3 10s. (Birens). Bronze statuette of Handel, after the celebrated work of Roubilliac, executed by Messrs Elkington, 22 inches high, £25 10s. (Edward and Sons). A set of 30 chromatic bells, 2 1-5 octaves, with pianoforte action, in iron and walnut-wood case, £8 15s. (Beck). A Broadwood rosewood grand pianoforte, 6¾ octaves, £10. (Bigmore). Messrs Edward and Sons who were acting for Mr George Mence Smith (a member of the Society), purchased the relics with the intention of presenting the statuette to E. H. Mannering, Esq., the honorary secretary of the Sacred Harmonic Society, as a memorial of long and pleasant musical association. The pitch-pipe, bought for the same gentleman, is especially interesting as evidence of the difference of pitch between Handel's time (1759) and the present.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

(Continued from page 795.)

The three Quartet Societies of Hellmesberger, Grün, and Radnitzky, commenced their subscription concerts successfully and in quick succession. Herr Hellmesberger and his colleagues are now definitively settled in the large room of the Musical Association, which they formerly used only exceptionally and, as it were, by way of experiment. Some months ago, on the occasion of such an exceptional experiment in the large room, we spoke of the evils connected with the use of so spacious a locality for a stringed quartet. Herr Hellmesberger is as well aware of them as we are, but was compelled by imperative reasons to make the best of them. The "precautionary measures" against fire, now being carried out with such passionate zeal, have so seriously decimated the rows of stalls in the small room that Herr Hellmesberger could no longer accommodate many who had for years been subscribers to his Quartets. The only thing was to remove to the large room. It was then once more proved that from evil there is always a small outcome of good. Numerous persons who had been unable to brave the fearful heat and throng in the small room, which was always crowded to excess, put themselves down as new subscribers. Something of the exquisitely delicate filigree work and cosy intimacy of the old concerts is lost, but, on the other hand, the audience can enjoy what is offered them, without being bathed in perspiration, crushed, and knocked about.

The second of Herr Th. Kretschmann's Afternoon Orchestral Concerts took place in the Ehrbar Room before a closely-packed audience. A "Sinfonietta" by H. Grädener was much applauded, while a Trio (for wind instruments) of Beethoven's, played in a masterly fashion by three members of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, was received with absolute enthusiasm. Here, again, we had to do with an arrangement of which something ought at least to have been said in the programme. Beethoven's Trio, Op. 87 (dating from the year 1794), is written for two oboes and an English horn; at Ehrbar's it was played by an oboe, a clarinet, and a bassoon. As a matter of course, it is impossible to obtain from a clarinet and a bassoon precisely the same effects which Beethoven expected and wished to obtain from instruments of such a different character as the oboe and English horn. We hope that C. M. von Weber's Concerto promised in the programme will be given on a future occasion; the best of that master's clarinet-compositions, most unjustly forgotten, ought to obtain for so admirable a clarinet-virtuoso as Herr Syrinck more applause than all the modern literature of this instrument.

The second Philharmonic Concert opened with Beethoven's "*Coriolanus* overture," and closed with Schumann's Symphony in B flat major—both performed with admirable precision, most delicate finish, and spirited dash. We cannot, however, suppress a modest doubt with regard to two peculiarities, conspicuous not only at the present but at the preceding concert, in Herr Jahn's mode of conducting. The first is the frequent practice, as in the "*Coriolanus* overture," of pushing the piano and pianissimo to the extreme limits of the audible, and the second, the much too rapid *tempi* which prevailed in Schumann's symphony. One indisputable merit in Jahn is the discretion he manifests when accompanying operatic singing, but even a good, sound thing may be exaggerated, as we have frequently seen exemplified of late by the orchestra pianissimo at the Operahouse, where we feel almost inclined to ask why so many violins are told off to do the work. Where no allowance is to be made for the singer the instruments have to accompany, the objection against this violin whispering becomes stronger, and the grounds for its justification less. With regard to the second point, we are not fond of entering into a dispute as to any divergence from the correct time, that is, from the time that appears correct *to us* and has tradition on its side. This, save in the case of an indisputable mistake, is a delicate point. Of two equally good musicians, one will conceive and feel the same composition somewhat slower or quicker than the other. When criticism appears in print with its complaints, the fact can, in the first place, no longer be verified, and, if it could, there would be wanting a judge competent to decide the question. In such instances the critic can rarely do more than express his own individual feeling. If the *tempi* in Schumann's symphony struck me as somewhat too quick generally, and in the Scherzo even as much too quick, I can at least give Schumann himself as my authority, for the first time I heard the Symphony he himself conducted, and took it decidedly more slowly. For every one not thoroughly conversant with the work some of the most charming details in the first and last movement were, on the present occasion, lost; in the Scherzo it was not the details but the sturdy and vigorous character of the whole piece which suffered from the exaggeration of the time. Herr W. von Pachmann, the pianist, so well known from his last year's concerts, played Mozart's D minor Concerto with fine tone, perfect execution, and delicate (in the Adagio perhaps a little too delicate) feeling. The applause was boisterous and well deserved. Finally, a hearty reception was accorded to three "Legends" by Anton Dvorak. These "Legends," ten in number, appeared originally as Four-Handed Pianoforte Pieces, and it was not till subsequently that they were scored by the composer. They are some of the most charming pianoforte pieces since Schumann's time; any one called on to select the three most beautiful for performance would find his task rather a difficult one. The Philharmonicans chose No. 2 (G major), No. 5 (A flat major), and No. 6 (C sharp minor), playing all three with thorough delicacy and melodious charm. The instrumentation is bloomy, characteristic, and most purely harmonious. Dvorak has here chosen and blended the most beautiful colours, only there are perhaps too many. The "Legends" are little pictures complete in themselves and as such struck me as more pleasing and more eloquent in their plain old frame than when decked out in gorgeous-coloured orchestral ornaments. What they gain by the latter in brilliancy they lose in homogeneousness of character; however, they form a highly desirable addition to the programme of orchestral concerts. Let me here call the attention of conductors at concerts to Dvorak's Overture, which has just appeared, "Mein Heim," (Op. 62), a fresh, grateful, and effective orchestral piece. The composer has employed as motives two Bohemian Folk's-Song's; with the text of the first, which is almost extravagantly cheerful, I am not acquainted; that of the second and more sentimental is universally known under the title "Kde domóv muj?" ("Wo ist mein Heim?"—"Where is my home?"). It is not necessary, however, to be familiar with the text and import of the two melodies (which are not even mentioned in the score), nor either to know or appreciate Sclavonian, to feel delighted with this composition. Had it not been written long before Brahms' "Akademische Ouvertüre," no one could help supposing that the above clever utilization of popular students' songs had served Dvorak—who is so enthusiastic an admirer of Brahms—as a model. It is with great satisfaction that we learn from foreign musical periodicals that Dvorak's orchestral and chamber music has obtained a firm footing in Germany and England, as well as in Austria. Dresden and Hamburgh have been before us in performing his comic opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, and even Pesth and Brünn in doing the same for his *Stabat Mater*. We can easily understand, however, that at a period like ours—musically unproductive as a rule, and in what it does produce reflective and fond of insignificant subtleties—fresh, natural, and original talent like Dvorak's must everywhere produce a most delightful impression. Dvorak may still want the highest qualities of a great composer, but he possesses the quality which is now-a-days rarer than any other—*Naïveté*.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* is in rehearsal at the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen.

SAINT-RAPHAËL.—The Municipal Council have named a street after Charles Gounod. It was at an hotel here that Gounod composed *Roméo et Juliette*, and the piano on which he preluded before sitting down to his task pen in hand is religiously preserved.

WIESBADEN.—After an absence of about six years from this, his native town, August Wilhelmj has again played here, taking part in a concert at the Kurhaus. He was enthusiastically received, the audience rising as soon as they perceived him on the platform and the band greeting him with a flourish. He played Max Bruch's first Violin Concerto and a "Polonaise" by Laub. R. Niemann, from Hamburgh, was the pianist. The orchestral pieces consisted of Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, and an overture to *Hamlet* by Stadtfeld, a local composer. The concert-room was lighted for the first time by electricity.

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PIANOFORTE PLAYING DURING FIFTY YEARS PAST.

II.

A RECOLLECTION OF MENDELSSOHN.

A note is before me running thus:—"*My dear W——, I hope you don't forget that we wish to see you all the Sunday evenings that you can spare.—Adelaide Sartoris.*" It is without date, but I am able to supply the omission, which marks an interesting event. It was at the beginning of 1844. Most musicians know that when Adelaide Kemble, younger daughter of Charles Kemble, married Mr Frederick Sartoris and retired into private life, she did not sever herself from those attached professional friends her brief but highly successful career had collected around her. Her Sunday evenings were delightful *réunions*, and those present usually came away with some ineffaceable recollection. Such an evening was the third Sunday in June, 1844, few of those who assisted at which are, to my knowledge, surviving. One particular guest made the occasion especially commemorable. Mendelssohn was there, with all that fascination of manner and singular kindness of nature which distinguished him. The Rev. Sydney Smith was also present, brimming over with good-natured jokes, yet still an attentive and enthusiastic listener. One of the singers specially invited had but recently made a very successful first appearance with the hostess, as Oroveso in *Norma*, and his fine voice was the theme of universal commendation. Young Weiss, fresh from the pupilage of Balfe, was conspicuous not only by his height but by his amiable and unaffected manners. There were also several distinguished noblemen, and among them Sir Robert Peel, who listened to every note Mendelssohn played with a rapture that was unmistakable. In 1844 Mendelssohn was at the zenith of his fame, exciting the greatest enthusiasm wherever he appeared. Delighted with his reception in England he has on several occasions described his satisfaction. * * * * * * The recollection of his pianoforte playing will ever be a happy memory to all who heard him, but the remembrance of an evening like the one I am trying to describe had something in it even more noteworthy.

Mdme Sartoris had sung from memory a Scotch ballad (she was celebrated for her singing of such music)—one that was new to Mendelssohn, who was so delighted with her unaffected delivery that he at once expressed a desire to hear it again, and to play an accompaniment on the pianoforte. When the song was over, he continued to sit at the pianoforte, the melody of this simple ballad evidently haunting him. Some one—I think it was Sir Robert Peel—longed to hear Mendelssohn extemporize, and those grouped around the piano warmly seconded the request. At first Mendelssohn hesitated, his more intimate friends knowing how great a mental effort such exhibitions entailed upon him, and he, perhaps, not altogether unmindful of the many exacting works at that time occupying his attention.* When, however, Mdme Sartoris taking his hand, and, looking in his face, said "Do," his resistance gave way, and he took for his theme the Scotch song his hostess had just sung. I am not equal to the task of describing how this wonderful man played, but the result was such that no one hearing it could ever forget. At first, his harmonies to the melody were simple enough, and the modulations to which he submitted it equally unstrained. He soon, however, made it the theme of a fugue, which, being elaborately worked out, he dashed off with extraordinary vigour a series of variations baffling description. Their effect upon his audience could be seen by the changing expressions in every face, and the great Minister I have named was even affected to tears. The intensity of the player's gaze, more particularly as he approached the climax, was painful to witness. His eyes appeared twice their natural size, and his excitement was plainly shown in the expression of his face. He had gone through twenty minutes of the most trying brain work, accompanied with a corresponding amount of exhaustion.

I can hardly imagine a finer subject for a picture than that splendidly expressive countenance, eagerly gazed at by a crowd of attentive listeners, entranced by the genius of this marvellously gifted tone-painter. "The Extempore Player" is well worthy of the artist's pencil; but the musical grandeur of the scene can only be recalled as the vague impression of an inspired moment.

PHOSPHOR (*of the "Brighton Guardian."*)

* He was conductor of the Philharmonic Society of London during May and June, 1844, and himself played Beethoven's G Major Concerto on the 24th June; he also conducted *St Paul* at the Sacred Harmonic Society, and wrote the overture to *Athalie*, together with other important works.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Owing to the presence of Herr Joachim and for other reasons, the first half of Mr Chappell's season has been unusually interesting and successful. It came to an end on Saturday last, but before noticing what was then done, some attention may fittingly be given to the work of the previous Monday, so full was it of cause for satisfaction. The concerted music played on that occasion was Beethoven's string quartet in F minor (Op. 95) and Mozart's pianoforte quartet in G minor. These must have been familiar to the audience, as they are to connoisseurs generally, and it can hardly be needful to descant upon the manner of their performance under the lead of Herr Joachim. Let it suffice to say—in saying it how much is implied!—that the rendering was worthy of its text, and that the artists were worthy of the composers. The pianist was Herr Pachmann, a Russian virtuoso, who, as amateurs cannot have forgotten, paid us a visit last season, and made a decided success with the exacting music of Chopin. Herr Pachmann drew this time upon the works which suit him best, and introduced six of the Polish master's studies, four of which were heard at these concerts for the first time. The artist again asserted his special sympathy with Chopin, into whose spirit he appears to enter easily, and of whose utterance he possesses a real mastery. In études we, of course, expect to find manipulative skill predominant, nor did Herr Pachmann fail to gratify those who looked for it. His execution of No. 6, a study in double notes for one hand and wide extensions for the other, was most brilliantly played and had to be repeated at the demand of the audience. No. 9 gave opportunity for another *tour de force*, which met with like success. The good fortune of the artist was, in short, complete, and Herr Pachmann, with Chopin in hand, will always be welcome at the Popular Concerts. Herr Joachim's violin solo was the Barcarolle and Scherzo from Spohr's "Twelve Salon Duets," which he brings forward from time to time, always with acceptance. The two movements were played on this occasion as exquisitely as ever. In their performance, indeed, there seemed to be no flaw for the keenest hypercriticism to detect. That Herr Joachim was much applauded and compelled to play again will be assumed. Miss Santley's charming talent had ample scope in Gounod's "Au Rossignol," and two songs, "Ye cupids droop each little head," and "Semper Fidelio," from the pen of Miss Maude V. White, who accompanied on the pianoforte. Whatever Miss Santley attempts is well done, and, whether in the luscious strains of Gounod or the thoughtful and refined music of her young countrywoman, she displayed pure taste and artistic method. "Semper Fidelio," the words of which are by Marion Chappell, was encored and repeated.

The programme of Saturday's concert opened with a work always welcomed as a *bonne bouche* by Mr Chappell's public. We refer to Beethoven's Septet; which was perfectly played by MM. Joachim, Hollander, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; and received with a heartiness of admiration as complete as the veriest fanatic for Beethoven could desire. The second concerted work—Mendelssohn's posthumous Andante and Scherzo for strings—was heard on this occasion for the fourteenth time, and for the fourteenth time the characteristic Scherzo, so brilliant with its composer's sparkling fancy, gave unqualified delight. A selection from Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," as arranged by Herr Joachim for violin and piano, enabled that artist, with Mdme Haas, to win another frank success, while the lady just named essayed Chopin's Barcarolle in F sharp major with fair if not complete success. Miss Carlotta Elliott was once more a very acceptable vocalist. The concerts will be resumed on Monday, Jan. 8, when Mdme Neruda will lead the quartet and Herr Pachmann will again play a selection from Chopin.—*D. T.*

NEW MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.—The authorities of Trinity College, London, have just completed the details of a new Open Scholarship in Music, to be named the "Henry Smart Scholarship," in memory of the late distinguished musician, who was a member of the College Council and an Examiner to the Board up to the date of his death. The scholarship will be open to all comers of either sex under conditions of competition which the Secretary of the College is ready to furnish to applicants, and will entitle the holder to a three years course of training in the organ, pianoforte, and the higher branches of musicianship, preparatory to the professional diploma of the College and to a musical degree at one of the Universities.

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CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 799.)

As the reader may suppose, the blow was a heavy one for Cherubini, accustomed to greater consideration on the part of the public. Consequently, while Geoffroy complained that *Anacréon* was played too long, Cherubini protested against the performances being stopped, as may be seen by the analysis of a letter, the destined recipient of which I do not know, but which was evidently aimed at Morel, then manager of the Opera:

"Autographic letter, no date, referring to the suspension of the performances of his opera, *Anacréon*, which had not been in the bills for a fortnight. . . . He believed he had enemies at the Opera, but had never done his correspondent the wrong of considering him one of their number. . . Under the old system, an author had a right to insist on his piece being performed as long as the receipts did not fall below 1,200 francs."*

It is undoubtedly to the same period that we must assign a letter addressed by Cherubini to Bouilly, and which also I have tracked out in a catalogue of autographs. It is dated, but incompletely: "Monday, 17th Vendémiaire," and is thus mentioned:

"He begs him to hurry on with the book the writer is to set for Feydeau. It is absolutely necessary your piece must avenge me for the one I brought out at the Opera . . . . at Feydeau I have not to fear the infernal clique, so inveterate against everything emanating from those who belong to the Conservatory."†

I have said the date of this letter is "Monday, 17th Vendémiaire." Now the reader will recollect that *Anacréon* was brought out on the 17th Vendémiaire, Year XII. It strikes me, therefore, as certain that it was while smarting under the failure of the work in question that Cherubini wrote Bouilly the lines which the reader has just perused, and it was evidently then that Bouilly showed him the book of a comic opera entitled *Les Arrêts*, in reference to which I find, under the date of 1804, the following notice in Cherubini's Catalogue:

"An air to stanzas, treated in two different manners, from the opera of *Les Arrêts*; I began this work but did not complete it."

Cherubini does not say that the libretto of *Les Arrêts* was by Bouilly, but chance took upon itself to acquaint me that such was the case. While consulting and summarizing, two years ago, all Herold's papers, liberally placed at my disposal by that great man's son, to assist me in an important work I was undertaking on his father, I came across the trace of a libretto for a comic opera, with this very title, *Les Arrêts*, and which, after it had been refused by another composer, Bouilly had given to Herold, for the latter to set. It passed, therefore, through the hands of three musicians, and was not used by any one of them after all.

Fourteen months, however, subsequently to the production of his *Anacréon* there, Cherubini re-appeared at the Opera, but this time with a ballet, *Achille à Scyros*, which proved a brilliant success. The scenarium, arranged for three acts, was by Pierre Gardel, and the work, in the execution of which Duport, Gardel, Aumer, Milon, Mesdes Saulnier, Bigottini, and Vestris, took part, was given for the first time on the 27th Frimaire, Year XIII. (18th December, 1804). What remains of the score of *Achille* is a symphonic piece, the "Bacchanal" of the first act, superb in structure and of prodigious effect. Cherubini's music was certainly not without influence on the excellent reception accorded the ballet, the success of which was long-continued, the work being twice revived, once in 1812 and once in 1819.

It was at this period that Cherubini received an offer to go to Vienna and compose the music of two Italian operas for the Imperial Kärnthnerthor Theater, where his opera of *Lodoïska* was to be previously brought out under his own direction. He accepted the terms proposed, and, on the 26th June, 1805, left Paris for the Austrian capital, taking with him his wife and youngest daughter, then aged only three months.

I here conclude the first part of this essay. Cherubini's active career as a dramatic composer was well nigh finished in France at the period we have reached, and we shall have to analyse only a few more works by him in this capacity. But we shall have to consider the admirable things he wrote in the way of sacred music, we shall soon see him director of the Conservatory, and it will be my task to show him in private life, which I shall do with the help of very copious and highly interesting correspondence kindly entrusted to me. In a short time I shall begin the second part of the essay, starting from Cherubini's journey to Vienna and the production of *Faniska* and I trust the readers of the *Ménestrel* will continue the kind indulgence they have hitherto been good enough to manifest towards me in connection with this important work.

ARTHUR POUGIN.

(To be continued.)

* *Catalogue of a collection of autographs, which will be sold by auction on the 30th and 31st March*, 1863.—Paris, Laverdet, 1863, 8vo.

It is at the time of the performances of *Anacréon*, that is under the date of the 18th Vendémiaire, Year XII., that I find this note in the *Courrier des Spectacles*: "MM. Méhul and Cherubini, on the report of the Director of the Conservatory, were exempted from giving lessons in that institution, as they were *specially charged with beating time* at the national concerts and festivals."

† *Catalogue Solcinne; autographes*, p. 19.

SIGNOR ROSSINI'S

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Sinfonia, "Gazza Ladra" ..... *Rossini*
Duetto, "Della Casa"—M. and Madame Ronzi de Begnis *Generali*
Quartetto, "Vedi come esulta"—Madame C. Rossini, Madame Caradori, Signor Garcia, and Signor Curioni ..... *Rossini*
Sestetto, "E Palesse"—Madame Caradori, Madame C. Rossini, Signor Curioni, Signor Placci, Signor Remouni, and Signor Benetti ..... *Rossini*
Cavatina, "Quell istante"—Madame Catalani ..... *Rossini*
Duetto, "Un se puoi"—Madame Pasta and Signor Curioni *Rossini*
Cavatina, "Di Piacer"—Madame Caradori ..... *Rossini*
Duetto, "Se fiate in corpo aveta"—Madame Catalani and Signor Rossini ..... *Cimarosa*

PART THE SECOND.

Sinfonie, "Tancredi" ..... *Rossini*
Terzetto, "Cruda Sorte"—Madame Catalani, Madame Vestris, and Signor Garcia ..... *Rossini*
Aria—Madame Pasta ..... *Zingarelli*
Terzetto, "In questo estremo"—Madame C. Rossini, Madame Pasta, and Signor Garcia ..... *Rossini*
Aria, "Pensa a la Patria"—Madame Catalani, with Chorus ..... *Rossini*
Duetto, "Ebben per mia"—Madame Caradori and Madame Vestris ..... *Rossini*
Cavatine, "Figaro"—Signor Rossini ..... *Rossini*
Terzetto, "Giuro alla terra"—Signor Garcia, Signor Remorini, and Signor Benetti ..... *Guglielmi*

To begin at nine o'clock.

Tickets, 3 guineas each, to be had of the Lady Patronesses of Almack's—only application with name and address to be sent to Almack's Rooms, St James.

The public not responding to the charge of 3 guineas, it was reduced to 2.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The Mayor of Liverpool has received a letter from the honorary secretary of the Royal College of Music, in which Mr Morby says provision has been made for scholarships of two classes. First, a scholarship may be founded by the payment of £2,500, bearing any name which may be preferred by the founder, and providing education in the college and maintenance for one pupil in perpetuity. These scholarships maintain the principle of the college, namely, free education obtainable by open competition among all classes of her Majesty's subjects. The other form of scholarship is founded by the payment of £3,000, and provides education and maintenance. This scholarship is obtainable by competition restricted to a district or class, as may be preferred by the founder or founders. For the sake of distinction, the first of these scholarships is called the free or open scholarship, the other the local or close scholarship. The hon. secretary adds: "His Royal Highness the president fully recognizes the right of towns and districts contributing to the funds to restrict the advantages derivable to their own locality; but I may, perhaps, point out that the open scholarships provide free musical education for those possessing the highest talent, and that all the scholarships provided by the very large sum subscribed in London are free and open."

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

Excerpt No. 10.

1787.

The professional concert, of which I had by invitation become a member, began in Hanover Square, on Monday the 5th of February. The singers were Signor Rubinellii, Miss Celia Davis, and Mrs Billington. Crosdill played a concerto on the violoncello, and the elder Parke one on the oboe; their fine powerful tones and brilliant execution in which afforded high gratification. On the second night I played an oboe concerto, which was honoured with general and frequent plaudits. When my concerto was ended, the Duke of Cumberland sent for me to his seat, and having complemented me on my performance, presented me with a royal ticket to admit me into Westminster Hall at the trial of Mr Warren Hastings, which the following day I witnessed from the box allotted to peers.

Their Majesties honoured the concert of ancient music with their presence. Mara and Billington were at the head of the vocalists. It commenced on Wednesday, the 7th of February, at Tottenham Street. The Duke of Leeds was director; Cramer led. On the following evening, the first of six subscription concerts given by Madame Mara, at Hanover Square, took place. Mr Harrison and Madame Mara were the singers, and Salomon led the band. Mr Mara, the husband of Madame Mara, played a concerto on the violoncello.

Mr Mara, who did not possess the tenth part of his wife's talent, loved her and his bottle equally, and frequently broke the head of one and cracked the other. Nevertheless he appreciated her superior merit so highly, that he occasionally ran into another extreme, and paid her extravagant attentions, as the following instance will show. This gentleman and Madame being on a visit to the Earl of Exeter, at his splendid seat, Burleigh, near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and her caprice having induced her one day to inform her husband that she did not like Lord Exeter's claret, he immediately despatched a servant to Stamford for a post-chaise and four horses, in which he proceeded to London, and returned the following evening with a case out of her own cellar.

The oratorios, by command of their Majesties, commenced at the ancient concert rooms, Tottenham Street, on Friday the 23rd of February, with Handel's *Athalia*; and the oratorios at Drury Lane Theatre the same evening, under the direction of Mr Linley, Dr Arnold, and Madame Mara. The singers were Messrs Reinhold and Dignum, Mrs Crouch, Miss George, and Madame Mara; Mr Shaw led. At the end of the first part I played a concerto on the oboe, which was greatly applauded, and was repeated (by desire) on three subsequent nights.

Madame Mara, whose divine strains were listened to with great delight, occasionally exhibited such symptoms of caprice and hauteur, as to call forth the disapprobation of thepublic, who nevertheless, on her curtseying with even a small show of submission, like a fond parent who regrets having corrected a spoilt child, applauded her to the skies!

On the 21st of March was performed at the King's Theatre, for the benefit of the Lock Hospital, the oratorio of *Ruth*, originally composed for that charity by Signor Felice Giardini. The principal vocal parts were sustained with great excellence by Mr Reinhold and Mr Kelly, who had lately arrived from the continent, Miss Abrams, and Madame Mara. Mr Barthelemon led the band, and Mr Wesley conducted and performed a concerto on the organ. At the end of the second act Mr Barthelemon played one of Geminiani's concertos on the violin, in a very superior style; and his extempore cadences were so scientific and appropriate, that they appeared to be a continuation of the composer. This gentleman, in the early part of life, had served as a midshipman in the navy of the King of Spain, but preferring the clear and dulcet notes of the fiddle to the hoarse and thundering tones of the cannon, he afterwards made music his profession. A short time after Barthelemon had arrived in England he was recommended to Garrick to compose music to a piece of his, intitled *A Peep Behind the Curtain*. At their first interview, Garrick, sitting down to a table to make a copy of one of the songs for him to compose by the next morning, Barthelemon, who was prepared with paper, &c., looking over Garrick's shoulder whilst he was writing, set the music to it. When Garrick had finished, he arose, and presenting the poetry to Barthelemon, said, "There, sir, is my song."—"And there, sir," said Barthelemon, "is my music to it!" *A Peep Behind the Curtain* (an improvement on the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*) had an astonishing long run to overflowing houses. In it was introduced a burletta, called *Orpheus and Eurydice*, the music of which was excellent; and a scene, the most popular of the whole, wherein Orpheus, by the force of his lyre, made not only men but trees and cows dance!

Garrick, who was proverbially fond of money, had agreed to give Barthelemon fifty guineas for composing the music to this piece; but when the awful time to pay him had arrived, Garrick told him that his dancing cows had cost him so much that he could not afford to give him more than forty. A whimsical circumstance occurred to Barthelemon in my presence, whilst leading the band at Vauxhall Gardens. One Saturday night (the then fashionable night of the week), when the gardens were extremely full of genteel company, a bat, who had "winged his cloistered flight" for some time about the walks, to the great annoyance of the visitors, at length, during the second act of the concert, went into the illuminated orchestra, and, after having made two or three circuits round it, flew into the face of Barthelemon, the leader, and hurled him from his elevated seat upon the floor, amidst universal shouts of laughter from the audience. Barthelemon, who fell on his sword and thereby broke it, was soon picked up, and, joining in the laugh, said to those who assisted him: "Well, it is fortunate for me that, in falling on my own sword, I did not do it after the old Roman fashion!"

Mrs Billington, whose popularity was fast increasing, appeared at Covent Garden Theatre on the 13th of April, for the first time, as Mandane, in Arne's fine opera of *Artaxerxes*. She sang the airs, recitatives, &c., admirably; and in the favourite song, "The soldier tired," her fine voice and brilliant execution produced a general encore. It having become fashionable to bring on our stage popular French pieces, a translation of one, in two acts, founded on Sterne's story of Maria, in his "Sentimental Journey," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 24th of April, under the title of *Nina*, with the original music by Dalayrac, adapted to the English words by me. Mrs Billington sang the music of the part of Nina with great feeling and expression, and was loudly and deservedly applauded.

Docter Walcot, who put *Nina* into English, and who wrote under the assumed name of Peter Pindar, had in early life practised for several years in the West Indies as a physician. He was in the habit of relating anecdotes of persons he had known in that part of the world with great humour, of which the following is a specimen:—Mr S——w, a rich planter in Jamaica, who was a man of eccentric character and unfeeling nature, had an only son, whose disposition was not a whit more amiable than his father's. The old gentleman being taken dangerously ill, refused all medical aid, swearing that if a physician were called in he should have no chance of recovery; therefore, he would leave it all to nature. Nature, however, played him a slippery trick, and he died, leaving to his hopeful son the whole of his extensive property. A short time after the old man's death Dr Walcot met Guaco, who had been many years a domestic slave in the family, when the following short, but pithy dialogue took place:—

Doctor.—"Well, Guaco! so your old master's dead?"

Guaco.—"Ifs, old massa be gone dead."

Doctor.—"And how do you like your young master? He's a chip of the old block, I fancy."

Guaco.—"O, dam im, massa; im all old block."

(To be continued.)

A Plentiful Supply.*—Referring to the proposed Opéra-Populaire in Paris, Arthur Pougin gives, in *La Revue Libérale*, the following list of composers, together with the titles of operas which, to his knowledge, are now lying, more or less completed, in their portfolios:—Victor Massé—*Cléopâtre;* Ernest Reyer—*Sigurd;* Massenet—*Méduse*, and *Manon Lescaut;* Ernest Guiraud—*Le Feu;* Vaucorbeil—*Mahomet;* Salvayre—*Richard III.;* Joncières—*Le Chevalier Jean, Le Roi Lear;* Litolff—*Les Templiers;* Ch. Lefebvre—*Lucrèce, Le Voile blanc;* Edouard Lalo—*Fiesque, Le Roi d'Ys;* Paladilhe—*Patrie*, and three acts of a comic opera; Gastinel—*Le Roi Barde, La Kermesse, Les Dames des Près;* Bruneau—*Vercingétorix;* Wekerlin—*Les Fées*, and several separate acts of other works; Louis Lacombe—*Winkelried, La Reine des Eaux;* Hector Salomon—*Bianca Capello, Les Contes d'Hoffmann;* Eugène Diaz—*Benvenuto Cellini;* Danhauser, *Maures et Castillans;* B. Godard—*Les Guelfes;* Canoby—*La Coupe et les Lèvres, Le Seigneur Pandolphe;* Ant. Choudens—*La Jeunesse de Don Juan;* Deffès—*Le Marchand de Venise, Riquet à la Houppe;* César Franck—*Le Valet de France;* Paul Puget—*Le Signal, Le Marocain;* Dupatro—*Gazouillette;* Adrien Boieldieu—*Alain Blanchard;* Boulanger—*Monsieur de Bellegarde;* De Boisdeffre—*Les Lutins;* Th. Dubois—*Aben-Amet, G. Wasa;* Ad. Nibelle—*L'Age d'Or;* Serpette—*Roby;* Hignard—*L'Archet Magique;* d'Osmond—*Le Partisan;* Legouix—*La Tartane;* Ch. M. Widor—three acts of comic opera.

* Overmuch for the market!—Dr Blidge.

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"BALFE: HIS LIFE AND WORK." *

This is a volume full of interest for all readers. This is no more than saying that it is a biography, written with knowledge and pains, of a man exceedingly popular in his lifetime, honoured after death, and famous for all generations with whom the love of melodious grace and "the touches of sweet harmony" shall endure. Mr William Alexander Barrett has done well to make his book a popular one; for it concerns, in the best and happiest sense of the term, a popular man. For musicians, the life of Michael William Balfe has no doubt a special interest. Composers and executants alike acknowledge his genius, and there are few in this delightful profession who do not cherish personal recollections of a genial warm-hearted brother. But the memories of Balfe extend far beyond the strictly musical circle of artists and amateurs. Merely to have had "an ear for music," to have been habitually "moved by concord of sweet sounds," is enough to fill any breast with kindly sentiments towards one who has influenced and enriched the tunefulness of the age. If, then, as has often been said, good biographies are the most entertaining and instructive reading, their qualities are specially enhanced by the interest which everybody feels in a musical composer whom we can always call to mind by a few bars of some familiar strain; for this reason—though not for this alone—the lives of musicians, the records of their tastes and troubles, their hopes and cares, their disappointments and their triumphs have ever been among the pleasantest to read and to recall. This chronicle of the bright Irish composer's career, from his early boyhood to his death at the age of sixty-two, still with undeveloped music in him, will prove no exception to the rule. Born in the midst of music, and of theatrical labour, he imbibed at an early age the habitual thoughts and ideas which after-experience enabled him to employ practically. English opera had not dawned when Balfe was a young and struggling man. Bishop, who could no doubt have written a lyric drama, supplied music to pieces like *Guy Mannering*, *The Slave*, and *The Miller and his Men*. But Balfe was cosmopolitan. With great facility he gained command of the bridge of language, familiarised himself with French and Italian literature, and, by consequence, acquired French and Italian habits and modes of thought. He was the only English composer who was ever invited to write an opera for the Paris stage. Of his twenty-nine lyric works, three were composed to French texts, for original productions in Paris, and five were written to Italian libretti. The rest, of course, were English; and he deserved the title bestowed on him since his death, "the champion of English musical art." Mr Barrett's volume contains portraits of Balfe, Malibran, Grisi, and Nilsson, and is further illustrated with photolithographs of parts of the memorial window in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and the tablet in Westminster Abbey.—*D. T.*

DARMSTADT.—The Männergesangverein, under the direction of Adolph Kugler, included in the programme of their last concert the "Kyrie," "Gloria," and "Agnus Dei" from a Mass by the late composer, Flotow, who, after the concert, made the Association a present of his autograph score. Mdme von Flotow introduced several songs by her husband, who accompanied her on the piano.—G. Vierling's "secular" oratorio, *Alarich*, was given under his own direction on the 11th inst.

CHURCH MUSIC AT OXFORD.—The system of Magdalen College, says *The Guardian*, as might be expected, has been imitated with modifications by many other colleges. But it is quite evident that this system would completely break down in any church or cathedral where the choristers are liable to be called upon to attend *special* services, whether in the morning, afternoon or evening. Their work and position in the associated school would then be completely upset, and the class-masters would frequently come across a boy who had prepared no work, or missed a lesson because he had been on Church duty. This objection is fatal to any attempt to apply the Magdalen system to a cathedral or church which is energetically carrying on its evangelical work. This system, however, has been ingeniously reversed at St Michael's College, Tenbury, where the estimable warden has founded a school primarily for the improvement of Church music by the training of choristers and the support of a full choral service, but where non-choristers are received as boarders. The St Michael's boys have taken good positions at important schools, and also at the Universities. The hours of the Church services at St Michael's are, however, so regular, and there is such an absence of special services, that the mixed system works admirably, though it cannot be called a pecuniary success, for it is well known that Sir F. Ouseley has for twenty-five years devoted the whole of his private income to the support of the college with a large-heartedness which deserves the gratitude of all Christians.

* Remington & Co.

"THE THEATRE."

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Promise of improvement, in the new series of this magazine, has been faithfully kept, and the fresh start for the new year is characterised by renewed and augmented vigour in every department, literary, artistic, and mechanical. The contents of the January number, which is excellently printed, and has altogether an attractive look, judged from the standpoint of art and taste, will interest all whose pleasure lies in front of the curtain, or whose business is pursued behind it. According to the new arrangement, two photographic portraits, instead of one, adorn this monthly review of the drama, music, and the fine arts; and these pictures severally represent, in the best style of photography, and with life-like truth, Mrs Bernard-Beere, in *The Promise of May*, and Mr Wilson Barrett, in *The Silver King*. A timely essay on pantomimic families is contributed, as the opening article by Mr Dutton Cook; and it is followed by a narrative poem, *Ticket o' Leave—a Village Drama*, by Mr George R. Sims, which will, doubtless, find ready admittance to the repertory of the dramatic reciter. Notes on the pantomimes which are about to start in the race for public favour are given by Mr George Lancaster, and a projected series of *Imitations of German Lays and Ballads* is started by Mr W. B. Kingston, with a string of verse after Wieland's poem, "Der Tod und der Saeufer," which, in its English guise, preserves the Teutonic masculinity of the original. Of course the editor, Mr Clement Scott, is responsible for the various criticisms, which occupy a fair amount of space; and he also contributes verse of tuneful quality, in a love-song, entitled "Three Days," and a patriotic ballad, "Run up the Flag," which is to be sung on the stage during Christmas.

OH, WELCOME THE NEW YEAR!

Oh, welcome the New Year
So blessèd and sweet,
With blossoms of gladness
That spring 'neath her feet.
She is given by Heaven
Sad spirits to cheer;
Oh, welcome with gladness
The smiling New Year!

Oh, welcome the New Year!
She cometh to-day
With blessings and sweetness
To brighten man's way.
She whispers of hope
And of happiness dear;
Oh, welcome with gladness
The smiling New Year!

Oh, welcome the New Year!
Hark! hark! the glad bells
Ring out with a music
Which joyfully swells.
Then let all the shades
From thy heart disappear;
Oh, welcome with gladness
The smiling New Year!

* *Copyright.* SARAH ANN STOWE.

MUNICH.—Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Délilah* is to be produced this season at the Theatre Royal, with the ex-Wagnerian couple, Vogl, in the leading characters. There is, also, some talk of Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* and Marschner's *Hiarne*.

VIENNA.—Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis*, with a partly new cast, will shortly be revived at the Imperial Opera. It was first brought out there on the 4th October, 1878. The first performance of *Le Tribut de Zamora* is fixed for the 20th January.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A highly interesting feature in the programme of the ensuing season of this society will be a MS. Motett by Cherubini. The MS. has been for many years in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, and Her Majesty the Queen has graciously given her consent to the performance of it by the Philharmonic Society. The work has never yet been heard in public.

THE fifth season of the London Amateur Musical Society has commenced, and the members of the choir have began the rehearsals of two new works, viz., a *Stabat Mater* by Anton Dvorak, and a *Messe Solennelle de Paques* by Gounod, in addition to Schumann's *Manfred*, and other important works. The Society has taken up a new position, and appeals to the sympathy of the general public on the ground of the fact that the performances of the society having hitherto been only of a *quasi*-public character, tended to narrow the influence the society might otherwise have exercised, and it was "obvious that sooner or later these restrictions would have to be broken through, and the performances of the society brought more prominently forward." The great difficulty will be to ensure sufficient rehearsals, without which no choral society can succeed.—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1883,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A major, Op. 83, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Spohr)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Sia, mater, fons amoris" and "Mærebit et dolebit" (Pergolesi)—Miss Orridge; Polonaise, in F sharp minor, Op. 44, and Three Studies, Op. 25, Nos. 6, 8, 9, for pianoforte alone, by desire (Chopin)—Herr Pachmann.

PART II.—Sonata, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Boccherini)—Signor Piatti; Song, "By the simplicity of Venus' doves" (Arne)—Miss Orridge; Sonata, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Herr Pachmann and Mdme Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 13, 1883,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 13, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Air, "Nasce al bosco" (Handel)—Mr Santley; Carnaval, Scènes Mignonnes, Op. 9, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mdme Sophie Menter; Saltarella, Op. 55, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Molique)—Herr Straus; Song, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Sophie Menter, MM. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

BIRTH.

On December 22nd, at 75, Cornwall Gardens, the wife of C. W. MANSEL LEWIS, Esq., of Stradey Castle, Carmarthenshire, of a son.

DEATH.

On Sunday, December 24th, at his residence, 6, Park Road, Haverstock Hill, JOHN BLOCKLEY, the composer, in the 82nd year of his age.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882.

A NEW WANT SUPPLIED.

We have received the subjoined interesting communication —"with the editor's compliments":—

"An important addition will be made to the periodical literature of music early in January, when a critical weekly—*The Musical Review*—will be published. The prospectus promises that the new paper will be conducted independently of any party or trade interest, and will be devoted exclusively to the serious and impartial consideration of the art in all its branches. That such a publication, if conducted in such a spirit, will meet a want largely felt by cultured amateurs, as well as by artists, is not open to doubt."

O Editor! *Hoch!* As if the *Musical World* had not existed for less than half a century! And as if the *Musical World* had no intention of surviving for less than half a century more! *O Gemini!* It hath *specie!* It hath boundless credit; immeasurable consideration; esteem deeply embodied; a sly liking from the enlarged and advanced public, with "land and beeves" to boot—as much as ever had Dr Shallow. The editor of that new Review will have "a hi upon him."*

[* The unclosing, if now and then winking—not to say blinking—eye of

Dr Blimp.]

—o—

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On "Boxing Day," after the pantomime, the Scots Guards band, under the direction of Mr Clarke, played the grand march, "Royal Review" (Meissler); a selection from *Rip Van Winkle*, with solos for the leading performers; a fantasia of Verdi's, with solos for Messrs Lewis, Archer, and Sergeant Castle, on the cornet, euphonium, and clarinet; and "L'Esprit Français" polka by Waldteufel. Mr Dan Godfrey, with his Grenadier band, came later and played quick march, "Egypt" (Le Thière); valse, "Myosotis" (Caroline Lowthian); cornet solo, "There is a green hill far away" (Gounod), Sergeant Knight; piccolo solo, "The Wren" (Damaré), Sergeant Roe; and quick march, "The Return of the Guards" (Dan Godfrey), composed for the march through London on the return of the troops from Egypt. The Palace Company's military band performed at intervals during the day, and there were also organ performances by Mr A. J. Eyre. In the evening, the bands of the two regiments already named combined to carry out a further musical programme. Between the intervals, vocal performances by Signor Foli delighted the audience, who numbered some 38,000.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—For the first time for many years no pantomime or other dramatic piece is produced here this Christmas: but, in lieu thereof, a new series of promenade concerts, has been instituted, following closely on the termination of those autumn performances of the kind which have for some years succeeded the regular Italian opera season. As at the preceding series, Mr A. Gwyllym Crowe is again the musical director and conductor. The elaborate and picturesque scenic surroundings of the stage are the same as at the previous concerts; the Floral Hall having been re-decorated and elegantly fitted up as a smoking lounge—the electric light being advantageously used in both interiors. Tuesday night's concert began with Hérold's bright

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and sparkling overture to *Zampa*, the brilliant execution of which at once manifested the excellence of the orchestra led by Mr Carrodus—a fact which was again proved by the admirable following performance of the exquisite ballet music from Auber's *Masaniello*, one of the many masterpieces of this composer that are now neglected in favour of far less worthy music. Two Christmas carols—the traditional "God rest you, merry gentlemen," and Dr Steggall's "The Manger Throne"—were well sung by the members of the London Vocal Union, directed by Mr F. Walker; after which the finale to Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was effectively played by the band; Miss Damian sang, with much expression, Mr F. H. Cowen's ballad "The Last Dream" (encored), which was followed by Mr Carrodus's masterly rendering of the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Mdme Elly Warnot's brilliant vocalisation in the cavatina "Regnava nel silenzia" (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*), and a selection from Meyerbeer's *L'Étoile du Nord*, arranged for orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards. This piece, which closed the first part of the concert, included important solos, finely played by Mr Carrodus (violin), Mr Radcliff (flute), Mr Barrett (piccolo), Mr Howard Reynolds (cornet), and Mr J. Clinton (clarinet). The second part opened with a selection, similarly arranged, from Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, in which prominent solos were assigned to the principal instrumentalists; and this was followed by Mdlle Camilla Nordmann's rendering of the romance "Quell' uomo" ("On yonder rock reclining") from *Fra Diavolo*, with a pianoforte accompaniment; the remainder of the concert having consisted of well-known vocal and orchestral pieces.—*D. N.*

THE last of the autumn series of "Musical Evenings" under the direction of Mr Henry Holmes took place at the Royal Academy of Music concert-room on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20. These "Musical Evenings" are a great treat to genuine lovers of instrumental compositions. We subjoin a list of works performed during the past season, and we recommend all who enjoy a real "Musical Evening" to attend the next series, which begins in the same *locale* on Wednesday, Jan. 24.

FIRST CONCERT (Nov. 1).—String Quartet, in C, Op. 59 (Beethoven); Concerto, in D minor, for pianoforte solo, with string quartet accompaniment (Bach); String Quartet, in F, No. 2, Op. 77 (Haydn). SECOND CONCERT (Nov. 15).—String Quartet, in E flat, No. 4, Op. 58 (Spohr); Quintet, in C, for pianoforte and strings (MS.) (Algernon Ashton); String Sextet, in B flat, Op. 18 (Brahms). THIRD CONCERT (Nov. 29).—String Quintet, in E (MS.) (Henry Holmes); Sonata, in G, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin (Brahms); String Quartet, in E minor, Op. 95 (Beethoven). FOURTH CONCERT (Dec. 13).—String Quartet, in E flat, Op. 127 (Beethoven); Trio, in F, Op. 80, for pianoforte and strings (Schumann); String Quintet, in C, (Mozart). FIFTH CONCERT (Dec. 20).—String Quartet, in G minor, Op. 27 (Grieg); Sonata, in B flat, pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn); String Quartet, in A, No. 3 (Schumann).

Mr Henry Holmes' coadjutors during the series were Mr W. Frye Parker (second violin), Mr A. Gibson (viola), Mr W. Henry Hill (second viola), Mr E. Howell (violoncello), Mr C. Ould (second violoncello), and Madame Haas (pianoforte).

A CONCERT was given by the committee of the Foresters' Hall concerts, Clerkenwell Road, on "Boxing night," which notwithstanding counter attractions brought together a fair attendance of "the people." The concert began with a pianoforte duet (a Tarantella by Raff) played by Mr W. Henry Thomas and Mr Clement Hoey. Solos on the pianoforte were afterwards played by Miss Florence Waud. The singers were Mdme Liebhart, Misses Hilda Coward and Patrice, Messrs Egbert Roberts and Sidney Tower, who successfully exerted themselves to please their visitors especially Mdme Liebhart who gave Glover's "I may or may not" and Michael Watson's "The Song for me" with so much *esprit* that the clever songstress was unanimously called upon to repeat them. Solos on the cornet were played by Mr Donoghue, and Mr Howard Paul gave some "Recitations" with musical illustrations.

THE annual Christmas concert by the pupils of Trinity House, Southwark, was given on Thursday, Dec. 21st, at Dunn's Institute, Newington Causeway, when Mr Odoardo Barri's new cantata, *The Messenger*, was performed by the pupils with great success. In the miscellaneous part of the programme Miss F. Pearce was called upon to repeat her brilliant performance of Ignace Gibsone's "Caprice à la Tarantelle," and Mr Brownlow Baker his new "Valse de Concert." "The Waves' Secret," a new song by the last named composer, well sung by Miss Fudge, and "The Normandy Maid," (Miss A. Patrick), were also re-demanded, while the singing of a three part chorus won well-merited applause.

THE annual concert in aid of the "Post Office Orphan Home" was given on Wednesday evening, December 13, at St James's Hall, and was largely attended. The programme contained the names of eighteen singers, including those of the well-known artists Mesdames Liebhart, Crewe, Reichelmann, and Osborne Williams; Misses Clara Samuell and Carlotta Elliott; Messrs Frank Boyle and J. Bridson. Whether all appeared it is impossible to say, as the length of the programme prevented all but fanatics *per la musica* from sitting it out. The Post Office Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr H. D. Lodge, gave the overture to *La Sirène* (Auber), and the march from Suppé's *Boccaccio*. Sir Julius and Lady Benedict played a duet for two pianofortes on airs from *Der Freyschütz* (Benedict). Mr George Grossmith gave imitations of popular composers, including Rossini, Balfe, Gounod, and Sullivan, and Mr John Child recited the Forum Scene from Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar*. Among the vocal successes were "The Song for me" (Michael Watson), sung so much to the satisfaction of the audience by Mdme Liebhart that, after being re-called three times, she was compelled to repeat it, and her success was also very great with Mr Weatherley's "Uncle John." Among the popular songs in the programme were "The gates of the West" (Mdme Osborne Williams), "Rose softly blooming" (Miss Clara Samuell), "Caller Herrin'" (Mdme Reichelmann), &c. The audience were evidently highly pleased with everybody and everything, judging from the hearty applause they gave to singers and players.

A CONCERT was given at the Holborn Town Hall on Thursday, Dec. 21st, in aid of the funds of the "Rahere Almoners." The artists were Miss Clara Dowle (Guildhall School of Music), Miss Florence Cater, R.A.M., Mdme Clara West, Miss Lottie West, and Mr Bantock Pierpoint. The audience were very appreciative. One of the features of the concert was the singing, by Miss Clara Dowle, of Weber's air from *Der Freyschütz*, "Softly sighs the voice of evening," which deserves especial mention, the *scena* being well suited to her fine voice and dramatic style. Mr Paul Jerrard, organist of St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, accompanied; and the proceedings were arranged and conducted by Mr J. Loaring, organist of St Sepulchre, who played with effect several organ solos during the evening.

AT Mr Aguilar's "performance of pianoforte music" (No. 122), on Wednesday morning, December 20, at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, the esteemed professor gave the following pieces:—

Sonata in C (Aguilar); Siegmunds Liebesgesang (Wagner-Tausig); Etude in E and Scherzo in C sharp minor (Chopin); Oft in the Stilly Night (transcription), and Waves, Etude caprice (Aguilar); Sonata in A flat, Op. 110 (Beethoven); Schlummerlied and Jagdlied (Schumann); Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2 (Liszt); River and Summer Sounds (Aguilar); Day Dream and Valse Brillante (Aguilar).

There was a very large audience, who were highly pleased with the musical treat provided for them.

THE students of the Kensington School of Music (principal, Mr William Buels), gave a concert at Cromwell Road on Thursday evening, December 21st. The first piece in the programme was a trio in C major for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Mozart, well played by three young ladies, Misses Carden, G. Erskine, and C. Erskine, followed by Mozart's "Deh vieni non tardar," agreeably sung by Miss Scales, after which a "promising young pianist," Miss Black, played one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The next piece in the programme was Beethoven's Romanza in F for the violin, played by Miss L. S. Robinson, followed by Handel's *aria*, "Where'er you walk," sung by Mr Walter Joy, (the owner of a charming voice). The next piece in the programme was a violoncello Romanza by Goltermann, played by Mr B. Reynolds, followed by "He was despised," from Handel's *Messiah* sung by Miss Marion Burke with genuine pathos and artistic ability. Then came Vieuxtemps' Romance in F for the violin, and Prudent's "Miserere" for the pianoforte, respectively played by Messrs R. Fennings and A. S. Mantell. Mr Henry Leslie's trio, "O memory," was then sung by Misses Flora Mantell, Marion Burke, and Mr Walter Joy, after which Miss C. Erskine played a solo on the violoncello (by M. Saint-Saens), and Miss Agnes Wood, the possessor of a fine soprano voice, sang Haydn's "With verdure clad." Then came one of Mr Arthur Sullivan's popular songs, "My dearest heart," feelingly rendered by Miss Flora Mantell, solos on the pianoforte and violin played by Miss Carden and Miss G. Erskine, the concert finishing with Beethoven's trio in E flat (No. 1 of Op. 1) by Messrs A. S. Mantell, R. Fennings, and B. Reynolds. Mr Edward Lane and Miss Marion Buels accompanied the singers.

MR JOHN LEE.—In our notice last week of the concert given at the Bayswater Academy of Music, we inadvertently omitted to state that Mr John Lee, the well-known professor, accompanied the vocal music, and that all the young singers were his pupils.

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PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—PRESENTATION TO MR AIRLIE.—At a social meeting, held in the Cockburn Hotel, Bath Street, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th, Mr Airlie, the valued secretary of the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, was presented with a handsome dining-room timepiece, with marble and bronze vases *en suite*, subscribed for by the directors in token of their appreciation of his zeal and ability in promoting the interests of the Union during the past twenty-five years. Mr Lindsay, the president, made the presentation in name of the directors, and in doing so passed a high eulogium on Mr Airlie for his devotion and marked ability in conducting the various agencies of the Union.

EDINBURGH.—A concert was given in Queen Street Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 16th, in aid of the Edinburgh Industrial Brigade, by which the funds of that institution must have been greatly benefitted, judging from the large audience present. The principal piece on the programme was the sacred cantata, *The Widow of Nain*, composed for the late Worcester Festival by A. J. Caldicott, which was rendered in a highly-finished manner by a choir trained by a well-known accomplished amateur musician. By the courtesy of that gent'eman, we were present at a private performance of the cantata in the Freemasons' Hall; and a second hearing confirmed the high opinion we formed of the work, as well as the masterly and judicious treatment of the various numbers both by choir and soloists. Without desiring to be invidious, we would specially notice the rich voice of the lady who gave the first soprano solo, and subsequently that pertaining to the part of the Widow, "What reward shall I give?" Of the choruses, we might also mention "Man goeth to his long home," "In Rama was there a voice heard," and "They that sow in tears," as being beautifully sung.—*Daily Review.*

CARMARTHEN.—A concert was given at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday, December 7th, by the Choral Class, under the conductorship of Mr C. A. Cooke, organist of Christ Church, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed by the members of the Swansea Orchestral Society, Messrs Jones's string band, and Mr F. E. Wade, of Tenby. The solos were rendered by the Rev. T. R. Walters, Mrs Griffiths, Miss Warren, Miss Ann Jones, Mdlle Kirchner, and Mr E. C. Evans; and on Thursday, the 14th inst., the second private concert this season of the Carmarthen Choral Society (conducted by Mr C. Videon Harding, organist of St Peter's Church) was given at the Assembly Rooms. The programme consisted of Haydn's *Creation*. There was a large auditory. The Society executed the choruses with precision, especially "The Heavens are telling." Miss Claudina Spurrell, in "With verdure clad"; Miss Effie Spurrell, in "On mighty pens"; Miss M. Watkins, in "The marv'lous work"; Mr W. E. Rich, in "Rolling in foaming billows"; and Mr Harding, in "In native worth," acquitted themselves admirably. Messrs Jones's band played the accompaniments.

LEICESTER.—The second annual concert of the Amateur Choralists was given in the Corn Exchange, which was filled in every part. The first part of the programme consisted of the late regretted Mr Francis Howell's oratorio, *The Land of Promise*, the solo parts being entrusted to Miss Honeybere, Mrs Kirby, Messrs Dunkerton and Shaw. The post of first violin was held jointly by Mr J. T. Kilby and Miss Caunt, Mr J. W. Warner conducting. Both soloists and chorus performed their task *con amore*, and the audience rewarded them with hearty applause. The second part was miscellaneous, the band playing the overture to *La Couronne d'or* at the commencement, the intermediate pieces being vocal and violin solos, duets, &c., the concert concluding appropriately with the National Anthem.

LEEDS.—After an interval, the Town Hall organ recitals were resumed on Saturday night, December 16, by the borough organist, Dr Spark. These free concerts for the people, before they were broken off, had come to be looked forward to as a standing thing on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday nights; and the densely crowded hall on Saturday night, when they recommenced, testified to the high favour in which they have come to be held. Cheers were given to Dr Spark and the Mayor as they entered the hall. The first part of the programme consisted of a selection from *The Messiah*, sung by Misses Annie Woods and Emmeline Kennedy, Messrs C. Bush and S. Northrop; Dr Spark playing the accompaniments and incidental music on the organ, and also the overture and Pastoral Symphony. The fantasia, "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," together with the gavotte from *Mignon* and another by Emile Tavan, as well as selections from Gounod's *Faust*, completed the programme.

NORWICH.—The selection of *Elijah* for the first concert given by the Musical Festival Committee this season was justified by the large attendance in St Andrew's Hall on Friday night, Dec. 15th, when Mendelssohn's great work was given, under the direction of Dr Hill. The choruses were given with precision and effect, and the accompaniment was creditably performed by the orchestra, which included the band of the Norwich Philharmonic Society, led by Mr F. W. Noverre. The solos were entrusted to Misses Robertson and Annie Butterworth, Messrs Hirwen Jones and Lucas Williams. Miss Robertson maintained her reputation as an excellent singer, and Miss Butterworth met with full appreciation, being called upon to repeat "O rest in the Lord." Mr Hirwen Jones, in "If with all your hearts," and Misses Bessie Hill and Alden, Messrs A. H. Alden and R. J. Mallett, in the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels," did their duties well. Dr Hill conducted, and the capital performance of the oratorio no doubt repaid him for the labour and attention he must have bestowed upon its preparation. Dr. Bunnett was at the organ, and acquitted himself, as usual, admirably.

SCARBOROUGH.—The musical season at the Spa is over, and the excellent performance by Mr Thomas's band of the works by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., will be greatly missed by all music lovers in Scarborough, and they are numerous. Miss Beata Francis, a cultivated vocalist, made a deep impression at the concerts last week upon those who can appreciate and enjoy a musical treat. Not only has she a very fine voice, but she possesses the power of giving considerable dramatic effect to her singing, and to impart the necessary amount of pathos that appeals at once to a sympathizing heart. We are very glad indeed to learn—and we feel sure the public will share our pleasure—that the committee of the company purpose, next year, to introduce the band on Monday, 30th April, instead of on the first Monday in June as heretofore. The committee think it more practicable to lengthen the Scarborough season by making an early commencement, than to continue the services of the band further into the autumn and winter than is their present practice.

HAWKHURST.—Mr St John Robinson gave two "Christmas Concerts" in the Lecture Hall on Thursday morning and evening, Dec. 27, with the assistance of Misses Agnes King, Leders, and Marie Power, Mesdames Meurant, Hesketh, and Wienholl; and Mr Ernest Bernard. The concert began with a part-song by Mr A. R. Gaul, "The Silent Land," and concluded with the National Anthem. The successes at the concerts were Curschmann's trio, "Ti prego" (Miss Leders, Mdme Hesketh, and Mr St John Robinson), Ascher's romance "Alice, where art thou," (Mr St John Robinson), "The Better Land," by Cowen (Mdme Meurant), Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" (Mdme Hesketh), and the pianoforte solos by Miss Marie Power. Stephen Adams' "Midshipmite" was done justice to by Mr Bernard. Mr Robinson also gave a concert on the day previous at Ticehurst, with the same artists.

BEDFORD.—At the concert given by the students at the Moravian Ladies' School on Monday, December 11th, a variety of songs, part-songs, and violin solos were given with more or less success, the *pièce de résistance* being Mr Aguilar's cantata, *Goblin Market*, in which all the young ladies took part, *con amore*, the solos being given by Misses J. Laycock and E. Larratt, and the accompaniments played, on the pianoforte and harmonium, by Mr Aguilar and Mr Diemer. The programme included, among other excellent things, a movement from one of Haydn's symphonies, arranged as a pianoforte duet, and played by Messrs A. and F. Johnson, an air with variations by Beethoven, some violin solos played by Miss N. Diemer, and a quartet from Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, sung by Misses A. Plevy, E. Murray, E. Batt, and E. Larratt, which terminated the concert.

WORCESTER.—A service of song, entitled *The Mayflower*, was given in George Street Chapel on Tuesday, December 19. The chair was taken by the Rev C. G. Honor. The musical portions of the service were efficiently rendered by the Christ Church choir, Mr Simper accompanying on the harmonium. The connective readings were given by Mr Harry Day. At the conclusion, hearty votes of thanks were passed to the choir, the chairman, and Mr Day. The proceeds will be devoted to reducing the circuit debt.—There was a large company, including many visitors, at the meeting of the Unicorn Hotel Glee Club on the same evening. It was a Scotch night, and the performances were as good as the selection was gratifying both to members and visitors. To mark the occasion as a special one—which proved so successful as to lead to the suggestion that the Scotch night should be repeated, and an Irish night also arranged—the toast, "The twa sides o' the Tweed," was proposed and heartily received; and the part taken by the chairman (Mr John Joseland) in ensuring so pleasant an evening was acknowledged by his health being drunk with great cordiality.—Many who had pleasing recollections of the concerts of the Cathedral School Musical Society in the College Hall, with others to whom the Head Master's invitation was kindly given, attended a concert in the College Hall. A Cathedral school should be the home of musical culture, and the thanks of the citizens of Worcester are due to the Rev E. Vine Hall for the pains he takes in the musical tuition of the King's scholars. The hall had a bright appearance, decorated

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as it was with plants, and nearly filled with an audience who knew that they would not be disappointed in their expectations of a pleasant concert, Many old boys kindly rendered assistance. The programme was varied, and had a pleasant flavour of the Christmas season.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

READING.—Gounod's *Redemption* was performed here in the new Town Hall on Tuesday, December 19th, and the effect produced upon a large and critical audience confirms the now general high opinion of its merits. Great credence will undoubtedly be awarded to the committee of our Philharmonic Society for their courage in entering upon the hazardous enterprise (both musically and financially) of producing so new and difficult a composition, but their success proves the soundness of their judgment and thorough knowledge of the resources at their disposal. A very excellent band was engaged including many well-known London performers, led by Mr Burnett, the chorus consisting, as usual, of the members of the Society. The rendering of the entire work was most creditable to all concerned, the instrumentalists playing with great care, although sometimes lacking in finish and refinement, and the chorus singing with considerable power and spirit, showing evident signs of careful and patient training. The principal vocalists were Misses José Sherrington and D'Alton, Messrs Thurley Beale and Bernard Lane, the last named creating a most favourable impression by his correct intonation and distinct pronunciation. Mr Strickland (organist of St Mary's) conducted with marked ability, and must be congratulated upon the highly successful result of his labours.

BLACKHEATH.—Under the direction of the composer, Mr W. H. Cummings, his charming cantata, *The Fairy Ring*, was performed on Monday, Dec. 18, at the Rink Concert Hall by the choir and orchestra of the Blackheath Conservatoire (200 in number), aided by Misses Moore, Harris, and Trust, Messrs Albert James, Tinney, and H. R. A. Robinson (accompanist). The cantata was warmly applauded. In the "miscellaneous part" which followed, Misses Andrews, Langley, Gates, together with Mrs Phillips, gave valuable aid, and the hon. sec., Mr W. Webster, won a great success in "Largo al factotum." Over 800 friends of this flourishing institution attended the concert.

NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR INDIA.

The committee of the "National Anthem for India" fund have received a letter from Professor Monier Williams, C.I.E., of which —says the *Times*—the following are the principal passages:—

"Gentlemen,—In reply to your request that I should express an opinion on the project you have in hand, I have great pleasure in forwarding a contribution to the fund as the best method of testifying my approval of the object it is intended to promote, only stipulating that the amount of my subscription be not taken as the measure of my sympathy with you in this matter.

"The people of India, so far as I have been able to form a judgment after travelling on two occasions through nearly every part of the country, are not mere Brâhman-worshippers, caste-worshippers, and image-worshippers as some suppose; they are inclined to do more homage to the Divine right of Kings as expressed in the concrete impersonations of the government of the day than to any other power or authority in existence. Nor does their separation into countless races, tribes, and creeds prevent the gradual and healthy growth of patriotic feelings. To encourage such ideas and feelings is England's manifest duty, and any project which will tend to link the people of the United Kingdom and their fellow subjects in India closer together in common loyalty to a sovereign loved and honoured by both is worthy of all support.

". . . Happily, there need be no difference of opinion about the proper rendering of 'God.' No better word than Isvara or Isa can be found.—Faithfully yours,

"MONIER WILLIAMS,
"Boden Professor of Sanskrit.

"*Oxford, Dec.* 11."

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mdme Christine Nilsson's first concert attracted the largest audience ever known here. The Marchioness (Princess Louise) and Marquis of Lorne were present, and invited the gifted artist to dine with them next day.

MR F. H. COWEN'S "Scandinavian Symphony" was performed with great success at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 21st inst. A correspondent writes that "both the work and its composer were received with genuine enthusiasm. At the conclusion of the symphony, which was very finely performed under the direction of the young English composer himself, Mr Cowen was presented with a large laurel wreath, in the name of the town. He was treated in the most courteous manner, not only by the town authorities, but by the musicians and the public generally."

NEW MUSIC.

Conspicuous among the recent publications of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. is the *Wolseley March*, composed by Mrs Mounsey Bartholomew. Mrs Bartholomew is too good a musician for mere "hack" work, and her March rightly claims higher rank than that of ordinary *pièces d'occasion*. It is a very good thing indeed; worthy of notice for itself alone. *Out of Town*, a set of humorous part-songs, by Walter Maynard, is an attempt to describe, in an original form, the experiences of a day in the country. We find plenty of interest, and a good deal of amusement in the idea as carried out—none the less because Mr Maynard has taken the music of three pieces from well-known classical works, *A Glimpse of the Pastoral* being an adaptation of passages in Beethoven's Sixth Symphony; while *A Midsummer Dream* comes from Mendelssohn's Nocturne, and *The Charm of Rural Life* from the same master's *Clowns' Dance*. The more numerous part-songs are, both music and words, Mr Maynard's own. Their character may be inferred from the significant titles, "Beware of the Bull," "In the Woods," "In the Water," and "The Pic-nic." We commend this diverting little book as a useful adjunct to a convivial season. Messrs Davison & Co. are the publishers of a number of songs by Harry Croft Hillier, who, we may add, resembles Wagner at least in being his own poet. These pieces may generally be recommended as supplying a good field of selection for amateurs who like an easy song of a character adapted to please an average company. Perhaps we may venture to point out "Dolly's Wooers," "Dan Cupid," and "Love and Barter" as most adapted to become popular. All these are pleasant ditties for a Christmas party. Mr E. D. Perrot's setting of Burns' "Wae is my heart" accords with the simple pathos of the verses, and may be relied on to touch the feelings of those who hear it. The merit is greater than at first appears, so difficult is it to reflect in music the pure and natural style of the Scottish bard. Miss Ida Walter has attempted Longfellow's "The sea hath its pearls" with distinct success. Her music is not ambitious, but it may claim to be well written, and instinct with much of the passion of the words. The song cannot fail to please, and therefore may be recommended. "Amelia," by G. Muratori, is an elegant and easy canzone with Italian and English words; and in "Not once or twice" we find a song of love, by F. Neale, which will obtain plenty of admirers among young people who have not yet discovered that "rare is the love that lasts for life." Sir F. W. Brady's *Haymaking*, a pleasant story of rustic courtship, though simplest of the simple, is, in its way, prettiest of the pretty. Let those who want a song acceptable all round act upon this assurance. Mr C. A. Rankin has written music to Christina Rosetti's poems on the months, which appeared, if we mistake not, in *Macmillan's Magazine;* and the whole twelve songs are published by Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. under one cover. There may be passages in some to which we should take exception, but, speaking generally, these works are admirable in design and execution. Mr Rankin here shows considerable range of expression, felicity of musical utterance, and technical skill. Without going through the pieces in detail, we commend the set as being decidedly worthy of attention, whether the attention be that of connoisseurs or of the ordinary amateur. "False and True," by Dr. Spark of Leeds, if deficient in melodic charm, is otherwise commendable, and on all accounts Hope Temple's music to Tennyson's *Poet's Song* should receive the praise due to a successful ballad. On patriotic grounds Hugh Clendon's "Grasp the Flag" will receive favourable notice just now. It is bold and vigorous, and thus meets the requirements of its class. Messrs Davison & Co.'s pianoforte music for the season is of full average interest. A capital waltz, for example, and one eminently suited to the ball-room, is Muratori's *L'Amante* ("The Lovers' Waltz"), which is also published as a song, with Italian and English words, and, so to speak, "sings itself." The *Folichonne Polka*, and *Souvenir de Jeunesse Waltz*, by Benatonza, are equally welcome contributions to Christmas dance music. For the drawing-room we have Glover's *Galop di Bravura*, brilliant yet easy; D. R. Munro's *Sea Breezes* and *Art de Danse*, two pretty and simple effusions; Von Tugginer's *Victoire*, a military galop, effectively arranged for four hands; "Alice," a transcription for flute and piano, by J. Harrington Young, of Ascher's celebrated song, and two pieces by Lillie Albrecht—*Fantaisie Marziale* and *The Streamlet*. Miss Albrecht knows thoroughly well how to write a drawing-room piece, and the fact is demonstrated here. Of her two works the first-named is the better, being, indeed, an excellent and effective thing of its kind. *The Streamlet*, nevertheless, has a charm of its own, and might be utilized as an exercise in alternate arpeggios for both hands, with a view to secure uniformity of value and touch.

Conspicuous among recent publications by Messrs Chappell & Co. is the pianoforte score of *Iolanthe* an examination of which confirms the opinion we formed after a single hearing of the work. What-

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ever may be the verdict upon *Iolanthe* as a whole, there can be no doubt that Mr Sullivan's share of it is in advance of anything hitherto done by him in the same line. That is to say, the music, while full of tune and distinguished by humour in its way as fine as that of Mr Gilbert's dialogue, has artistic qualities higher than common. To some this may be a disadvantage, but to the majority, we believe, it will be the reverse, enhancing their pleasure and presenting a piquant combination. Mr. Sullivan deserves praise for moving the standard of his comic opera a degree higher. No doubt he should proceed in this matter with caution, since the public who wish to be simply amused quickly resent attempts to lure them to a more exalted end. Still, as far as a composer can go with safety, he ought to go, and in the present case the limits of prudence have not been overpassed. We do not propose to review a work not intended for calm and deliberate inspection, but to be enjoyed, like a glass of champagne, while the sparkle is fresh within it. Enough that the music will interest and delight many a household this Christmas time. Old and young, grave and gay, can alike find something to their taste in these pleasant pages. As for those who possess a keen sense of humour they will revel in a feast of true Christmas abundance. Mr Sullivan, a humourist always, has never been happier than in the truly mirth-provoking music of his latest opera. To all who want a merry subject for a merry season we say "buy *Iolanthe*."

Messrs Chappell & Co. have published also an octavo edition of "Old Scottish Ditties," originally brought out in folio by Messrs J Muir Wood & Co., of Glasgow. This volume contains several hundred melodies with their proper words, the symphonies and accompaniments being by Professor Macfarren. Mr J. Muir Wood, an acknowledged authority on Scottish song, and author of the article on that subject in Mr Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, is responsible for the selection and authenticity of pieces; while with regard to Professor Macfarren's work, another authority, Mr T. L. Stillie, of Glasgow, assures us that his accompaniments have in them the true national quality. These facts should recommend the book to all who love Scottish folk-song. We may add that it is handsomely got up, and that the music is well displayed. *Rip van Winkle* is now a familiar theme, but attention may be called to the pianoforte score, and to the opportunity it affords of becoming intimately acquainted with M. Planquette's agreeable strains. Those who avail themselves of the chance will not regret it, but rather discover beauties in the music which were overlooked amid the dramatic and spectacular interest of the performance. *Rip van Winkle* naturally set the arrangers to work, and Messrs Chappell now publish a group of dance pieces founded on its airs, and all more or less handsomely illustrated. Thus we have the *Rip van Winkle Quadrilles* from the experienced hand of Mr Charles D'Albert. The set is as danceable as it is tuneful, the arrangement, moreover, being so easy that very slight abilities are equal to it. Mr D'Albert is likewise responsible for the *Gretchen Waltz*—title-page adorned with a full-length portrait of Miss Violet Cameron as Rip's wife: the *Rip van Winkle Polka*, the *Rip van Winkle Lancers*, the *Rip van Winkle Galop*, and the *Rhine Fay, or Rip van Winkle Waltz*. Here is dance music with a fine flavour of freshness in it, such as gives added zest to Terpsichorean pleasures. We have no doubt about its acceptance during the present season. For a different purpose many airs from M. Planquette's opera have been arranged as a pianoforte piece by M. Auguste van Biene. The more popular melodies are all here, and the music is easy enough to suit the least gifted amateur performer. Among other dance music issued by Messrs Chappell we find the Christmas number of *Chappell's Musical Magazine*—always an abundant and seasonable shilling's worth. The present issue contains ten pieces by D'Albert and other well-known composers, among the ten being such favourities as the *Nearest and Dearest Waltz*, *Torpelo Galop*, and *Olivette Waltz*. At a fraction over a penny each, these things are certainly not dear. Messrs Chappell have now issued a duet number of the Magazine, containing six dances pieces arranged for four hands. The idea is a happy one, and will give pleasure to many a household, if only for an effective version of the famous *Sweethearts Waltz*. Mr Delbruck's waltz, *Visions d'Amour*, comes to us in a blaze of gold and colours, but its charm is not all on the outside, the music being melodious and engaging. The same composer's polka, *Les Sauterelles*, has also much to recommend it as a bright and inspiriting thing. Of a somewhat different and a higher order is the *Muriella Polka* by "Tito lo-Posa," with the letters of which curious name it is not difficult to make another—Paolo Tosti. This piece is a genuine work of art, worthy of its favourite composer, and fit to be played anywhere as a *morçeau de salon*. We recommend it cordially. As an occasional piece, the *Kassassin Galop*, by Mr W. Winterbottom, deserves attention. It appropriately introduces the trumpet call for the "Charge," and is embellished with a lively picture, representing the onrush of the Household Cavalry. In this connection may be noticed a *Grand March Heroic*—why the inversion *à la Française?*—by W. Fullerton, who so commemorates the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Although there is nothing positively new in the March, it is above the average of such productions, and is written with freedom and spirit. The trio supply a happy contrast, and the coda is especially telling. "One Proof More," a setting of Moore's words, by A. Samuelli, appears to us one example more of unrealized ambition. Mr A. H. Behrend's music to Charles Kingsley's "My Fairest Child" is not ambitious, and distinctly gains its end. The moral is conveyed in homely yet touching strains. The same composer's "Evermore" will, perhaps be popular above its companion, but has less true distinction. Miss Maude V. White's setting of Lord Byron's translation from Catullus, "Ye Cupids, droop each little head," possesses distinct merit; it is musicianly, and imbued with a flavour of old-fashioned quaintness in accord with the words. The song may be recommended to amateurs who want something a little out of the common way. So, for other reasons, may Signor Piatti's "Hymn to God the Father," the words being Ben Jonson's pathetic appeal to Divine mercy. In this piece Signor Piatti shows, besides technical acquirements, a power of forcible expression equal to the nature of the theme, and that is saying no little. We regard the "Hymn" as among the best things of its kind, and worth the attention of those for whom only the best have charm.—*D. T.*

—o—

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Glasgow musical season is now in full swing, and a goodly number of concerts have been already given; those, for the most part, are chiefly local, and do not require to be chronicled in your advanced journal. Briefly, the Tonic Sol-fa Society, the Glasgow Select Choir, and many other societies have given concerts, which have all been well attended. The chief point out of all these gatherings was the enormous success at one of Mr Airlie's Saturday Evening Concerts of Miss Marie Schumann, a girl violinist, who is promising great things as a solo player. Her great musical abilities were discovered nearly two years ago, when she was taking part in a Glasgow pantomime. She got introduced to Mr Weist Hill, and he kindly got her into the Guildhall, where she has been under Mr Hill's personal instruction. She has been assisting at one or two concerts, but not yet in a regular way.

The Choral and Orchestral Concerts under the management of the Choral Union, with Mr Manns and his orchestra, have now fairly started in the race. Mr Manns and some of the subscribers have been for a few years pressing to get some additional strings, to strengthen the orchestra. At last this has been done, the orchestra now consisting of seventy (heretofore, sixty), and your readers can judge of the enormously powerful effects these ten extra strings give to the fine orchestra. The opening night of the series—an orchestral concert—proved a very great success. To give a bald list of the numbers performed at this concert—taking into account their exquisite rendering—is quite sufficient at this time, without any criticism. Beethoven's C major Symphony, No. 1; Concert Overture, No. 4, in F, by T. Wingham; Schubert's Intermezzo; Moments Musicals; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1, in E; and Wagner's Waldweht "Siegfried." Mdme Albani was the vocalist of the evening. As she is an immense favourite here, and was in splendid voice, you can imagine the *furore* she created. She sang, amongst other things, Herold's "Jours de mon enfance," Handel's "From mighty kings," and Haydn's "My mother bids me bind my hair." The first Saturday Popular Concert—same management, conductor, and orchestra. These entertainments have now fairly got the hold on the class for whom they are intended, and are quite as successful as the "Full-Dress Subscription Concerts" given generally on Tuesday evenings. I need not refer to the excellence of the execution; this is now understood, and need not be repeated from week to week. Enough, all went splendidly.

It so happened that Berlioz's *Faust* was given at the concluding concert of last season. It was by no means the finest of the series. Indeed, conductor, artists, and audience were all somewhat disappointed at the result. Mr Manns and management feeling this, wisely arranged to give *Faust* at the opening performance of the season, so as to erase any little feeling of previous disappointment. All combined to retrieve the unlucky effort of last year.

The solo vocalists were Miss Mary Davies, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Jardine King. These were all well up in their parts and in

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grand voice (so much could not be said of last year's soloists). They put their whole soul into the music, and the result was most satisfying. Of the orchestra (remember with the ten strings more added) it was simply as near as possible perfect. The chorus in the former performance did not by any means shine; this time, however, their singing was marked by a careful reading and energetic rendering. Let us hope that the other three choral concerts to follow will prove to be as artistically done. These are *The Messiah*, *The Redemption*, and *Samson*.

At the second Saturday Popular Concert there was another large audience to hear a capital programme discussed by Mr Manns and forces. In making out the programme, the directors have seemingly had an eye to the "merry, merry," and "happy, happy," time of the year, and included one or two humorous pieces, such as the Adagio and Minuet from Mozart's "Village Musicians," and Mr Manns' Humoristic Polka, "Sniff in the Highlands," a clever sketch. The other chief numbers were Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" (Wellington's victory); Michaeli's descriptive piece, "The Forge in the Forest." The vocalist was Miss Frances Hipwell, while Mr C. Ould played a violoncello solo, and Mr John F. Dunn a solo on the violin.

—o—

WAIFS.

Tamberlik and Company are at Malaga.

Max Bruch's *Arminius* has been performed at the Hague.

An Italian operatic company is about to appear at Valladolid.

A concert is announced in Paris for the benefit of Rameau's grand-daughter.

Mdme Kupfer, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, has been starring in Zurich.

Paul Viardot, the violinist, has started on a concert-tour in Germany and Russia.

The well-known musical publisher, Alexander Gutheil, died recently in Moscow.

A new opera, *Corona contra Corona*, music by Breton, has been produced at Alicante.

Francis Planté, the much extolled French pianist, has been giving concerts at Barcelona.

Mr F. R. Spark has been re-elected honorary secretary of the Leeds Musical Festival.

Mdme Monhaupt is engaged for the remainder of the season at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Wanda de Bogdani (Countess van der Meere) has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

A new zarzuela, *Jugar non trampa*, has been produced at the Teatro de las Novedades, Madrid.

The Wagnerian bass, Gura, has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Munich, as Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*.

A new buffo opera, *La Mille et deuxième Nuit*, music by M. Poujade, is to be produced at Rheims.

Francesco Paolo Tosti is at Rome, where he purposes remaining till the spring.—(*Quid tum?*—Dr Blidge.)

Victor Hugo has given Massenet permission to have an operatic libretto founded upon *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Lillie was told she had a little sister. "Oh! I am so glad!" she exclaimed. Then she added: "Does mamma know it?"

Felix Godefroid, the harpist, has completed a five-act opera, *La Fille de Saill*, which he intends publishing at his own risk.

Johann Strauss has obtained a divorce, and according to the *Wiener Tagblatt* is about to re-marry.—(Third time.—Dr Blidge.)

The new musical society of Brussels will shortly give a performance of Gounod's *Redemption* under the direction of its composer.

Mr William Charles Box, organist of St. John's Church, and Associate of the College of Organists, London, has been elected honorary organist to the Worcester Musical Society.

The Javanese Gamelans, having concluded their engagement at the Royal Aquarium, London, are now exhibiting their interesting musical acquirements at the Royal Aquarium, Brighton.

Mrs Langtry has had in Philadelphia the most profitable week of her tour. For the seven performances the receipts amounted to 17,500 dols. She will appear at Brooklyn in the holiday week.

According to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, the state of Herr Hans von Bülow's mind is such that it has been found necessary to place him under restraint.—(Let us hope that this *Zeitung* is misinformed.—Dr Blidge.)

He invited the celebrated Virtuoso to dinner, and then, as though struck by an afterthought, said: "You can bring your violin with you, you know." "Oh, thank you for the violin," replied the artist, "but it never dines."

At the Christmas service at Dr Allon's church at Islington, Mr Robert Kennedy, of the celebrated family of Scottish vocalists, gave "Comfort ye my people" and "Every valley" with much expression. The church was crowded.

The Government of Venezuela have commissioned two Belgian composers, Arthur d'Hanaens and Alfred Tilman, to write respectively a "Triumphal March" and "Patriotic Chorus" for the National Festival to be celebrated at Caracas next July.

Pauline Lucca closed her engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, by appearing as the heroine of *Carmen*, Bizet's now everywhere famous opera. Both she and Mdme Sembrich have received offers from America, and will probably accept them. (*Query*—about Pauline?—Dr Blidge.)

Welsh singers, assembled from all parts of the country, are to begin an Eisteddfod in New York at Christmas. An effort is also being made to produce a Passion Play at New York, but it is strongly resisted by the religious elements of all denominations. The Mayor is expected to refuse his permission, but he will decide on Thursday.

The original copy of the pianoforte score of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which Mrs Mounsey Bartholomew gave to the Sacred Harmonic Society with a reservation, that if the Society were ever dissolved, the MS should revert to her, has been returned by the Committee to Mrs Bartholomew. There are 43 numbers. "O rest in the Lord," was taken from it for presentation to the Guildhall Library, and has been lost or mislaid ever since.

St George's Chapel.—The old organ of St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which included choir, swell, and great organ arrangements, is being remodelled and altered from an F to a C instrument. The new arrangement, which is being carried out by Messrs Gray and Davison of London, will comprise choir swell, great and solo organs, a pneumatic action and four sets of keys. Some time must necessarily elapse before the instrument will be ready for use.

The Banjo.—Most of the important interests are represented in the press, but I was somewhat astonished to find that banjo players have a special journal for their edification. A copy of Stewart's *Banjo and Guitar Journal* has, however, been sent to me from Philadelphia, and it is described by a Boston authority as "a live banjo paper," though "the guitar part is yet to be heard from." The journal is, in fact, devoted almost entirely to the former instrument, and the correspondence shows that an unexpected number of persons are more or less given to the banjo. What is a "ham," by the way, apart from pork? "Banjo hams" are held up to scorn, and one writer proudly describes himself as "no ham, but a classical banjo player." Another writer is a shoemaker whose soul has been moved by concord of sweet sounds, and who wants to know whether the editor thinks he would do well to abandon shoes and strive to attain eminence with the banjo, his idea apparently being that the editor should support him meanwhile.—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Basle.—A setting, for six-part chorus and orchestra, of Goethe's "*Gesang der Parzen*" by Johannes Brahms was performed, under the composer's own direction, at the fifth Subscription Concert. It was well received.

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